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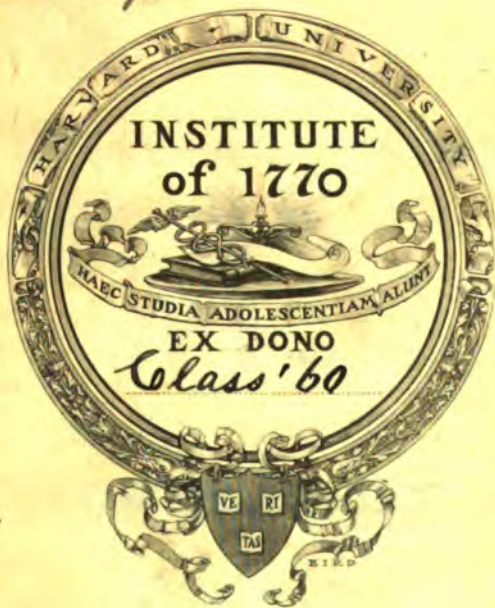
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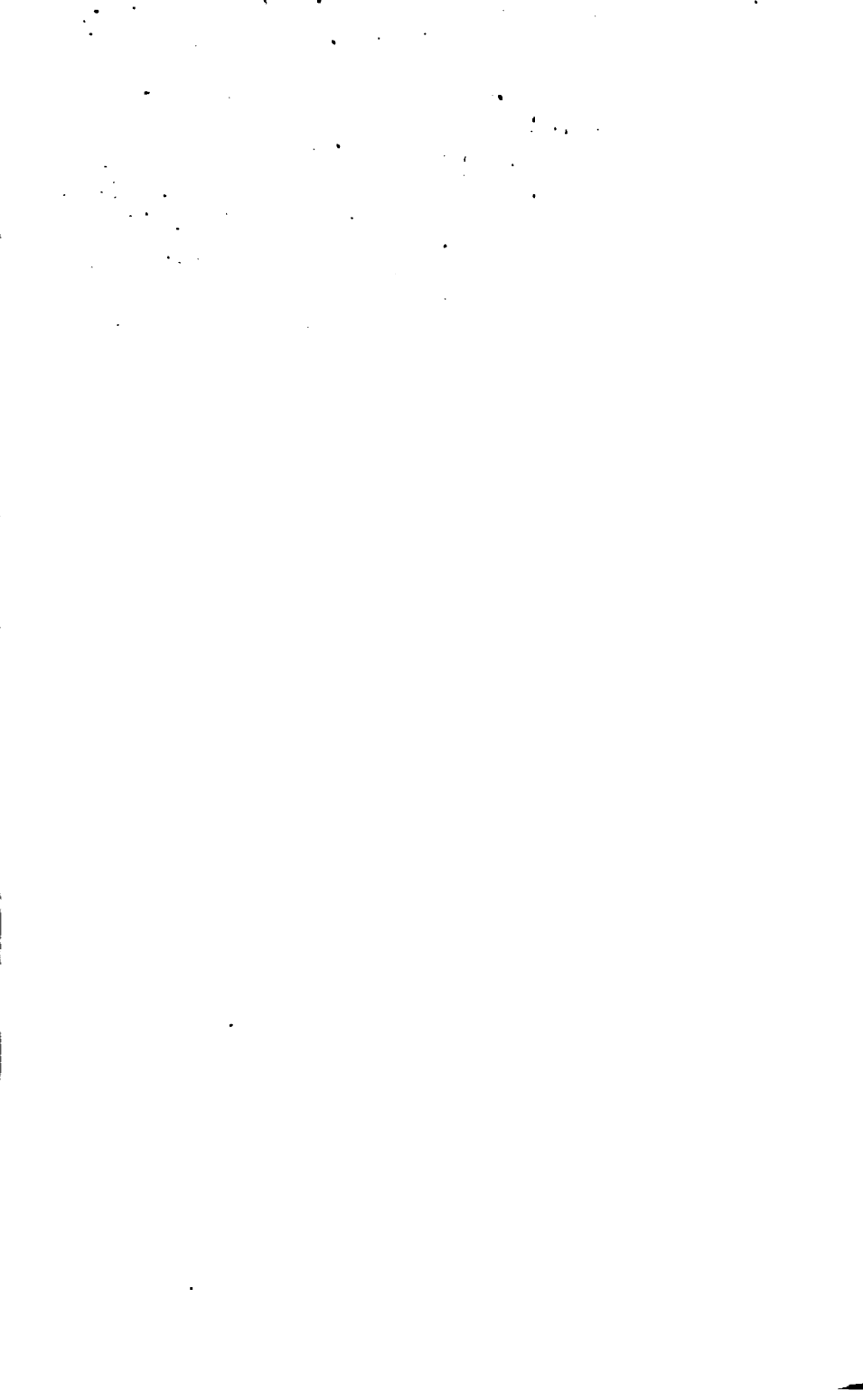
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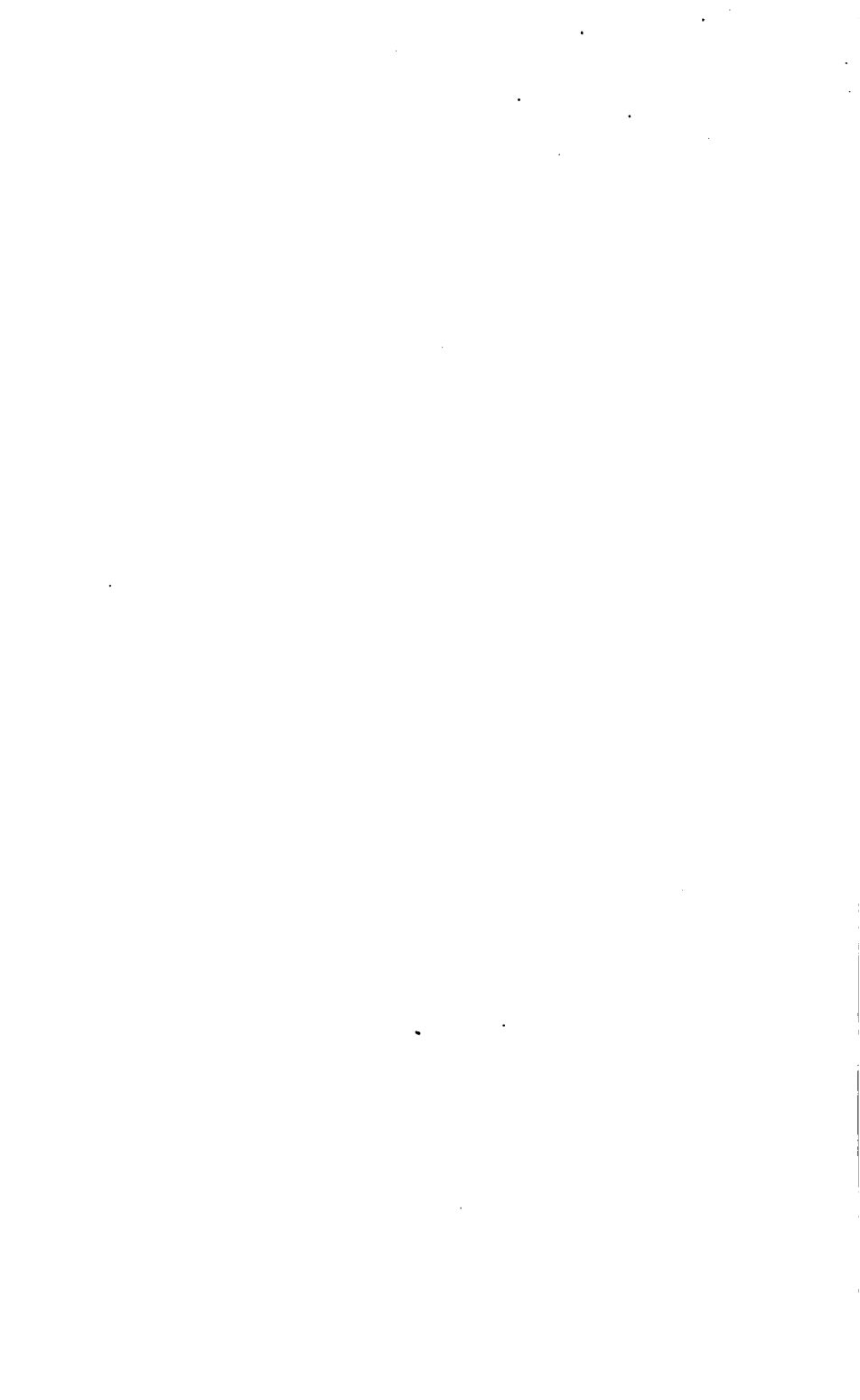
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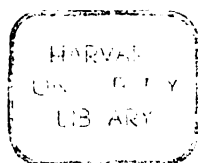
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HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Henriette Marie, princess of France—Youngest daughter of Henry IV. and Marie de Medicis—Baptism—Present at her mother's coronation—Assassination of her father—Infancy—Education—First lover—Charles, prince of Wales, visits Paris—Henrietta regrets his engagement to the Infanta—It is broken—The prince proposes for the princess Henriette—She borrows his picture—Ambassador's letters on her beauty and graces—Pope Urban objects to Henriette's marriage—Accession of Charles I.—His marriage with the princess Henriette—Her splendid progress to England—Farewell letter of her mother—Queen's interview with Charles I. at Dover—Remarried at Canterbury—Enters London by the Thames—Residence at Hampton Court—Queen's alleged penances—Dismissal of her confessor—Court at Whitehall—Description of the queen's person—Jealousies regarding her French household—Differences between the king and queen—Her bigotry—Refuses to be crowned—Her angry dialogue with the king—Expulsion of her French household from Whitehall—Her violence—Her French servants leave England—Her hatred to Buckingham—Bassompierre sent from France to right her grievances—Her interview with him—Bassompierre reproves her—Quarrels with the king—Sharply rated by Bassompierre—Her grievances redressed—Personated by an impostor—Consults a noble prophetess—Birth and death of a prince—Birth of a prince of Wales (Charles II.)—Letters from the queen—Birth of the princess royal (Mary)—Birth of prince James (James II.), &c.

WHEN the beautiful daughter of Henry the Great became the bride of Charles I., two centuries had elapsed since France had given a queen-consort to England. The last was Margaret of Anjou—that queen of tears. Perhaps the crowned miseries of Margaret had offered an alarming precedent to her country-women of high degree, for though several French princesses had been wooed by English monarchs, not one had accepted the crown matrimonial of England; till in 1625, Henrietta Maria wedded Charles, and at the same time became the partaker of a destiny so sad and calamitous, that she, in the climax of her sorrows, surnamed herself *La reine malheureuse*.

The father of this princess was the most illustrious sovereign in Europe; she was the youngest child of Henry IV. of France, and of his second wife, Marie de Medicis. Unfortunately the mind of the Italian queen was by no means congenial with that of the royal hero of France; she was weak, bigoted, and petulant, and to the failings in her character most of the future misfortunes of her children may be traced. Neither was Marie de Medicis well treated by her husband, and per-

petual jealousy and flagrant wrongs did not improve her disposition. One great point of dispute between the royal pair, was that Henry IV. had never permitted his wife to be crowned, although she had brought him a beautiful family, consisting of three living sons and two daughters. He used to say himself, "that his children were the prettiest creatures in the world, and that his happiest moments were passed in playing with them;"¹ nevertheless, a weak superstition prevented this great monarch from settling some disputes regarding his marriage with her mother,² by consenting that her coronation should take place.

The queen obtained this concession just before she added to his family a sixth child and third daughter, by the birth of the subject of this biography. The princess was born at the Louvre, Nov. 25, N. S., 1609. The king, his ministers, and council, with all the princes of the blood, were, as usual, present at the birth of the royal infant, who was, according to custom, presented to her father before being dressed. Henry took the babe, held it up, acknowledged her as his offspring, and then delivered her to the royal governess, madame de Monglat, who had thus received all her brothers and sisters³ at the time of their births; this lady then retired to dress the little princess. The babe was reared in the same nursery with her brother Gaston, who was at that time an infant about fifteen months old.

While the queen kept her chamber after the birth of this child, by her tears and importunities she induced her royal husband to give orders⁴ that her coronation should take place directly after her recovery. Meantime the infant had a grand baptism; she was presented at the font by the Cardinal Maffeo Barbarini,⁵ the papal nuncio at Paris, afterwards the celebrated pope Urban VIII., who was one of the most learned men in Italy, and an elegant poet. This sponsor gave the princess the name of Henrietta Maria, called in France, Henriette Marie. She was the most lovely of a lovely family; she was the darling of her illustrious father, being the child of his old age, his name-child; and she resembled him in features and liveliness more than any other of his family.

Henriette was just five months old when all the preparations for the long-delayed coronation of her mother were completed at the abbey of St. Denis. Henry IV. still put off this ceremonial as long as he could, for some fortune-tellers, who were most likely bribed by his audacious mistress, madame de Verneuil, had predicted that he would not survive his queen's coronation one day.⁶ Strange it is that the mind of so great a man should be liable to such weakness, but so it was. It is probable that the rumour of this prediction, and of the importance that the king

¹ See a quotation from one of his letters in the *Mémoires de Sully*.

² *Mémoires de Sully*, vol. ii. The disputes arose from his pre-contract with his insolent mistress, Verneuil.

³ Official memoir of the births of the children of Henry IV. by the medical attendant.

⁴ Bossuet, Funeral Oration on Henriette Marie.

⁵ For some months before it took place, Sully in his memoirs mentions repeatedly the prediction, and Henry's reluctance to the queen's coronation. Sully was quite as superstitious as his master; but this is a weakness they shared with queen Elizabeth, and all the leading characters of their day.

placed on it, first excited the insane fanatic who murdered him to fulfil it, and thus it brought its own accomplishment.

This fatal coronation at last took place on May 13, 1610. Notwithstanding her tender age, the infant Henriette was present at St. Denis. She was held in her nurse's arms on one side of her mother's throne,¹ and was surrounded by her elder brothers and sisters, who likewise assisted at the grand ceremonial, and were, with her, recognised as the children of France. These were, Louis the Dauphin, who became, a few hours after, Louis XIII.; Elizabeth (afterwards the wife of Philip III. of Spain); Henry, duke of Orleans (who died young); Christine (afterwards married to the duke of Savoy); and the infant Gaston, duke of Anjou, so well known in history afterwards as duke of Orleans.

The king and his children returned to Paris after the coronation, but the queen remained at the abbey, in order to make her grand entry into Paris on the following Monday, which was considered the most important part of the pageant.

The next day the mind of Henry IV. was utterly overwhelmed and depressed by the remembrance of the prediction which threatened him; and to divert his thoughts, he ordered his youngest son, Gaston, in whose infant frolics he took the greatest delight, and the baby princess Henriette, to be brought to him; and in the wholesome relaxation of playing with these dear ones, the hero recovered his usual hilarity, and despising his superstitious fears, he went out as usual in his coach,² through the streets of Paris. He was brought home pierced to the heart by the knife of the maniac regicide, Ravallac. Thus was our Henriette, with all France, rendered fatherless.

The whole of the dreary night of the 14th of May, the melancholy and terrified inmates of the Louvre kept watch and ward over the body of their murdered king, and his little children. At first it was believed that the blow was struck by some political enemy, and that a great insurrection would succeed. The royal little ones, the eldest of whom, Louis XIII., was but nine years old, were barricaded in the guard-room of the Louvre, and the king's guards, in armour and with their partizans crossed, surrounded them.³ During this awful vigil, all hearts beat high with anxiety, and no eyes closed except those of the infant, Henriette, whose peaceful slumbers in her nurse's arms formed a contrast to the alarm around her. It was soon discovered that the murder of Henry the Great arose from private malice or madness, and that all the French people mourned his loss as much as his family; on which the royal children were restored to their mother, and returned to their usual apartments. There the little Henriette remained secluded till the 25th of June following, the day she was six months old; when her great father's obsequies took place. She was carried forth in the arms of madame de Monglat, and made one in the long, doleful procession from Paris to St. Denis. She was required personally to assist in the sad solemnity. An asperge being put into her innocent hand, she was made

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² Memoires de Sully.

[Etoile]

to sprinkle his murdered corpse with holy water,¹ in that part of the funeral ceremony, where the nearest relatives and friends of the deceased walk in procession round the bier, and perform this picturesque act of remembrance. It is still a national custom in Normandy for infants to be thus carried.

The next public appearance of the royal babe was at the coronation of the little king, her brother, Louis XIII., which took place in the cathedral of Rheims, October 17, 1610, when she was little more than ten months old. Henriette was carried, at this ceremony, in the arms of the princess of Condé,² herself an historical character of no little interest. The princess of Condé had just returned, with her high-spirited husband, from exile in Flanders, whither the lawless passion of the late king had driven them.

Since the death of Henry the Great, his widow had been appointed to the regency of France, during the minority of the little king. Then the folly and weakness of her character became manifest by her conduct in dismissing her husband's popular ministers, and exalting her own unworthy countryman and domestic, Concini, to the head of the French government. This outrage produced the natural consequence of a violent insurrection, led by the princes of the blood; the little Henriette and the rest of the royal children were hurried from Paris to Fontainebleau, till the faction was appeased.³ It was the first movement of civil war, which never ceased to rage in France during the domination of Marie de Medicis as queen-regent.

Blois and Fontainebleau were the two palaces where Henriette resided chiefly in her infancy. About twelve months afterwards, the duke of Orleans, the second brother of Henriette, sickened and died. A great outcry was made against M. le Maitre, the physician who attended on the royal infants; for no one connected with royalty was believed, in that age of crime and slander, to die by the visitation of God, but all by the malice of man. The consequence was, that the queen-regent was forced to effect a temporary reconciliation with the relatives of her royal husband, and invite all the princes and princesses of the blood to see the five surviving children.⁴

Before the little Henriette had completed her third year, she was carried to the nuptial festival of her eldest sister, Elizabeth, with the king of Spain, which was kept with the utmost splendour at the palace of the Place Royale.

Henry IV., from the first moments of their existence, had, with his own hands, severally consigned his infants to the care of madame de Monglat, a lady who was distantly related to the queen. The beautiful daughter of madame de Monglat, who was about the same age with the elder princesses, had an appointment in the nursery of Henriette; she

¹ *Memoirs of the Life and Death of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., dedicated to Charles II., 1671.* A very scarce and valuable private history of this queen. We have been favoured with the copy by the kindness of sir George Strickland, M.P., from the library of his learned and lamented brother, Eustachius Strickland, Esq., of York.

² *Ibid.*

³ *L'Etoile.*

⁴ *Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.*

exercised through life no little influence over her mind. The young king (who was treated with great severity by the queen-regent) was excessively fond of madame de Monglat, and called her Mamanga; and the princess Henriette called mademoiselle de Monglat, who superintended her infant toilette and arrangements, by the same endearing appellation, as we shall see in her letters. The word is an Italian amplification of endearment, meaning mamma: the children of France had probably learned it from the lips of their Italian mother. Meantime the love of the infant, Henriette, for her own mother amounted to passion, for with the partiality often noted in weak parents, the queen indulged her not a little, and probably spoiled her.

Of all persons that ever reigned, Marie de Medicis was the worst calculated to train a future queen-consort for England, and the sorrows of her daughter in future life, doubtless were aggravated by the foolish notions of the infallibility of sovereigns which had been instilled into her young mind.

Henriette, and her young brother, Gaston, received the practical part of their education from M. de Brevis, a very learned man, who had been attached to several embassies. How this nobleman managed the princess is not known: he controlled her brother Gaston, by tying a rod to his sash when he deserved punishment.

There is a miniature oil-painting, in beautiful preservation, to be seen at this hour, with other curiosities, in the Hotel de Cluny, at Paris, which quaintly represents the princess and her brother Gaston in their childhood. Their mother, queen Marie de Medicis, is seated at dinner, in a chamber at the Louvre, or perhaps the Place Royale. The croissie windows open on a garden with orange trees and embroidered parterres; to the left of the royal dinner table is a state bed of scarlet velvet, with a scarlet velvet counterpane: the queen sits at the head of the table in a grand velvet fauteuil. Madame de Monglat is at dinner, seated at her left hand, and in an angle, screened from general observation by the draperies of the queen and their governess, are seated, both in the same low chair, very near the ground, the *petite Madame* (princess Henriette) and the *petit Monsieur* (Gaston, duke of Orleans). They are about the ages of three and four, but their costumes are, according to the usages of the era, grotesque miniatures of the reigning fashions. The little Henriette wears the ruff, the hood, cap, and puffed sleeves of that era; and her childish brother has the broad beaver hat, looped up, a scarlet velvet cloak, and hose. The conduct of this infant cavalier is by no means in unison with his mature garb. The queen has just given her little ones "somewhat from the dinner table." Henriette holds on her lap the dish, out of which both are eating; she looks askance on Gaston, somewhat disdainfully, without condescending to turn her head, for he has abstracted a large piece, more than his share, from the dish, and is devouring it greedily. The little princess seems equally shocked at his breach of etiquette as at his gluttony. She is in the act of raising her elbow to admonish him: the expression of her face is most amusing. The queen, in profile, slyly notes the proceedings of her infants. Two beautiful maids of honour wait behind them. The whole gives a lively

picture of the queen-regent's court, in home life. No male attendant is present in the scene.

The religious education of the princess Henriette was guided by an enthusiastic Carmelite nun, called *Mère Magdelaine*. She visited this votary at stated times during her childhood, and consulted her constantly respecting her conduct in life.¹ It is possible that the Carmelite might be sincere and virtuous, and yet not calculated to form a character destined to a path in life so difficult as that of a Roman-catholic queen in protestant England.

The taste for solid learning in the education of princesses was somewhat on the decline in the seventeenth century; and in the place of the elaborate pedantry which had prevailed in the preceding age, the lighter acquirements were cultivated. Henriette, and her play-fellow duke Gaston, had inherited inclinations for the fine arts from their Medician ancestors: they were distinguished for passionate love of painting, practical skill in architecture, and scientific knowledge of music. In after life the princess Henriette lamented her ignorance of history to madame de Motteville, declaring that she had had to learn her lessons of human life and character solely from her own sad experience, which was acquired too late, when the irrevocable past governed her destiny. Marie Antoinette made nearly the same observation, when educating her children in the doleful prison of the Temple. The ancient pedantry had at least the advantage of introducing its pupils to the startling facts contained in the pages of Tacitus and Livy. In place of such acquirements the youngest daughter of France learned to dance exquisitely in the court ballets, and to cultivate a voice, which was by nature so sweet and powerful, that if she had not been a queen, she might have been, as Mr. D'Israeli truly observes, *prima donna* of Europe. The education of the young princess was perpetually interrupted by the recurrence of some gorgeous state-pageant or other, in which her presence was required. When she was but six years old her mother took her to Bordeaux, to be present at the imposing ceremonial of delivering her eldest sister Elizabeth to the young king of Spain, as his wife, and receiving in exchange Anne of Austria, the Spanish bride of Louis XIII.² The family intercourse between Henriette and her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, thus began at a very tender age; and she was domesticated with this sister-in-law most intimately for ten years before she left France.

The political position of the princess Henriette, as a younger daughter, in a country where the *salique* law prevailed, did not seem to authorize her mother in thus perpetually bringing her before the public. Perhaps the queen-regent used her infantine beauty, and the passionate tenderness with which it was well known the people of France regarded this child of their great Henry, as a means of counteracting her own deserved unpopularity. With this view, the young princess formed one in the grand entry of Paris, which took place at the pacification between the queen-regent and the princes of the blood, May 11, 1616. This peace proved but a short respite to the civil war which desolated France dur-

ing the regency of Marie de Medicis. Her reign was, however, soon after brought to a conclusion, by the slaughter of her favourite Concini, and the assumption of power by the boy-king of France and his boy-minister, the duke of Luynes. The queen-mother was sent under restraint to the castle of Blois, where her captivity was softened by the society of her favourite daughter. Nearly three years of the life of the princess Henriette were passed in this seclusion, till she was drawn from her mother's prison to be present at the wedlock of her second sister, Christina, with the duke of Savoy. Henriette was not suffered to return to her mother after this ceremony. She was the only unmarried daughter of France; and her own marriage now became matter of consideration by her brother's ministry. The next year, 1620, a reconciliation was effected between the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, and her son, Louis XIII. By means of her almoner, who afterwards obtained such notoriety as cardinal Richelieu, she acquired more influence in the government of France than ever, and of course took a decided part in the disposal of her daughter. The count of Soissons, a younger prince of the Condé branch of the royal family, pretended to the hand of the princess very pertinaciously. He claimed it, in reward of his great services at the siege of Rochelle. His addresses were not discouraged, although hopes were entertained that the young princess would become queen of Great Britain. This prospect did not appear till after the marriage between Charles, prince of Wales, only surviving son of James I., was broken off with the long-wooded infant.

The early youth of Charles has already been detailed in the biography of his mother, Anne of Denmark: we left him, in 1619, by her death-bed. Since that time he had become the most elegant and accomplished prince in Europe, both in mind and person. Deeply impressed with the idea that a man's affections must be possessed by his wedded partner, whether he were prince or peasant, if he had any hopes of leading a virtuous and happy domestic life, he had early set his mind on wooing in person the bride to whom his hand was destined. The Scottish princes, since the time of their high-spirited ancestor, James V., had shown consideration to the feelings of the princesses they had married, seldom known in the annals of royalty.¹ Instead of receiving the bride as a shuddering victim, consigned to the mercy of a perfect stranger, James V. and James VI. had encountered considerable dangers to make acquaintance with their wives, and induce some friendship and confidence before the nuptial knot was tied. This family example was implicitly followed by Charles when he undertook the romantic voyage, incognito, to Spain, accompanied by the duke of Buckingham, in order to woo Maria Althea, the second daughter of Philip III. of Spain, and the sister of the young sovereign, Philip IV. On this expedition, as they passed through Paris, the prince of Wales and Buckingham, dis-

¹ Melville mentions in his Memoirs that, while the second marriage of James V. was debated in his council, that prince secretly departed from his palace in the disguise of a court page; and after he had arrived at the court of France, he rejected the princess of Vendôme, to whom he had been destined, and chose the lovely widow of the duke of Longueville for his queen.

guised in perukes, and attired in dresses which they considered in keeping with their travelling names of Tom Smith and John Brown, obtained a view of the royal ladies of the French court. The duke de Montbazon, lord chamberlain to the queen of France, seeing two Englishmen among the Parisian crowd, who thronged as usual to gaze on the royal family, gave them places without recognising their persons. The prince and his friend witnessed the rehearsal of a ballet in which the beautiful young queen of France danced, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the princess Henriette, who was childish in person, and had scarcely attained her fifteenth year. Although she had not seen the prince in his disguise, yet when she heard of his adventures, so captivating to the female heart, she was heard to say, with a sigh, "The prince of Wales need not have gone so far as Madrid to look for a wife."¹

The contemporary French memoirs of count de Brienne and madame de Motteville, surmising causes by events, affirm that the love which struck Charles for Henriette at this view, occasioned the whole failure of his purpose in Spain; and that, in consequence, he entered that country resolved to break his engagement with the infanta. But we must go a little nearer to the fountain-head for truth in this matter. Anne of Austria, the young queen of France, (sister to the one lady, and sister-in-law to the other,) spoke differently. Forgetting her sisterly interest in the infanta, out of zeal for her new country, she said, "She regretted that when the prince of Wales saw her and *madame* (Henriette) practise their masque, that her sister-in-law was seen to so much disadvantage by him, afar off, and by a dim light, when her face and person have most loveliness considered nearer."² The attention of Charles was assuredly wholly absorbed in surmising whether the infanta he was going to woo bore any resemblance to her eldest sister, this beautiful young queen of France. His feeling is apparent in a letter he wrote to his father after this adventure, in which he says:—

"Since the closing of our last we have been at court again, (we assure you we have not been known,) where we saw the young queen of France, little *Monsieur* (Gaston, duke of Orleans) and *Madame royale*, (Henriette Marie,) at the practising of a masque, and in it danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst whom the queen of France is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister."

It is useless to follow the future husband of Henriette of France through the delusive mazes of his imaginative passion for the infanta, Maria Althea. The woeful matrimony of the Spanish princess, Katharine of Arragon, with Henry VIII., had filled the Spaniards with distrust of an English alliance, on the one hand, and the horrid persecution of the protestants during the wedlock of Philip II. with Mary I., had given the English people still greater cause for disgust at Spanish marriages. The treaty with the infanta was broken off, by reason of the extreme unpopularity of the union in both countries, although the court-poet of Madrid, Lope de Vega, composed verses on the wooing, which have

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² It was again repeated to madame de Motteville by queen Henrietta Maria herself. See her Memoirs, vol. i.

obtained an historical celebrity, and the following quatrain was sung to many a guitar at Madrid :

"Carlos Estuardo soy, Que siendo amor mi guia,	Al cielo d'Espana voy, Per ver estrella Maria."
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Charles himself translated the lines—

"Charles Stuart I am; Love guides me afar,	To the heavens of Spain, For Maria my star."
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It was in vain that poetry, romance, and mutual preference impelled the marriage; the reasons we have detailed above prevented it. Charles had his heart returned on his hands; and the infanta, after she lost hopes of becoming his wife, resolved to devote herself to a religious life. Some authors actually believe that Maria Althea died a nun professed; she, however, lived to be empress of Germany.¹

The first idea of a marriage taking place between Henriette of France and Charles, prince of Wales, was suggested to him by her eldest sister, Elizabeth. This princess, as the young queen of Spain, wife of Philip IV., was greatly admired by Charles, while at Madrid. He wished to converse with her, but she was so sedulously guarded by the jealousy of the Spaniards, that it was with the greatest difficulty he obtained the opportunity of addressing to her a few words in French. Although a Frenchwoman, the young queen dared not be heard to answer in her native language. She said, however, in a very low voice, "I must not converse with you in French without permission, but I will endeavour to obtain it." She succeeded, and made use of the opportunity to tell him, "That she wished he would marry her sister Henriette, which, indeed, he would be able to do, because his engagement with the infanta would be certainly broken." Charles, in the course of this conversation, expressed a hope that he might again renew it at the theatre, where, in the royal box, it appears the interview took place. But she warned him, very kindly, "never to speak to her again, for it was customary in Spain to poison all gentlemen suspected of gallantry towards the queens." After this charitable intimation, which was perhaps rather premature, the prince of Wales never saw the queen again, for when she went to the theatre, she sat secluded in a latticed box. This incident was related by Charles himself to his wife after his marriage.² It is a curious illustration of the manner in which young queens were trained in Spain, and the romantic notions instilled into their minds.

The Spanish wooing certainly smoothed the way for the marriage of Charles and Henriette. It had accustomed the English people to the idea of a catholic queen. Moreover, the alliance with the daughter of the protestant hero, Henry IV. of France, was not by many degrees so offensive as that with the granddaughter of the persecutor of their faith, Philip II. The ice had in some degree been broken with the pope. This pontiff, who was one of the best men that ever filled the papal

¹ Madame de Motteville, who, being the confidante of her sister, Anne of Austria, and herself of Spanish descent, must have known what became of the sister of her royal mistress.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. I., p. 285.

chair, had a great objection to the marriage with either princess, predicting the utmost misery to Charles if he wedded a catholic; but the powerful catholic sovereigns of France and Spain induced some degree of compliance from him. The marriage articles of the infanta, and the programme of the ceremony, as previously agreed on at Rome, formed a precedent for the terms of the wedlock that actually took place between Charles and Henriette.

Before the engagement with the infanta was formally broken off, James I. sent Henry Rich, lord Kensington, to France, on a secret mission, to ascertain whether the hand of Henriette Marie of France could be obtained for his son.¹ Marie de Medicis, the queen-mother, since the early death of her enemy Luynes, (the boy-minister of her son,) governed the state with greater power than in her ostensible regency, and with her lord Kensington was directed to discuss the alliance.

When the Spanish ambassador resident in Paris guessed the errand of lord Kensington, he endeavoured to raise distrust at the court of France, by exclaiming to some of the French courtiers, "How! does the prince of Wales, then, mean to wed two wives, since he is nearly married to our infanta?"

These words being carried to the queen-mother of France, had no worse effect than inducing a curious dialogue of explanation between her and lord Kensington.

After some diplomatic manœuvring on both sides, Marie de Medicis drew from the English envoy an admittance that the Spanish engagement was wholly broken, and that king James was desirous of matching his heir with her daughter. The queen-mother observed, "That however agreeable such union might be to all parties, yet as no intimation of such desire had been sent to the court of France, she could not consider the matter seriously," adding, significantly, "the maiden must be sought, she may be no suitor."²

The ambassador then owned that he was authorized in what he said; and that his mission, though at present secret, was direct from his king and the prince of Wales.

The object of lord Kensington's visit to the French court soon became public there. Of course it occasioned very earnest discussion among the ladies of the royal household, who eagerly crowded round the handsome Englishman, and questioned him regarding the person and acquirements of the prince of Wales. The ambassador wore a beautiful miniature of Charles enclosed in a gold case, hanging from a ribbon at his bosom. Often when he entered the circle at the Louvre, the French ladies used to petition him to open the miniature, that they might look at the resemblance of the future husband of their young princess. Charles's portrait had been seen by every one but by the lady most interested in it. But Henriette of France was forbidden by the laws of etiquette to mention a prince who had not yet openly demanded her hand. She complained "that the queen and all the other ladies could go up to the ambassador, open the miniature, and consider it as much

¹ D'Israeli, p. 97.

² D'Israeli's Commentaries.

as they liked, while she, whom it so nearly concerned, could hardly steal a glance at it afar off." In this dilemma she recollected "that the lady at whose house the English ambassador sojourned, had been in her service, and she begged of her to borrow prince Charles's picture, that she might gaze on it as much and as long as she chose." This was done, and when the lady brought it to her, Henriette retired to her cabinet, and ordered her to be called in, and to remain alone with her, "where," continues the ambassador,¹ "she opened the case in such haste as showed a true indication of her passion, blushing at the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands; and when she returned it, gave many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for secrecy as I know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my lord duke of Buckingham, and my lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by the young princess trusted, who is for beauty and goodness an angel."

It was the intention of lord Kensington to promote favourable inclinations between the prince of Wales and the princess of France before they met, by dwelling on their fine qualities to each other. This course he pursued very successfully, by the means of his prettily-written letters addressed to Charles, and by his eloquent discussions on the beauty, graces, and accomplishments of that prince, during his interviews with the queen-mother and her ladies, and subsequently with Henriette herself.

He says, in one of his letters to the prince at this period—"She is a lady of as much beauty and sweetness to deserve your affections as any woman under heaven can be; in truth, she is the sweetest creature in France, and the loveliest thing in nature. Her growth is little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her, the other day, discourse with her mother and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances—the which I am witness of—as well as ever I saw any one; they say she sings most sweetly; I am sure she looks as if she did."² In the course of a few days he heard this wonderful voice, and adds to his information, "I had been told much of it, but I found it true, that neither her singing-master, nor any man or woman either in France or Europe, sings so admirably as she doth. Her voice is beyond all imagination, and that is all I will say of it."³ The musical and vocal powers of the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, were likewise of the first order, and her daughter inherited from her gifts so lavishly bestowed on the children of Italy.

While lord Kensington was thus negotiating between the affections of the young royal pair, without having any ostensible responsibility

¹ Correspondence of Lord Kensington (afterwards the earl of Holland) with Charles; printed in the Cabala, February, 1623-4.

² Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, quoted from a letter of Kensington to Charles, prince of Wales, dated February 28, 1624; printed nearly the same in the Cabala.

³ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 8; Cabala, Feb. 24 to 28, 1624

regarding a marriage treaty between them, he experienced very uncivil behaviour from the disappointed suitor of the princess, her cousin, the young count of Soissons. When lord Kensington bowed to him as one of the princes of the blood, he received the salute very scornfully, turning away his head. Count de Grammont, his friend, advised him not to make his displeasure so manifest. Upon which Soissons declared, "that the negotiation for the hand of Henriette went so near to his heart, that were it not in behalf of so great a prince, he would cut the ambassador's throat. Nay," continued he, "were it any prince of Savoy, Mantua, or Germany, here in person, soliciting for themselves in this marriage, I would hazard my life against them."¹

When it was ascertained, by the means of lord Kensington, that the marriage would be agreeable to both royal families, and that the religious prejudices of neither were strong enough to prevent it, James I. sent over an ambassador extraordinary, in the foppish person of one of his favourites, Hay, earl of Carlisle, a courtier chiefly distinguished for his ingenuity in hanging 40,000*l.* worth of finery on his dress. Carlisle being a mere state puppet, the diplomatic part of the marriage treaty was still carried on by the agreeable and elegant Kensington, who was now ostensibly joined with him in the mission. When Marie de Medicis and her daughter gave audience to the English ambassadors, letters and a portrait of Charles were offered by them, in form, to the princess, who, turning to her mother, requested permission to receive them. Leave being granted by the queen-mother, Henriette took the portrait she had so earnestly desired to possess, and, according to the testimony of the ambassadors, read the letter of the prince with tears of joy, and when she had perused it twice, put it in her bosom, and placed the epistle of the king, his father, in her cabinet. When James I. read this account, he said, in his jocose manner, "The young princess means, by this proceeding, to intimate that she will trust me and love my son. Yet I ought to declare war on her, because she would not read my letter without her mother's consent; but I suppose I must not only forgive her, but thank her, for lodging Charles's letter so well."²

In return, a beautiful miniature of the princess was sent to Charles, who was transported at the contemplation of those charms, which, though at present in the bud, when fully developed, rendered her renowned as one of the loveliest queens in history. The only fault that could be found in the person of Henriette at fifteen, was, that she was diminutive in stature; but, as our contemporary memoir states, "the wooing ambassador" assured the king and prince "that the princess Christine, her sister, was not taller at her age, and was at present grown into a very tall and goodly lady."³

Lord Kensington requested the queen-mother to authorize a private interview between the princess and him, because he had a message from his prince which he wished to deliver in person. The queen-mother, perhaps for the purpose of eliciting a lively dialogue with the handsome

¹ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 8; Cabala, Feb. 24 to 28, 1624.

² Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 10.

³ Ibid.

ambassador, appeared to demur as to whether the interview ought to be granted. "She would," writes lord Kensington,¹ "needs know what I meant to say to her daughter."

"Nay, then," quoth I, smiling, "your majesty would needs impose on me a harder law than they in Spain did on his highness" (alluding to the visit the prince made to court the Spanish infanta). "But the case is now different," said Marie de Medicis, "for the prince was in person there; here you are but his deputy." "Yet a deputy," answered I, "who represents his person." "For all that," returned the queen, "what is it you would say to my daughter?" "Nothing," I answered, "that is not fitting the ears of so virtuous a princess." "But what is it?" reiterated the queen-mother. "Why, then, madam," quoth I, "if you will needs know, it shall be much to this effect, that your majesty having given me liberty of freer language than heretofore, I obey my prince's command in presenting to your fair and royal daughter his service, not now out of mere compliment, but prompted by passion and affection, which both her outward and her inward beauties have so kindled in him, that he was resolved to contribute the uttermost he could to the alliance in question, and would think success therein the greatest happiness in the world. Such, with some little more amorous language, was to be my communication with her highness." "*Allez—allez!*" smilingly exclaimed the queen-mother of France, "there is no great danger in that." "*Je me fie en vous,*" she continued; "I will trust you."

"Neither did I abuse her trust," continues the elegant ambassador; "for I varied not much from what I said in my interview with madame Henriette, save that I amplified it a little more. She drank it in with joy, and, with a low curtsy, made her acknowledgments, adding, that she was extremely obliged to my prince, and would think herself happy in the occasion that would be presented of meriting a place in the affections of his good grace." The flattering courtier had previously informed Charles "that his reputation, as the completest prince in Europe in manners and person, had certainly raised in the heart of the sweet princess, madame Henriette, an infinite affection."²

Notwithstanding this propitious commencement, difficulties, which appeared almost insurmountable, beset the arrangement of every article of the marriage treaty. It even seemed impracticable to agree on a marriage ceremony which should be considered legal and binding, both by the protestants and catholics. Pope Urban was extremely averse to the union, which he predicted would be a disastrous one, and the most dangerous step that his young god-daughter could take. The opinion of the pontiff was founded on his knowledge of the temper of the English people, derived from the information of the seminary priests, actively employed on proselyting missions. He rightly anticipated, that if the royal family of Stuart relaxed the bloody penal laws against the catholics, that their people would not suffer them to reign long. If, on the other hand, King James, or his son, continued those persecutions, how could the princess enjoy one moment's happiness in her wedlock?

¹ Cabala, n. 293-4

² Cabala, p. 287

Thus arguing, pope Urban Barbarini delayed the dispensation, in hopes of frustrating the marriage of Charles and Henriette.¹

The queen-mother of France was, however, determined to expedite the marriage, whether pope Urban approved or not. After great debate, the English procurators agreed that the princess and her attendants, with their families and followers, should enjoy the free exercise of their religion in England. To this end, she should be provided with chapels, oratories, and chaplains, in the same manner, and with the same privileges, as those conceded to the infant; that her portion should be 800,000 crowns, one moiety to be paid on the day preceding the marriage, the other within twelve months afterwards; and that she should, for herself and for her descendants, solemnly renounce all claim of succession on the French crown.² A clause, fraught with evil consequences to both countries, and with ruin to the house of Stuart, was inserted; this was, "that all the children of Henriette should be brought up under her care till their thirteenth year;" thus giving to the catholic mother the opportunity of infusing into their infant minds a bias towards the faith she professed. It is often asserted in history, that, by the marriage articles, the children of this union were to be brought up catholics till their thirteenth year; this was not expressed, but all reasoning persons will agree that facilities were allowed for it. This clause was broken by Charles I., but of course considered valid by his queen, whenever she had an opportunity.

The treaty was solemnly ratified, Dec. 12, 1624. One of the marriage articles secretly stipulated for a relaxation of the persecution against the catholics; and, in proof that king James meant to observe his promise, he issued instructions, ordering all persons imprisoned for religion to be released, and all fines levied on catholic recusants to be returned; likewise, commanding all judges and magistrates to stop the executions of papists convicted under the penal laws. From this moment may be dated the origin of the direful dissensions between the English parliaments and the Stuart monarchs.

Pope Urban still delayed delivering his dispensation for Henriette's marriage. He required that the toleration on which James had acted should be confirmed publicly; and he forbade his nuncio at Paris to deliver his *breve* of dispensation till this article was ratified.

King James died before the nuncio, Spada,³ delivered the *breve* of dispensation to the queen-mother of France, and the royal betrothed of Henriette ascended the throne of Great Britain under the title of Charles I. He immediately renewed the marriage treaty on his own authority. Pope Urban's reluctance to grant his dispensation greatly displeased the queen-mother of France, who resolved to follow the precedent of the marriage of Margaret of Valois and Henry of Navarre, and celebrate the marriage without the license of Rome. When pope

¹ Dodd's Church History, edited by Tierney, vol. v. p. 154.

² This clause was inserted to prevent a renewal of such fatal wars as arose from the marriages of Isabella of France and Katherine of Valois, which made France desolate, and England bankrupt.

³ Dodd's Church History, vol. v., and D'Israeli, vol. i., p. 241.

Urban found that such was the case, he ordered Spada to deliver the *breve* to the French ministers. "Yet Urban," says one of the Barbarini MSS., "still presaged misery to this marriage. After delaying the *breve* as long as possible, he only granted it to avoid the greater scandal of the princess being wedded without the papal benediction."¹

The duke de Chevreuse, a prince of the house of Guise, and (through the mother of Mary queen of Scots) a near kinsman of Charles I., on that account was appointed to represent his person, and give his hand by proxy to Henriette. The ancient custom of marrying at the church door was revived on this occasion. The formula drawn up at Rome, for the direction of the infant's wedlock with Charles, was observed. This ordained, "that the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, should enter the cathedral and assist at the mass. Meantime, the English prince should, on the threshold of the cathedral, recognise her as his wife, according to the rites of the catholic church, and with the authority and benediction of the whole pontificate."² It was noticed, as a point of delicacy in the conduct of the duke de Chevreuse, that, although a zealous catholic, when he represented the person of Charles I., his kinsman, he made no more religious concessions than if he had really been a protestant.³ He withdrew from the mass, and joined the two English ambassadors, who were waiting apart, ready to take their proper places in the bridal procession from Notre Dame. This ceremony took place, May 21, 1625.

Scarcely was the marriage over at the door of Notre Dame, when the duke of Buckingham arrived, quite unexpectedly, with a splendid train of English nobles, in order to escort the young queen of England home.

The whole court and royal family of France prepared to accompany the bride of Charles I., in magnificent progress, to the coast opposite to England; during which they were to be entertained with all the pageantry ingenuity could devise. These diversions, suited as they were to the semi-barbarous magnates of the middle ages—who, fierce as they might be, were in intellect like grown-up children—had begun to be tedious in an age which had produced Sully, Bacon, and Shakspeare. The only pageant of historical interest was one in which the young queen was greeted by representatives of all the French princesses that had ever worn the English crown.⁴ They certainly formed a group distinguished by calamity—one was wanting to complete that tableau of beauty and sorrow; and that one, when she took her place on the historic page, is found to be Henriette.

The young king of France was attacked with an illness so violent, that he was forced to give up his intended journey to the coast. The queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, was struck with a dangerous malady on the route at Compeigne, which seems to have occasioned a delay in the arrival of the young queen in England, who was detained by the

¹ The original Italian, from which the above is translated, is printed in Dodd's Church History, vol. v., p. 159.

² Translated from the Barbarini MS., edited in the Italian by Mr. Tierney. Dodd's Church History, vol. iii., p. 160.

³ Madame de Motteville.

⁴ D'Israeli's Commentaries vol. i. p. 133

alarming illness of her mother a whole fortnight at Amiens.¹ Different reports were circulated, assigning secret reasons of this delay; the puritan party invented one which has taken its place in history. This was that the pope had imposed a fortnight's penance on Henriette, to punish her for wedding a heretic king! The dangerous illness of her mother was the simple, and therefore the more probable cause. At length the queen-mother was convalescent in health, and had acquired sufficient firmness of mind to take leave, as she thought for ever, of her favourite child. As she bade her farewell, she placed in her hand the following letter, the composition of which had been the occupation of her sick chamber:—

THE QUEEN-MOTHER, MARIE DE MEDICIS, TO THE YOUNG QUEEN OF ENGLAND, HENRIETTE MARIE.

"1625, June 25.

"My daughter,

"You separate from me, I cannot separate myself from you. I retain you in heart and memory, and would that this paper could serve for an eternal memorial to you of what I am; it would then supply my place, and speak for me to you, when I can no longer speak for myself. I give you it with my last adieu in quitting you, to impress it the more on your mind, and give it to you written with my own hand, in order that it may be the more dear to you, and that it may have more authority with you in all that regards your conduct towards God, the king, your husband, his subjects, your domestics, and yourself. I tell you here sincerely, as in the last hour of our converse, all I should say to you in the last hour of my existence, if you should be near me then. I consider, to my great regret, that such can never be, and that the separation now taking place between you and me for a long time, is too probably an anticipation of that which is to be for ever in this world.

"On this earth you have only God for a father; but, as he is eternal, you can never lose him. It is he, who sustains your existence and life; it is he who has given you to a great king; it is he who, at this time, places a crown on your brow, and will establish you in England, where you ought to believe that he requires your service, and there he means to effect your salvation. Remember, my child, every day of your life, that he is your God, who has put you on earth intending you for heaven, who has created you for himself and for his glory.

"The late king, your father, has already passed away; there remains no more of him but a little dust and ashes, hidden from our eyes. One of your brothers has already been taken from us even in his infancy;² God withdrew him at his own good pleasure. He has retained you in the world in order to load you with his benefits; but as he has given you the utmost felicity, it behoves you to render him the utmost gratitude. It is but just that your duties are augmented in proportion as the benefits and favours you receive are signal. Take heed of abusing them. Think well that the grandeur, goodness, and justice of God are infinite, and employ all the strength of your mind in adoring his supreme puissance, in loving his inviolable goodness; and fear his rigorous equity, which will make all responsible who are unworthy of his benefits.

"Receive, my child, these instructions of my lips; begin and finish every day in your oratory, with good thoughts, and, in your prayers, ask resolution to conduct your life according to the laws of God, and not according to the vanities of this world, which is for all of us but a moment, in which we are suspended over eternity, which we shall pass either in the paradise of God, or in hell with the malign spirits who work evil.

¹ Madame de Motteville.

² Henri, duke of Orleans; his brother Gaston took his title.

"Remember that you are daughter of the church by baptism, and that this is, indeed, the first and highest rank which you have, or ever will have, since it is this which will give you entrance into heaven; your other dignities, coming as they do from the earth, will not go further than the earth; but those which you derive from heaven will ascend again to their source, and carry you with them there. Render thanks to heaven each day, to God who has made you a Christian; estimate this first of benefits as it deserves, and consider all that you owe to the labours and precious blood of Jesus our Saviour; it ought to be paid for by our sufferings and even by our blood, if he requires it. Offer your soul and your life to him who has created you by his puissance, and redeemed you by his goodness and mercy. Pray to him, and pray incessantly to preserve you by the inestimable gift of his grace, and that it may please him that you sooner lose your life than renounce him.

"You are the descendant of St. Louis. I would recal to you, in this my last adieu, the same instruction that he received from his mother, queen Blanche, who said to him often 'that she would rather see him die than to live so as to offend God, in whom we move, and who is the end of our being. It was with such precepts that he commenced his holy career; it was this that rendered him worthy of employing his life and reign for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the church. Be, after his example, firm and zealous for religion, which you have been taught, for the defence of which he, your royal and holy ancestor, exposed his life, and died faithful to him among the infidels. Never listen to, or suffer to be said in your presence, aught in contradiction to your belief in God and in his only Son, your Lord and Redeemer. I entreat the Holy Virgin, whose name you bear, to deign to be the mother of your soul, and in honour of her who is mother of our Lord and Saviour, I bid you adieu again and many times.

"I now devote you to God for ever and ever; it is what I desire for you from the very depth of my heart.

"Your very good and affectionate mother,

MARIA.¹

"From Amiens, the 10th of June, 1625."

The maternal tenderness, and even the sublime moral truths which occur in this elegant letter, ought not to mislead the judgment from the fact, that the spirit of the concluding section was a very dangerous one to instil into the mind of the inexperienced young girl, who was about to undertake the station of queen-consort in a country where the established religion differed from her own. It was calculated to exaggerate and inflame those differences; for wherever the word *Christian* occurs, *Roman catholic* is exclusively meant; and the queen-mother evidently wishes to imply, that in any country where the host was not worshipped, the deity of Christ was blasphemed, and that her daughter was going among a people whose creed was similar to deists or Jews. Part of the letter evidently urges the young queen to enter England as if she were a missionary from the propaganda, about to encounter the danger of martyrdom; and a comparison is drawn, in most eloquent language, between Henriette and the English, and her ancestor St. Louis and the heathens; and, instead of inculcating a wise and peaceful tolerance, the utmost zeal of proselytism is excited in a young and ardent mind. To this letter may be attributed the fatal course taken by the young queen in England, which aggravated her husband's already difficult position as the king of three kingdoms, each professing a different faith.

¹ This letter is among the Stuart Papers in the secret archives of France, Hotel de Soubise. It has been copied by one of the children of James II., at St. Ger mains, and is much worn with being often read and unfolded.

The original plan of the progress of the bride to England was by way of Calais, but she was obliged to embark at Boulogne, because Calais was infected with the plague. At Boulogne another detention occurred, owing to the whims of the duke of Buckingham, who, having previously amazed the French court by the extravagances of his insolent passion for the beautiful young queen of France, Anne of Austria, took it into his head that he would see her once more. Buckingham pretended that he had received despatches of great importance from his court, and rushed back to Amiens, where the young consort of Louis XIII. remained with the queen-mother, and conducted himself there with unparalleled absurdity.¹ The young queen of England took no little affront at being detained, while her escort was amusing himself with these freaks.

Charles I., meantime, had travelled to Dover, where he was waiting impatiently the arrival of his queen. Instead of which he received intelligence of her mother's dangerous illness, and her wish for a few days' delay, which he granted courteously, and requested that she would not come till she could feel perfectly at ease in her mind. During this interval the king retired to Canterbury. The discharge of ordnance from the opposite shores of France, announced the embarkation of the royal bride, June 23d. After a stormy passage, she arrived before Dover on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, where she stepped from her boat on "an artificial bridge" the king had ordered to be constructed on purpose for her accommodation. Charles was then at Canterbury, where he remained out of a point of delicacy, that the queen might be somewhat recovered from the fatigues of her voyage, before the agitating circumstance of a first introduction took place between them. A gentleman of the royal household, one Mr. Tyrwhit, brought the tidings of the queen's arrival to Charles I. with extraordinary speed; it is said he was but thirty-six minutes riding from Dover to Canterbury. The king came to Dover castle to greet his bride at ten o'clock the following morning. His arrival was unexpected—she was at breakfast—she rose hastily from table, although he wished to wait for the conclusion of the meal. The royal bride hastened down a pair of stairs to meet the king, and then offered to kneel and kiss his hand, "but he wrapt her up in his arms with many kisses."² The set speech that the princess had studied to greet the royal stranger, whom she had to acknowledge as her lord and master, was, '*Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre majesté pour être commandée de vous.*' "Sire, I am come into this, your majesty's country, to be at your command." But the firmness of the poor princess failed her, she finished the sentence with a gush of tears; and very natural it was that they should flow. The sight of her distress called forth all the kindness of the heart of Charles; he led her apart, he kissed off her tears, protesting that he should do so till she left off weeping; he soothed her with words of manly tenderness, telling her, "that she was not fallen into the hands of enemies and strangers, as she tremblingly apprehended,

¹ Madame de Motteville, who affirms she had all particulars relating to Henrietta Maria from her own lips.

² Contemporary news letter.

but according to the wise disposal of God, whose will it was that she should leave her kindred and cleave to her spouse;" adding, "that he would be no longer master himself, than while he was a servant to her."¹

This mingled softness and gallantry reassured the weeping girl; her dark eyes brightened anew, and she soon fell into familiar discourse with the royal lover. In the course of conversation, he seemed surprised that she appeared so much taller than she had been represented to him; for, finding she reached to his shoulder, he glanced downward at her feet, to see whether her height had not been increased by artificial means. With her natural quickness of perception, she anticipated his thoughts, and, showing him the shoes she wore, she said to him in French, "Sire, I stand upon mine own feet; I have no help from art; thus high am I, neither higher nor lower."

At the conclusion of this interview, the young queen presented all her French servants to his majesty, recommending them to him particularly by name. Madame St. George, the daughter of madame de Monglat, the queen's governess, was the principal of her ladies, and to her, king Charles took a very early antipathy.² That beautiful coquette, the duchess de Chevreuse, was of the party, but she seems to have arrived in the quality of guest; she was the wife of the king's cousin, the duke de Chevreuse,³ who had represented his royal person by proxy at the recent marriage ceremony, and completed his trust by escorting the royal bride to England. The absence of madame de Chevreuse³ from Paris was, in fact, a species of banishment inflicted on her as penance for some of the vagaries with which, from the pure love of mischief, she had been bewildering all the heads and hearts she could captivate at the French court. Nor did she lack English admirers, for the "wooing ambassador," lord Kensington, was passionately in love with her. Charles I. received the duke de Chevreuse graciously, and treated him as a kinsman; he conducted him himself to the presence-chamber, in Dover castle, where he found the fair duchess of Chevreuse, and bade her welcome.⁴

The royal party left Dover the same eventful day that saw the king introduced to his queen. On the road to Canterbury, the royal party passed Barham Downs, where there were pavilions and a banquet prepared, and all the English ladies of the queen's household were waiting to be presented to their royal mistress.

The king assisted her to alight from her carriage, and on the green sod, that June morning, the royal bride held her first court, and was introduced to her English ladies. At Canterbury, a magnificent feast awaited them, at which Charles served his beautiful bride at table, performing the office of carver to her, with his own royal hands. The

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² Ibid.

³ Madame de Motteville. The duchess was a princess of the house of Rohan, married, portionless, for love, by the boy-minister and favourite of Louis XIII., the duke de Luynes. Her husband died in early life, and left her rich and in the bloom of her beauty. She bestowed her wealth and charms on the duke of Chevreuse. Claud de Lorraine, duke de Chevreuse, died 1657.

⁴ Sir John Finett's Observations touching Foreign Ambassadors

queen, that she might not refuse the viands he offered her, ate both of the pheasant and venison he laid on her plate, although her confessor stood by her, and reminded her it was a fast, being the vigil of St. John the Baptist, and entreated her not to give cause of scandal, by eating forbidden food in a strange land, at her first arrival. But the young queen, either determined to conciliate her new subjects, or being very hungry with her journey, paid no heed to these injunctions, but ate, without scruple, the meat the king had carved for her.¹

The same evening, the 24th of June, it is asserted that Charles and Henriette "were personally married," at Canterbury.² The ceremony took place in the great hall of that ancient city, where they sojourned till the 26th of June.

Charles I. chose to enter his metropolis by the old state highway of the river Thames, and for this purpose took the ancient route from Canterbury to Gravesend. Ostensibly he wished to show his bride that magnificent navy, which was always the pride of the Stuart sovereigns, but the chief motive was to avoid passing through the narrow and infected streets of the city of London, then reeking with the plague. At Gravesend, the royal bride was escorted to a state barge by the king; hundreds of beautiful barges, belonging to the nobility and merchants of London, floated around ready to fall into the royal procession, which was greeted by the thundering salutes of the noble navy riding at anchor near Gravesend.

Newspapers were then in their infancy; their places were supplied by news letters, which were manuscript epistles, written by professed intelligencers, to the different nobles distant from court, who could afford to treat themselves with such luxuries. Some of these letters are extant,³ and contain minute particulars of the queen's progress to London from her embarkation.

"Yesterday, betwixt Gravesend and London, our queen had a beautiful and stately view of that part of our navy which is ready to sail, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred shot." And indeed it required firm nerves to stand a royal salute in those days, for all the guns fired were shotted, and some awkward accidents happened now and then in consequence. At five o'clock, in a warm, thundering June afternoon, the queen drew near the metropolis. A heavy shower was falling at the time, but thousands of boats and ornamental vessels followed or surrounded her royal barge. "Fifty good ships discharged their ordnance, as the gay floating pageant passed up the river, and last of all the Tower guns opened such a peal as, I think, the queen never heard the like. The king and queen were both in green dresses; their barge windows, notwithstanding the vehemence of the shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. The queen put out her hand, and shook it to them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may, ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion." One of these

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, pp. 11, 12.

Memoirs of Maria Henrietta, 1671, p. 12; and Dr. Lingard, last edition, vol ix. p. 238.

³ *Historical Letters*, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

signs, was the rather doubtful one of eating the wing of a pheasant on the vigil of St. John the Baptist; and another, more hopeful, in the answer she made to one of her English attendants, who venturing to ask, "If her majesty could endure a Huguenot?" "Why not," replied the queen, "was not my father one?"¹ It had been well for her majesty, if she had remembered whose daughter she was more frequently; but this speech, uttered some time in the course of her progress to the metropolis, comprehends the whole of the religious toleration she was ever known to practise, though the utmost moderation was required from her, both as a wife and queen, professing a different religion from her husband and his people.

The royal barge, after shooting London bridge, made direct for Somerset House, the queen's dower palace; before the procession arrived there, an accident happened which caused great alarm. The banks of the river were literally lined with spectators, who stood on barges, lighters, and ships' hulls; one of these vessels capsized for want of ballast, and immersed above a hundred persons in the Thames. But the boats that were shooting about in all directions, soon picked up the unfortunate sight-seers, with no other damage than a thorough ducking.

Public rejoicings for the queen's entry prevailed throughout London. That evening the bells rang till midnight, bonfires blazed on every side, and as much revelling was kept up as the plague-smitten state of the city would permit.² Such, however, was the appalling pestilence which prevailed, that king Charles withdrew his young bride from it as soon as he had opened his parliament, at which she appeared, seated on a throne by his side.³ Soon after this splendid scene, the royal pair retired to Hampton Court, where they passed the first weeks of their married life. The French ladies, who had accompanied the young queen from Paris, attended her thither, and formed some of the most brilliant ornaments of her circle. Apartments were assigned to the duke and duchess de Chevreuse at Richmond palace, which favour excited the jealousy of all the ambassadors of different courts then resident in England. King Charles replied, that this favour was granted to them, not as ambassadors, but as relatives, and that it was occasioned by the anxiety his young queen felt on account of the situation of her cousin, madame de Chevreuse. This celebrated lady afterwards gave birth to a daughter in England; but the queen's anxieties respecting her health were not much required, since, in the course of the summer, among other freaks, she astonished the English court by her exploit of swimming over the

¹ Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis.

² The state of the metropolis, at this juncture, may be gathered from the description of Judge Whitelock, father to the parliamentary historian. It was needful for the judge to go to Westminster Hall to adjourn the Michaelmas term to Reading. He arrived, early in the morning at Hyde Park Corner (which he spells High Park), where he and his retinue dined, spreading the provisions they had brought with them in the coach, on the ground, in the park. He was then driven to Westminster Hall as fast as his coach could go through the streets overgrown with grass, and forsaken by the people. He went straight to the King's Bench, adjourned the court, and then quickly left the infected metropolis.

³ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 13.

Thames one hot evening, and obtained in consequence the surname of the female Leander.

The queen's confessor, father Sancy, very early gave offence to king Charles, who sent him back to France in the course of six weeks, for officiously insisting on the performance, to the very letter, of every article in the queen's marriage contract respecting the establishment of her Roman-catholic chapel. Afterwards, it was stated that this dismissal took place because he had ordered her majesty a very extraordinary penance of walking barefoot to the gallows at Tyburn, to pray for the souls of the persons executed for participation in the Gunpowder Plot. St. James's day, 1625, is the precise time pointed out for this strange exploit. The queen had then been only one month in England, of which time we can trace scarcely a day of her residence in London; assuredly the visits of the court to the metropolis must have been few and hurried in July, 1625. The statement was, nevertheless, formally made by the privy-council, and most circumstantially denied on the part of the queen, as will be seen subsequently.

The infected state of the metropolis deprived it of the presence of the court; and all the public rejoicings, concomitant to a new reign and royal marriage, were postponed till the summer heats had abated. The king and his bride remained principally at Hampton Court and Windsor till the winter, when they were established at Whitehall, and the queen began to hold her courts.

The sweetness and urbanity with which the queen had at first captivated the hearts of her new subjects, ever and anon gave way before sallies of haughty and stormy fits of temper. Perhaps the earliest of these indications took place the first time she kept court at Whitehall, and was perceived by a bystander, Mr. Mordaunt, who wrote the following description of her majesty: "The queen, howsoever little in stature, is of a most charming countenance when pleased, but full of spirit, and seems to be of more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her, she drove us all out of the chamber, the room being somewhat overheated with fire and company. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."¹

"Our queen," wrote sir Tobias Matthew, to the duchess of Buckingham from Whitehall, "arrived here yesterday, and I was glad at the heart to see her such as she hath seemed; she is more grown than I thought, being higher by half a head than my lady marquess. Whatsoever they say, believe me, she sits already on the skirts of womanhood. Madam, upon my faith, she is a most sweet, lovely creature, and hath a countenance that opens a window into the heart, where man may see all nobleness and goodness; and I dare venture my head on the little skill I have in physiognomy, that she will be extraordinarily beloved in this kingdom."² Another contemporary³ has left a graphic portrait of the young queen at this time. "We have now a most noble new queen of England, who in true beauty is much beyond the long-

¹ News letter in sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters. First series.

² Cabala.

³ Letter of Howell, the historian.

wooded infant. The Spanish princess had fading flaxen hair, was big hipped, and somewhat heavy eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest flower of the Bourbon—being but in her cradle when her sire, the great Henry, was put out of the world—is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, of a clear brown, with eyes that sparkle like stars.” The pens of all writers were eloquent in praise of the brunette beauty of the queen, even before the pencil of Vandyke had made it indisputable. “She is black eyed and brown haired!” declares another writer; “in truth, a brave lady.” A more finished and intellectual description of the queen has been preserved by her countrywoman, the accomplished La Fayette.¹ “At the epoch of her marriage, she had only attained middle height, but she was extremely well proportioned; her complexion was perfectly beautiful, her face was long, her eyes large and black—now touchingly soft, and now brilliant and sparkling. Her hair black, her teeth fine; her forehead, nose, and mouth, all somewhat large, but well formed; her air *spirituelle*, with an extreme delicacy of features, and an expression grand and noble throughout her whole person. Of all the princesses of her family she most resembles her great father. Like him, she has true greatness of mind, full of tenderness and charity, of a sweet and agreeable temper, entering into the griefs of others, and willing to alleviate all the sorrow in the world. Charles I. loved her with passion, and well she reciprocated this tenderness, as he found in the hour of peril and misfortune.”

This picture is, perhaps, sketched with too partial a hand; the writer evidently loved the original; yet the power of inspiring gratuitous love, which endures through changing fortune, is one proof that the fine traits here drawn were not altogether fictitious. However, if we are guided entirely by the conclusions drawn from facts, the young queen must be considered at this time as a lively and vivacious child, somewhat spoiled by her mother and her flattering female court.

The king's first admiration of his wife, in the course of a few months, assumed the feelings of deep and intense passion, full of disquietudes. He soon felt jealous of the influence her French attendants had over her. In all regal marriages, in whatever country they may take place, the native attendants of the bride are invariably dismissed in a few days; for they are always objects of suspicion either to the king or to his people. Assuredly the marriage articles stipulated for the retention of a greater number of native followers than had ever been previously permitted to remain in the household of a queen of England. The king knew it was against his agreement to remove the large colony the queen had brought with her, but he was not for that the less anxious to get rid of them, nor could his people hate them more intensely than he did. Among other grievances was the toleration of the mass at Whitehall,² where the queen claimed the right of her chapel or oratory for the celebration of the rites of her religion. This was granted with reluctance,

¹ This lady was, like madame de Motteville, a lady in the household of Henrietta's sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, queen of France, and was, like her, intimately acquainted with Henrietta, both in her prosperity and adversity.

² Madame de Motteville.

and, instead of a chapel according to the marriage articles, the most retired chamber in the palace was assigned for the purpose. The first mass that was celebrated in England since the winter of queen Elizabeth's accession, is thus described in the words of an angry news letter: "The queen, at eleven o'clock, came out of her chamber in a petticoat, and with a veil over her head, supported by the count de Tilliers, her chamberlain, followed by six of her women, and the mass was mumbled over her. Whilst they were at mass, the king gave orders that no Englishman or woman should come near the place. The priests have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the king slow in doing that. His answer was, 'That if the queen's closet, where they now say mass, was not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and if the great chamber be not wide enough, they may use the garden; and if the garden were not spacious enough to serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place.' With all their stratagems, they cannot bring him to be the least in love with their fopperies. They say there came some English papists to hear the queen's mass on Sunday, but that she rebuked them, and caused them to be driven out."

The queen of Charles I. is known to all readers of history by the name of Henrietta Maria; but she was not called so by her husband, or at her own court. The king chose to call her Mary; and when those in his household remonstrated with him that this name, owing to the Marian persecutions, had become very unpopular to English ears, he still persisted in calling his bride "Mary," declaring that the land should find blessings connected with her name which would counteract all previous evils.¹ Most persons will agree with Charles in his tasteful appreciation of the name of Mary; but his feelings, as lover and poet, ought to have yielded to the good policy of the above suggestion, for popular prejudice is governed by a mere breath, and the slightest association of ideas will raise the fury of the multitude. Yes, history will prove Shakespeare's aphorism, "that there is magic in a name," especially for the working of evil. The political agitators who give nicknames are guided by this aphorism. How many martyrs have not fallen victims to the ridiculous or ill-sounding epithets of Lollard, Papist, or Quaker!

The influence of the French household over the mind of the queen became daily more intolerable to Charles; for she lived among them, and thought and spoke according to their direction. He considered that they interfered between her heart and his, and that she never would become attached to him while they remained in England.

These feelings influenced his determination of dismissing the French household, which he had taken very early after his marriage; he notified this intention to the duke of Buckingham, who was then at Paris as

¹ Ellis's Historical Letters.

² Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs*. This admirable lady, though the wife of one of the regicides, always speaks with the utmost respect of the great abilities of Henrietta Maria; neither does she censure her for anything but "haughty temper and papistry."

ambassador extraordinary, requiring him to break this matter to the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis :—

KING CHARLES TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(Private.)

"Nov. 20, 1625."

"Steenie,

"I writ to you, by Ned Clarke, that I thought I should have cause enough, in a short time, to put away the *monseers*¹ (monsieurs), either by (their) attempting to steal away my wife, or by making plots with my own subjects. For the first I cannot say certainly whether it was intended; but I am sure it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, and am still hunting after it, yet seeing daily the maliciousness of the *monseers*, by making and fomenting discontentments in my wife, I could tarry no longer from advertising you that I mean to seek for no other grounds to cashier my *monseers*. That you may (if you think good) advertise the queen-mother (Marie de Medicis) of my intention; for this being an action which may have a show of harshness, I thought it was fit to take this way; that she (the queen-mother), to whom I have had many obligations, may not take it unkindly; and, likewise I think I have done you no wrong in my letter, though in some place of it I may seem to chide you.

"I pray you send me word, with what speed you may, whether I like this course or not, for I shall put nothing of this in execution *while* (till) I hear from you. In the meantime, I shall think of convenient means to do this business with the best mien; but I am resolved it must be done, and that shortly. So, longing to see thee, I rest,

"Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

"CHARLES R."

"Hampton Court."

This letter was accompanied with one meant to be shown to the mother of the young queen, commencing, like the former, with "Steenie," but written in a very sensible and reasonable style, which is not exactly the case with the first. For the idea that his wife would be stolen from him, is more like a boy, jealous of the possession of a new plaything, than a king of the personal dignity of Charles. However, he was a young husband, passionately in love with his own wife, and he must be allowed his share in the excuses made for the irrationality of lovers in general. Buckingham assuredly communicated to the queen-mother of France the king's last letter, and by that means broke to her the intention of dismissing the French household, since Henrietta afterwards gave him all the credit of that measure, and hated him as if he had been the author of it. Yet Charles found no excuse for "cashiering his monseers," as he calls them, till full six months after.

Another letter to Steenie occurs soon after the foregoing, in which the king makes the following rather ungracious comment on his queen's conduct: "As for news, my wife begins to mend her manners. I know not how long it will continue; they say she does so by advice."²

He was meantime seriously annoyed by the proceedings of madame St. George, who, by virtue of her office as first lady of the bedchamber insisted on a place in the queen's coach, even when the king was there. One day his majesty put her back with his own hand,³ as she was fol-

¹ Edited by the learned translator of Bassompierre's Embassy, p. 123. The orthography is here modernized.

² The queen's French retinue.

³ Hardwicke State Papers, vol. ii. p. 12.

⁴ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1761, p. 17.

lowing the queen into the royal carriage. He likewise prevented her from taking precedence of the English ladies of his queen's household, and this produced strife between the queen and himself, and sometimes between her and madame St. George. It was, we may suppose, after one of these wrangles that Henrietta Maria wrote the following familiar note to her friend :—

THE QUEEN TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.¹

[No date of any kind.]

"Mamangat,

"I pray you excuse me if you have seen my little vertigo (*vertingo*) which held me this morning. I cannot be right all of a sudden; but I will do all I can to content you meantime. I beg you will no longer be in wrath against me, who am and will be all my life, Mamangat,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRIETT."

The most serious cause of displeasure that Charles I. had against the French domestics of his young wife was, that they infused or strengthened her refusal to share his coronation. This piece of bigotry was at once most injurious to the king, and of mischievous consequences to the queen herself, since it gave occasion for her enemies afterwards to affirm "that she had never been recognised as the consort of Charles I."² So dangerous is it to neglect or scorn the ancient institutions of a country, while they continue to be revered by the great body of the people.

Charles I. was crowned in Westminster abbey, solus, for no representations of his, nor the temptation of being the admired of all beholders, and the *belle des belles* in so splendid a scene, could induce his young and lovely partner to share in it. She refused to conquer her religious prejudices sufficiently to be consecrated by the prelates of the church of England. Henrietta presents the first instance of a queen of England who refused to be crowned. This foolish obstinacy gave the death-blow to her popularity in England, for her people never forgave the contempt she had manifested for their crown. She stood at the bay window over the portal in the gate-house at Whitehall,³ where she had a view of the procession going and coming, and it was observed that her French ladies were all the time dancing and frisking in the room before her.

The queen's absence from the coronation caused likewise the absence of the count de Blainville, the French ambassador. He declared, "that he would have risked a small strain to his conscience which forbade him to be present at the prayers of the English church, but it would be incongruous that he should be a spectator where the queen, his master's sister, not only refused her participation, but even her presence, at the

¹ Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, with which we have been favoured by permission of his imperial majesty, the emperor of Russia.

² Madame de Motteville.

³ This must have been the gate-house leading to King-street, pulled down in the last century: it was an ancient Gothic structure, and led from Whitehall to the Abbey.

solemnity of crowning." Thus, in consequence of Henrietta's perverse bigotry, an affront both personal and national was offered to her husband by the representative of her brother, who ought to have been wiser than to have followed the lead of a spoiled, wilful child. King Charles had endeavoured to persuade his queen to be present in the abbey during his coronation, were it only in a latticed box, but she positively refused even that small concession.

The coronation of Charles took place on February 2d,¹ being Candle mas day, a high festival of the Roman-catholic church, and it was kept as such by Henrietta and her French household; and this circumstance, doubtless, strengthened her aversion to be present at a ceremony with which the liturgy of the English church was connected.

Had she attended her husband's coronation, and listened to the oath imposed on him, she would have found that this ceremonial, which she loathed as Huguenot, obliged him to keep the church of England in the same state as did Edward the Confessor!!² The most liberal manner of construing this oath must have been, that the English people required that whatsoever monarch they invested with the power of king and head of the church, should use that power to keep the church of England as near to the model of the Anglo-Saxon church as possible.³

The marriage of Charles with a catholic queen naturally aggravated his difficulties; nor was Henrietta of an age and temper likely to afford him aid in steering dexterously between the adverse currents which beset his course. The parliament believed that the king spared twenty priests condemned to death, through his wife's influence. Henrietta was assuredly unable to influence him in much smaller matters; and if the most thorough annoyance and vexation could have led a good man to have immolated every priest in England, in hopes of including his wife's domestic establishment of chaplains among them, Charles was angry enough at this crisis to have done so.

Henrietta was so far from meeting with any extraordinary indulgence from her husband at this juncture, that his mind was wholly bent upon a step which he knew would overwhelm her with grief. He resolved to break that part of her marriage articles which stipulated that her household and ecclesiastic establishment should be composed of people of her own country. The commencement of this contest is detailed by Charles

¹ Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis. First Series.

² Sandford, Arthur Taylor's *Glories of Regality*.

³ Lest readers should actually consider the coronation oath taken by all the Anglo-Stuart sovereigns (till the era of Mary II.) as a positive act of insanity, both as regards the sovereigns and their people, it is needful to remind them that the primitive church of England, under Edward the Confessor, (cited in the oath as the model for the guidance of the British sovereigns in the 17th century,) allowed of the marriages of the secular clergy, and of the translation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. It must be remembered, too, that James I. took the oath as he found it, and as his predecessor had taken it. If the people of England had desired the alteration or modification of this oath, never could Providence have presented a fairer opportunity, since he entered England unarmed, and was utterly in the power of the nation—no great proof of his cowardice, by the way.

himself, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Louis XIII., in justification of his proceedings. Henrietta had determined to grant the principal places of profit connected with her revenue-lands to the Frenchmen attached to her household, a proceeding which her husband very properly opposed in the following dialogue, which took place after the royal pair had retired to rest:—

"One night," wrote king Charles, "after I was a-bed, my wife put a paper in my hand, telling me 'it was a list of those that she desired to be officers of her revenue.' I took it, and said 'that I would read it next morning;' but withal, I told her 'that, by agreement in France, I had the naming of them.' She said, 'there were both English and French in the note.' I replied, 'that those English which I thought fit to serve her, I would confirm; but for the French, it was impossible for them to serve her in that capacity.' She said, 'all those in that paper had breviate from her mother and herself, and that she would admit no other.' Then I said, 'it was neither in her mother's power nor hers to admit any without my leave; and if she relied on that, whomsoever she recommended should not come in.' Then she plainly bade me 'take my lands to myself; for if she had no power to put in whom she would into those places, she would have neither lands nor houses of me;' but bade me 'give her what I thought fit by way of pension.' I bade her 'remember to whom she spoke;' and told her 'she ought not to use me so.' Then she fell into a passionate discourse—'how she is miserable, in having no power to place servants, and that business succeeded the worse for her recommendation.' When I offered to answer, she would not so much as hear me, but went on lamenting, saying, 'that she was not of such base quality as to be used so!' But," continues Charles, "I both made her hear me, and end that discourse."¹

A stormy scene at court occurred soon after this royal curtain lecture; the bishop of Mantes, a young ecclesiastic at the head of Henrietta's catholic establishment, actually contested publicly with the earl of Holland (late lord Kensington), which of them was to act as steward of her dowry. The bishop showed the queen's warrant, and the earl that of the king. Marie de Medicis, with her usual want of judgment, had appointed, as her daughter's almoner, a youth of twenty years, who had been advanced to a bishopric on account of his family connexion with Richelieu. It is certain that all the suavity and experience in human nature ever possessed by the wisest bishop of the ancient church, were required to guide an ecclesiastic in the difficult position in which the head of the queen's band of unwillingly tolerated priests must have found himself. Lord Holland is the same person as lord Kensington, who negotiated the queen's marriage. There is no very great manifestation of her partiality to him, although her name has been linked with his in the malicious histories of the times. The origin of these reports seems to have been the praises he bestowed on her in his letters to the court at the time of her marriage. But after she was queen, this nobleman showed all the indications of a disappointed courtier. The king's discontent at the conduct of the French colony established within his gates, reached its climax in June, 1626, before he had been married a twelve-month. As his wrath effervesced on a very small provocation, or none at all, it is natural to suppose that the quarrel was rather a forced one

¹ Edited by D Israeli, in his *Commentaries of the Life and Reign of Charles I.*

on his part. "Monday last,¹ about three in the afternoon, the king passing into the queen's side (the queen's suite of apartments, at Whitehall), and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, unreverently curvetting and dancing in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his lodgings (apartments), locking the door after him, and shutting out all, save the queen. Presently lord Conway signified to her majesty's French servants, that, young and old, they must all depart thence to Somerset House, and remain there till they knew his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented as if they were going to execution, but all in vain; for the guard, according to lord Conway's orders, thrust them all out of the queen's apartments, and locked the doors after them."

While this scene was transacting in her own apartments, the queen, who was detained by the king in his chamber, became very angry, and when she understood that her French train were being expelled from Whitehall, she flew into an access of rage. She endeavoured to bid them a passionate farewell from the window, whence the king drew her away, telling her "to be satisfied, for it must be so." However, the queen continued to break the windows with her fist, as she was prevented from opening them. Charles was obliged to use all his masculine strength to control his incensed partner, by grasping her wrists in each hand. "But since," adds the news-letter, "I hear her rage is appeased, and that the king and she went to Nonsuch, and have been very jocund together."

The French servants of Henrietta were kept at Somerset House, while the king detained their royal mistress at his country palaces. A few days after he had separated them from the queen, he came in person to Somerset House, attended by Buckingham, Holland, and Carlisle, and addressed the French household in a set speech, informing them of the necessity of dismissing them to their own country. The young bishop requested to know his fault, and madame de St. George passionately appealed to the queen. "I name none," replied Charles; and then peremptorily ordering their return to France, and promising that they should receive their wages with gratuities, to the amount of 22,000*l.*, he withdrew with his attendants.

The French retinue, by various pretences, delayed their departure from day to day, throughout the whole of the month of July. They retained possession of the queen's clothes and jewels as perquisites, and actually left her without a change of linen, and with difficulty were prevailed on to surrender an old satin gown for her immediate use; they brought her in immensely in debt to them for purchases, which she (notwithstanding her partiality in their favour,) allowed to the king were wholly fictitious. At last Charles, exasperated by their struggles to remain in England, wrote to Buckingham the following letter to expedite their expulsion:—

¹ News-letter from John Pery to Joseph Meade. Historical Letters, edited by Sir Henry Ellis. First Series.

"Steenie,

"I have received your letter by Dick Græme. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town—if you can by fair means, but stick not long in disputing—otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer but of the performance of my command.

"So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend,¹

"C. R.

"Oaking, on the 7th of August, 1626."

Although a numerous collection of coaches, carts, and barges, were waiting the next day at Somerset House, the French retinue unanimously resolved not to depart, saying, "they had not been discharged with the proper punctilios." On which the king sent a large posse of heralds, trumpeters, and a strong body of yeomen. The heralds and trumpeters having formally proclaimed his majesty's pleasure at the gates of Somerset House, the yeomen then stepped forward to execute his majesty's orders, which were no other than that, if the French still continued refractory, to thrust them out head and shoulders. This extremity was not resorted to, for the French departed the same tide. A great mob had been gathered in the Strand by these proceedings, and withal most riotously disposed. As the beautiful madame de St. George was departing, gesticulating with the utmost vivacity, and pouring forth a torrent of eloquence on the atrocity of tearing her from her queen, one of the leaders of the mob threw a large stone at her head, which knocked off her cap. An English noble of the court, who was leading the aggrieved fair one to the barge, drew his sword, and ran the man through the body on the spot.² Certainly, a person who could assault a woman thus murderously, deserved little sympathy; but surely the people, of all classes, in the last century but one, had little reason to consider themselves as civilized beings.

The only French attendants left with the queen were her nurse, her dresser, and madame de la Tremouille; the king sent his orders to the housekeeper at St. James's, to prepare suitable apartments for the residence of the latter lady. The official returned answer, "that her majesty's French retinue had so defiled that palace, that it would be long before it could be purified."³

The metropolis was in an infected state with the plague, and the royal family made a progress that autumn in search of salubrious springs; perhaps in imitation of the fashion of the continent, where it had become the custom to frequent watering-places and spas. The king and queen came to Wellingborough this year for the benefit of drinking at the Red Well there, and actually resided some days in tents, that they might drink the waters at the fountain-head.

The whole summer the young queen was restless and unhappy; she attributed her troubles, perhaps unjustly, to the malign influence of Buckingham; she wrote perpetually home, stating how wretched she was, deprived of her French household, and talked of visiting her native country.

¹ Ellis's Letters.

² Ibid.

The resident ambassadors, Tillières and Blainville, who appear to have been the most formal fools ever sent on missions of delicate diplomacy, fomented her griefs. At last, the queen-mother of France appointed a man of sense and spirit to mediate this matrimonial difference. The duke de Bassompierre, one of the old friends and fellow-soldiers of Henry IV., was sent to England to inquire into the wrongs of Henrietta, and hear, from her own lips, a recapitulation of her injuries, which her banished household had represented to her mother as most flagrant. One outrage was offered to king Charles, which was, no doubt, to be attributed to the incorrigible folly of Marie de Medicis. Father Sancy, whose fanaticism had caused him to be dismissed from Henrietta's train on her first arrival in England, was now thrust back to this country as the chaplain to the embassy; as if no one could be found to perform such an office, but a person who had made himself personally odious to Charles and his people. Before Bassompierre entered into any other discussion, there was a lengthy controversy regarding this obnoxious person. Charles insisted that he should be sent out of his dominions before he would discuss any point with the French ambassador. Nevertheless, Sancy remained, and did his best to embroil the king and queen irreconcilably.

Bassompierre was certainly the most sensible and honourable person that France had sent to England since the embassy of the great duke de Sully. His notation of his interviews with the young queen prove that he neither flattered nor spoiled her.¹ He found her at open hostility with her husband's favourite and prime minister, Buckingham, of whom she made the most bitter complaints; they had quarrelled violently, and perhaps their enmity was aggravated by the fact that the queen knew no English, and Buckingham very little French; no doubt their angry dialogues were amusing enough. Buckingham, nevertheless, made the queen understand a speech which she never forgave: she quoted it, long years after his death, in confidence to madame de Motteville. He insolently told her "to beware how she behaved, for in England, queens had had their heads cut off before now." Henrietta averred that Buckingham, jealous lest she should possess influence with the king, made mischief perpetually between them, and was the cause of all the unhappiness of the early days of her married life. Bassompierre found this feud between the young queen and the favourite of Charles I. at its very height.

Although four months had passed since her separation from her French retinue, the mind of the queen was in so great a state of excitement regarding it, that Charles I., just before he gave the audience of reception to Bassompierre, at Hampton Court, sent Buckingham to him, to direct that nothing relative to this subject might be mentioned or alluded to at the public interview. "For I cannot," said king Charles, "help putting myself in a passion when discussing these matters, which would not be decent in the chair of state, in sight of the chief persons of the realm; likewise the queen, my wife, seated close to me, grieved at the remembrance of the dismissal of her servants, might commit some extravagance,

¹ Bassompierre's Embassy in England, written by himself.

and would at least cry in the sight of every one." Bassompierre, when he found this representation was no diplomatic *ruse* of Buckingham, concerted with him a plan to defer the discussion of the grievance till he had a private audience with the queen, in London.

"The duke of Buckingham," pursues Bassompierre, "then introduced me to the audience. I found the king and queen seated on two chairs raised on a stage of two steps. They rose at the first bow I made. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." After answering inquiries regarding the health of the queen's brother and mother, Bassompierre, as had been concerted previously, was told by the king, "that her majesty was impatient to inquire after them more particularly, and to receive their remembrances and greetings in a private interview with him; therefore, in consideration of her feelings, he would delay the communication of his state mission till after that conference had taken place." The queen then added a few words, saying, "that the king had given her leave to go to London, where she would see him and speak to him at leisure." But these few words overcame her spirits; she rose, and was obliged to retire with madame de la Tremouille, or the tears which filled her eyes would have been seen to overflow her cheeks.

Subsequently, the queen, the king, and Buckingham discussed their grievances severally, in long private interviews with Bassompierre. A quotation or two from his journal gives a pretty clear view as to which side found most favour in his eyes. "Oct. 24th: I was with the queen when the king came in, with whom *she* picked a quarrel. The king took me to his chamber and talked a great deal to me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife." The next day, Sunday, was the time on which Bassompierre resolved to bring about the reconciliation he had prepared between the king and queen, and the queen and Buckingham. "Then I went for the duke, whom I took to the queen, who made his peace with her, which I had brought about with infinite trouble. The king came in afterwards, and he also was reconciled to her," on account, it may be supposed, of the quarrel the fair tyrant had picked with his majesty the day before. "Then," resumes the ambassador, "the king caressed her very much; he thanked me, as he said, for reconciling the duke and his wife, then took me to his chamber and showed me his jewels, which are very fine."

Her majesty, nevertheless, considered that her father's old friend had not evinced sufficient partiality to her cause; for the very next day, after dinner, he went to see the queen at Somerset House, "and she fell out with him." The reconciliation which poor Bassompierre had effected with such waste of time and eloquence, and so many journeys between Whitehall, Somerset House, and Humpton Court, was all null and void in a fortnight, and the parties more angry with each other than ever. The cause of wrath was, that the king found that the temper of the times would not permit him to fulfil his engagement of granting to his wife the indulgence of her domestic worship, so openly as the marriage contract specified. He had left her three chaplains when he expelled her French ecclesiastics, and he was reluctant to permit more. At sixteen, Henrietta was no judge of the state of her husband's affairs; it is not an

age when the faculties which produce foresight are much developed in any class of human beings: those who placed a petulant child in a situation that required all the calm temper and clear judgment of which a woman of twenty-five is capable, were responsible for the whole of the mistakes she committed as queen. Unfortunately, the effects of her childish errors in judgment weighed heavily against her in after life. Yet there was no moral wrong in the conduct of the young queen; her errors merely proceeded from a fervent attachment to her religion, manifested without wise calculation on the prejudices of her new country. Alas! in political history, crimes committed with tact are often viewed with complacency, but small mercy is shown to blunders, even if they may be traced to the virtuous affections. It may be noticed, too, that false chronology has occasioned a very great deal of calumny on Henrietta; for instance, the crime more particularly charged against her, was the fanatic penance she is said to have performed at Tyburn. This, if ever done, was limited within the first few weeks after her arrival. If it were, as she averred, a fabrication, it must have originated with her husband's most intimate friends and trusted councillors, perhaps with Buckingham himself; for a most notable quarrel broke out between the queen and him, while this matter was discussed in council before Bassompierre.

That nobleman acted throughout with impartiality, unawed by the title of queen, borne by the petulant little beauty, who was the youngest child of his old friend, Henry IV. He sharply reprov'd her for picking quarrels with her husband, and threatened to tell her friends in France of her perversity. With the same spirit of independence, he pointed out to his own government their errors in judgment, in his letter to Herbault, the French minister. "You know," wrote he,¹ "the extraordinary manner in which the domestics of the queen of Great Britain were sent back to France. It was said that she lived very ill with her husband, and that there seemed no way but open war to enforce the terms of the marriage treaty. At first I proved what I had expected, that the company of father Sancy would do little good, and a very great deal of harm, to my design. You have seen how much I have suffered, and been impeded on this head. You know the principal objects which my king had in sending me hither, were to render the queen, his sister, content, the state of her conscience easy, her personal attendants agreeable to her, her health and convenience, and the union and intelligence between her majesty and her royal husband perfectly cemented, likewise to obtain better treatment for the English catholic priests."²

¹The whole of this despatch, in French, may be consulted in Mr. Croke's *Journal of Bassompierre*, p. 148. The wisdom of Bassompierre, and the real desire he showed for the happiness of Henrietta, and to reconcile all parties, by according to each their due, shows him to have been an honest statesman. Very different is the manner in which this noble soldier speaks of Charles and England, to those evil agents of Richelieu who called themselves ambassadors.

²Bassompierre's *Journal*, p. 112. Bassompierre took seventeen catholic priests, under condemnation of death for saying mass, away with him to France, thus commuting their sentence to banishment, to the indignation of Charles's parliament. New victims soon accumulated, whose deaths and tortures were points

In the course of this negotiation, Bassompierre was, in a cabinet council, given a memorial of the causes of complaint that king Charles had to bring against the queen's French domestics. Against the bishop of Mantes, Henrietta's almoner, (who was a Du Plessis, a near relative of the wily and inimical Richelieu, then rising into power,) was brought in this document an accusation "of fomenting plots in England; moreover, the queen's French domestics discovered all that passed between the king and her majesty, and laboured to create in the gentle mind of her majesty a repugnance to all that the king desired or ordered, and they fomented discords between their majesties, as a thing essential to the welfare of their church. They endeavoured to inspire her with a contempt for England, a dislike of its habits, and made her neglect the English language, as if she neither had nor wished to have any common interest in the country. They subjected the person of the queen to a monastic obedience, in order to oblige her to do many base and servile acts, beneath the majesty of a queen, and very dangerous to her own health. Witness what has befallen a person of distinction among her attendants, who died thereof, and complained at her death that that was the cause of it." That is, the queen's French lady died of the severities of the penances inflicted on herself, not on her royal mistress; the narrative is not very luminous on this point. As to the penances imposed on the young queen, they are reported in a letter of court news, with which we must interpolate the grave state paper, which says the same, but in duller language; and if we may credit the affirmation of Bassompierre, and the queen herself, one narrative is as inventive as the other. "No longer ago than on St. James's day,¹ these hypocritical dogs made the poor queen walk a-foot from her house at St. James's, (the palace,) to the gallows at Tyburn, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place, where, forsooth, so many martyrs had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause! Had they not also made her dabble in the dirt, in a foul morning, from Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding by her in his coach? Yea, they have made her spin, to eat her meat out of *tree*² dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants; and if these rogues dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, undergo?"

Bassompierre spent the beginning of November in conferences, respecting the above statements, between the queen, the king, and Buckingham; and in each conference they had a separate quarrel. He inquired of the queen how he was to answer the various particulars which had been offensive to the king, as to the wooden trenchers, and other trifling matters? She either disdained to reply to them, or admitted

of dispute between the king and his parliament. In the present times, all sects will rejoice that England was spared the disgrace of butchering the priests that Bassompierre carried away. He says, by mistake, (as supposed,) that he carried away *seventy* of these victims.

¹ The queen would have kept this festival, 1625, July 15, new style. All this is a retrospective discussion of the council.

² Dishes made of *tree*, i. e., wooden trenchers.

them by silence; but in regard to the pilgrimage to the gallows at Tyburn, she most earnestly denied it. Bassompierre made so animated an harangue before the privy-council, when he defended Henrietta from having committed this absurdity, that he lost his voice for some days—a very serious loss for this vivacious foreigner, who, however, in his journal, expresses himself dubiously as to whether his affliction was owing to his exertions in behalf of the queen, or to a London fog in November, to which, poor man, he was not accustomed. In his speech he declared that the queen had instructed him to say, “that the king her husband had permitted her to gain her jubilee¹ in the chapel of the fathers of the oratory at Saint *Gemmes* (St. James), within a month of her arrival in England, which devotion had terminated with vespers; and as that time the heat of the day was passed, she had walked in the park of *St. Gemmes*, and in the *Hipparc*² which joins it, a walk she had often taken in company with the king her husband; but, that she made it in procession, or that she ever approached within *fifty paces* of the gallows, or that she made there any prayers, public or private, or that she went on her knees there, holding the hours or chaplets in her hands, is what those who impose these matters on others do not believe themselves.” This oration lasted an hour. “And when I came out,” says Bassompierre, in his journal, “I showed the queen the fine statement they had made to me, and what I had replied and protested, with which she was much obliged.”³

It is proper here to observe, that out of the numerous witnesses who must have beheld Henrietta performing such extraordinary genuflexions at the gallows-tree, not one was examined before the privy-council; therefore the statement is utterly without evidence. Indeed, every person who reads this well-known accusation against the queen of Charles, must have wondered how her majesty could have arrived on a summer's evening at the gallows barefoot, without being followed in such a public place by a vast mob of gazers. But it seems the gibbet, with all its foul and ghastly garniture, was a perennial ornament, abutting on Hyde Park; and there it stood, near where the fashionable throng now turn into the ring at Cumberland Gate—a horrid terminus to the vista—assuredly always within the view of their Britannic majesties, when they chose to enjoy the cool of the evening by taking their accustomed walk from St. James's Park to Hyde Park. The national gibbet, fed as it was from the era of Henry VIII. with almost daily food, was marvellously convenient for Henriette's pilgrimage, had she ever taken it; but she indignantly repelled the idea. She acknowledged she had often walked that way with her husband, but she denied that she ever approached the gibbet *nearer* than fifty paces!⁴ What times! what manners! what an

¹ This is some kind of indulgence granted by the pope in reward of a certain number of prayers performed at some place of worship. Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth are described by Noailles, as very earnestly engaged in gaining one of these jubilees at Greenwich Palace, in the absence of Philip the Second.

² Hyde Park, often called High Park in old books, probably because St. James's Park is marshy.

³ Bassompierre's Journal, collected with the Minutes of the Privy Council, Nov.

1626

⁴ *Ibid.*

admission! To us it appears still more abhorrent, that a fair royal bride, in her honeymoon, leaning on the arm of her loving lord, should take a summer stroll for pleasure within fifty paces of a gibbet, than that she should approach it, in sorrow and humiliation, to meditate on the agony, sin, and grief, that had throbbed at the hearts of the miserable fellow-creatures who had perished on the horrid spot. The circumstance that such an appendage abutted on the royal parks, more than ever marks the brutality of the 16th and 17th centuries, which had much receded in common decency from the era of the early Plantagenets. Probably the young queen, when she first beheld the grim object so near her courtly promenade, crossed herself in a fright, and repeated some Latin prayer or adjuration, and from thence the whole story grew; perhaps she did so whenever she saw it—who can wonder? This circumstance occasioned the removal of the gibbet, with general approbation, to the vicinity of Paddington.¹

The gallant Bassompierre remained for some time an unwilling mute, having, by his own account, lost his voice in her majesty's vindication.² But the vindication only set the belligerent parties quarrelling again, with greater vivacity than ever. The pains-taking ambassador had to commence anew his series of separate visits, and his course of suitable exhortations, to the queen, the king, and Buckingham. "I came," continues Bassompierre,³ "in the morning to Somerset (House) to meet the queen, who had arrived there to see the lord-mayor go on the Thames, on his way to Westminster, to be sworn in, with a magnificent display of boats. There the queen dined, and afterwards got into her coach, and placed me at the *same door* with her." The royal carriages were huge fabrics, gaudily ornamented; they had no glass as yet, but were sheltered with leather curtains; they were capable of holding eight inside passengers, two of whom were perched in niches, called boots, at each door, places usually reserved for some favoured guest or friend of the king or queen. "The duke of Buckingham, by the queen's commands, likewise got into her coach," observes Bassompierre; "and we went into the street called *Shipside* (Cheapside), to see the ceremony, which is the greatest made for the reception of any officer in the world. While waiting for the lord-mayor to pass, the queen played at *primero* with the duke, the earl of Dorset, and me; afterwards, the duke of Buckingham took me to dine with the lord-mayor; and after the lord-mayor's dinner, I went to walk in Moorfields."⁴ The early hour of the lord-mayor's dinner may be judged by Bassompierre finishing this festival-day (Nov. 9) with an evening walk in Moorfields, then a sort of garden or park of recreation for the citizens.

In the course of a few days, Bassompierre considered that he had arranged all the disputed points, and made a fair agreement for the future comfort of the queen, the particulars of which he details thus in his letter to the French government, addressed to M. d'Herbault:⁵—"You

¹ Hence it is called Paddington Tree, and its precincts Paddington Pound, in the songs of the seventeenth century.

² Bassompierre's Journal.

³ Ibid., pp. 80-82.

⁴ Ibid., p. 83.

⁵ Bassompierre's Journal, p. 150. French document.

will now find, monsieur, that the satisfaction is complete, and that the queen, his majesty's sister, rests infinitely obliged with what I have done for her; and deeming herself content and happy, she lives now with the king in perfect amity. First, she has re-established—and this is for her conscience—a bishop¹ and ten priests, a confessor and his co-adjutor, and ten musicians for her chapel; that at St. James's is to be finished with its cemetery, and another is to be built for her at Somerset (House), at the expense of the king, her husband. In attendance on her person she will have, of her own nation, two ladies of the bed-chamber, three bed-chamber-women, one *lingère*, and a clear-starcher. In regard to her health, two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon. For her house, a grand-chamberlain, a squire, a secretary, a gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, one of the chamber of presence, a valet of the privy-chamber, a *baxter-groom* (that is, a baker). All her officers of the mouth and the goblet are to be French." Here were foreign domestics sufficiently numerous to cause Henrietta to be the most unpopular queen-consort that ever shared an English throne in the best of times; the establishment was, however, scanty, in comparison with the army of impracticable people located at the English court on the strength of the first treaty, when they amounted to more than four hundred.

The queen was not really in quite so complacent a state of mind as her father's old friend hoped; a more stormy scene took place than had yet occurred. Bassompierre, out of all patience at seeing Henrietta continue to play the vixen, after all her grievances had been redressed, told her his mind without caring for her rank. In his brief journal he notes: "Nov. 12. Came to the queen's, where the king came, *who* fell out with one another, and I afterwards with the queen, on this account. I told her plainly, that I should next day take leave of king Charles, and return to France, leaving the business unfinished, and should tell his majesty (Louis XIII.), her brother, and the queen her mother, that it was all her fault."

This was the best way of settling Henrietta's mind and affairs. She had been told by her flattering retinue, that all her little tyrannies and lovers' quarrels with Charles were entirely becoming to a queen, and what (as Napoleon truly said) was far better, a pretty woman. But the few plain words of her father's comrade informed her that she behaved unlike a wife, and that he should so report her to her own family. And this honest dealing secured the lovely queen nearly eighteen years of conjugal happiness, with undisputed possession of a true heart that adored her, till it ceased to beat—a rich reward for listening to a few words of truth from a real friend.

The acute mind of Bassompierre had fathomed the real cause of Henrietta's perverse conduct. He has left an observation, showing the imprudence of her confidences. "When I had returned home, father Sancy, to whom the queen had written about our falling out, came to make it up with me"—that is, to bring an apology for the queen's con-

¹ This, we think, was not carried into effect directly. The priests were *capuchins*, who concern themselves less in politics than other orders.

duct—"but with such impertinences, that I got very angry with him." But whether the impertinences originated with the queen, or her messenger, Bassompierre deposeth not. Henrietta had, however, a most imprudent habit of giving confidence without due consideration; she herself told madame de Motteville, "that her hastiness in telling her mind to all about her, had been of infinite injury to herself and to the political affairs of her husband."

Bassompierre returned to France, carrying with him this father Sancy, who certainly always kept the queen's mind in a most mischievous state of agitation, while he was near her. One would have thought that Bassompierre's exertions would have been repaid, with the utmost approbation, by his own country. Far from it; he had behaved too honestly, and told every one the truth too plainly, and had avoided extremes in his mediatorial capacity too decidedly, to give satisfaction to his weak and bigoted master. The learned and dignified king of England could admire the calm majesty of this ambassador's reply, when he asked him, in the course of the recent dispute, "Whether he had come to declare war on him?" "I am not a herald to declare war," was the noble retort of Bassompierre, "but a marshal of France, to make it when declared." Even the spoiled royal beauty, Henrietta, listened to the blunt reproofs of her old friend, and was grateful when her anger was over. But the foolish queen-mother of France, and her weak son, were enraged because every article of the original marriage treaty was not carried into effect. Bassompierre was frowned upon at his own court. Louis XIII., animated with the desire of nullifying the wise toleration his great father had given to the French protestants, pressed on the siege of Rochelle, and war between England and France was the result.

It is very doubtful, whether the modified arrangement of Henrietta's French household was carried into effect, till after the peace with France, since it is certain that the ten capuchin friars were not appointed for her chapel till the year 1630.¹ Charlotte de la Tremouille, lady Strange,² who, having married the heir of Derby, had become naturalized as an English subject, indubitably filled the place of one of the two ladies of the bed-chamber, mentioned in the French list. The relationship of this lady to the heroic deliverer of Holland, William, prince of Orange, rendered her less offensive to the English people, than any other foreign attendant of the queen. Her mother, the duchess de la Tremouille, had returned to France a few days before the ambassador departed.

A war with France soon after broke out, notwithstanding which, the queen enjoyed more tranquillity than when her French household was about her. The king wrote, on occasion of the capture of the Isle of Rhé, to Buckingham, who commanded on that expedition, the following remarkable postscript at the end of a familiar letter: "I cannot omit to tell you, that my wife and I were never on better terms; she, upon

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, one of those capuchins.

² Charlotte de la Tremouille, afterwards so renowned as the heroic defender of Latham House

this action of yours, showing herself so loving to me, by her discretion on all occasions, that it makes us all wonder at and esteem her.”¹

Meantime great enmity against king Charles prevailed in France, originating in the dismissal of Henrietta's French retinue; and the most sinister reports were circulated among the populace, which were fostered by the servants of the cashiered officials. All classes of the French people thought that their beautiful young princess was the victim and martyr of the heretic king. This state of the public mind caused belief to be given to a very strange imposture.

A girl—who was, without doubt, a monomaniac—took it into her head that she was the persecuted queen of England, and while Louis XIII. was carrying on the siege of Rochelle, presented herself at a convent at Limoges, and claimed the hospitality of the nuns as such. She declared that she had fled from king Charles, and from England, because she was persecuted on account of the true faith. She spoke and carried herself with remarkable dignity. When she was questioned, she gave a very plausible description of the English court, and of the great lords and ladies who composed the household of Henrietta Maria. Her statements were correct—at least, as far as the good people of Limoges were aware—for the whole of that city and neighbourhood flocked to see the distressed queen, and were thoroughly persuaded of her identity. Louis XIII. was exceedingly enraged at what he considered the impudence of this imposition, being attempted at a time when his sister was in peace and prosperity, surrounded by her own court. He sent orders to the lieutenant-general of Limoges to bring the girl to public trial. During the whole of this process, the representative of queen Henrietta abated not a jot of her assumed majesty, answered all questions with great presence of mind and cleverness, and very coolly signed her legal examination, “Henriette de Bourbon.” She was condemned to make the *amende honorable*—that is, to confess her delinquency, at the end of a public religious procession, with a lighted taper in her hand, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the king of France. What further became of her is not known.²

While this self-constituted double was assuming the character of Henrietta in her native land, the queen herself was experiencing the sweet hopes of maternity; but unfortunately, she could not rest contented, without endeavouring to read the future destiny both of her unborn infant and herself. The prophetess to whom she had recourse on this occasion was no juggling gipsy or sordid witch, but a high-born lady of her court,—one of the most extraordinary characters of her day. This was lady Eleanor, the daughter of the earl of Castlehaven, and wife to the king's attorney-general, sir John Davys. The study of the original scripture languages, and a mystical and fanatical belief of her own devising, had turned this noble dame's brain, so as to cause her to believe that a prophetic mantle of no little power had descended upon her. Under its influence, she had foretold the death of her first husband, to

¹ Hardwicke State Papers, vol. ii. p. 14. ² Causes Célèbres, vol. ii., p. 204.

the infinite indignation of Charles I.¹ How she ever obtained a second, her curious autobiography does not explain; regarding her inspirations she was more communicative. The idea that she was a prophetess arose from finding that the letters of her name, twisted into an anagram, might be read in this line:—*Reveal, O Daniel.*

Her prophetic pride was, however, somewhat rebuked by one of the king's privy council, who, having occasion to reprove her for venting some mischievous political predictions, by a suitable exordium in the star-chamber, very wittily attacked her with her own weapons, by assuring her that the letters which composed her name she had not rightly construed, for the real anagram should be read thus: Dame Eleanor Davys, *Never so mad a lady.*

Such was the prophetess to whom queen Henrietta applied, to read the destiny which was in mercy withheld from her. The odd dialogue that passed between her majesty and the prophetess is best given in lady Eleanor's own words. "About two years after the marriage of king Charles I., I was waiting on the queen as she came from mass or evening service, to know what service she was pleased to require from me. Her first question was, 'Whether she should ever have a son?' I answered, 'In a short time.'"² The queen was next desirous to know what would be the destiny of the duke of Buckingham and the English fleet, which had sailed to oppose her brother, and relieve the siege of Rochelle. "I answered," lady Eleanor continued, "that the duke of Buckingham would bring home little honour, but his person would return safely, and that speedily." This reply gave little satisfaction to the duke's enemies, who would have been best pleased to have heard of his death. The queen then returned to her hopes of a son, and I showed that she should have one, and that for a long time she should be happy. 'But for how long?' asked the queen. 'For sixteen years,' was my reply. King Charles coming in at that instant, our discourse was interrupted by him. 'How now, lady Eleanor,' said the king, 'are not you the person who foretold your husband's death three days before it happened?' to which his majesty thought fit to add, 'that it was the next to breaking his heart.'"³ And probably most husbands will be of the opinion of Charles I.

Although the king had thus successfully cut short the conference with lady Eleanor, he could not prevent the maids of honour from crowding round that prophetess, and assailing her with the questions which their royal mistress had intended to ask. Lady Eleanor informed these ladies, "It was indeed true that the queen would shortly have a son; but it was no less true that it would be born, christened, and buried, all in one day." Perhaps this vexatious prophecy was made on purpose to plague the king for his interruption and sharp reproof.

Probably the evil prediction of this mad gentlewoman dwelt on the mind of the young queen; others say she was hurried and alarmed by some trifling accident; she was, however, taken very ill, and rather unex-

¹ Balla:d's Celebrated Women.

² This was on All Saints' Day, Nov. 1st, 1627. The queen's son was born seven months afterwards.

pectedly gave birth to a son, May 13, 1628. A contest took place between Charles I. and the queen's confessor, whether the heir of England should be baptized according to the church of England or the church of Rome; but the king carried his point, and the boy was named Charles James, by Dr. Webb, the chaplain in attendance. As the royal babe had been born a little before its time, it was in a languid state, and died the day of its birth, an hour after its baptism, and was buried just before midnight, by Dr. Laud.

The king forbade the queen to consult dame Eleanor any more on the destiny of their offspring. But if we may believe the testimony of the sibyl herself, and the reports of the day, this prohibition only made her majesty the more eager for the forbidden conference, when, in a short time after, she again had hopes of maternity. Lady Eleanor plumed herself very much on the fulfilment of her divination regarding the death of the queen's first-born, and forthwith vented such a tirade of impertinent prophecies on politics, religion, and affairs in general, which did not concern her, that king Charles, much annoyed at her proceedings, sent Mr. Kirke, one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, to complain to her husband, and desire him to make her hold her tongue. But this was a piece of discretion seemingly beyond her own power; neither could her husband ever succeed in controlling that unruly member. Nevertheless, the king's dutiful law-officer, sir John Davys, did all he could to impede the promulgation of his lady's prophecies, by throwing a large bundle of them in manuscript behind the fire.

The king's messenger proved a very unfaithful one, for after delivering his royal master's message, he added a request on his own account, to know "if the queen's second child would be a son?" "And I," says lady Eleanor, "unwilling to send him empty away, assured him of a prince and a strong child, which he not sparing to impart, the news was solemnized with bonfires." This last is a piece of perversity almost too ridiculous for belief. How thoroughly tormented must the king have been with the absurdity of his messenger, who, when sent to reprove lady Eleanor's conjuring spirit, took the opportunity of exciting her to exercise it anew, by the request of his queen.

The sudden death of Buckingham, by the stroke of a fanatic's dagger, August, 1628, removed one to whose influence the queen attributed all the differences which had occurred between herself and her husband. It is certain that the matrimonial happiness of the royal pair improved after the decease of this powerful minister.

The queen was little more than eighteen; her reason had not been cultivated, and her tastes were as yet childish. Among other frivolities, she had a great fancy for dwarfs, and was a noted patroness of those mannikins; one of them proved something like an historical character, and about this time stepped out of a cold pie into her majesty's service. This incident occurred in one of the royal progresses, when Charles and Henrietta were entertained by the duchess of Buckingham. The queen was induced to partake of a noble venison pasty in the centre of the table; when some of the crust was removed, the little man Geoffrv

Hudson rose out of the pie, and hastened to prostrate himself before her majesty's plate, entreating to be taken into her service. She was greatly diverted with this odd addition to her retinue, especially at the mode of his appearance. He was then but eighteen inches high, a Gulliver among the Brobdignagians, and almost as accomplished a character. The queen entertained him as her dwarf *par excellence*, although, according to the taste of her era, she was already provided with a pair of these little monsters, whose marriage was celebrated by the courtly strains of Waller. Master Geoffry proved a very valiant and sensible modicum of humanity, fit to be employed in state messages of small import. In 1630, for instance, he was despatched to France by the queen, to escort over the channel the French *sage femme* her royal mother deemed the best to preside over her approaching accouchement. The homeward voyage was disastrous: a Dunkirk privateer, being no respecter of persons, captured both the *sage femme* and Master Geoffry, and plundered them of all the rich presents they were bringing to the queen from her mother, Marie de Medicis; and, what was worse, the *sage femme* was detained in captivity till her office was no longer needed by the royal patient.

Matters of more import at this time gave no little pain to Henrietta. The prospect of the royal line being continued by a Roman-catholic queen excited party rage in a violent degree, and political pamphlets were published full of reviling epithets against her. In these she was termed a daughter of Heth, a Canaanite, and an idolatress, whose hopes of progeny could give no general joy, God having provided much better for England, in the hopeful issue of the queen of Bohemia. This idea had thus taken possession of the Calvinistic party in England, previously to the birth of Charles II.¹ This prince was born on the morning of May 29, 1630, at the palace of St. James. He was a strong, fine babe, but by no means remarkable for his infantine beauty. The king rode in great state that very morning, to return thanks for the birth of his heir, and the safety of his queen, at St. Paul's Cathedral. During the royal procession, a bright star appeared at noon-day, to the great astonishment and admiration of the populace. An accident so poetical was immediately seized by one of the learned gentlemen in the king's retinue. A Latin epigram, with the following elegant translation, was presented to him as a congratulation on the birth of the prince:—

“When to Paul's Cross the grateful king drew near,
A shining star did in the heavens appear.
Thou that consultest with bright mysteries,
Tell me what this bright wanderer signifies?
'Now there is born a valiant prince i' the west,
That shall eclipse the kingdoms of the east.'”²

Prince Charles was baptized the Sunday before the 2d of July, the same year, “in the chapel at St. James's, but not the queen's chapel,” as one of the news-letter informants³ especially notes, and not without

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 20.

² Ibid., p. 21.

³ In a letter to Mr. Joseph Meade.

reason, for Henrietta Maria's chapel was a retired apartment in the palace, fitted up as a Roman-catholic place of worship. The ceremony of the royal baptism was the first time performed in this country for an heir to the throne, after the form prescribed in our Book of Common Prayer; Laud, bishop of London, dean of the royal chapel, officiated, assisted by the bishop of Norwich, royal almoner. The sponsors were the zealous Roman-catholic, Louis XIII., his bigoted mother, Marie de Medicis, and that protestant champion, the unfortunate Palgrave, who joined in answering that the heir of Great Britain should be brought up in the tenets of the church of England, which neither of them professed. The duke of Lenox, the old ostentatious duchess of Richmond, and the marquis of Hamilton, were the proxies for these incongruous sponsors. The duchess's gifts on the occasion outwent her usual boastful profusion, for she presented the prince with a jewel worth 7000*l*. A wet-nurse from Wales¹ was provided for the infant, probably to keep up the old custom and promise to the principality—that the first words of every prince of Wales should be uttered in Welsh. To this nurse the ostentatious duchess presented a gold chain worth 200*l*.; to the midwife and dry-nurse, a quantity of massy plate; and even the rockers received from her a silver cup, salt, and a dozen of spoons. The queen had very politically sent her own state carriage, attended by two lords, many knights and gentlemen, preceded by six running footmen, and drawn by six horses with plumes on their heads and backs, to fetch this bountiful dowager to the christening, from her house in the Strand. The old lady paid dear for her ride in the queen's carriage that short distance, for she gave to the knights fifty pounds each, to the coachman twenty pounds, and to each of the footmen ten pounds. The state dresses at this baptism were white satin trimmed with crimson, and crimson silk stockings. The lady to whom the personal charge of the prince was committed was Mrs. Wyndham, who, throughout his life, had extraordinary influence over him.²

The queen possessed, in a high degree, that talent of writing charming little letters, for which Frenchwomen have always been admired. One of the earliest letters from her pen, which is extant, is replete with the fascination of playful *naïveté*; it is addressed to her old friend, madame St. George, with whom she constantly corresponded, notwithstanding her unceremonious dismissal by king Charles. This letter proves that Henrietta—despite of the proverb which affirms that even the crows think their own nestlings fair—was not blind to the fact that her boy was a fright. The likeness of some tawny Provençal ancestor of Henri Quatre must have revived in the person of the prince of Wales, for the elegant Charles I. and the beautiful Henrietta had no right to expect so plain a little creature as their first-born. It is amusing enough to read the queen's description of the solemn ugliness of her fat baby.

¹ News-letter.

² Clarendon Correspondence. Appendix. The gold chain, mentioned in the text, was, in all probability, presented to Mrs. Wyndham, the superintendent of the prince's nursery, and not to the wet-nurse.

[No date, but written in the first year of the life of Charles II.]

"Mamie St. George,¹

"The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait that I sent to the queen my mother. He is so ugly, that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself.

"Send me a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves, and also I beg you send me one of doeskin; a game of *joncheries*, one of *poule*, and the rules of any species of games now in vogue. I assure you, that if I do not write to you so often as I might, it is not because I have left off loving you, but because—I must confess it—I am very idle: also I am ashamed to avow that I think I am on the increase again; nevertheless, I am not yet quite certain. Adieu, the man must have my letter."

Henrietta wrote another letter to her friend, as follows, some time before November, 1631:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME ST. GEORGE.²

[No date; probably just before the birth of the queen's eldest daughter.]

"Mamie St. George,

"Barbereau having asked leave to go to France for his particular affairs, I would not let him depart without assuring you of the continuation of my friendship, and also to complain a little, that I have been so long without hearing news of you. I know well you may retort the same thing; but at this time I am out of London, and have no opportunities: also, I am not a little incommoded with my size, which renders me indolent; but assure yourself that I fail not to remember you on all occasions, and that I hope you will always find me

"Your affectionate friend,

HENRIETTE MARIE, R

"Make my commendations to my *niece*.³ I am having the portraits of my children and of myself done, which I shall send to you very soon."

¹ Inedited letter, Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, by favour of his imperial majesty, the emperor of Russia.

² Imperial Library, St. Petersburg. Inedited MS.

³ Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the eldest daughter of her brother Gaston, duke of Orleans. The beautiful madame de St. George, who played so important a part in the historical comedy of the dismissal of queen Henrietta's French suite, was the daughter of madame de Monglat, governess of the children of Henry IV. and his queen. She was the wife of a noble of the house of Clermont-Amboise. It has been shown that Henrietta had been reared from childhood with her when she was mademoiselle de Monglat, which accounts naturally for the excessive love she bore her as madame de St. George. After her return from England, madame de St. George was appointed state-governess to that capricious princess, mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter to Gaston, duke of Orleans. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her autobiography, displays more feeling in her description of the death of madame de St. George, than in any other instance. This lady left several little children; and her pupil gives a very touching account of the manner in which she gave them her last blessing on her death-bed. She begged mademoiselle de Montpensier to permit her to include her in it. The princess received this blessing kneeling, and weeping passionately. "Directly after," says mademoiselle, "madame de St. George entered into her last agonies, and expired a quarter of an hour afterwards. This dear friend of queen Henrietta died February 13, 1642, just before the deaths of Marie de Medici, Louis XIII. and cardinal Richelieu."—Mémoires de Mad. de Montpensier, vol. i. p. 70

The queen gave birth to her eldest daughter at St. James's palace, Nov. 4, 1631; this infant was baptized Mary, by Dr. Laud, in St. James's chapel. The queen committed the little princess to the care of Catherine, lady Stanhope, who served her with the most attached fidelity through life.

When Charles could no longer delay his Scottish coronation, the queen was invited to share this northern inauguration, which she as firmly refused as she did the ceremony of the English consecration; and she suffered her husband to depart on his northern progress alone. It is here necessary to mention, that the attachment of Charles I. to domestic life, had caused him to neglect the royal duty of occasional progress towards distant portions of his dominions. Queen Elizabeth had carried this usage to an abuse; yet, if we closely trace the causes of her popularity, it will be found that it owed much to her progresses.

King Charles probably considered that the difference of the queen's religion excited unpleasant remarks, if she visited the protestant magnates of the land, and the furious jealousy of the whole community, if she visited any of the old catholic families. Scotland had been suffering all the pains and penalties of absenteeism since the union of the kingdoms, and these were never alleviated by the circulation of a portion of the royal revenue in that direction. Assuredly the Stuarts had little reason, since the Gowry conspiracy, to be forward in paying a visit unarmed to one of their northern lords. The extreme poverty of the crown, owing to the refusal of the parliament of Charles to grant him the usual tonnage and poundage, unless he put in force the penal laws against the condemned catholic priests, limited his expenses to the most rigid economy; and royal progresses cannot be made without a certain degree of royal expenditure.

The following occurrence, which took place in Sept., 1632, increased the unpopularity of the queen to an alarming degree. "On Friday, at eleven in the forenoon, her majesty, with her own hands, helped to lay the two first square corner-stones, with a silver plate of equal dimensions between them, in the foundation of her capuchin's church, intended to be built in the tennis court-yard of Somerset House; which stones, in the presence of upwards of 2000 persons, were consecrated with great ceremony, having engraven upon the upper part of that plate the portraits of their majesties as founders, and of the capuchins as consecrators."¹ Another chapel for the queen was commenced at St. James's; but the approaching revolution ripened and strengthened as these establishments for the Roman-catholic church approached completion, and the personal libels on the queen became frequent and furious. The service of the Roman-catholic church was, in the course of about two years, celebrated at these chapels with a splendour and publicity most injurious to the prosperity of Charles I.

The desire of Charles I. to show his preference for the church of England, perhaps occasioned his attempt to establish it in his northern kingdom. This fatal step appears to be connected with his Scottish

¹ Pery's News-letter, Ellis's Original Letters. New Series, vol. III., p. 271.

coronation; probably the oath which the constitution of the country required him to take was not consistent with the popular religion. Henrietta remained at Greenwich palace during the king's absence in Scotland: it was the first separation which had occurred between the royal pair. Charles showed no little impatience at its duration; he hurried the latter part of his journey of return, and to avoid entering the metropolis, lest he should be delayed by tedious greetings, he rode across the country almost alone from Waltham to Blackwall, where he was ferried over the river, and gave his queen a loving surprise.

The queen's delicate situation probably occasioned the homeward haste of the king. Within a few weeks of his return was born, at St. James's palace, her second son, Oct. 14,¹ 1633. The child was baptized in St. James's chapel by the name of James, in memory of his grandfather, James I. The new archbishop, Laud, officiated on this occasion. Charles I., according to a custom prevalent in the royal family of England since the accession of the line of York, created the child duke of York. The queen committed him to the care of lady Dorset. His infantine beauty, and fair and blooming complexion, somewhat atoned to his mother for the ugliness of his elder brother; he was her best beloved son.² King Charles destined him for the marine service of his country, and caused his education to tend to everything naval. He was named lord high admiral in his infancy, and the fleets of England sailed under his flag. No one could at that time tell that he was to be one of the greatest naval warriors the British island ever produced.

The queen's name was involved, about this time, in a desperate quarrel, which took place between lord Holland and the resident ambassador at Paris, lord Weston. The dispute merely related to some letters which the queen had written to her mother and relatives in France. Lord Holland had undertaken to convey them, but they fell into the hands of the English ambassador, who sent them to the king. Great jealousy existed regarding the queen's correspondence with France, especially on the subject of religion. The king justified the proceedings of lord Weston, and placed lord Holland under arrest, for offering "to fight the ambassador to the death." The vague scandals regarding the queen and lord Holland have misrepresented this circumstance.³

This was almost the last difference that ruffled the wedded happiness of the royal pair; and, during their future years, the fondest attachment succeeded to the gusty passion which prompted them to a series of lovers' quarrels in the first days of their marriage. An increasing and lovely family cemented their conjugal union. Henrietta was a fond mother, and devoted much of her time to her nursery. Occasionally her divine voice was heard singing to her infant, as she lulled it in her

¹ Autograph Memoirs of James II.—Evelyn. History always quotes Oct. 13.

This was the assertion of the queen's niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her Memoirs.

² Howell, in one of his letters, mentions the circumstance as it really was, and adds, "My lord of Holland takes this in such scorn, that he has defied lord Weston, and demanded the combat of him since his return, for which he is confined to his house at Kensington" (Holland House).

arms, filling the magnificent galleries of Whitehall with its enchanting cadences. Queenly etiquette prevented her from charming listeners with its strains at other times.

Sometimes little flaws of anger overclouded the serenity of her temper, which all her countrywomen mention as being usually a very happy one. Dean Swift, in his history of his own times, makes a malicious use of the following anecdote, which he only has preserved; but it was no great crime, either on the side of Charles or Henrietta:—

“Charles I., in gallantry to his queen, thought one day to surprise her with the present of a diamond brooch, and, fastening it to her bosom with his own hand, he awkwardly wounded her with the prong so deeply, that she snatched the jewel from her bosom and flung it on the ground. The king looked alarmed and confounded, and turned pale, which he never was seen to do in his worst misfortunes.” Then follows a long tirade against the uxoriousness of the king, which, to the cynical dean, was the deepest of crimes. Alas! Charles’s enemies were woefully at a loss for personal faults, when they place *this* at the head of the list.



HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Queen deems herself the happiest woman in the world—Poems in her praise—Her portrait by Vandyke—Family portrait, with children—Queen’s want of sleep—Her pastoral festival—Prynne’s abuse of the queen—She intercedes for him—Birth of the princess Elizabeth—Letters to her son Charles—Queen’s reception of her mother—Commencement of the queen’s own narrative of the civil war—Her grief for Strafford—Departure of her mother—Queen’s letters to the king in Scotland—Her conduct till his return—Betrayed by lady Carlisle—Invents the name of Roundhead—Forced from London by tumults—Political measures attributed to the queen—Her voyage to Holland—Leaves her eldest daughter there—Obtains stores for the king—Embarks to return—Adventures in a storm, &c.—Lands at Burlington—Great dangers—Tradition—The queen’s pledge—Queen saves an enemy’s life—Her march to York—Her letters from thence—Queen at Newark—Her answer to the ladies’ petition—Her march from Newark—Meets the king in the vale of Keynton—Medal struck in her honour—Her residence at Oxford—Her illness—Journey to Bath and Exeter—Expected confinement—Her privations—Assistance given her—Birth of the princess Henrietta—Queen obliged to fly—Leaves her infant at Exeter—Danger from rebel army—Her sufferings and perils—Embarks for France—Her vessel cannonaded—Her desperate resolution—Lands near Brest—Adventures—Kind reception in France—Ill state of health—Goes to the baths of Bourbon—Reflections of Charles I. on his separation from her.

At the epoch when Henrietta Maria was apostrophized by the most popular poet of her day, as

Great Gloriana! bright Gloriana!
Fair as high heaven is, and fertile as earth!

she had been heard to consider herself the happiest woman in the world, —happy as wife, mother, and queen.¹ All was peaceful at this juncture; the discontents of the English people, whilst Charles I. governed without a parliament, were hushed in grim repose—it was a repose like the lull of the winds before the burst of the electrical tornado; but she knew it not.

Henrietta Maria was not only the queen, but the beauty of the British court; she had, about the year 1633, attained the perfection of her charms, in face and figure; she was the theme of every poet, the star of all beholders. The moral life of Charles I., his conjugal attachment to his queen, and the refined tastes of both, gave the court a degree of elegance till then unknown.

Edmund Waller, a gentleman of senatorial rank, a kinsman of the Cromwell family, who were all, save one, gentlemen of the most ardent loyalty, exercised his poetic talents as honorary poet-laureate. His polished stanzas, descriptive of the beauty of the queen and of the noble ladies of her circle, are now more valuable for their historical allusions than for their poetic merit.

ON THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT BY VANDYKE.

"Well fare the hand, which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.

• • • • •

The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,
And by our muse saluted—Mighty queen!
In whom the extremes of power and beauty move,
The queen of Britain and the queen of love!
Heaven hath preferred a sceptre to your hand,
Favoured our freedom more than your command.
Beauty hath crowned you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a queen."

In the Vandyke room at Windsor Castle are four portraits of Henrietta, one of which probably inspired the foregoing verses. Three of these paintings are full lengths; in the first, the queen is evidently a girl in her teens; the features are very delicate and pretty, with a pale, clear complexion, beautiful dark eyes, and chestnut hair. Her form is slight and exquisitely graceful. She is dressed in white satin; the bodice of her dress is nearly high, with a large falling collar trimmed with points. The bodice is made tight to her form, closed in front with bows of cherry-coloured ribbon, and is finished from the waist with several large tabs, richly embroidered. The sleeves are very full and descend to the elbows, where they are confined by ruffles. One arm is encircled with

¹ Madame de Motteville often repeats this saying of queen Henrietta.

a narrow black bracelet, the other with one of costly gems. She wears a string of pear-shaped pearls about her neck; a red ribbon, twisted with pearls, is placed carelessly among her hair at the back of her head. She stands by a table, and her hand rests on two red roses, which are placed near the crown. One of Vandyke's most magnificent paintings represents queen Henrietta in the same piece with the king, her husband, and their two eldest sons, Charles II. and James II.

Henrietta and Charles I. are seated in chairs of state; she has her infant in her arms, whom she holds with peculiar grace, but bestows her attention on the prince of Wales, who is standing by the king, with his little hand caressingly placed on the royal father's knee. Two little dogs are in the foreground, between the king and queen. One sits at the king's foot, the other stands on its hind legs, with its paws on the queen's dress, looking up to the baby in her arms whose attention it has attracted. The infant is about six months old, in long white draperies, black-eyed and intelligent, but has no border to its droll little cap. The appearance of the queen is maternal, but she has an air of care and sadness. Her hair is confined with a string of large round pearls; a cross adorns her bosom. Her dress is of rich brown brocade, with very full lace ruffles, and the graceful little cape, called, in the modern vocabulary of costume, a *berthe*, falls over the bodice, which is finished round the bosom and at the waist with a purple band.

King Charles is very handsome, graceful, and chivalric. He wears the collar and star of the garter, with a regal dress of purple velvet slashed with white satin; a Vandyke collar, and white satin shoes with enormous rosettes. The crowns, both of the king and queen, are placed on a small round table. The palace of Whitehall appears in the back ground.¹

To turn from the characteristics of Henrietta perpetuated by the pencil, to those effected by the pen, we must quote the lines of Waller, inscribed to the "Lady who could do anything but sleep when she chose." In this elegant little poem he has personified Sleep, who, in the first person, is supposed thus to address the insomnolent queen:²

"My charge it is those languors to repair,
Which nature feels, from sorrow, toil, and care,
Rest to the limbs and quiet I confer
On troubled minds, but nought can add to her
Whom heaven and her transcendent charms have placed
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Yet as her earnest wish invokes my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower,
Where Gloriana, the great mistress, lies;
But gently fanning those victorious eyes,
Charm all the senses, till the joyful sun,
Without a rival, half his course has run,
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the fairest thing that shines."

¹ Very similar to this picture is the noble painting of the family group, by Vandyke, in the state drawing-room at Lambeth palace.

² It was probably introduced in some masque.

If the queen could be deceived out of a sense of her mortality by such adulatory stanzas as these, the time was fast approaching which would show that she was in nowise distinguished above other sojourners in this world of trouble, save by the pressure of a double load of sorrow. That insomnolency, which was adroitly turned into compliment by the poetical adulator, was probably induced by the prognostics of the approaching political storm.

Another sketch of Henrietta, in Waller's poetical portraiture, is still more elegant :

" Could nature there no other lady grace,
Whom we might dare to love with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies ?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has placed this glorious light ?
• • • • •

All her affections are to one inclined ;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind,
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face ;
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen."

Queen Henrietta had made such slow progress in the English language, in the first years of her marriage, that her deficiencies, in 1632, became a matter of serious consideration. Previously, Charles I., among other reasons for dismissing her French household, had sent to her mother that his queen obstinately refused to learn the English tongue ; this fault was so sedulously mended in subsequent years, that her sons could not express themselves in French when they were resident in Paris. Madame de Motteville likewise complains that queen Henriette had, in her constant practice of English, forgot the delicate idioms of her mother tongue. Mr. Wingate, a learned barrister of Gray's Inn, was, in 1632, appointed her majesty's tutor, and to facilitate her acquisition of English, a grand masque, called the Queen's Pastoral, was acted at Whitehall. The part destined for the queen to learn by rote was so unmercifully long, that her majesty complained piteously to her ladies of the labour of learning it, and said, " that it was as long as a whole play." The parts of her ladies were equally lengthy and heavy, so that the Queen's Pastoral took eight hours in the performance !

The piece was written by a young aspirant, and possessed no literary merit. It was from the pen of Walter Montague, the second son of the earl of Manchester, who finished life an ascetic priest, and the queen's grand almoner, of whom we shall have much to say hereafter. He was in youth a gay gallant of the court, little anticipating his own transmutation. Ben Jonson was usually the poet of the courtly masques ; unfortunately, for the queen, he and Inigo Jones had had a furious quarrel, regarding their merits as poet and designer of masques, and on this account the Queen's Pastoral had been furnished with words by the unskilled amateur, Montague. It was the part that the queen took in this luckless pastoral which called forth the furious vituperations of Master

Prynne, in his "Histromatrix," yet it was only for her majesty's private exercise in her own courtly circles.

In honour of the birth of the second English prince, and to show how little they participated in the illiberal attacks of the fanatic agitator, Prynne, (which occurred about the same period,) the queen was invited, by the gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn and of the Temple, to a splendid masque and ballet, given at their charge.¹

The Lincoln's Inn and Temple masques lasted three days, they put the majority of the people into an ecstasy of good humour, and, for a while, contributed to soften the sour and acrid temper of the times.

These outward glories were, notwithstanding, chequered with dark indications of approaching troubles, a concealed volcano was glowing beneath the feet of those who gaily trod the courtly measures in the elegant and really harmless ballets, which rendered still more furious the fanaticism of Prynne and his coadjutors. The brutal attack of Prynne on the queen, in his *Histromatrix*, drew down on him the vengeance of Charles, in a manner inconsistent with his former character, though perfectly consistent with the law at that time in force. No one commented on the conduct of Prynne with more terse severity than that honest but mistaken fanatic himself. It is well to conclude the subject with his own words, which he wrote when he was keeper of the records of the Tower, after the accession of Charles II.: "King Charles ought to have taken my head when he took my ears." It is to Henrietta's great credit that she did all in her power to save Prynne² from the infliction of the pillory and the consequent loss of his ears, which was part of that barbarous and disgusting punishment.³

The queen's favourite residences were Somerset House, St. James's Palace, and the palace of Woodstock. Her partiality to these palaces was principally induced by the facilities they presented for the Roman-catholic worship. Somerset House was settled on her as her dower-palace, in case of widowhood, and this was peculiarly her private resi-

¹ It is a curious circumstance that the leaders in these stately revels were two gentlemen, who afterwards became the two most celebrated statesmen legalists of their era, but of different parties. Edward Hyde, afterwards lord Clarendon, lord chancellor and royalist historian; the other, Bulstrode Whitelock, lord keeper, (appointed by parliament) and afterwards parliamentary historian. Hyde and Whitelock were the gayest and handsomest gentlemen of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn. These magnificent entertainments to the queen, cost the inns of court 22,000*l.*; and though the puritans at the time made a horrid outcry at the waste and extravagance of the outlay, yet these rich societies did much good by dispensing part of their wealth.

² Dr. Lingard's History of England. Charles I.

³ This punishment was still part of the law of the land in the reign of queen Anne; and was endured by the author of Robinson Crusoe, for some printed reflection on the corrupt parliaments of that era. It is brutally alluded to by Pope in his line:—

"Earless, on high, stood unabashed Defoe."

The scourge was likewise used as a punishment after the revolution by the government of William III., for political offences, as the answering line shows:—

"And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."

dence; St James's was her family abode, and the habitation of her children when they were in London; in each of these residences she had chapels and lodgings for her twelve capuchin almoners. Woodstock was her favourite country palace, and here she likewise had a regular chapel for her worship.¹

While Waller's lyrics were doing their best to hymn the queen into immortality, Vandyke's glorious pencil was illustrating her personal graces, and Inigo Jones's devising the scenery of the masques and ballets which formed the amusements of her picturesque and stately court, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, wrote dramatic poems, for the purpose of perfecting the queen in our language. Her majesty often took a part in these diversions, but much less publicly than her predecessors. The royal taste for these elegant amusements caused the great nobility to dispense the superfluity of their incomes in encouragement of the fine arts. When their majesties paid visits in their progresses, it was the fashion for their noble hosts to engage some poet, distinguished

¹ A sketch of that noble sylvan seat of the Plantagenets, now vanished from the earth, and the state in which it existed when inhabited by Henrietta Maria, will be particularly agreeable to those readers who recall its memory through the magic creations of Sir Walter Scott. The following is from the pen of a contemporary :—

"I found that famous court and princely palace, Woodstock, ancient, strong and magnificent, and situated on a fair hill. We entered into the first spacious court through a large strong gate-house, where the keeper of that royal castle commanded her daughter, a pretty modest maiden, to be my guide. So up we mounted many fine steps of freestone, at the further side of the great court, into a spacious church-like hall, with two fair aisles, with six pillars, white and large, parting either aisle with rich tapestry hangings at the upper end thereof, in which was wrought the story of the wild boar. On the left hand of the hall we entered a stately rich chapel, with seven round arches, with eight little windows above the arches, and fifteen in them. A curious font there is in the midst of it; and all the roof is most admirably wrought. And having performed my devotions in that princely chapel, I nimbly ascended with my guide into the guard-chamber; by this means our entrance was free and uninterrupted into the presence-chamber, and the privy-chamber that looks over the tennis-court, the withdrawing-chamber and the bed-chamber, both of which have their sweet prospect over the privy-garden. After which I presumed to rest myself in the waiters' chamber; and after a small time of reposing to refresh ourselves, she conducted me, crossing the privy-chamber, into the queen's bedchamber, where our late renowned queen (Elizabeth) was kept prisoner. There are withdrawing, privy, presence, and guard chambers for her majesty queen Henrietta Maria. Out of the wardrobe-court we come into a fair hall for her majesty's guard. There is also a council-chamber curiously arched, and a neat chapel by it, where queen Henrietta Maria hears mass; and divers other fair and large rooms for the nobility and officers of the court. On the large high leads of the goodly and fair gate-house I had a full prospect of the great and spacious walled park, and the brave lawns and waters of the neat and fair-built lodge for his majesty's chief ranger to inhabit, sweetly seated on a hill near this sumptuous court. One thing more, I desired my fair and willing guide to conduct me to, near this place—the labyrinth where the fair lady was surprised by a clew of silk. I found nothing in this bower but ruins of many strong and strange winding walls and turnings, and a dainty clear-paved well, wherein this beautiful creature did use to bathe herself."—From a *Topographical Excursion* by three Norwich Gentlemen, in 1636. Edited by Mr. Brayley.

by their approbation, to compose a dramatic entertainment for their amusement. Such was the case when the earl of Newcastle received the royal pair at his castle of Bolsover, in Derbyshire.¹ On this occasion he obtained the assistance of Ben Jonson to write the verses which formed part of their majesties' entertainment. So much pleased were the royal pair with the literary taste of the earl and his loyal hospitalities at Bolsover, that they agreed in the appointment of Newcastle, as governor to Charles prince of Wales.

The queen brought into the world, at St. James's, January 28, 1635, the princess Elizabeth. The states of Holland sent an especial embassy to congratulate her majesty on the birth of this little one, and propitiated her with rich presents,² which are described as "a massy piece of amber-grease, two fair and almost transparent china basons, a curious clock, and of far greater value than these, two beautiful originals of Titian, and two of Tintoret, to add to the galleries of paintings, with which the king was enriching Whitehall and Hampton Court."

It has been said that the queen brought up her children in the exercise of the catholic ritual, till they were thirteen. There exists a great mass of evidence, to prove that this assertion was false, for whatever she might wish to do, it is certain that they had governors and tutors devoted to the church of England.

The first letter the queen wrote to her young son, is preserved in the British Museum; the prince was then but eight years old. He had been obstinate in his refusals to swallow some physical potion, with which his royal mother wished to regale him :

THE QUEEN TO HER SON CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES.³

"Charles,

"I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take *phisicke*. I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to mi lord of Newcastle to send mi word to-night whether you will or not; therefore I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe: and so I rest

"Your affectionate mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE.

"To mi deare sonne, the prince.

"1638."

The prince, in answer to his governor, who made suitable remonstrances, according to the queen's directions, wrote him the following original note, which, though penned between double-ruled lines, in a round text-hand, gives some indication of the sprightly wit that afterwards distinguished him—many who dislike pills and potions will sympathize with the prince :

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, TO HIS GOVERNOR, LORD NEWCASTLE.

"My lord,

"I would not have you take too much *phisike*, for it doth always make me worse; and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you.

"Make haste back to him that loves you.

"CHARLES P."

¹ Historical Collections of Noble Families, by Collins, p. 26.

² Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1672.

³ Dr. Lingard, vol. ix. p. 329

It is possible that Charles I. might have successfully contended with the inimical party, if, at the critical juncture of the year 1638, he had not incurred the uncompromising hatred of cardinal Richelieu, by granting an asylum in England to the object of that minister's persecution, the queen-mother of France, Marie de Medicis. The affectionate reception given by Charles to the mother of his queen, was a fresh instance of his conjugal attachment. The king travelled in state to meet Marie de Medicis at Harwich,¹ where she landed, and escorting her, with the greatest respect, to London, her entry was made there, with as much solemnity as if she had been at the pinnacle of royal prosperity. In reality, she was a distressed fugitive, impoverished, and hunted from kingdom to kingdom, through the ingratitude of Richelieu, the creature who originally owed his grandeur to her favour.

The filial care of Henrietta was active in providing all that could contribute to soothe the wounded mind of her mother, especially in proving that, fallen as she was from her high estate, she was, in the eyes of a dutiful daughter, more a queen than ever. The words of one of the servants² of the fugitive queen will prove how warmly she was welcomed to England by her loving child. "You shall only know, that the *Sieur Sebat*, who officiated as the superintendant of her household, had permission to mark with his chalks fifty chambers at *St. James's* as her apartments, the whole furnished by the particular care of the queen of Great Britain, who seemed to convert all her ordinary occupations into attention to give satisfaction to the queen, her mother."

But there was a personal trait of affection in Henrietta, which spoke more to the heart than any cost or splendour of reception could have done. When the royal carriage, in which were seated Marie de Medicis and her son-in-law, Charles I., entered the great quadrangle of the palace of *St. James*, queen Henrietta, at the first flourish of trumpets, left her chamber and descended the great staircase, to receive her august mother. She was accompanied by her children, the little prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the two princesses, Mary and the infant Elizabeth. The queen being then near her time, and in critical health, a chair was placed for her majesty at the foot of the stairs; but when she perceived her royal parent, such was her anxiety to show her duty and tenderness, that she arose, and hurrying to her carriage, endeavoured, with her trembling hands, to open the door, which she was too weak to accomplish. The moment her mother alighted, she fell on her knees before her, to receive her blessing, and the royal children knelt around them. Every one who saw it was affected to tears at the meeting.³

The restless spirit of Marie de Medicis, and the selfish turbulence of her numerous and hungry train, made but an ill return to Charles and Henrietta, for their disinterested and loving-kindness to her in her distress. Henrietta related, with tears, to the sympathizing historian, ma-

¹ Dr. Lingard, vol. ix. p. 322.

² The *Sieur de la Serres*, historiographer of France, who accompanied Marie de Medicis to England, and has left a narrative of her visit. It shows the immense extent of the palace of *St. James* at that era.

³ *Ibid.*

dame de Motteville, "how dreadfully the king was embarrassed by the extravagance of her mother's attendants, and when he could not find means to satisfy their rapacity, they had the folly and malignity to carry their complaints to parliament and petition for larger allowances"—that parliament, which had viewed the visit of the queen-mother with inimical feeling, and had considered the circumstance of a second establishment for the catholic worship at court with angry disgust.

The queen, in the winter of 1640, lost her youngest daughter, the princess Anne, who died, December 8, 1640, at the age of four years. Just before the royal child expired, the necessity of prayer being mentioned to her, she said, that she did not think she could say her long prayer, (meaning the Lord's prayer) but she would say her short one, and repeated: "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death."¹

There is an important section in madame de Motteville's work, being neither more nor less than an historical memoir, of which the queen of Charles I. is the authoress, quite as much as the celebrated memoirs of Sully were written by that great man.²

This tract is headed *Abrege des Revolutions d'Angleterre*, and is thus introduced by the editress: "Recital made by the queen of England, Henriette Marie, daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Médicis in the monastery of the Virgins of St. Mary de Chaillot, of which she was foundress, written by madame de Motteville,³ to whom this princess dictated."

The regnal history of Charles I. is too wide a field for the biographer of his wife to enter, unless forced upon the portion in which the queen was personally involved. Yet the view taken by Henrietta herself of some parts of that history justly demands a place in her life. The queen relates affairs without troubling her head, whether by her admissions, her much-loved lord, is convicted of invading the English constitution or not; for she evidently comes to the point in ignorance, that such was a crime. Henrietta declares that when a vast number of books of Common Prayer were prepared to be sent to the Scotch, (at the time of the Liturgy being forced on that unwilling people,) her husband, glad to take the opportunity of her attention being then forcibly drawn to the subject, brought her one of the Common Prayer Books, and sat down by her for a whole evening and prevailed on her to examine it with him. He pressed on her notice, the fact, which no living creature can deny, that though there is much in the mass book not to be found in the Common Prayer Book, yet there are very few pages in the Common Prayer which are not supplied from the mass book and breviary. Henrietta's prejudices were scarcely neutralized by this conviction, for she adds directly, "it was this *fatal* book which occasioned the first revolt in Scotland."

The rage of the people, the queen observed, had been excited against Strafford because he had obtained funds of the Irish parliament, sufficient

¹ Granger, vol. ii. p. 100-2.

² They were written by dictation to his secretaries.

³ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 242, 260. Edited narrative of the queen.

to enable the king to raise an army. He had likewise proposed to his royal master the plan to gain a greater degree of power by means of this army. The parliament pursued him with vengeance—Strafford boldly requested the king "to let them take their course and do their worst." "The king," she says, "too yielding, did as this generous minister advised, and suffered him to be immured in the Tower; when there, his enemies loaded him with calumnies and crimes; for a long time he was brought every day before the commons to be interrogated, he replied to every impeachment with dauntless spirit and irrepressible wit; many who had been indifferent towards him at first, became his warmest partisans."¹ "The queen," observes madame de Motteville, "while telling me these things, interrupted her narrative by this description of Strafford. 'He was ugly, but agreeable enough in person, and had the finest hands in the world.'"

Notwithstanding the spirited defence of the fascinating and brilliant Strafford, the queen acknowledged that she was dreadfully alarmed for him, and laboured with all the energy of female diplomacy, to save this faithful friend. We suspect that her exertions did Strafford no good, but a prodigious deal of harm; however, she satisfied herself that she was doing wonders in his cause. "Every evening," says her narrative, "was a rendezvous given, and the most *mechant* of his enemies admitted to a conference with her, by the way of the back stairs of the palace, leading into the apartments of one or other of her ladies of honour, who happened to be off duty and away in the country."² At the foot of the back stairs the queen often met the leaders of the parliamentary faction alone, "lighted only by a flambeau which she held in her hand;"³ she offered them all things to turn them from their purpose, yet gained no one but lord Dembi," (Digby.) It is to be feared that in these interviews, which resemble the conferences between the beautiful Marie Antoinette and the demagogue Mirabeau, that the wily republicans contrived to elicit intelligence from the vivacious and loquacious Henrietta, which were fearfully injurious to her own party. "Only prevail upon a lady to talk on what is nearest her heart," say the diplomatists, "you have nought to do but listen, and all her intentions are revealed." The observation is true, and ought to be sufficient to keep woman out of the thorny paths of political intrigue.

The next great mistake made by the queen was her choice of agents in negotiating with the army, which had become disgusted with the parliament, and were inclined to declare for the king. Two gentlemen belonging to the queen's household held commands in this army, and were entrusted by her majesty as agents to bring it over to the king. These were George Goring, her chamberlain, and Arthur Wilmot; the king determined to send the queen's equerry, Harry Jermyn, to negotiate⁴ a dispute which had occurred between them. The queen had reason to believe that it would prove a most dangerous office for Jermyn to mediate

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 25.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Both Jermyn and Goring held their offices when Bassompierre was in England; they are mentioned by him. Jermyn was twenty-six years older than the queen.

this quarrel; she called him into her cabinet, and, after communicating the king's intention, told him "that her fear was, that in case the parliament got an inkling of the business, they would drive him and every other confidential servant from her household." At that instant, the king entered into the cabinet, and said, playfully, "If to be done, it is he that must do it."

"He must not do it," replied the queen; "and when you learn why, you will be of my mind."

"Speak then, madame," replied the king, still smiling, "that I may know what it is that I have commanded, and that you forbid."

The queen then explained seriously, "how fearfully inconvenienced they should be if one of their principal servants was discovered in this negotiation, and driven from them." The king allowed she was right, but said "there was no one to whom Goring and Wilmot would listen but Jermyn, who was esteemed by both, and was mild and conciliatory; besides, all ought to be risked for Strafford's sake." The queen yielded to these reasons, and Jermyn departed on his errand. He represented to his two friends, Goring and Wilmot, the message of the king, with which he was charged. The flawy temper of Goring was aggravated by finding that he was not destined to command the army; but, being exceedingly deceitful, he dissimulated his wrath. That very evening, he stole forth secretly, and betrayed the whole scheme to the parliament. There can be no doubt that the real object of his envy was Strafford; he was determined that he should die without aid.

The event took place directly, which the queen had anticipated: the parliament sent humbly to request that the king would please to command that no person of the queen's household should quit Whitehall. The king and queen were then morally certain that some person had betrayed their design, and that Jermyn's mission had been discovered; but neither of them suspected the frank, rattling, gallant George Goring, as the informer — on the contrary, they were peculiarly anxious for his safety, lest the ebullitions of his zealous loyalty should compromise it.

The whole intrigue ended with Jermyn, and several other gentlemen in the royal household, flying to France. It is certain that these courtiers, though descended from the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt, were troubled with very little of their superfluous valour, and evidently deemed discretion the better part of it. But the only man who could have guided valour by the soul of genius, and righted the car of state, whirled out of its place, now bereft of all aid, by the envy of the little great men of the court, was nearly hunted to the last gasp. Yet, day by day, Strafford defended himself at the bar of the house, with undaunted eloquence, that agitated all hearts. The king and queen witnessed the scene with painful interest from latticed boxes; and every evening they met each other with aching hearts and tearful eyes, as the queen told madame de Motteville.¹

To the surprise of their majesties, Goring declared himself vociferously against Strafford and the royal party; and when, afterwards, he

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 260. Edited Narrative of the Queen.

was reproached by message from the queen for his ingratitude, when he had been her officer so many years, he affirmed that, "his conduct arose from his aversion to having any coadjutor in the service he meant to render their majesties." Thus this man's egotism effected the first fatal blow to the cause of king Charles. Strafford, when he found he had lost his friend Jermyn, gave himself up for lost. "It was not," continues the queen, "that the viceroy of Ireland feared to die; he could easily have saved himself by flight more than once, but he would not do it. All his ambition was bent on confounding the malice of his enemies, by the proofs of his innocence; he ought to have been forced to take more sure means."

The queen's frequent expression, "that the king and herself were left without servants," arises from a political movement of the parliament, by which the whole royal household were changed at a blow. Some of the leaders of the opposition were placed in immediate domestication with the royal family; as, for instance, the discontented peer, lord Essex, was made lord chamberlain, and his brother-in-law, the marquis of Hertford, was appointed governor of the prince of Wales,¹ in hopes that he would act as a rival claimant of the crown, being the representative of the Grays, the hereditary leaders of the Calvinistic party, or Edward VI.'s church.

English history usually affirms that the queen, terrified at the mobs which surrounded Whitehall, yelling for Strafford's head, implored Charles to give him up, and save her and her children, and that he signed Strafford's death-warrant in consequence of her feminine fears. The queen ought, however, to be heard in her own defence, and she declares² it was a procession of the bishops which shook the king's resolution, as these prelates represented "that it was better one man should die than the whole realm perish." Henrietta so frankly acknowledges, in general, her erroneous conduct, that there is nothing to hinder her from doing so here, if she had felt herself betrayed by her feminine fears; for terror at the sight of a howling mob is no disgrace to a woman. The truth is, Henrietta's faults arose, not from want of courage, but from loquacious communication. The assertion of the queen's pusillanimity being entirely founded on palace-gossip, we believe that Henrietta has been confounded with the queen of France, her mother, Marie de Medicis, who was domesticated with her at that period, and was exceedingly frightened at the violence of the revolutionary mob.

"Strafford," continues the queen,³ "himself sent to entreat his royal master to sign his death-warrant, to appease the insurgents, expecting,

¹ The marquis of Hertford became much attached to the king; and one of the most gallant and devoted of cavaliers, cherishing more gratitude for the recognition of lady Katherine Gray's marriage with his grandfather, by the house of Stuart, than resentment for the persecution he himself had undergone in his youth, for his first marriage with lady Arabella Stuart.

² Queen's Narrative, *Mémoires de Madame de Motteville*, vol. i. p. 260-2.

³ Madame de Motteville, *Queen's Narrative*, vol. i. p. 260. The queen, perhaps unintentionally, presents some parallel between the execution of Strafford's death-warrant and that of Mary queen of Scots.

doubtless, that he should be pardoned when their first rage was over. But as soon as his enemies had the king's signature, without heeding the royal commandment to the contrary, they hurried the victim to death. The more public was his death, the more was seen of the grandeur of his mind and his admirable firmness. He spoke uncompromisingly to his enemies, and, in spite of their barbarity, he forced them to regret him, and tacitly to avow that they had done him injustice."

It has been asserted that the royal friends for whom Strafford sacrificed himself were indifferent to his fate, but these are the actual words of the queen:—"The king suffered extreme sorrow, the queen wept incessantly; they both anticipated, too truly, that this death would, sooner or later, deprive the one of life and the other of all happiness in this world." Let no one, after this, say that the high-minded Strafford fell unpitied, a victim to the selfish fears of the queen.¹ In the midst of these awful scenes, the princess royal, a little girl of ten years of age, was espoused in person at Whitehall chapel, by the son of the prince of Orange, a boy of the age of eleven, a truly protestant alliance, which ought to have given the country great satisfaction. This marriage took place May 2, 1641. The day after, the mob broke into Westminster Abbey, pillaged it, and did all the mischief with which revolutionary mobs generally amuse themselves, yelling all the time for Strafford's death, who was executed May 12, 1641. The queen's mother, Marie de Medicis, was so infinitely terrified at the violence of the insurgent mobs at this crisis, that she insisted on departing forthwith to Holland. This queen was a marked person by the insurgents; they excited the popular wrath against her by every invention within the range of possibility. The means by which they effected this purpose may be guessed by the following proceedings of the House of Lords:—"August 26, 1641. The house have committed to prison the man that printed the scandalous *ballet* concerning the queen's mother going away, and will consider of further punishment; they have ordered that these *ballets* (ballads) be burnt by the hand of the common hangman."²

Lord Arundel, the earl-marshal, escorted the queen's mother to Dover, by the orders of the king. Nearly at the same time, when she bade farewell to her mother, the queen was obliged to part from the king, who commenced his journey to Scotland, August 9, 1641, when he abolished that episcopacy which he had recently shaken his throne to enforce. He travelled so rapidly, that by the 15th, the queen received a letter from him, announcing his safe arrival in Edinburgh. Her majesty instantly sent the tidings to the royal secretary, sir Edward Nicholas. Her letter, in broken English, is a curiosity.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.³

"Maistre Nicholas,

"I have reseaved your letter; and that (which) you send me from the king, which (who) writes me word he as (has) been veré well reseaved in Scotland,

¹ Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 261.

² Letter of sir Edward Nicholas, secretary to Charles I., to the king. Printed in Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 7.

³ Ibid.

and that both the armi and the people have *shued* a *great* joy to see the king, and such that *they* say was never seen before: Pray God it may (be) *continued*.

For the letter that I *writt* to you *counserning* the *commissionaires*, it is them that are to dispatch *bussinesse* in the king's absence. I thank you for you care of geving me advises of what passes at London; and soe I reste,

"Your frand,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R.

"Otelands, the 19th August."

Indorsed—"For mistre Nicholas."]

The manor and mansion of Oatlands had been a favourite dower residence of the queens of England for several centuries. The ancient building was originally built in the lowest part of the domain; for the vicinity of a plentiful supply of fish for fast-days, and of stagnant water for replenishing the moats and fosses which defended such habitations, were the chief recommendations of the site of a castellated dwelling in the middle ages. The old palace of Oatlands was levelled with the dust in the civil wars¹ in common with every other dwelling to which queen Henrietta was particularly attached. Here the queen was residing with all her children excepting Charles, prince of Wales, who often visited her from Richmond or Ham. The parliament, which either could not or would not be prorogued till the end of October,² busied itself exceedingly regarding the queen's residence with her children, and testified the utmost jealousy of her confessor, father Phillipps, who underwent several examinations, and many portentous hints were dropped by the round-head orators in the House of Commons respecting the queen's establishment of capucins at Somerset House.

The storm of civil war meantime was growling and muttering around. Its first symptoms among the middle classes were indicated by large bands of people of eighty or a hundred in company mustering together, and hunting down the king's deer in the day-time in Windsor forest, and even attempting the same incursions in the demesnes of Oatlands.

Sir Edward Nicholas came to reside at his house within three miles of Oatlands park, for the convenience of the royal correspondence. The king's plan of signifying his approbation, as to the events going on in England and in his family, was to send back the letters of his secretary with his opinion written on the margin. The queen is often mentioned in these notations. The king usually mentions her by the appellation of "my wife." As, for instance, he writes to Nicholas, "Your despatch I received this morning; but tell my wife that I have found fault with you because none of hers was within it." Many measures are discussed in this correspondence, which were likely to incur the displeasure of the queen. Among others, the faithful secretary advises the king to obviate the discussion of the capucins at Somerset House, in the ensuing sessions of parliament, by sending them all away before the attack commenced. Perhaps the secretary thought this measure was as well to take place when his royal master was out of hearing of the queen's mentations and remonstrances.

"The king was dubious on this head. "I know not what to say," he

¹ Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. Nicholas Correspondence, p. 2.

² Ibid. p. 16.

wrote on this letter, "if it be not, to advertise my wife of the parliament's intention concerning her capucins, and so first to hear what she will say?"¹

It was by no means likely that the queen would say anything reasonable. That elegantly-worded but mischievous letter of her mother, already quoted, was the code on which she always acted in regard to her religion. The utter downfall of her husband's dignity, and the reign of her family, according to the principles she imbibed from it, were to take place before she would give up the least particle of the Roman-catholic observances, that her obstinacy could preserve. The consequence was, that the establishment of capucins remained till about a year afterwards, when the infuriated mob destroyed every vestige of the chapel.

The queen at this period fancied that she obtained very valuable information from her first lady of the bed-chamber, lady Carlisle, regarding the proceedings of lord Kimbolton and Mr. Pym, two leaders of the roundheads, who governed those committees of the lords and commons, which exercised extraordinary power during the recess of parliament. Lady Carlisle was on terms of extraordinary intimacy with both these agitators; but instead of communicating useful intelligence of their proceedings, she betrayed to them every incident that occurred in the royal household, which the queen soon after found to her cost.

"Being yesterday at Oatlands, to attend the queen's command," wrote sir Edward Nicholas to the absent king, "her majesty gave me this paper, enclosed, with command to send it this day to your majesty. It was brought to the queen by lady Carlisle, who saith she had it from lord Mandeville." I confess it were not amiss to have it published.²

The nature of this paper is not mentioned. It was probably some attack on the queen, or measure regarding the royal children's residence with her. The treacherous spy, in order to obtain more credit with her royal mistress, had given this small piece of information on a subject which was to be public in a few days.

Both houses of parliament met before the king's return, and discussed the fact of the frequent visits of the prince of Wales to the queen.

"And though," wrote sir Edward Nicholas, "the commons asserted 'that they did not doubt the motherly affection and care of her majesty towards him; yet there were some dangerous persons at Oatlands, jesuits and others; and therefore it was desired that the marquis of Hertford should be enjoined to take the prince into his custody and charge, attending on him in person.' This resolution was delivered yesterday at Oatlands, by my lord of Holland to the queen, who, I hear, gave a very wise and discreet answer to the same, as, I believe, her own pen will speedily acquaint your majesty."³

The answer that the queen made to Holland was, "that the prince of Wales merely visited Oatlands to celebrate his sister's birth-day."⁴

¹ Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 24. Sept. 27, 1641.

² Better known by the title of *Kimbolton*, in the civil wars; he was heir to the earl of Manchester: his next brother was a catholic, although this lord was a puritan.

³ Letter of sir Edward Nicholas to the king. Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 53.

⁴ Correspondence of sir Edward Nicholas. Evelyn's Journal, vol. iv. p. 56

This is not the only instance in which the earl of Holland appears, in the reality of documentary history, in a displeasing light to queen Henrietta; he is, in fact, usually found acting in direct opposition to her will, despite of the assertions of Horace Walpole, who, having clinked a coarse rhyme, that he thought peculiarly wounding to the reputation of queen Henrietta, deemed himself bound to prove his idle words, by twisting every possibility of scandal into a serious charge against her.

About the same time the queen's confessor, Phillipps, was brought before the House of Commons, as an evidence to enable them to convict Benson, a member of parliament, of selling protections to the miserable catholics. In England, be it observed, that every species of persecution, besides its other more apparent evils, formed opportunities for bribery and robbery. Father Phillipps would not be sworn on our translation of the Bible, and the house, instead of allowing him to take an oath which he considered binding to him, commenced a theological wrangle, and eventually committed him to prison for contempt of the scriptures "authorized in England." In this exigence, the queen sent a sensible and conciliatory message to the houses of parliament, saying, "that if her confessor did not appear to have done any wrong against the state maliciously, she hoped, for her sake, they would forgive and liberate him." The House of Lords complied; but the House of Commons refused him bail.¹

The queen says, in her own narrative,² "that the parliament sent to her that she must surrender her young family into their hands during the absence of the king, lest she should take the opportunity of making papists of them." And here it is proper to observe, that from the best authority,³ it is certain that the queen had, at an early period, tampered with the religion of the princess Mary, her eldest daughter, having secretly given her a crucifix and a rosary, taught the use of them, and made her keep them in her pocket. Probably ambition had a share in this furtive proceeding, because, as a protestant, the princess-royal could only match with a petty prince. The matrimonial destiny of the child was now decided as the spouse of the prince of Orange, therefore less occasion existed for religious jealousy on the part of the parliament. Most likely, lady Carlisle had given information of the queen's conduct to Kimbolton and Pym. The queen, unconscious of the spy that was about her, replied to the parliament, "that her sons were under the tuition of their separate governors, who were not papists; and, above all, she knew that it was the will of her husband that they should not be brought up in her religion." To remove all cause of complaint, she left Oatlands and withdrew to Hampton Court, from whence she came occasionally to see her little ones, and thus gave up her constant sojourn with them. Then her enemies raised reports that she meant to leave the

¹ Nicholas Papers (Evelyn), vol. iv. p. 62.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 263. From the Queen's Narrative.

³ MS. Journal of Père Cyprien Gamache, one of the queen's capucins at Somerset House. Father Cyprien does not mention any attempts on the religion of the queen's sons in their childhood.

kingdom, and carry off her children. They sent orders to a gentleman, who was in the commission of the peace at Oatlands, "to hold himself ready, with a certain portion of militia," called by the queen *paysans armés*, "to serve the king according to their orders." For, among the other anomalies of this revolution, almost to the last all measures in opposition to the king were enforced in his own name, to the infinite mystification of the mass of the people, who were mostly well meaning, though unlearned.

"The parliamentary order to the Oatlands magistrate commanded him and his posse to wait till midnight in the park at Oatlands, where they would be joined by cavalry, whose officers would direct what they were to do. The magistrate immediately sought the queen, showed her his order, and declared his intentions to obey her commands. She thanked him warmly, but told him that 'she wished him to do exactly what parliament dictated, and then to remain tranquil.' Meanwhile, without raising any alarm, she sent promptly to the principal officers on whom she could rely in London, who were absent from the army on furlough, and she entreated them to be with her before midnight, with all the friends they could muster; then she summoned all her household capable of bearing arms, not even excepting the scullions in her kitchen; without showing any inquietude, she proposed to spend the evening in Oatlands Park, where her muster arrived and joined her party. The night, however, wore away, without the threatened attack from the adverse powers, save that about twenty horsemen, on the road near the park, were seen prowling around, and watching till day-break; but these, perhaps, had only hostile intentions against the deer." There is no doubt but that the queen would have done battle in defence of her little ones, if need had been for such exertion. The family, which the royal mother was thus personally guarding, somewhat in lioness fashion, by nocturnal patrol round Oatlands Park, was numerous and of tender ages. They were soon after separated, never again to meet on earth in their original number. Charles, prince of Wales, was then just eleven years of age; Mary, the young bride of Orange, was ten; James, duke of York, between seven and eight; Elizabeth, about six; and the little infant Henry, but a few months old, who had been born at Oatlands the preceding year.

"The queen continued her precautions against the abduction of her infants. She had regained the co-operation of Goring;" a somewhat doubtful policy, considering the instability of his conduct, and the falsehood of his word. "She told him 'to hold himself ready at Portsmouth, and that, perhaps, he would see her very soon at that place, for the purpose of embarkation; to which, nevertheless, she would not have recourse but at the last extremity.' The queen likewise sent to find her new ally, lord Digby, and entreated him to send her all the friends he could muster, and on whom he could rely, to remain in the neighbourhood of the seats where she and her children were abiding. This was immediately done, to the amount of one hundred cavaliers; then she

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 263. From the Queen's Narrative.

took the opportunity, when at Hampton Court, of paying a visit to a loyal gentleman who lived in the vicinity, who was noted for the number of fine horses he kept. He put them all at her majesty's disposal."

After the queen had made all these preparations, no enemy appeared to attack her or her infants. On the contrary, the parliament offered the most elaborate excuses for calling out the militia at Oatlands without the king's sanction; and every member of the House of Commons thought fit separately to deny that he was concerned in it.¹

The two following letters, from the queen to the king's secretary, were written at this crisis. They are composed in the broken English which she then spoke:—

THE QUEEN TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"Maistre Nicholas,

"I am *vére* sorry that my *lettre* did not come time enouf to go. I have reseaved yours, and I have writt to the king to hasten (h)is coming. I send you the *lettre*, and if litle Vil Murray is vel enouf, I voud have him go back againe to Scotland, *whilout comin yer, for a voud* (without coming here, for I would) have him go *te-morrow* morning, tel him from me; but if he wher not well, then you must provide some bodie that will be sure, for my *lettre* must not be lost, and I voud not *trusted* (trust it) to an *ordinaire* post. I am so ill provided *whitt personnes* (with persons) that I dare trust, that at this instant I have no living creature that I dare send.

"Pray, do what you can to helpe me (if litle Vill Murray cannot goe) to send this *lettre*, and so I rest your assured frend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"For your selfe,

"10th Nov. 1641."

The Irish rebellion broke out the same autumn, with one of those atrocious massacres which are the usual consequence of a long series of civil strife and religious persecution on both sides. The roundhead party, founding their accusations on similarity of religion, accused the queen of having fostered the rebellion and encouraged the massacre: not one particle of real evidence has ever appeared to support these calumnies.² In fact, it was a deadly calamity to the royal cause, and the queen ever deemed it as such. It was a Celtic rising, in the hopes of breaking the chains of their enemies, while those enemies were quarrelling among themselves. There was scarcely a name among the homicides but what began with a Mac or an O.

The king, after a long stay in Scotland, began, in his homeward despatches, to give preparatory orders for his return to his southern metropolis. The earl of Essex, who at that time filled the office of lord chamberlain,³ received orders to prepare the palaces for his royal mas-

¹ Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative, vol. i. p. 263. This act of the right of calling out the militia was one of the disputed points between the king and his parliament at that juncture. It was probably a trial of power.

² The pretended royal commission that Macguire and O'Neale displayed to the ignorant Celts, was adorned with a broad seal, torn from a patent which they had stolen when the castle of Charlemont was sacked. Rapin, (albeit a deadly enemy of Charles,) notes the forgery, vol. ii. p. 513.

³ This is not generally known. See the Nicholas Correspondence, Evelyn, vol. iv. pp. 74-78

ter's reception, which orders were rather pettishly communicated by her majesty through the faithful secretary, in this little billet:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS.

"Maistre Nicholas,

"I did desire you not to acquaint *mi lor* of Essex of what the king commanded you touching (his) *commis*. Now you may do it; and tell him that the king will be at *Tibels* (Theobalds) *Vendesday*, and shall sleep there. And upon Thursday, he shall dine at *mi lor major's* (the lord-mayor's), and be at Whithall only for one *nigh* (night), and upon Friday will go to Hampton Court, where he *maenes* (means) to stay this vinter. The king commanded me to tell this to *mi lor* of Essex, but you may do it, for their lordships *ar to* (are too) great princes now to *receaved* (receive) any direction from mee.

"*Beeng* all that I have to say, I shall rest your assured *frand*,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R.

"For Maistre Nicholas,

"20th Nov. 1641."

Endorse¹—"The queen to me, to signify to the lord chamberlain."

The king actually did return five days after the date of this letter, November 25. He was received with extreme loyalty in England, and was greeted everywhere with cries of "God save the king!" The queen flattered herself that she had done wonders towards effecting this reaction, by her gracious conferences with the lord-mayor and other well-disposed magnates of the city. She accompanied the king with all their children, at his solemn entry of the metropolis. The prince, her son, rode by the side of his father, and she followed in an open carriage, surrounded by her infants; they were all received with the most fervent benedictions from the populace, and with every mark of good-will that could be testified.

The king, who had in Scotland obtained full proof that five of the most factious of the members of the House of Commons were in treasonable correspondence with his rebels there, resolved to take advantage of this gleam of popularity, to go to the house and arrest them. His predecessor, Elizabeth, had often sent and taken obnoxious members into custody while actually in the House of Commons, for very trifling offences in comparison.

History insists that Henrietta had, by taunts and reproaches, urged the king to the arrest of the five members. As she most piteously blames herself for the error she really committed, to which she, with deep humiliation, attributed all his future misfortunes—even his death: we cannot help thinking she would have been equally candid if such a charge were true.

It has been shown that the queen bestowed a great share of her favour and affection on lady Carlisle.¹ This person had as bad and treacherous

¹ When lady Carlisle was lady Lucy Percy, she had, under pretence of visiting her father, the earl of Northumberland, a prisoner in the Tower, formed a league with the infamous countess of Somerset, then under sentence of death for murder, in the same fortress; and at her instigation eloped with the gaudy and worthless court profligate, Hay, earl of Carlisle. The grim old earl, who had forbidden the union, thundered maledictions from his prison-hold on the head of his Lucy, not only for the deed she had done, but for the heartless manner in which she had deceived him. The features of lady Carlisle have lately been

a heart as ever deceived a parent or betrayed a friend. The queen would have had better companionship with the French ladies, whose friskings had so much offended the dignity of king Charles.

It was in company with this lady that queen Henrietta sat in her cabinet at Whitehall, with her watch in her hand, counting the weary minutes of the king's absence, when he went to arrest the obnoxious members of the House of Commons. No one knew his intentions but the queen; he had parted with her on that fatal morning, with these words, as he embraced her—"If you find one hour elapse without hearing ill news from me, you will see me, when I return, the master of my kingdom."

The queen remained, with her eyes fixed on her watch, till that tedious hour had passed away; meantime she heard nothing from the king, and she was prompted by her impatience to believe that no news was good news; therefore, deeming the king was successful, she broke the silence that was pain and grief to her, with these words to the fair Carlisle:—

"Rejoice with me, for at this hour the king is, as I have reason to hope, master of his realm, for Pym and his confederates are arrested before now."¹

Unfortunately, lady Carlisle was, at the same time, the relative and political spy of one of the members named. She had certain reasons for believing that the blow had not yet been struck, although the hour had elapsed. She promptly gave intelligence to one of her agents; and, as the House of Commons was close to Whitehall palace, the persons marked for arrest had intelligence just before Charles entered the house. They fled, while their party rallied and organized a plan of resistance, under plea that it was against the privileges of the commons for any member to be arrested while on duty.²

"The king had been accidentally prevented from entering the House of Commons, to carry his intentions into effect, by various poor, miserable persons, who presented petitions to him as he was about to enter. The hour he had announced to the queen, as pregnant with their future fate, had passed away in reading and discussing the particulars of individual wrong and misfortune;"³ an ancient duty of the English sovereign when on progress to his parliament, not then obsolete. This the king did not consider himself bound to waive, in preference to his somewhat illegal errand; for he knew that his intent of arresting his enemies was, when he left his palace, a profound secret between himself and his royal partner, and he suspected not that the secret had escaped her. The whole incident is a noted instance of the danger of opening the lips re-

made familiar, by a most exquisite miniature at Strawberry-Hill sale, deemed the most perfect specimen of the nearly extinct art of miniature painting. The fair face of lady Carlisle, with soft black eyes, glancing with treacherous voluptuousness from under an enormous round black hat, is exquisitely worked. Lady Carlisle always contrasted her ivory complexion with a dress of intense blackness. Waller has described her as

"A Venus rising from a sea of jet."

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, pp. 265-267.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 266.

³ Ibid.

garding diplomatic affairs, till there is indisputable conviction that a deed is done. It would have been well if Henrietta had heard and heeded the warning axiom of countess Tertskey, in Wallenstein, regarding the portentous nature of "shouts before victory."

When Henrietta found, as she soon did, that her heedless prattling had done the mischief, she threw herself into the arms of her husband, and avowed her fault, blaming herself with most passionate penitence. Not a reproach did he give her; and she paused in her narrative, in an agony of regret, to call the attention of madame de Motteville to his admirable tenderness to her. "For never," said she, "did he treat me for a moment with less kindness than before it happened, though I had ruined him."¹

Directly after the occurrence, which the queen termed her *malheur—use indiscretion*, the people mutinied in London, from which the king retired with all the royal family. When they left Whitehall, they went through a multitude of several thousand roundheads; every one held a staff in his hand, with a white paper placard, whereon was inscribed the word "liberty." Henrietta herself, with her usual petulant vivacity, had previously given the name of roundhead to these opponents. In opposition to the flowing love-locks of the courtiers, the partisans of the parliament had their hair clipped so close and short, that their turbulent heads looked as round as bowls, excepting that their ears seemed to jut out in an extraordinary manner. Samuel Barnadiston, a noted republican of that century, was in his youth the leader of a deputation of London apprentices, for the purpose of communicating to parliament their notions regarding civil and religious government. The queen, who saw this *possé* arrive at Whitehall, then first noticed the extraordinary roundness of their closely clipped heads, and saw at the same time that Samuel was a personable apprentice; upon which she exclaimed, "La! what a handsome young roundhead!"

The exactness of the descriptive appellation fixed it at once as a party name; roundheads they were called from that moment, and roundheads they will remain while history endures.

Many a satirical ballad and chorus repeated the sobriquet; nor were the jutting ears forgotten. Captain Hyde, a cavalier of the royal guard, proposed cropping into reasonable dimensions the ears of the next deputation which arrived from the city on the same errand. Rather a dangerous experiment, that of cropping ears which stuck out by reason of the superfluous destructiveness of the owners, especially when those owners had the majority in numbers.

"Few of the puritans," says a lady author of that day,² "wore their hair long enough to cover their ears; and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleveland, in his 'Hue and Cry,' describes them—

'With hair in characters and lugs in texts.'

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 266.

² Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her Husband.

"From this custom of wearing their hairs," continues the republican lady, "the name of roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole parliament party." The rest of the appurtenances of these stalwart agitators is described by another contemporary. "In high-crowned hats, collar-bands, great loose coats, with long *tucks* (swords) under them, and calves' leather boots, they used to sing a psalm and drub all before them." When, at the end of the struggle, the laws and liberties of England fell under military terror, the roundheads assumed a regular livery of war; and Cromwell, when he had need of their assistance to expel the commons with their speaker, or doom the king, used to coax his troopers by the endearing epithet of his "red brethren."¹

The king and queen went no further than Hampton Court; there they determined to watch the event of these insurrections, not having the slightest idea that the least restraint would be put on their personal freedom. They were deceived, for the parliament sent a circular to all the nobility to arm and prevent the king from going further. In this extremity, the queen proposed to her royal husband that she should depart for Holland, on the ostensible errand of conducting the little princess-royal to her young spouse, the prince of Orange; but, in reality, for the purpose of selling her jewels to provide her consort with the means of defence. It was astonishing to her with what avidity the opposite party seized on the idea of her departure from England. Every facility was given her for putting the project in execution.² Such was the queen's own impression; but lord Clarendon declares "that it was intimated to her majesty that, if she did not prevail on the king to permit the law excluding the bishops from sitting as peers in the House of Lords, the parliament would interfere to prevent her from going abroad. Consequently, by her influence, the king permitted this act to pass by commission, while he was escorting her majesty to Dover."³

Such was the state of affairs when the king conducted his consort and daughter to the place of embarkation at Dover, Feb. 23, 1641-2.

He stood on the shore, watching their departing sails with tearful eyes, doubtful whether they should ever meet again. "As the wind was favourable for coasting," the queen declares "her husband rode four leagues, following the vessel along the windings of the shore."⁴ Party malice may stain the name of this unfortunate prince with venomous invective; yet, to every heart capable of enshrining the domestic affections, the name of Charles must be dear. But not with his bereaved spirit and troublous career does our narrative at present dwell; we must embark with his adored Henrietta: merely observing that, at her departure, the king went to Theobalds, where the parliament sent a petition "that he would be pleased to reside nearer to the metropolis, and not take the prince away from them." The king went directly after to Newmarket, and from thence retired to York.⁵ During the queen's absence, the fatal adventure at Hull occurred, where sir John Hotham

¹ Larrey's Charles I.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 268.

³ Clarendon's Life, vol. i.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 269.

⁵ Mrs. Hutchinson.

first denied his majesty access to his own town and military magazines.

"The queen was well received in Holland by Henry, prince of Orange, which, indeed, she well deserved, since she had warmly espoused the cause of his country against the tyranny of Richelieu. The burgomasters of Holland, nevertheless, showed no great veneration to her royal person; they entered her presence with their hats on, threw themselves on chairs close to her, stared at her from under the brims of their Dutch beavers, and flung out of the room without bowing or speaking to her." The result proved that Henrietta exerted, in the exigence of her affairs, the good sense and governing science of her great father. For, one by one, she fascinated all these boorish-behaved republicans, and utterly and entirely obtained her own way. In proof of which, Walter Strickland, who had been deputed by the parliament ambassador to the States of Holland, to forbid their granting any assistance to the queen, was dismissed without effecting his purpose. King Charles would not have succeeded so well; he could not have concealed his displeasure and disgust at the coarseness of ill-breeding; but the feminine tact of Henrietta revealed to her the well-known axiom in diplomacy, that after republicans have gratified their self-esteem by showing their ill-behaviour to their hearts' content, they become peculiarly amenable to the charm of graceful and courteous manners, generally pertaining to persons of exalted rank.

The Dutchmen, notwithstanding their odd mode of showing their regard, behaved bountifully to queen Henrietta. Their high mightinesses at Rotterdam lent her 40,000 guilders; their bank, 25,000; the bank at Amsterdam, 845,000. Of merchants at the Hague, Fletcher and Fitcher, she borrowed 166,000. On her pendant pearls she borrowed 213,200 guilders: she put six rubies in pawn for 40,000 guilders; and, altogether, raised upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling.¹

The queen was one year in effecting this great work; during which time she sent valuable remittances of money, arms, and warlike stores, to her royal husband, who had raised his standard at Nottingham soon after her departure, and commenced the warlike struggle with some success, at least wherever he commanded in person.

The queen superintended the education of her daughter, the little princess of Orange, whilst she was in Holland, retaining her always near her, while she pursued her studies under various masters. The young prince of Orange, her spouse, was likewise still under tuition. The queen very wisely remained with her daughter till she was accustomed to the manners and customs of her new country. This alliance proved a most fortunate one for the royal family of Stuart, as the young princess became infinitely beloved by the people of Holland. It does not appear that any jealousy was manifested by them, lest Henrietta should imbue her young daughter with catholic predilections.

The unfortunate mother of queen Henrietta died in misery at Cologne, the same winter. It had been the intention of the queen to continue

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 41.

her journey up the Rhine, to attend her parent's sick-bed, but the Dutch burgomasters interfered, and wholly prevented her; ¹ and she, fearful of compromising the advantages she had gained, dared not pursue her intentions, lest her husband's interest should suffer severely.

When the queen had obtained all the stores possible in Holland, she bade farewell to her little daughter, and leaving her under the personal care of her mother-in-law, the princess of Orange, re-embarked for England, almost on the anniversary of her departure the preceding year, Feb. 2, 1642-3. She sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, called the *Princess Royal*, and was accompanied by eleven transports, filled with ammunition and stores, for the assistance of the king; her fleet was convoyed by the Dutch admiral, Von Tromp.

So tremendous a north-east gale began to blow directly the queen and her ladies had embarked on board this fleet, that they were tossed on the stormy billows nine days, expecting death hourly. The ladies wept and screamed perpetually, but the queen never lost her high spirits. To all the lamentations around her, the daughter of Henry the Great replied gaily — “Comfort yourselves, *mes chères*, queens of England are never drowned.” ² The ladies suspended their wailings to reflect, and recollected that such a case had never occurred, and were greatly consoled. This conversation is declared by a French writer to have passed on deck, while the queen was leaning on the rudder, when she had persuaded her train to leave the discomforts of the cabin for a little fresh air. ³ Indeed, the scene below, as related by the queen herself, was anything but inviting. When the tempest blew heavily, and the ship laboured and pitched, they were tied in small beds, in all the horrors of sea-sickness. At the time the storm was at its worst, all the queen's attendants, even the officers, crowded into her cabin, and insisted on confessing themselves to the capucins of her suite, believing death would ensue every moment. These poor priests were as ill as any one, and were unable to be very attentive; therefore the penitents shouted out their sins aloud, in the hearing of every one, in order to obtain absolution on the spur of the moment. The queen, having no terrors of her own to distract her, amused herself with remarking this extraordinary scene, and made a sly comment on what she heard, saying, “that she supposed that the extremity of their fears took away the shame of confessing such misdeeds in public.” ⁴ Her gay spirits were not then broken, and she declared that the absurdities she witnessed in that voyage, at times, made her laugh excessively, although, like the others, she could not help expecting the ship to go to the bottom every moment. When any eating or drinking was going forward, the attempts to serve her in state, and the odd disasters that occurred both to her and her servitors, tumbling one over the other, with screams and confusion, were so ridiculous, that no alarm could control her mirth. After a fortnight's pitching and tossing, the good ship was beaten back on the wild Scheveling coast, and the queen landed safely at the port close to the Hague, from whence they had set out.

¹ Ellis's *Original Letters*, vol. iii., p. 294.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i. *Queen's Narrative*, pp. 271 to 278.

³ Madame de la Fayette.

⁴ Motteville.

After a few days' rest and refreshment, the undaunted Henrietta again set sail, minus two ships, which she had lost in the storm. This time she had a quick and prosperous voyage, and anchored in Burlington Bay, Feb. 20, 1642-3, after an absence of a year all but two days. She did not attempt to land till the 22d, when a gallant squadron of one thousand cavaliers appeared in sight on the hills; under their protection by land, and that of Van Tromp by sea, the queen came on shore at Burlington quay, where, on the same day, the landing of her stores commenced with the utmost celerity.

At five in the morning, the queen was roused by the thundering of cannon and the rattling of shot. Five ships of war, commanded by the parliamentary admiral, Batten, which had been previously cruising off Newcastle, had entered Burlington Bay in the night, and by peep of dawn commenced an active cannonade on the house where the queen was sleeping. The parliament having voted her guilty of high treason, for obtaining supplies of money and arms for her distressed husband, their heroic admiral was doing his best to take her life.

"One of their ships," says the queen, in a letter¹ she wrote at this juncture to the king, "did me the favour of flanking upon the house where I slept; and before I was out of bed, the cannon-balls whistled so loud about me, that my company pressed me earnestly to go out of that house, the cannon having totally beaten down the neighbours' houses, two cannon-bullets falling from the top to the bottom of the house where I was. So, clothed as well as in haste I could be, I went on foot to some little distance from the town of Burlington, and got into the shelter of a ditch like that at Newmarket, whither, before I could get, the cannon-bullets fell thick about us, and a servant was killed within seventy paces of me." The queen does not venture here to mention to her husband her blameworthy temerity regarding her lap-dog, though she confessed this fine adventure to madame de Motteville. "She had an old ugly dog, called Mitte, whom she loved very much; when she was in the middle of Burlington-street, she remembered that she had left Mitte at the mercy of the parliamentary admiral. She instantly turned on her steps, rushed up stairs into her chamber, and caught up the animal, which was reposing on her bed, and carried her off in safety."² After this adventure, the queen and her ladies gained the ditch she described, and crouched down in it, while the cannon played furiously over their heads. "One dangerous ball," says the queen, "grazed the edge of the ditch, and covered us with earth and stones: the firing lasted till the ebbing of the tide." Von Tromp, whose ships were too large to approach the quay to defend the queen, attacked the valiant Batten in his retreat; and as this admiral had no support from the Yorkshire land forces, he sheered off to report his deeds to his masters. The queen's transports then landed the rest of their stores, and her majesty established herself in peace and quiet in the neighbourhood of Burlington, where she remained at least ten days.³

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 34.

² *Madame de Motteville, Queen's Narrative*, vol. i., p. 273.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 275

A Yorkshire tradition alone mentions the abode of the queen during this delay, which was unavoidable, whilst her stores and cannon were put in order of march. It is said that her majesty established her headquarters at Boynton Hall, near Burlington, the seat of sir William Strickland, who, although he had accepted the honour of a baronetcy from king Charles, so recently as the year 1640, was a staunch leader of the puritan party, and had rendered himself very obnoxious to the court by his political conduct. His brother, Walter, had recently been ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, where he had fiercely argued against the queen being furnished there with the munitions of war. Notwithstanding, the queen asked and received hospitality and shelter for herself and her train, at the native hall of these inimical brethren. During her majesty's entertainment, a grand display was made of heavy family plate, for the honour of the house. This the queen observing, took occasion, at her departure, when she returned thanks for her entertainment, to say, "that she feared it would be thought that she was about to make an ungracious return for the courtesies she had received; but, unhappily, the king's affairs had (through the disaffection and want of duty on the part of some of those who ought to have been among his most loyal supporters) come to that pass, that he required pecuniary aid. The parliament had refused to grant the supplies requisite for maintaining the honour of the crown, and therefore money must be obtained by other means; and she was sorry to be under the necessity of taking possession of the plate she had seen during her visit, for his majesty's use. She should," she added, "consider it as a loan; as she trusted the king would very soon compose the disorders in those parts, when she would restore the plate, or, at any rate, its value in money, to sir William Strickland; and, in the mean time, she would leave at Boynton Hall her own portrait, both as a pledge of her royal intentions, and a memorial of her visit."

Who it was that performed the part of host at Boynton Hall to the queen, is uncertain, as it appears that both sir William and his brother were absent; it is possible that there were ladies of the family not so inimical to the royal party, since the mother of sir William Strickland and his brother was a Wentworth, and their grandmother a daughter of the catholic family of the Stricklands, of Sizergh Castle, in Westmoreland.

The portrait left by the queen is regarded as a very fine work of art, and was probably painted during her late visit to the court of Orange.¹ It is the size of life, and represents her as very pretty and delicate in features and complexion. Her hair is ornamented with flowers at the back of the head, and is arranged in short, thick, frizzled curls, according to the fashion, called at the court of France, *tête de mouton*. Her dress is very elegant, simple white, with open sleeves drawn up with broad green ribbons; the bodice is like the present mode, laced across

¹ I have been favoured by sir George Strickland with a miniature copy, reduced by himself from the original, which remains in the possession of the worthy representative of the republican baronet on whom this unwelcome gift was forced by the royal beauty.

the stomacher with gold chains, and ornamented with rows of pendent pearls on each side.

The family plate was never restored, neither was Henrietta ever in a condition to redeem her promise of making a compensation for it in money, but her portrait has, in process of time, become at least of equal value.

Unfortunately, Boynton Hall was soon afterwards completely pillaged by a marauding party, who followed on the queen's track, and sir William Strickland and his brother became confined roundheads.¹

At this period, Henrietta had recourse to the painful expedient of soliciting personal loans for the service of her royal husband, not only from the female nobility of England, but from private families whom she had reason to believe well-affected to the cause of loyalty. To such as supplied her with these aids, she was accustomed to testify her gratitude by the gift of a ring, or some other trinket from her own cabinet; but when the increasing exigencies of the king's affairs compelled her to sell *or* pawn in Holland the whole of her plate, and most of her jewels, for

¹ Sir William Strickland was a celebrated parliamentarian general, one of those amateur military preachers withal, who regaled their brigades with extempore prayers and sermons of two hours' duration. His brother Walter, at that time ambassador from the parliament to the states of Holland, became one of Cromwell's lords, and was gratified with a pension of 12,000*l.* a year for his diplomatic services. As a proof of the manner in which persons of the same name and lineage were opposed in politics, it may not be irrelevant to the history of the times, to mention that, at the very time these mutual offices of ill-will were exchanging between the queen and the parliamentary Stricklands of Boynton, sir Robert Strickland, of Sizergh Castle and Thornton Briggs, (the head of the elder branch of that house, a catholic cavalier,) had, out of his own private resources, raised two regiments, one of horse, the other of foot, for the service of king Charles. The following original letter, addressed to sir Robert Strickland by sir Edward Osborne, the ancestor of the duke of Leeds, affords an amusing specimen of the epistolary style of a military county magnate of that period, and shows how equally his attention was divided, between the duty of calling the loyal muster together to meet their sovereign at his house, and his anxiety to secure good poultry for the royal supper.

ORIGINAL LETTER, FROM THE STRICKLAND PAPERS, SIZERGH CASTLE.

"Colonel Strickland,

"I have received notice this night from a *com* (suppose commissioner), that the king will be at York on Saturday next, when I am to entertain him for a day or two. I will therefore entreat you to add to your former courtesies this one, that is to help me to some fatt fowls, if possibly you can, either from yourself or your farmers, or sir William Alford (*the brother-in-law of Sir Robert Strickland*), or both, against Saturday night's supper; whereby you will do me an extraordinary favour. Must likewise desire you not to fail to be here on Saturday by noon, for the king intends to speake with all the commanders of this county. I pray both (you) and sir William Robinson to understand as much from me, as it will save me a labour of writing to him on purpose, which is very pretious to me. This in great hast, with my kind love to yourself, your friends, and your ladye.

"I rest your very affectionate friend,

"ED. OSBORNE."

[No date, but suppose the summer of 1642.]

Endorsed—"To my most esteemed friend Robert Strickland, esq., one of the deputy lieutenant-collonels for the North Riding; or, in his absence, for Mistress Strickland. This with haste, haste."

his use, she adopted an ingenious device, by which she was enabled, at a small expense, to continue her gifts to her friends, and in a form that rendered these more precious to the recipient parties, because they had immediate reference to herself. Whilst in Holland she had a great many rings, locketts, and bracelet-clasps made with her cypher, the letters H. M. R., Henrietta Maria Regina, in very delicate filagree of gold, curiously entwined in a monogram, laid on a ground of crimson velvet covered with thick crystal, cut like a table diamond, and set in gold. These were called "the queen's pledges," and presented by her to any person who had lent her money, or rendered her any particular service, with an understanding that, if presented to her majesty at any future time, when fortune smiled on the royal cause, it would command either repayment of the money advanced, or some favour from the queen that would amount to an ample equivalent. Many of these interesting testimonials are in existence, and in families where the tradition has been forgotten, have been regarded as amulets which were to secure good fortune to the wearer. One of these royal pledges, a small bracelet clasp, has been an heir-loom in the family of the author of this life of Henrietta, and there is a ring with the same device, in possession of Philip Darrell, esq., of Cales Hill, in Kent, which was presented to his immediate ancestor by that queen.

Whilst the queen waited in the neighbourhood of Burlington, she did a great deal of business in distributing arms to those gentlemen of Yorkshire who were loyally disposed, and in winning over many influential persons to the king's party. Sir Hugh Cholmondely delivered Scarborough castle to his majesty, and declared himself a cavalier, whilst her majesty sojourned at Burlington.¹ Many other gentlemen, quite captivated by the adventurous valour of their queen, resolved on the same course; among others, the Hothams, whose defection had so infinitely injured the king.²

A complete reaction seems to have taken place in the royal cause in Yorkshire; it arose, perhaps, from the following circumstance: While the queen yet remained in the vicinity of her landing-place, one of the captains of the five parliamentary vessels which bombarded the queen's house at Burlington, was seized on shore. He was tried by a military tribunal, and, as it was proved that he was the man who directed the cannon which had so nearly missed destroying her, he was condemned to be hanged. The queen happened to meet the procession when he was conducted to execution, and she insisted on knowing what it meant. She was told that king Charles's loyal subjects were about to punish the man who had taken aim at her chamber in Burlington. "Ah," said the queen, "but I have forgiven him all that, and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account." The captain was set at liberty by her commands, and she entreated him "not to persecute one who would not harm him when she could." "The captain," adds the

¹ Madame de Motteville, *Queen's Narrative*, vol. i. p. 273.

² *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671.

narrative,¹ "was so deeply touched by her generosity, that he came over to the royal cause, and, moreover, persuaded several of his shipmates to join him."

At last, her gallant escort of 2000 cavaliers arrived from York, sent by the earl of Newcastle, headed by the heroic marquis of Montrose, and the queen set out in triumph, crossing the wolds to Malton, on her march to York, guarding six pieces of cannon, two large mortars, and two hundred and fifty wagons loaded with money. Her army gathered as she advanced, and when she reached York, it had swelled into a formidable force. She herself gave an animated description of her military progress; she rode on horseback throughout all the march, as general; she ate her meals in sight of the army, without seeking shelter from sun or rain; she spoke frankly to her soldiers, who seemed infinitely delighted with her; she took a town, too, by the way, "which truly," adds she, "was not defended quite so obstinately as Antwerp, when besieged by the duke of Parma, but it was a considerable one, and very useful to the royal cause."²

The queen wrote from York as follows:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.³

"York, March 20, 1643.

"My dear heart,

"I need not tell you from whence this bearer comes, only I will tell you that the propositions he brings are good. I believe there is not yet time to put them in execution; therefore find some means to send them back which may not discontent them: and do not tell who gave you this advice.

"Sir Hugh Cholmonley is come in with a troop of horse to kiss my hand; the rest of his people he left at Scarborough, *with a ship laden with arms, which the ships of the parliament had brought thither* (at Scarborough). So she is ours.

"The rebels have quitted Tadcaster, upon our sending forces to Wetherby, but (the rebels) are returned with 1200 men. We send more forces to drive them out, though those we have already at Wetherby are sufficient; but we fear, as they have all their forces thereabout, lest they have some design, for they have quitted Selby and Cawood, the last of which they have burnt. Between this and to-morrow we shall know the issue of the business, and I will send you an express.

"I am the more careful to advertise you of what you do, that you and we may find means to have passports to send; and I wonder that, on the *cessation*, you have not demanded that you might send in safety. This shows my love."

The cessation the queen mentions, was a treaty of peace which the parliament were negotiating with the king. If they had no other terms to offer than those the queen recapitulates here, no one can wonder at her indignation regarding them. Clarendon blames her exceedingly for her opposition to the treaty. She must speak for herself as follows:—

¹ This adventure is mentioned by Bossuet, in his fine oration at the funeral of the queen; it is detailed in a memoir of her, printed with the discourse. The name of the captain is not mentioned.

² This warlike progress of Henriette is extremely difficult to trace in all English histories, excepting one called *Mercurius Belgicus*, which perfectly agrees with the French memoirs.

³ Letter printed among the letters of king Charles, from his cabinet, taken at Naseby. Published by parliament.

"I understand to-day from London that they (*the parliament*) will have no cessation (*of arms*), and that they treat in the beginning (in the two first articles) of surrender of forts, ships, and ammunition, and afterwards of the disbanding of the (king's) army.

"Certainly I wish a peace more than any, and that with greater reason than any one else; but I would desire the *disbanding* of the perpetual parliament first, and certainly the rest will be easy afterwards."

This parliament, it must be remembered, had voted itself life-long, an encroachment at once on the constitution of England, far more astounding than anything that king Charles had done.

"I do not say this," resumes the queen, "of my own head alone, for generally both those who are for you and against you, in this country, wish an end of it; and I am certain that; if you do not demand it at first, it will not be granted.

"Hull is ours, and all Yorkshire, which is a thing to consider of; and for my particular, if you make a peace, and disband your army before there is an end of this perpetual parliament, I am absolutely resolved to go to France, not being willing to fall again into the hands of those people, being well assured that, if the power remains with them, it will not be well for me in England.

"Remember what I have written you in three precedent letters, and be more careful of me than you have been, or at least dissemble it (*that is, affect to be more careful of me*).

"Adieu, the man hastens me, so that I can say no more."

In a fragment of a letter from York, the queen notices other naval force taken from the parliamentary party.

"You now know by Eliot the issue of the business at Tadcaster; since that we almost lost Scarborough. Whilst sir Hugh Cholmly was here, Brown Bushel would have rendered that place up to parliament; but sir Hugh having notice of it, is gone with our forces and hath retaken it, and hath desired a lieutenant and forces of ours to put within it, and in exchange we should take his (garrison). Sir Hugh Cholmly hath also taken two pinnaces from Hotham,¹ which brought forty-four men to put within Scarborough for the parliament, with ten pieces of cannon, four barrels of powder, and four of bullets. This is all our news. Our army marches to-morrow to put an end to Fairfax's excellency; and will make an end of this letter, this third of April. I must add that I have had no news of you since Parsons."

"April 3d, 1643."

As for "making an end of Fairfax's excellency," that was sooner said than done. This is another instance of those "shouts before victory," into which the queen's sanguine and ardent temperament perpetually betrayed her. The royal pair could not meet till Fairfax and Essex were cleared out of their path, achievements which required some months' time, and several minor victories, to effect; and the queen was actually detained on the north-east coast of England nearly six months, while the king and prince Rupert were fighting and skirmishing round Oxford and the mid counties. At last the rebels were fairly beat out of the field and the queen and her army advanced to Newark, from whence she wrote the following letter, in the most triumphant spirits:—

Letters printed among the letters of king Charles. In the preceding letter the queen says, "Hull is ours," but it was not yet rendered, though the Hothams were now secretly in the queen's interest. Young Hotham was accused by parliament, when put to death, of having betrayed the above force into the queen's hands.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO CHARLES I.¹

"Newark, June 27, 1643.

"My dear heart,

"I received just now your letter by my lord Saville, who found me ready to go away, staying but for one thing, for which you may well pardon me two days' stop; it is to have Hull and Lincoln. Young Hotham having been put in prison, by order of parliament, is escaped, and hath sent to 260,² that he would cast himself into his arms, and that Hull and Lincoln should be rendered.³ Young Hotham hath gone to his father, and 260 (Newcastle) waits for your answer.

"I think that I shall go hence on Friday or Saturday; I shall sleep at Werton, and from thence go to Ashby, where we will resolve what way to take, and I will stay there a day, because the march of the day before will have been somewhat great, and also to learn how the enemy marches. All their forces of Nottingham at present being gone towards Leicester and Derby, which makes us believe that they intend to intercept our passage. As soon as we have resolved I will send you word; at this present, I think it best to let you know the state in which we march, and what force I leave behind me for the safety of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. I leave 2000 foot, and wherewithal to arm 500 more, and 20 companies of horse; all this is to be under Charles Cavendish, whom the gentlemen of the country have desired me not to carry with me, for he desired extremely not to go. The enemy have left in Nottingham 1000 (garrison).

"I carry with me 3000 foot, 30 companies of horse and dragoons, 6 pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the forces which go with me, as colonel of my guard, sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him, (sir John) Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-majesty, generalissima over all, and extremely diligent am I, with 150 waggons of baggage to govern, in case of battle."

With all this valour, her "*she-majesty generalissima*," as Henrietta calls herself, has an eye to dangers that might occur by the way, from the earl of Essex, whom the king was doing his best to keep in check, for she adds:

"Have a care that no troop of Essex's army incommode us. I hope that for the rest we shall be strong enough, for at Nottingham we had the experience that one of our troops have beaten six of theirs, and made them fly.

"I have received your proclamation or declaration, which I wish had not been made, being extremely disadvantageous to you, for you show too much apprehension, and do not do what you had resolved upon.

"Farewell, my dear heart."

Before the queen departed from Newark, the ladies of that town brought up a petition, entreating her majesty not to march from Newark till Nottingham was taken.⁴ The right of petitioning royalty was a perfect mania at that time; it had been a point of dispute between the king and the parliament, and all sorts and conditions of persons, of both sexes, thought proper to dictate by petition the public measures they

¹ Letter printed among the letters of king Charles.² This number is probably a cypher which designates the marquis of Newcastle.³ The event proved that the two Hothams had more power to do the king harm than good. They were both beheaded by the parliament.⁴ D'Israeli's Commentaries, Reign of Charles I., vol. iii., p. 134.

thought best to be pursued. Women were especially active in petitioning at this era.¹

Her majesty gave the ladies of Newark, in her answer, a sly hint on feminine duties, in these words :

"Ladies, affairs of this nature are not in our sphere. I am commanded by the king to make all the haste to him that I can. You will receive this advance, at least, by my answer, though I cannot grant your petition, — you may learn, by my example, to obey your husbands."

As this fine petition had been got up without the knowledge of the husbands of the Newark dames, a more provoking answer could not have been devised — not that queen Henrietta could boast of being the most submissive wife under the sun, as some phrases in her epistles above can testify.

At last, all invidious obstacles were cleared from her majesty's path, by the valour of the king, his nephews, and the Oxford cavaliers.

The queen's name formed the battle-cry of this desultory warfare. The word of the cavalier charge was "God for queen Mary!" the name by which Henrietta Maria was then known in England. The loyalists likewise mentioned their queen in the party songs, popular in the mid counties, which were founded on some recent successes.

"God save the king, the queen, the prince also,²
With all loyal subjects, both high and both low;
The roundheads can pray for themselves, ye know,
Which nobody can deny.

"Plague take Pym and all his peers!
Huzza for prince Rupert and his cavaliers!
When they come here, those hounds will have fears,
Which nobody can deny.

"God save prince Rupert and Maurice withal;
For they gave the roundheads a great downfall,
And knocked their noddles 'gainst Worcester wall,
Which nobody can deny."

It was in the vale of Keynton, near his own victorious ground of Edgehill, that Charles met with transport his adored Henrietta. Such a meeting was some atonement for their lives of ill fortune; the king praised the high courage and faithful affection of her whom he proudly and emphatically called "his wife."³

The mid counties had been so thoroughly cleared of the insurgents, that the king was only accompanied by his own regiment, and by prince Rupert's horse, when he marched to meet the queen. Just before the triumphant entry of the king and queen into the loyal city of Oxford.

¹ The custom seems to have been broken by the inhuman cruelty of Cromwell's ruffian soldiers, who massacred many of the unfortunate women of Essex and Kent, when they came, in 1647, (in the sixth year of this horrid war,) to implore the miserable intimidated parliament, then under military terror, for peace. — Evelyn's Diary.

² Collection of Loyal Songs.

³ In all the king's despatches to Newcastle and other loyalists, Charles, with manly plainness, terms the queen *his wife*, in preference to any of her royal titles.

they received the news of one of prince Rupert's dashing, victorious skirmishes, which added to the exhilaration of the festival with which the Oxford cavaliers welcomed them.

A large silver medal was struck at Oxford,¹ to commemorate this event, and the queen was received in that beautiful and loyal city with the most enthusiastic admiration, as the heroine of the royal party. Her triumphs, however, replete as they are with incident which develops her character, are regretted by some of the king's friends. Clarendon declares that the queen was so much elated at the flush of success which her supplies had been the means of obtaining, that she would not hear of any means of terminating the civil war, excepting by conquest.² Thus, by her influence, the opportunity of making peace was lost. This was a great error, a defect in moral judgment, to which heroes and heroines are extremely prone. It is doubtless one of the mistakes, for which queen Henrietta blamed herself, with unsparing severity, and is the reason why, in her narrative, she passes over the particulars of her sojourn at Oxford with painful brevity.

Those who from the vantage ground of two centuries survey the evil times in which the lot of Charles I. was cast, will be dubious whether any peace could have been lasting. All that was good and vital in the spirit of feudality was nearly extinct, but at the same time the people were vexed and encumbered, with what we may be permitted to call, its lifeless husks. Among these the abuses appertaining to the Court of Wards were alone sufficient to impel the most enduring people to revolution. But the puritan-patriots, so far from reforming these real wrongs, were contending for the sinecures connected with them.³

There were many individuals in those days, as in these, to whom all worship, but that of mammon, was indifferent; who, incited by the splendour of the new aristocracy, which had been built on the spoils of the monasteries, remembered that the church of England (if they could induce the king to join in the robbery) would afford goodly prey, —and these were the most impracticable of all agitators. Nevertheless, it was the bounden duty of the queen to have promoted peace, however hopeless of its continuance, instead of opposing its establishment.

With the skill in portraying character, which forms Lord Clarendon's principal claim to literary merit, he has displayed the influence that Henrietta possessed over the mind of her husband, and thus analyses it,

¹ The king and queen are seen seated in chairs of state, the sun is over his chair, the crescent-moon and stars over hers. The dragon Python, symbolizing rebellion, lies dead before them. On the reverse is, XIII. JUI. MB. F. ET. HIB. R.R. IN. VALLI. KEINTON. AUSPICAL OCCURRENT. FUGATO. IN. OCCIDENT. REBELLION. VICT. ET. PAC. OMEN. OXON M.DCXLIII. July 13, the king and queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, auspiciously met in the vale of Keinton, and rebellion fled to the west. Omen of victory and peace. Oxford. 1643. The figure of the queen, dressed in the graceful costume of her day, in a flowing open robe, falling sleeves, and pointed bodice, is singularly elegant.

² Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 185.

³ Lord Say and Sele, a roundhead, had helped himself to the lucrative place of Master of the Wards.

with its effects :¹ "The king's affection to the queen was a composition of conscience, love, generosity, and gratitude, and all those noble affections which raise the passion to the greatest height ; insomuch that he saw with her eyes and determined by her judgment. Not only did he pay her this adoration, but he desired that all men should know that he was swayed by her, and this was not good for either of them. The queen was a lady of great beauty, excellent wit and humour, and made him a just return of the noblest affections, so that they were the true ideal of conjugal attachment in the age in which they lived."

"When the queen was admitted to the knowledge and participation of the most secret affairs, (from which she had been carefully restrained by the duke of Buckingham,) she took great delight in examining and discussing them, and from thence forming judgment of them, in which her *passions* (prejudices) were always strong. She had felt so much pain in knowing nothing, and meddling with nothing, during the time of the great favourite, that now she took no pleasure but in knowing all things, and disposing of all things, as he had done. Not considering that the universal prejudice that great man had undergone was not in reference to his person but his power, and that the same power would be equally obnoxious to complaint if it resided in any other person than the king himself. Nor did she more desire to possess this unlimited power longer than that all the world should notice that she was the entire mistress of it ; and it was her majesty's misfortune (and that of the kingdom) that she had no one about her to advise and inform her of the temper of the people." And so thought the queen herself when it was too late.

For a few months the beautiful city of Oxford was the seat of the English court, over which the queen presided. There all that was loyal, refined, and learned, gathered round the royal family, and, for a while, hope existed that the discontents of the people would be finally silenced by force of arms. From such a result only evil could have ensued ; no reflective person, to whom the good of their country was dear, could have wished it.

While the spirits of the queen were yet sustained by martial enthusiasm, she wrote from Oxford the subjoined little French billet, to the loyal defender of York, in the spring of the year 1644 :—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE.

"My cousin,

"I have received your letter by Parsons, with the account of all that has passed at Newcastle, and am very glad you have not yet eaten rats : so that the Scotch have not yet eaten Yorkshire oat-cakes, all will go well I hope, as you are there to order about it.

"Your faithful and very good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE, R.

"Oxford, this March 15."

All the pride of the queen is laid aside while cheering her faithful partisan. In these few lines she shows she had made herself mistress of the customs of the northern counties ; she alludes to their provincial

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. pp. 185, 186.

food, the oat-cakes, with the certainty of giving delight to the garrison.

The queen remained at Oxford during the change of fortune that befel the king's cause. It was at the commencement of the year 1644 that the royalist poet, Davenant, addressed to her majesty some lines, which Pope imitated in his youth, when they were forgotten, and founded his early fame upon them.¹ Perhaps their harmony was never surpassed in English verse.

TO THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.

"Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
Of the first year, when every month was May,
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud swelled by the morning's dew,
Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are—
But what, sweet excellence, what dost thou here?"

This last line conveyed a question prompted by the delicate situation of the queen; Oxford was likely to remain no secure harbour for her in her approaching hour of peril and weakness. The king delayed the agonizing separation from his adored consort, till the approach of the parliamentary forces made a battle near Oxford inevitable. Previously to the battle of Newbury, so fatal to his cause, Charles I. escorted his beloved wife to Abingdon, and there, on the 3d of April, 1644, with streaming eyes and dark forebodings for the future, this attached pair parted, never to meet again on earth.

The queen's first destination was Bath, where she sought the cure of an agonizing rheumatic fever, of that kind which is sharpened into intolerable acuteness by anxiety of mind. This complaint was called, in the phraseology of the day, a rheum, and thus the queen names it in the letter which announced her arrival at Bath.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO KING CHARLES.²

"My dear heart,

"Fred Cornwallis will have told you all our *voyage* (journey) as far as Abury, and the state of my health. Since my coming hither, I find myself ill, as well as in the *ill rest* I have, as in the increase of my *rheum*.

"I hope this day's rest will do me good. I go to-morrow to Bristol, to send you back the carts; many of them are already returned.

"Farewell, my dear heart, I cannot write more than that I am absolutely yours.

"Bathe, April 21, 1644."

Nothing could be more calamitous than the queen's prospects in her approaching time of pain and weakness. Ill and sorrowful as she already was, she sought refuge in the loyal city of Exeter, where, amidst the horrors and consternation of an approaching siege, she was in want of everything. She took up her abode at Bedford House, in Exeter. The king had written to summon to her assistance his faithful household physician, Theodore Mayerne; his epistle was comprehended in one emphatic line in French.

¹ In the opening of his *Pastorals*.

² King Charles's *Works and Letters*, printed at the Hague, p. 266.

KING CHARLES I. TO DR. SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

"Mayerne,

"For the love of *me*, go to my wife!

C. R."

The queen likewise wrote an urgent letter in French to Dr. Mayerne, entreating him to come to her assistance, to the following effect:

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

"Exeter, this 3d of May.

"Monsieur de Mayerne,

"My indisposition does not permit me to write much, to entreat you to come to me if your health will suffer you; but my malady will, I trust, sooner bring you here than many lines. For this cause I say no more; but that, retaining always in my memory the care you have ever taken of me in my utmost need, it makes me believe that, if you can, you will come, and that I am, and shall be ever,

"Your good mistress and friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

There is great generosity of mind in this letter. The queen does not say, as many a one does who requires impossibilities in this exacting age, "Help me now, or all you have hitherto done will be of no use." But, in a nobler spirit, "If you cannot come to me in my extreme need, I shall still remain grateful for all your previous benefits." Such, we deem, offers a good instance of that ill-defined virtue, gratitude.

The faithful physician did not abandon his royal patrons in the hour of their distress; he obeyed their summons, though we have reason to believe that he looked not with affection on the queen, deeming her religion one of the principal causes of the distracted state of England.

Henrietta likewise wrote to her sister-in-law, the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, giving her an account of her distressed state. That queen, who was herself just set free, by death, from the tyranny of her husband's minister, cardinal Richelieu, was enabled to obey the impulses of her generous nature. She sent 50,000 pistoles, with every article needful for a lady in a delicate situation, and her own *sage femme*, madame Perronne, to assist Henrietta in her hour of trouble.

Perhaps the best trait in the character of queen Henrietta occurs at this juncture; she reserved a very small portion of the donation of the queen of France for her own use, and sent the bulk of it to the relief of her distressed husband. Boundless generosity—a generosity occurring in the time of privation, was a characteristic of Henrietta.

Meantime, sir Theodore Mayerne arrived at Exeter,² May 28th; he travelled from London in the queen's chariot with sir Martin Lister. Although so faithful in his prompt attendance to the summons of his royal master, in behalf of the queen, he was rough and uncompromising enough in his professional consultations. The queen, feeling the agony of an overcharged brain, said, one day at Exeter, pressing her hand on her head, "Mayerne, I am afraid that I shall go mad some day."

¹ The original is in the Sloan MS., 1679, fol. 71 b. The letter, printed in the original French, may be seen in Ellis's *Historical Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii., p. 315; likewise the letter of king Charles, *ibid.*, p. 316.

² Ellis's *Historical Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii., p. 316.

"Nay," replied the caustic physician, "your majesty need not fear going mad, you have been so some time."

The queen, when she related this incident to madame de Motteville, mentioned the incident as Mayerne's serious opinion of her bodily health; but his reply is couched more like a political sneer than a medical opinion.

The queen gave birth to a living daughter, at Exeter, June 16, 1644, at Bedford House, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, the army of the earl of Essex advanced to besiege her city of refuge. On the approach of this hostile force, the queen, who was in a very precarious state of health, sent to the republican general, requesting permission to retire to Bath for the completion of her recovery. Essex made answer, "that it was his intention to escort her majesty to London, where her presence was required, to answer to parliament for having levied war in England." This was tantamount to avowing an intention of leading her to the metropolis as a prisoner, and the French writers¹ aver that Essex actually went so far as to set a price on her head.

The daughter of Henry the Great summoned all the energy of character which she had derived from that mighty sire, to triumph over the pain and weakness that oppressed her feminine frame at this awful crisis. She rose from her sick bed, and escaped from Exeter in disguise, with one gentleman and one lady, and her confessor. She was constrained to hide herself in a hut, three miles from Exeter gate, where she passed two days without anything to nourish her, couched under a heap of litter.² She heard the parliamentary soldiers defile on each side of her shelter; she overheard their imprecations and oaths, "that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, as they should receive from the parliament a reward for it of 50,000 crowns." When this peril was passed, she issued out of her hiding-place, and, accompanied by the three persons who had shared her dangers, traversed the same road on which the soldiers had lately marched, though they had made it nearly impassable. She travelled in extreme pain, and her anxious attendants were astonished that she did not utterly fail on the way.

The rest of her ladies and faithful attendants stole out of Exeter, in various disguises, to meet her.³ Their rendezvous was at night in a miserable cabin, in a wood between Exeter and Plymouth. The valiant dwarf, Geoffry Hudson, was of this party; he had grown up to the respectable stature of three feet and a half, and showed both courage and sagacity in this escape. The queen, whose original destination was Plymouth, found Pendennis castle a safer place of refuge. She arrived with her company, in doleful plight, at this royal fortress, on the 29th of June, 1644. As a friendly Dutch vessel laid in the bay, the queen resolved to embark at once, and she sailed, with her faithful attendants,

¹ *Mémoires de Madame de la Fayette*, and of the queen's cousin, *Mademoiselle de Montpensier*.

² *Vie de Henriette de France*, prefixed to the *Oration of Bossuet*.

³ *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier*.

from the western coast, early the following morning ;¹ nevertheless, the worst perils of this escape were not yet passed.

Meantime, her royal husband made incredible efforts to succour his beloved Henrietta ; and, urged by despair, fought his way to Exeter by means of a series of minor victories, which were complete, because he was entirely his own general. So near were this loving pair towards meeting once more, that Charles entered Exeter triumphantly but ten days after the queen sailed from Pendennis.

Lady Morton presented to the king the little princess, left to her care on the flight of the unfortunate queen. For the first and last time, the hapless monarch bestowed on his poor babe a paternal embrace. He caused one of his chaplains to baptize this little one Henrietta Anne, after her kind aunt of France, and her mother. He relieved Exeter, and left an order on the customs for the support of his infant, who remained there for some time in the charge of her governess, lady Morton.

Queen Henrietta did not reach the shores of her native land without a fresh trial to her courage. The vessel in which she had embarked was chased by a cruiser in the service of the parliament. Several cannon-shots were fired at the vessel in which she was embarked ; and the danger of being taken or sunk seemed to her imminent. In this exigence, the queen took the command of the vessel. She forbade any return to be made of the cannonading, for fear of delay, but urged the pilot to continue his course, and every sail to be set for speed ; and she charged the captain, if their escape were impossible, to fire the powder magazine,² and destroy her with the ship, rather than permit her to fall alive into the hands of her husband's enemies. At this order, her ladies and domestics³ sent forth the most piercing cries, she meantime maintaining a courageous silence, her high spirit being wound up to brave death rather than the disgrace to herself, and the trouble to her husband, which would have ensued if she had been dragged a captive to London. The cannonading continued till they were nearly in sight of Jersey, when a shot hit the queen's little bark, and made it stagger under the blow. Every one on board gave themselves over for lost, as the mischief done to the rigging made the vessel slacken sail. At that moment a little fleet of Dieppe vessels hove in sight, and hastened to the scene of action. This friendly squadron took the queen's battered bark under their protection, and the enemy sheered off. A furious storm sprung up before a landing could be effected, and Henrietta's vessel was driven far from the shelter offered by the harbour of Dieppe.⁴

In a few hours the coast of Bretagne—the refuge of many an exile from England—rose in sight. The queen ordered the long-boat out, and was rowed on shore. She landed in a wild, rocky cove at Chastel,⁵

¹ Madame de Motteville, whose account is partly confirmed by the MS. of Père Gamache, belonging to Mr. Colburn, to which we have access, see p. 71.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. i. Queen's Narrative, p. 267. Edition of Maestricht, 1782.

³ Ibid. p. 276.

⁴ Vie de Reine Henriette (Bossuet).

⁵ It is said that her pursuer's name was captain Batts. Batten was the enemy who cannonaded her at Burlington. These names often occur in the diary of Pepys, as of persons in trust and favour in Charles II.'s navy.

not far from Brest. Here she had to climb over rocks, and traverse on foot a most dangerous path. At last she descended into a little rude hamlet of fishermen's huts, where she thankfully laid herself down to rest in a peasant's cabin covered with stubble. The Bas-Bretons took her people at first for pirates, and rose in arms against them; and the queen, exhausted as she was, was forced to explain to them who she really was.¹ Next morning, the neighbouring Breton gentlemen, being apprised of her landing, thronged to her retreat in their coaches, offering her all the service in their power. In all eyes, as she afterwards observed, she must have appeared more like a distressed wandering princess of romance than a real queen. She was very ill, and very much changed: but the memory of Henri Quatre was still dear to the French people; his daughter was followed by their benedictions, and supplied, from private good-will, with all she needed. She used the equipages, so generously offered, to convey her to the baths of Bourbon, where she sought health for her body, and repose for her overwrought mind.

Her first feeling, she declared, was that of penitence for her intended self-destruction. The indomitable determination of purpose, which all ancient writers, and too many modern ones, would have lauded as an instance of high resolve worthy a Roman matron, queen Henrietta very properly condemned as sinful desperation, unworthy of a Christian woman. "I did not," she said to madame de Motteville, when she related to her this adventure, "feel any extraordinary effort when I gave the order to blow up the vessel; I was perfectly calm and self-possessed; I can now accuse myself of want of moral courage to master my pride; and I give thanks to God for having preserved me at the same time from my enemies and from myself."²

The feelings of Charles I. on his queen's departure, left desolate as he was to accomplish his sad destiny, are best known by his lonely meditations in his Eikon Basilicon. He says of her, "Although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me, yet her absence grieves me not so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me—viz., that she should be compelled by my own subjects to withdraw for her safety. I fear such conduct (so little adorning the protestant profession) may occasion a farther alienation of her mind, and divorce of affection in her from that religion which is the only thing in which my wife and I differ."

"I am sorry that my relation and connection with so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction. Her personal merits would have served her as a protection among savage Indians, since their rudeness and uncivilized state knows not to hate all virtue as some men's cruelty doth. Among whom I yet think there be few so malicious as to hate her for herself,—the fault is, *she is my wife*."

Here we think the conjugal affection of king Charles misleads him. The fact is, that his chief fault in the eyes of his people was, that *he*

¹ Vie de Reine Henriette.

² Madame de Motteville's Mémoires, vol. i. p. 276. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Père Cyprian's Memoirs and the Life of Henrietta (Bossuet), all mention this resolution of the queen.

was *her* husband. He continues his observation with pathetic earnestness :—

“I ought, then, to study her security who is in danger only for my sake. I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so that she be safe in harbour. I enjoy this comfort by her safety in the midst of my personal dangers. I can perish but half, if *she* be preserved. In her memory, and in her children, I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they should at last be satiate with my blood.”

Thus Charles, at a comparatively early part of his calamities (1644), always looked forward to a violent death; but he was greatly mistaken, if he supposed that the malice of party would be satiated with his blood.

“I must leave her, then, to the love and loyalty of my good subjects. Neither of us but can easily forgive, since we blame not the unkindness of the generality and vulgar; for we see that God is pleased to try the patience of us both, by ingratitude of those who, having eaten of our bread, and being enriched by our bounty, have scornfully lifted up themselves against us. Those of our own household are become our enemies. I pray God lay not their sin to their charge, who think to satisfy all obligations to duty by their Corban of religion, and can less endure to see, than to sin against their benefactors, as well as their sovereigns.”

“But this policy of my enemies is necessary to their designs. They sought to drive her out of my kingdom, lest, by the influence of her example, eminent as she is for love as a wife, and loyalty as a subject, she should have converted or retained in love and loyalty, all those whom they had a purpose to pervert. Pity it is that so noble and peaceful a soul should see, much more suffer, from the wrongs of those who must make up their want of justice by violence and inhumanity.”

“Her sympathy with my afflictions makes her virtues shine with greater lustre, as stars in the darkest night. Thus may the envious world be assured that she loves me, not my fortunes. The less I may be blest with her company, the more will I retire to God, and to my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy me: they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I am myself.”¹

Surely—surely every woman must feel that it was a brighter lot to have been loved and mourned for by a man whose mind was capable of these feelings, than to have shared the empire of a world with a common character, in commonplace prosperity.

¹ These sentences are abstracted and collected from the *Eikon Basilicon*.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Queen Henrietta at the baths of Bourbon—Her illness and alteration of person—Message and munificent allowance from the queen-regent of France—Journey of queen Henrietta to Paris—Met by the queen-regent—Inducted into apartments at the Louvre—And at St. Germain—Sends money to Charles I.—Their affectionate letters—Receives her eldest son at Paris—Her routine at the French court—Interferes with the English church—Her messengers offend king Charles—Escape of her infant daughter Henrietta—Queen Henrietta and the Fronde—She mediates in the war of the Fronde—Besieged in the Louvre—Suffers from want—Alarmed by reports of the danger of Charles I.—Her letters—Her sufferings and deprivations—Cardinal Retz visits her—Finds her without fire—Relieves her—Obtains a grant from the parliament of Paris—Queen Henrietta deprived of all intelligence from her husband—Her agonizing suspense—Calamitous adventures of Charles I.—Sends a message to the queen by lady Fanshawe—Hurried from Carisbrooke castle to Hurst castle—To Windsor—To London—Trial—Execution—Burial—Queen Henrietta remains ignorant of his fate.

QUEEN Henrietta trusted that the air and waters of her native land would restore her to convalescence, and repair the constitution shattered by the severe trials, mental and bodily, which she had sustained. The springs of Bourbon, indeed, somewhat ameliorated her health; but her firmness of mind was greatly shaken. She wept perpetually for her husband's misfortunes; she was wasted almost to maceration, and her beauty was for ever departed. This loss she bore with great philosophy; she did not even suppose that it was caused by her troubles. She was used to affirm, "That beauty was but a morning's bloom, and that she had plainly perceived the departure of hers at twenty-two; and that she did not believe that the charms of other ladies continued longer."¹ It mattered little to her, since her husband loved her with increased affection, and proved to her, by a thousand tender expressions and kind deeds, "how much the wife was dearer than the bride."

The following graphic portrait, drawn by her friend madame de Motteville, gives a faithful description of queen Henrietta, both in person and mind; and it must be remembered that the study was from life, and the result of familiar acquaintance.² "I found this once lovely queen very ill, and much changed, being meagre and shrunk to a shadow. Her mouth, which naturally was the worst feature of her face, had become too large; even her form seemed marred. She still had beautiful eyes,

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 278.

² Ibid., p. 290.

a lovely complexion, a nose finely formed, and something in her expression so *spirituelle* and agreeable, that it commanded the love of every one; she had, withal, great wit and a brilliant mind, which delighted all her auditors. She was not above being agreeable in society, and was, at the same time, sweet, sincere, easy, and accessible, living with those who had the honour of her intimacy without form or ceremony. Her temper was by nature gay and cheerful. Often, when her tears were streaming, while she narrated her troubles, the reminiscence of some ridiculous adventure would occur, and she would make all the company laugh by her wit and lively description; before her own eyes were dry. To me her conversation usually took a solid tone; her grief and deep feeling made her look on this life and the pride of it in a true light, which rendered her far more estimable than she would have been had sorrow never touched her. She was naturally a most generous character. Those who knew her in her prosperity assured me that her hand was most bounteous, as long as she had aught to give."

Such is the sketch drawn by Henrietta's most intimate friend, who was at the same time one of the most virtuous, the most accomplished, and the best of her countrywomen.

Candour demands that we should place this portrait of Henrietta, drawn at a time when she utterly vanishes from the historic page of England, in contradistinction to the prejudiced caricatures which our native authors furnish.

The French people, not yet agitated by the insurgency of the civil war of the Fronde, paid the most affectionate attention to Henrietta, regarding her as the daughter, sister, and aunt of their kings. As she had, when in power, done sufficient to provoke the political vengeance of her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, in whose hands the sovereignty of France rested as queen-regent, her thoughts became a little uneasy on that subject. Henrietta had most warmly taken the part of her mother, Marie de Medicis, with whom Anne of Austria had always been on bad terms; and, as her biographer expresses it, she had inflicted on the latter some *petites malices*, which are great evils at a time when an exalted person is undergoing a series of persecutions. Fortunately, however, the manly character of Henrietta's consort had interposed in the behalf of Anne of Austria, and he had been able to perform some important services for her during the sway of her tyrant Richelieu, especially by the protection he had afforded to her persecuted favourite, the duchess of Chevreuse, which that queen now remembered with gratitude, and repaid to his afflicted wife and children.¹

Madame de Motteville enjoyed every possible opportunity of writing true history in all she has testified, since she was on the spot, and domesticated with the exiled queen at this juncture. The queen-regent, Anne of Austria, whose confidential lady of honour madame de Motteville was, sent her to the baths of Bourbon, to offer queen Henrietta all the assistance that was in the power of France to bestow. To this,

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 235. That lady, in a foot-note, says of Henrietta, "It was herself who recounted to me the remarks which I have inserted here."

Anne of Austria added many marks of beneficence, most liberally supplying her afflicted sister-in-law with money for her expenditure; of all which bounty Henrietta stripped herself, and sent every farthing she could command to the king her husband. Madame de Motteville continues to observe, after relating this good trait of Henrietta, "that many persons have attributed the fall of king Charles to the bad advice of his queen, but that she was not inclined to believe it, since the faults and mistakes she actually committed she candidly avowed, in the foregoing narrative, which," pursues our fair historian, "she did me the honour to relate to me exactly as I wrote it, when we were domesticated together in a solitary place, where peace and repose reigned around us, unbroken by worldly trouble.¹ Here I penned, from first to last, the detail of her misfortunes which she related to me, in the confidence of familiar friendship."

Lord Jermyn had retained his post in the household of Henrietta through every reverse of fortune, and was now the superintendent of her expenditure, the steward of her finances, and the person who provided her with everything she either wore or consumed. He had enriched himself, as her treasurer, in the days of her prosperity; and he had contrived, by foreseeing the disastrous tendency of the royalist cause in England, to invest his large capital on the continent. The English authors suppose that lord Jermyn maintained the queen when she was in exile—a great mistake, since the French archives prove that she had a noble income settled upon her, as a daughter of France in distress. She might even have saved money, if her hand had not been over-bounteous towards her distressed husband. The assistance, therefore, given her by Jermyn, must be limited to the failure of her French supplies during the extreme crisis of the war of the Fronde, which did not occur till several years after her return to France. However, the devoted fidelity of this servant of her household, his adherence to his office in times of the utmost danger, when he occasionally felt himself obliged to disburse the queen's expenses, instead of reaping wealth from the income of his appointment, naturally raised gratitude in her mind. He was called her minister, and by some her favourite; as such, madame de Motteville draws the following portrait of him at this period:—

"He seemed an honourable man, remarkably mild in his manners; but to me he appeared of bounded capacity, and better fitted to deal with matters of petty detail than great events. He had for the queen that species of fidelity usual to long-trusted officials. He insisted that all her money must be deposited with him before any other person in the world, that he might apply it to her expenses, which at all times were great. The queen reposed much confidence in him; but it is not true that he governed her entirely. She often manifested a will contrary to his, and maintained it, as absolute mistress. She always showed proper feeling in regard to all who depended on her; but she was naturally inclined to be positive, and to support her own opinions with vivacity. Her arguments, while maintaining her own will, were urged with no

¹ The convent of Châillot, where queen Henrietta usually retired when under the pressure of ill health or sorrow.

little talent, and were mingled with a graceful playfulness of raillery, which tempered the high spirit and commanding courage of which she had given so many proofs in the principal actions of her life. Queen Henrietta, unfortunately for herself, had not acquired in early life the experience given by an intimate knowledge of history. Her misfortunes had repaired this defect, and painful experience had improved her capacity; but we saw her in France lose the tottering crown, which she at this time (1644) could scarcely be considered to retain."

Our fair historian, who was literally behind the scenes, and saw all the springs of movement which influenced the conduct of the royal family of England as well as that of France, proceeds to make the following observation, which is not merely a brilliant antithesis of French genius, but a sober and simple truth, which may be corroborated by every examiner into documentary history. "The cabinets of kings are theatres where are continually played pieces which occupy the attention of the whole world. Some of these are entirely comic; there are also tragedies, whose greatest events are almost always caused by trifles." And such is ever the result when power falls into the hands of those who, ignorant of the events of the past, have never studied history, or drawn rational deductions, by reasoning on the causes of those events. Chance governs the conduct of such royal personages. Great tragedies spring from trifling caprices. If of good capacity and virtuous inclinations, experience may be learned by a royal tyro, but generally too late; for mistakes in government cannot be rectified by the work being taken out and better put in, as a craftsman's apprentice gains his skill by rectifying mistakes. The irrevocable past assumes the awful mien of destiny, and too often governs the future.

"The queen of England, my aunt," says mademoiselle de Montpensier, "in the autumn of 1634 was afflicted with a malady, for which her physicians had already prescribed for her the warm baths of Bourbon, and she was forced to make some stay there before she was well enough to come to the French court. When she was convalescent, her arrival was formally announced, and I was sent in the king's coach, in the name of their majesties, (the infant Louis XIV. and his mother, the queen-regent) to invite her to court, for such is the usual etiquette."¹

Gaston, duke of Orleans, the favourite brother of Henrietta, had not, however, waited for the formality of such an approach; he had flown to visit and comfort her, and was with her at the baths of Bourbon, when his daughter, the *grande mademoiselle*, arrived in the queen's coach. "I found Monsieur, my father," continued that lady, "with the queen of England; he had been with her some time before I arrived; we both brought her in state on the road to Paris."

The precise time of this progress is noted in the journal of the celebrated Evelyn, who, as a philosopher, and therefore, we suppose, a non-combatant, had very wisely asked the king leave to spend his youth in travel, while broad-swords were clashing, and the war-cry of "Ho for cavaliers! hey for cavaliers!" was resounding throughout his native

¹ Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. ii. p. 106.

island. He encountered queen Henrietta on this journey, at Tours; he saw her make her entry in great state; the archbishop went to meet her, and received her with an harangue at the head of the clergy and authorities of that city, on the 18th of August, O. S., 1644.² Her majesty rested at Tours, in the archbishop's palace, where she gave Evelyn an audience. She re-commenced her journey to Paris on the 20th of August, in the state-coach, with her brother Gaston, and *la grande mademoiselle*, who observes, "that at the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, the queen-regent came to meet the queen of England, my aunt, and she brought the little king and the child, his brother, to receive her; they all kissed her, and invited her into the king's coach, and thus she made her entry into Paris."

Mademoiselle de Montpensier was as much struck by the wretched appearance of the poor queen, as madame de Motteville had been; she says:—

"Although queen Henrietta had taken the utmost care to recover her good looks, her strength, and her health, she still appeared in a state so deplorable, that no one could look at her without an emotion of compassion. She was escorted to the Louvre, and given possession of her apartments by the queen-regent and her son, in person; they led her by the hand, and kissed her with great tenderness; they treated her not only with the consideration due to a queen, but to a queen who was, at the same time, a daughter of France."³

Anne of Austria gave her distressed sister-in-law the noble income of 12,000 crowns per month. Much has been said relative to the pecuniary distress suffered by queen Henrietta during her exile in France; but justice obliges the remark, that her generous relatives supplied her most liberally with funds, till the civil war of the Fronde reduced them all to similar destitution. The pecuniary deprivations of the exiled queen lasted only a few months, although it is usually affirmed that such was the case during the rest of her life. The truth was, she stripped herself of whatever was given her, and gradually sold all her jewels, to send every penny she could command to her suffering husband; her boundless generosity, and her utter self-denial, in regard to all indulgences that she could not share with him, is the best point of her character. The kindest of her friends, the most credible of witnesses, madame de Motteville, and those two bright examples of old English honour and fidelity, sir Richard and lady Fanshawe, bear testimony in many passages to this disposition of Henrietta's income. Mademoiselle, her niece, observes, with some contempt: "The queen of England appeared, during a little while, with the splendour of royal equipage; she had a full number of ladies, of maids of honour, of running footmen, coaches, and guards. All vanished, however, by little and little, and at last nothing could be more mean than her train and appearance."³

We have seen the unfortunate queen of Charles I. inducted into the Louvre by the generous regent of France. That palace was not, during

² Evelyn's Journal, vol. ii. p. 64.

³ Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

³ Ibid.

the minority of Louis XIV., occupied by the court, and its royal apartments were vacant for the reception of their desolate guest. Anne of Austria likewise appointed for her country residence the old château of St. Germain, whither she retired that autumn, within three or four days after she had taken possession of her apartments in the Louvre.

One of Henrietta's first occupations, when settled in her residence at St. Germain-en-Laye, was to indite the following letter to the bishop of Laon; it affords a specimen of childish devotion better befitting the semi-barbarians of the middle ages, than a woman of brilliant intellect of the 17th century:—

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO THE BISHOP OF LAON.

"Monsieur l'Evesque de Laon,

"I am apprised of the pains you have taken at the reception of a little offering which the father-capucins have brought, on my part, to our lady of Liesse, to mark my gratitude to her for having preserved me from shipwreck, through the goodness of our Lord; and for the intervention of this our holy mother, in the tempest which I encountered at sea the preceding years,* which has induced me to propose founding a mass to be said for me every Saturday in the year, in the said chapel, for perpetuity; and I have at the same time empowered those who deliver this, to enter into the contract for this effect, as I send a capucin of my almoner's, with power to do all that is needful in this affair, who promises that you, who have already given your cares to this good work, will continue them, and employ your authority to establish it, to the glory of God and the honour of the holy Virgin, and to mark my perpetual reliance on the one and on the other.

"Meantime I myself will, in person, render my vows at the said chapel, to testify the good-will I shall ever bear you, praying God, monsieur l'Evesque, ever to hold you in his keeping.

"From St. Germain en Laye, this 7th of September, 1644.

"Your good friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

The contribution the queen sent to the chapel by her capucin almoner was 1500 livres, for a low-mass to be said every week in perpetuity; this sum she doubtless devoted as a thank-offering from the bounteous supply which had been accorded by her munificent sister-in-law, the queen of France.

Although so generously soothed and succoured, queen Henrietta remained for many months deeply depressed in spirit, mourning her utter bereavement of husband and children. Her time was principally spent in writing to king Charles, and her establishment at the Louvre proved the rallying point for loyalist English emigrants, who sought shelter under her influence in France, when the various plots broke and fell to pieces, which were devised for the restoration of king Charles. Among these were found the illustrious literary names of Cowley, Denham, and Waller. Cowley followed the queen to Paris after the surrender of Oxford, and became Latin secretary to lord Jermyn, who had the whole care of her household. The office of the poet extended to the translation of all the letters that passed between the queen and king Charles in cypher; and so indefatigable was their correspondence, that it employed

* This hitherto unedited letter is from Père Cyprian's MS.

* In her voyages to and from Holland, in February, 1642 and 1643.

Cowley all the days of the week, and often encroached on his nights, for several years.¹

Brief must be the specimens of the letters which passed between this pair so tender and true. How deeply their correspondence was marked by heart-feeling, the following will show :—

KING CHARLES TO QUEEN HENRIETTA.

“1645.

“Since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? If you knew what a life I lead—I speak not of the common distractions, even in point of conversation, which, in my mind, is the chief joy or vexation of one's life—I dare say thou wouldst pity me, for some are too wise, others are too foolish, some are too busy, others are too reserved and fantastic. (*Here the king gives in cypher the names of the persons whose conversation, in domestic life, suits his taste so little, owing at the same time that, in matters of business, they were estimable. After enumerating names, to which the cypher is now lost, the king adds*)—Now mayest thou easily judge how such conversation pleaseth me. I confess thy company hath perhaps made me hard to be pleased, but no less to be pitied by thee, who art the only cure for this unease.

“Comfort me with thy letters; and dost thou not think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest thy time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of?

“Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is to my affairs.”

In this series occurs a letter from Henrietta, in which she alludes to a passage in one from her husband, where he seemed to doubt that she had shown his correspondence to some other than lord Jermyn, who, with his assistant-secretary, the young cavalier poet Cowley, were the only persons entrusted with the decyphering of the royal letters.

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.

“There is one thing in your letter which troubles me much, where you would have me ‘keep to myself your despatches,’ as if you believe that I should be capable to show them to any, only to lord Jer (Jermyn), to uncypher them, my head not suffering me to do it myself; but if it please you, I will do it, and none in the world shall see them. Be kind to me, or you kill me!

“I have already affliction enough to bear, which, without your love, I could not do, but your service surmounts all. Farewell, dear heart! Behold the mark which you desire to have, to know when I desire anything in earnest. X.”

This letter proves that lord Jermyn was the king's trusted friend, and that his majesty expressed displeasure if the confidence of the queen was not entirely limited to him. It is another instance which fully proves the fact, that the person to whom the world gave the epithet of royal favourite, was in reality private secretary and decypherer of the letters of the king or queen. Envy and scandal perpetually pursued such confidants of royalty, and the malicious stories circulated by their enemies always take a vague place in general history, without any definition being afforded of the close attendance the office required, especially when the economy induced by the king's misfortunes obliged lord Jermyn to unite the duties of the queen's chamberlain, steward, and secretary, in one.

¹ Johnson's Life of Cowley.

On these reports Horace Walpole has founded one of his malicious tales, on no better authority than oral tradition. "One evening," he says, "before the queen quitted England, the king had nearly surprised lord Jermyn alone with her. One of the gentlemen in waiting, who were walking backwards before the king with lights down the gallery, stumbled and fell on purpose, which gave Jermyn time to escape." As lord Jermyn had been the queen's domestic ever since she was seventeen—being appointed as such by the king, to her great displeasure, on the dismissal of her French servants—the astonishment of his majesty would have been caused by his absence from the queen's apartment when he arrived, and not by his presence. Fortunately for the memory of Henrietta, her self-sacrifices in behalf of king Charles are quite sufficient to refute such slanders. It is not usual for women whose affections wander from their husbands, to deprive themselves of every splendour, every luxury, and even of the necessities of life, for their sakes. Horace Walpole knew best if such was the way of his world.

The following letter, quoted from the cabinet captured at Naseby, alludes to the sums sent by the queen to the assistance of her husband :—

QUEEN HENRIETTA TO KING CHARLES.¹

"Paris, Jan. 17, 1644-5.

"My dear heart,

"Tom Elliot, two days since, hath brought me much joy and sorrow ; the first, to know the good estate you are in ; the other, the fear I have that you go to London. I cannot conceive where the wit was of those that gave you this counsel, unless it be to hazard your person to save theirs. But thanks be to God, to-day I received one of yours by the ambassador of Portugal, dated in January, which comforted me much to see that the treaty shall be at Uxbridge. For the honour of God, trust not yourself in the hands of those people. If ever you go to London before the parliament be ended, or without a good army, you are lost.

"I understand that the propositions for peace must begin by disbanding your army. If you consent to this you are lost ; they having the whole power of the militia, they have and will do whatsoever they will.

"I received yesterday letters from the duke of Lorraine, who sends me word that, if his services be agreeable, he will bring you 10,000 men. Dr. Goffe, whom I have sent into Holland, shall treat with him in his passage upon this business ; and I hope very speedily to send you good news of this, *as also of the money. Assure yourself I shall be wanting in nothing you can desire, and that I will hazard my life, that is, I will die with famine, rather than not send it to you.* Send me word, always, by whom you receive my letters, for I write both by the ambassador of Portugal, and the resident of France. Above all, have a care not to abandon those who have served you, as well the bishops as the poor catholics. Adieu."

Charles I. very truly anticipated that the publication of the letters and papers which his rebels captured at Naseby, in his private cabinet, would raise his character in the estimation of the world. He thus mentions the subject in a letter to his secretary, sir Edward Nicholas :—"My rebels, I thank them, have published my private letters in print, and though I could have wished their pains had been spared, yet I will neither deny

¹ Rapin, vol. ii., folio, p. 611.

that those things were mine which they have set out in my name (only some words here and there are mistaken, and some commas misplaced, but not much material); nor will I, as a good protestant or honest man, blush for any of those papers. Indeed, as a discreet man, I will not justify myself; yet would I fain know him who would be willing that all his private letters should be seen, as mine have now been. However, so that but one clause be rightly understood, I care not much so that the others take their fortune. It is concerning the mongrel parliament: the truth is, that Sussex's factiousness, at that time, put me out of patience, which made me freely vent my displeasure against those of his party to my wife."¹

In the course of her correspondence, the queen most earnestly strove to dissuade her husband from his fatal determination of trusting himself in the hands of the prevalent political party in Scotland. We say the prevalent party, for we scorn to re-echo the imputations cast on the gallant nation, as a whole, for the misdeed committed by the greedy leaders of a faction. Charles I., however, took the disastrous step against which his queen had vainly warned him; the Scotch calvinists sold him to the republican army; and to which the palm of infamy is to be awarded, his buyers or sellers, we think would puzzle a casuist. After this event, the royalist cause was hopeless in England, and the queen, torn with anguish in regard to the personal safety of her husband, sent sir John Denham from France,² in order to obtain a personal conference with him, that she might know his real situation. Sir John either influenced or bribed that strange fanatic, Hugh Peters, to obtain for him this interview. The faithful and learned cavalier saw the king at Caversham, and informed him of the exact situation of his queen in her native country, and of all her hopes and fears regarding foreign assistance. Denham relates a most pleasing anecdote relative to the interest the king took in his literary productions. All the troubles which oppressed his royal heart had not prevented Charles from reading and analysing Denham's poem on sir Richard Fanshaw's translation of the Pastor Fido. The pleasures arising from literature were the sole consolations of the unfortunate Charles, during his utter bereavement and separation from all he loved in life.

The first gleam of satisfaction to the mind of queen Henrietta, was the arrival of her eldest son in France. This boy, with his young brother, the duke of York, had early been inured to the sound of bullets and the crash of cannon; they had followed their royal father through many a field of various fortune. Sometimes exposed to the range of the murderous bullet,³ sometimes crouched from the pelting storm beneath a hedge, suffering in company with some much-enduring divine of the

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1672, pp. 103, 104.

² See the Dedication of sir John Denham's noble descriptive poem of Cooper's Hill, published after the Restoration.

³ See an incident of the kind in Ellis's *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 304. James II., in his autobiography, draws a most extraordinary picture of the battles and sieges of which he was a witness, from his detention in Hun, by sir John Hotham, to the Restoration.

persecuted church of England, their tutor, hunger, cold, and pitiless weather, while their royal sire was putting the fortunes of England on a field; then, when the strife was over, springing to the arms of their father, and comforting him by their passionate caresses. In after life, James, duke of York, often narrated his early reminiscences of such adventures occurring when he was little more than nine years old; he recalled them with the feeling of love and admiration with which he always mentioned his father's name. This young prince was left in Oxford at its disastrous surrender, and was committed by the parliament to the custody of the earl of Northumberland, and afterwards lodged as a prisoner in the palace of St. James.

The young prince of Wales was hurried to the loyal west of England, where, on her own dower possessions as the queen of England, and on the stannary district belonging to the prince, a more settled government had been established by Henrietta than in any other part of the country; and here she had promoted a trade with France for tin, which has been quoted as a proof of her practical abilities.¹ When the fortunes of Charles I. became still more and more disastrous, the young prince of Wales was withdrawn to Scilly, afterwards to Jersey, finally he took shelter on the opposite coast, Sept. 18, 1646, and joined his royal mother at Paris. From thence the mother and son were invited by the queen-regent of France, to visit her and the little king, Louis XIV., at Fontainebleau, and their reception is thus described by an eye-witness:—

“The queen-regent and the little king of France came to meet their royal guests, and received them into their coach. When they alighted, Louis XIV. gave his hand to his aunt, the queen of Great Britain, and the prince of Wales led the queen of France. The next day, the prince of Wales came to her drawing-room, when she appointed him a *fauteuil*, as concerted with his mother, queen Henrietta. But when his mother afterwards entered the apartment, it was etiquette for the prince only to occupy a joint-stool in her presence, as queen of Great Britain; he therefore rose from the arm-chair and took his place in the circle, where he remained standing during the audience.² Very singular does it seem, that these royal exiles were employing their thoughts and occupying their time with arrangements of precedence between joint-stools and arm-chairs—yet so it was. Till Henrietta Maria was a refugee in France, it appears that she disliked such pompous trifles as much as did her mighty sire, Henri Quatre, and never exacted them in her private intercourse with her friends; we see how utterly free her letters are from cold ceremonial. But when under the protection of her munificent Spanish sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, she was forced to take the heavy chain of etiquette on her neck more than ever, or run the risk of giving offence every moment, by breaking those little incomprehensible laws by which an observer of ceremonies governs every movement of those domesticated with them. It seems to have been Anne of Austria's favourite manner of testifying her hospitality and consideration for her guests and protégées, to offer them precedence to herself and her sons

¹ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 44.

² Madame de Motteville.

on every occasion. Of course it was but good manners in the royal guests to protest against such precedence and distinction. Thus was time tediously spent in ceremonials idle and absurd; and the worst was, that an elaborate example was set for such follies to the by-standing courtiers, from whom it spread all over Europe. A scene of this kind occurred soon after the arrival of the prince of Wales at the French court. Madame de Motteville says, "that at the betrothal of mademoiselle de Thémis with the marquis de Cœuvre, queen Henrietta, who was among the guests at this festival, was given by the royal family of France the precedence in signing the marriage articles, which she did not do till after all the civilities and resistances required on such occasions had been carried to the utmost. Then the queen-regent of France, Anne of Austria, signed, and the minor king, Louis XIV.; then Charles, prince of Wales; and then *Monsieur*, (Gaston, duke of Orleans,) because the *véritable Monsieur*, Philippe, duke of Anjou, was too little to sign, not being able to write."¹

Madame de Motteville proceeds to declare that the young king of France seldom took precedence of Charles, prince of Wales, when they met at court, or when they danced the *brulé* or brawl, without great apology. The two queens had so arranged the ceremonial, that these representatives of the two greatest kingdoms in the world were either accommodated with equal joint stools in their royal presences, or stood in the courtly circle.

The following sketch of Charles in his youth, then about sixteen, was drawn from the life. "This prince was very well shaped, his brown complexion agreed well enough with his large bright black eyes, though his mouth was exceedingly ugly, but his figure was surpassingly fine. He was very tall for his age, and carried himself with grace and dignity. His natural tendency to wit and repartee was not noticed, for at that time of his life he hesitated, and even stammered, a defect observed in his father, Charles I., and still more seriously in his uncle, Louis XIII."² This defect was nevertheless no fault of the organs of utterance, as madame de Motteville supposes, for the prince's tongue was glib enough in his own language, but was owing to his great difficulty in pronouncing French—a proof that his mother had not accustomed herself to talk to her children in her native tongue. For a year or two after his arrival in France, we shall find that the young prince was forced to remain nearly a mute for want of words.

Queen Henrietta manifested, at an early period of her sojourn in France, an extreme desire to unite her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, to her son, the prince of Wales. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was not only of suitable rank, being the first princess in France, the

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. i. pp. 412, 413. This child, "the véritable Monsieur of France," afterwards inherited the title of Orleans, on the death of Gaston without sons. The title of Monsieur always reverted to the second brother or son of the reigning king of France. Philippe was the only brother of Louis XIV., and the patriarch of the Orleans-Bourbon line now on the throne of France.

² Ibid., p. 376.

daughter of the favourite brother of Henrietta, but likewise the greatest heiress in Europe.

Her portraits at Versailles and Eu show that she had no little beauty, and her memoirs, that she had wit sufficient to encourage her in her vanity and presumption. Gaston of Orleans, father of this fantastic royal beauty, was poor, considering his high rank as the first prince of the blood. All his first wife's vast possessions, as heiress of Montpensier and Dombes, had passed to his daughter, and he was often dependent on her for funds, when she was a very young woman, and this position inflated her intolerable self-esteem. She took pleasure in mortifying her aunt, queen Henrietta, whenever she opened the subject of her union with the prince of Wales; it is evident that she suspected him of indifference to her charms and advantages, for she never mentions the matter without apparent pique. "Although I had,"¹ she observes, "been sufficiently informed of the wishes of my aunt, the queen of England, when we were together at Fontainbleau, yet I seemed not to give the slightest credence to a second declaration the prince of Wales made me through madame d'Epemon, who was the friend of the English royal family. The first offer of the prince of Wales, as I said, was made me by the queen his mother. I really know not, if he had spoken himself, whether he might not have succeeded; but I am sure I could not set great account on what was told me in behalf of a lover who had nothing to say for himself." Afterwards she consoles her pride by the reflection, that young Charles had nothing to say for himself, because he could not utter an intelligible sentence in French; yet she considered that he ought to have obtained proficiency on purpose. Thus *la grande mademoiselle* remained indignant that he only courted her through the agency of the tender and flattering speeches made by his royal mother.

"I noted, nevertheless," says the literary princess, "that whenever I went to see queen Henrietta, her son always placed himself near me; he always led me to my coach; nothing could induce him to put on his hat in my presence; he never put it on till I quitted him, and his regard for me manifested itself a hundred ways in little matters. One day, when I was going to a grand assembly, given by madame de Choisy, the queen of England would dress me, and arrange my hair herself; she came for this purpose to my apartments, and took the utmost pains to set me off to the best advantage, and the prince of Wales held the flambeau near me, to light my toilette, the whole time."¹ What an extraordinary historical group here presents itself! The artists of the day could draw nothing but the *fade* subject of Venus, attired by the graces; here, to the mind's eye, rises the elegant figure of the royal Henrietta dressing her beautiful and *spirituelle* niece, then in the first splendour of her charms, and, in contrast to their beauty, was the dark Spanish-looking boy, standing by with the flambeau. First cousins, it is true, have privileges; Charles was not more than fifteen, but yet too old for an attendant Cupidon.

¹ Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. i. p. 143.

"I wore black, white, and carnation," pursues this literary princess; "my prurere of precious stones was fastened by ribbons of these colours; I wore also a plume of the same kind: all had been fancied and ordered by my aunt, the queen of England. The queen-regent, (Anne of Austria,) who knew by whose hands I was adorned, sent for me to come to her before I went to the ball; therefore the prince of Wales had an opportunity of arriving at the hotel de Choisy before me, and I found him there, at the *portes cochères*, ready to hand me from my coach. I stopped in a chamber, to re-adjust my hair at a mirror, and the prince of Wales again held the flambeau for me; and this time he brought his cousin, prince Robert, (Rupert,) as an interpreter between us, for believe it who will, though he could understand every word I said to him, he could not reply to me the least sentence in French. When the ball was finished, and we retired, the prince of Wales followed me to the porter's lodge of my hotel, and lingered till I entered, and then went his way. His gallantry was pushed so far, that it made a great noise in the world that winter, and was much manifested at a fête, celebrated at the Palais Royal, where there was played a magnificent Italian comedy, embellished with machinery and music, followed by a ball; and again my aunt, the queen of England, would dress me with her own hands. It had taken three entire days to arrange my ornaments. My robe was all figured with diamonds, with carnation trimmings. I wore the jewels of the crown of France, and to add to them, the queen of England lent me some very fine ones, which at that time she had not yet sold. She said not a little on the fine turn of my shape, my good mien, my fairness, the brightness of my light hair." She was placed on a throne in the middle of the ball-room, and the young king of France and the prince of Wales seated themselves at her feet. "I felt not the least embarrassed," adds this modest damsel, "but as I had an idea of marrying the emperor, I regarded the prince of Wales but as an object of pity!"

In the course of this egotist's memoirs, she marks with contempt the increasing poverty of her aunt, queen Henrietta, the plainness of her attire, the humility of her equipage, as she gradually parted with every diamond and glittering thing, the remnants of her former splendour, which, together with the liberal allowance she derived from the French government, she sacrificed to her conjugal affection.

As the fortunes of her royal lord grew darker and darker, queen Henrietta was induced to persuade him to abandon the episcopal church in England, in hopes of restoration and peace. The agents who undertook to inform the king of her wishes in this matter, certainly gave him great pain and displeasure. These were Bellièvre, the French ambassador, who arrived at Newcastle in 1646, on this errand from his court; and sir William Davenant, who was sent by the queen direct from Paris to tell the king "that all his friends there advised his compliance." The king observed "that he had no friends there who knew aught of the subject." "There is lord Jermyn," replied Davenant. "Jermyn knows nothing of ecclesiastical affairs," said the king. "Lord Colepepper is of

¹ Mademoiselle de Montpensier, vol. i., p. 143.

the same opinion." "Colepepper has no religion whatever," returned the king; "what does Hyde think of it?" "We do not know, please your majesty," answered Davenant; "the chancellor has forsaken the prince, having remained in Jersey instead of accompanying him to the queen, and her majesty is much offended with him." "My wife is in the wrong; Hyde is an honest man, who will never forsake me or the church," rejoined the king. "I wish he were with my son." Davenant proceeded to mention "that the queen had resolved, if her opinion was not taken, to retire into a convent, and never to see the king again," an intimation which gave the severest pangs to the heart of her husband, who drove the negotiator from his presence, which he never permitted him to enter again.¹ The king remonstrated with the queen on her avowed intention of deserting him, which she passionately denied, and it is supposed that Davenant had dared to threaten the king with some of the idle gossip he had gathered in her majesty's household in Paris.

Notwithstanding this sharp trial of his dearest affections, Charles stood firm, and the church owes the preservation of the remainder of her property to his honesty and justice, and the grand object of the rebels of dividing her spoils among the strongest, and devouring them like the abbey lands, met with no legal sanction. The vast access of despotism attained by Henry VIII., in a similar case, seems to have offered no inducements to Charles I. Had he really been a tyrant, would he not have followed such an example with impunity, and taken the opportunity not only of relieving his pecuniary distress, but of throwing rich sops to the new set of upstarts greedy for prey?

No part of the sad pilgrimage of the unfortunate monarch was more afflicting to him than his sojourn at Newcastle, yet the great body of the people always treated him with respect and affection. A little circumstance that occurred to him when at church in that town he often repeated with pleasure. In the course of the service, the clerk gave out a psalm, chosen with a factious tendency:

"Why boastest thou, thou tyrant,
Thy wicked works abroad?"

The king arose and forbade it, and gave out the commencement of the 46th psalm:

"Have mercy, Lord, on me,
For men would me devour."²

The whole congregation joined with the Head of the church in his amendment, and sang the psalm which was indeed the most applicable to his case.

In the course of the year 1646, the queen had the pleasure of welcoming to her arms her little daughter, Henrietta, whom she had left an infant, of but a fortnight old, at Exeter. The escape of the babe from the power of the parliament was effected by lady Morton, her governess. This young lady was one of the beautiful race of Villiers, a great favourite

¹ Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

² Whitelock's Parliamentary Memorials.

of the queen, whose favour she certainly deserved by her courageous fidelity, both in attending her to Exeter in the worst of her troubles, taking care of her infant, and ultimately bringing it safely to her. Lady Morton had been permitted, by the parliamentary army, to retire with the infant princess from Exeter to the nursery-palace of Oatlands. The year after, when all royal expenses were cashiered, and the parliament meditated taking the child to transfer it with its brothers and sisters to the custody of the earl and countess of Northumberland, lady Morton resolved only to surrender this little one to the queen, from whom she had received her.

Père Cyprian Gamache, who was afterwards the tutor of the princess, details the story of the escape, and the simple man seems to believe, in his enthusiasm, that Providence had ordained all the troubles of king Charles, in order that his youngest daughter might be brought up a Roman catholic.

"Queen Henrietta," he says, "separated from her husband and children, living in loneliness of heart at the Louvre, had thought intensely of this babe, and earnestly desiring her restoration, had vowed that if she was ever reunited to her that she would rear her in her own religion."¹

"Can a mother forget her child?" repeats Père Gamache; "a hundred times each day did the thoughts of the bereaved queen recur to her little infant; as many times did her prayers, accompanied with maternal tears, ask her of God; nor did he refuse the just request. In fact it was clearly his will that the infant should be restored to the mother, and in bringing it to pass he caused feminine weakness to triumph over all the power of the English parliament. His goodness inspired the countess of Morton to divest herself of her rich robes and noble ornaments to assume the garb of poverty, and disguise herself as the wife of a poor French servant, little better than a beggar. She likewise dressed the infant princess in rags, like a beggar-boy, and called her 'Pierre,' that name being somewhat like the sound by which the little creature meant to call herself, 'princess,' if she was asked her name." Lady Morton was tall and elegantly formed, and it was no easy matter to disguise the noble air and graceful port of the Villiers beauty. She, however, fitted herself up a hump, with a bundle of linen. She walked with the little princess on her back in this disguise nearly to Dover, giving out that she was her little boy.² Subsequently lady Morton declared that she was at the same time alarmed and amused at the indignation of the royal infant at her rags and mean appearance, and at the pertinacity with which she strove to inform every person she passed on the road "that she was not a beggar-boy and Pierre, but the little princess."³ Fortunately for the infant Henrietta, no one understood her babblings but her affectionate guardian. Lady Morton had arranged all things so judiciously that she crossed the sea from Dover to Calais, in the common packet-boat, without awakening the least suspicion. When once on the French territory

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, section 115.

ibid

² *Vie de Reine Henriette* (Bossuet).

the royal child was no longer "Pierre" but "princess;" and lady Morton made the best of her way to the queen at Paris. "Oh, the joy of that meeting!" exclaims Père Cyprian—"oh, the consolation to the heart of the mother when her little one who was lost was found again! How many times we saw her clasp her round the neck, kiss her and kiss her over again. The queen called this princess the 'child of benediction,' and resolved to rear her in the Roman-catholic faith. In fact, as soon as the first sparks of reason began to appear in the mind of this precious child, her majesty honoured me by the command of instructing her."¹

Lady Morton's successful adventure caused a great deal of conversation at Paris; and Edmund Waller, who had previously celebrated her as a leading beauty at the court of England, made her the heroine of another poem, in which he lauded her fidelity to her royal mistress; in one of his couplets (which we do not quote as the best of his strains) he alludes to lady Morton's stratagem thus:—

"The faultless nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape."

This poem was presented to queen Henrietta Maria, at the Louvre, on New Year's Day, 1647.²

The little princess, who was born in so much peril, and preserved amidst adventures more romantic than any invented by writers of fiction, was received by her royal mother as a consolation sent by Heaven for her troubles.

The mother and child, thus wonderfully reunited, were never separated for any length of time again. The sad queen seems to have centred her warmest maternal affection in this youngest and fairest of her offspring.³

A parliamentary war broke out in Paris in the first days of the year 1648. It is well known in history as the war of the Fronde. It raged for about eighteen months.

Henrietta Maria, enlightened by sad experience, thus early in the struggle warned her sister-in-law how to avert the coming storm.⁴ Few persons, however, take any warning, except by their own personal suffering; and the war of the Fronde, which broke out on the 7th of January, 1648, with a stormy meeting of the merchants of Paris, to resist a heavy illegal house-tax, had assumed a very alarming character in the course of that spring. The people took advantage of the minority of the king, the discontents of the princes of the blood, and the successes of the English parliament, in a far worse cause, to demand rights which had been gradually extinguished since the death of their beloved Henri Quatre. Henrietta Maria took a just and sensible view of the grievances of her native country—a view well becoming her father's daughter. She

¹ Père Cyprian Gamache, MS., 116.

² Waller's Poems. Clarendon, madame de Motteville, and Waller, and many contemporaries, all authenticate this extraordinary escape of the infant Henrietta.

³ Father Cyprian's MS.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, who is the historian and eye-witness of the Fronde.

subsequently employed her influence in negotiating a peace with the princes of the house of Condé, who were the leaders of the popular party.

While this national convulsion was progressing towards its crisis, Henrietta Maria resided either at the Louvre or at St. Germain's. She continued to be highly respected by the French court; she was invited to stand god-mother to the *petit monsieur* of France, who was given the name of Phillippe, at his confirmation, on the 11th of May, 1648. Two or three days afterwards, the news arrived that her second son, James, duke of York, had made his escape from his imprisonment in St. James's palace, by one of those romantic series of adventures which seem to pertain to every sovereign who bore the name of Stuart. The queen had written to him from France, charging him to effect his escape, if possible; but this design was suspected by the authorities paramount in the kingdom, and his governor was threatened with committal to the Tower, if he were detected in any such design. In one of those interviews with his royal father which were sometimes permitted, the young prince obtained the consent and approbation of his majesty; he retained the secret closely in his own bosom for an entire year, without finding an opportunity of confiding it to any one, but, as he declared, the idea never left him night or day.

The queen was in constant correspondence with agents in England, to effect the escape of James. The chief difficulty was, that he had given a promise to the earl of Northumberland, that he would not receive any letters whatsoever without his knowledge. So strictly did the young boy keep his promise, that, as he was going into the tennis-court in St. James's palace, a person, whom he knew to be perfectly faithful, offered to slip a letter into his hand, saying softly to him, "It is from the queen." James answered, "I *must* keep my promise, and for that reason I cannot receive it." As he spoke thus, he passed onward, so that no notice was taken of the colloquy. This incident was told to the queen at Paris, who was much displeased, and said, angrily, "What can James mean by refusing a letter from me?" He afterwards explained to her in Paris, that his boyish honour was pledged, and the queen declared that she was satisfied.

For the present, the royal boy remained on board that portion of the English fleet which had forsaken Cromwell, and taken refuge at Helvoetsluys. He hoisted his flag there as lord-admiral; and as the English sailors were much encouraged by his presence, queen Henrietta gave him leave to continue on board; and his brother, the prince of Wales, prepared to leave France, to join him there.

"In this year," observes madame de Motteville, "a terrible star reigned against kings. On the 14th of July, 1648, mademoiselle de Beaumont and I went to see the queen Henrietta, who had retired to the convent of the Carmelites, in order to compose her mind after the anguish she had endured in parting with her son, the prince of Wales, who had departed to take the command of the English ships which were at that

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. ii. p. 185. Maestricht edition.

time lying at Helvoetsluys. We found the queen alone in a little chamber, writing and closing up despatches, which, she assured us, after she had finished them, were of the greatest importance. She then communicated to us the great apprehensions she felt regarding the success of her son's undertaking. She confided to us her present state of pecuniary distress, which originated in the destitution of the queen-regent of France, the civil war of the Fronde having disorganized all the resources of government. Queen Henrietta showed us a little gold cup out of which she drank, and protested that she had not another piece of gold, coin or otherwise, in her possession. She told us, with tears, 'that her misery in parting with her son was much aggravated by the fact that all his people came to her, demanding payment of their salaries;' and had told her, at his departure, 'that if she could not pay them, they must quit his service; but,' she added, 'that she had the grief of finding it impossible to relieve their wants, knowing, at the same time, how real they were.' Queen Henrietta then mentioned, with anguish, "how much worse the officers of her mother had behaved when that queen was resident, at the beginning of the civil war, in England;" and thus did justice to the superior manliness and endurance of the English cavaliers,¹ with whom, nevertheless, she was the most unpopular woman in the world.

"We could not but marvel," continued madame de Motteville, "at the evil influence which dominated at this juncture over the crowned heads who were then the victims of the parliaments of France and of England; though ours was, thanks to God, very different to the other in their intentions, and different also in their effects, yet, to all appearances, the future lowered dark enough!"

During the dreadful days of the first battle of the Barricades and that of the gate of St. Antony, Henrietta came from her peaceful residence at St. Germain, and sojourned with her royal sister-in-law at Paris, sharing her hopes and fears, and supporting her by her presence. As yet she had not herself lost all hope of the restoration of the king her husband. The time now drew near that was to show how dismally that hope was to be blighted.

It was at the alarming juncture, when the royal family of France were finally driven from Paris by the Fronde, that queen Henrietta courageously exchanged her residence at St. Germain-en-Laye, for the Louvre. Her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, marks this fact, and observes, it was when the prince of Wales went to Holland; this was in the summer

¹ Of this some of them were not aware, or did not know the extreme straits to which the royal exiles were often reduced; many letters exist which speak bitterly of the queen for not relieving their wants. "I am a sad man to understand that your honour is in want," wrote Endymion Porter, from Paris, to Mr. Secretary Nicholas; "but it is all our cases, for I am in so much necessity, that, were it not for an Irish barber, that was once my servant, I might have starved for want of bread. He hath lent me some monies, which will last me for a fortnight longer, and then I shall be as much subject to misery as I was before. Here in our court no man looks on me; the queen thinks I lost my estate for want of wit, rather than my loyalty to the king my master." The above passage proves that this complaint had no foundation, but merely arose from the peevishness of misery.—Ellis's *Historical Letters*, Second Series, vol. iiii, p. 314.

of 1648. Public affairs assumed, at this period, so dangerous an aspect in Paris, that the regent-queen, Anne of Austria, thought it best to strengthen herself in the château of St. Germain. Modern policy has been wholly regardless of the commanding station of that fortress; but it is formed by nature, and in ancient times was ever used as a bridge on Paris. Its bold range of cliffs, following the windings of the Seine in front, its flank guarded by a dense forest of thirty miles, might be forgotten by the Bourbons of the 18th and 19th centuries, but not by the warriors who could remember the wars of Henri Quatre. "When at St. Germain," observed Marie de Medicis to Bassompierre, "I seem to have one foot in Paris." In fact, Anne of Austria and her court retired to this fortified ridge, which those familiar with the scene are aware commands a view of one long arm of Paris. The royal army occupied the plain below, between the metropolis and the Seine. Queen Henrietta, who was much beloved by the Condé family, and had a great influence with them, came to the Louvre for the real purpose of undertaking the office of mediatrix between the people and the regent-queen—an office which, after many troubles and deprivations, she subsequently successfully accomplished. Much was, however, to be done and suffered before either party would listen to the suggestions of peace and reason, and to the representations of Henrietta's dearly bought experience. The siege of Paris, and the war of the Fronde, darkened the close of the year 1648. Henrietta was beleaguered in the Louvre by the Parisian faction of the Frondeurs, and Paris was at the same time besieged by the queen-regent, her sister-in-law, from St. Germain-en-Laye.¹

Queen Henrietta passed the inclement and dismal Christmas of 1648, with a reduced household, shut up in the vast edifice of the Louvre, her thoughts divided between the civil war around her and the distant and darker prospect of affairs in England. The besieged state of Paris often obstructed the passage of the couriers who brought her despatches from her unfortunate husband, and thus her misery was tantalized by suspense.

Cardinal de Retz, the principal leader of the Fronde, paid a visit of inquiry on the 6th of January, to learn what had become of the desolate queen of England, after a series of furious skirmishes and slaughters, which had convulsed Paris during the days immediately preceding the 6th of January. It was well that he had not forgotten her, for her last loaf was eaten, and her last faggot had been consumed, and she was destitute of the means of purchasing more. The cardinal, who was one of the leading spirits of his age, was a friend of the queen. He found her without any fire, though the snow was falling dismally; she was sitting by the bedside of her little daughter, the princess Henrietta; it was noon, but the child was still in bed. "You find me," said the queen, calmly, "keeping company with my Henrietta; I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire." The little princess was but four years old when she was thus sharing with her mother the extremes of destitution. The cardinal sent queen Henrietta assistance immediately from his own resources, which she accepted thankfully

¹ Madame de Moutville's Memoirs.

The same day he flew to the parliament of Paris, with which he was all-powerful, and represented, with a burst of passionate eloquence, the dire distress to which the daughter of their Henri Quatre was reduced. They instantly voted her a subsidy of 20,000 livres.¹

And what was the occupation of the sad queen in her desolate watch by her little child? The date of the following letter, long hid among the archives of Russia, most touchingly proves. "What pathos in a date," exclaims one of our poets. We find it so, indeed, in many an historical coincidence. On this 6th of January, when the providential visit of de Retz possibly saved queen Henrietta and her little one from perishing by destitution, she had received the heart-rending tidings that the military terrorists in London were about to institute a tribunal to sentence the king, her husband; and her occupation, on that eventful day, was writing the following letter to the French ambassador in London, count de Grignan, entreating to be permitted to come to London, and share her husband's destiny:—

HENRIETTA MARIA TO M. DE GRIGNAN, AMBASSADOR FROM LOUIS XIII., TO
ENGLAND.²

"Monsieur de Grignan,

"The state to which the king my lord finds himself reduced, will not let me expect to see him by the means he heretofore hoped. It is this that has brought me to the resolution of demanding of the two chambers (*both houses of parliament*) and the general of their army, passports to go to see him in England.

"You will receive orders from M. le cardinal (*Mazarine*) to do all that I entreat of you for this expedition, which will be to deliver the letters that I send you herewith, according to their address.

"I have specified nothing to the parliaments and to the general, but to give me the liberty to go to see the king my lord; and I refer them to you, to tell them all I would say more particularly.

"You must know, then, that you are to ask passports for me to go there, to stay as long as they will permit me, and to be at liberty all the time I may be there, and likewise all my people; in regard to whom it will be necessary to say, that I will send a list of those that I wish shall attend me, in order that if there are any in the number of them that may be suspected or obnoxious, they may be left behind.

"There are letters for the *speakers* of both houses, and for the general (Fairfax). You will see all these persons, and let me know in what manner they receive the matter, and how you find them disposed to satisfy this wish. I dare not promise myself that they will accord me the liberty of going; I wish it too much to assure myself of it at a time when so little of what I desire succeeds; but if, by your negotiation, these passports can be obtained, I shall deem myself obliged to you all my life, as I shall, (whatever may happen,) for all the care you have taken, of which make no doubt.

"I shall add no more, except to assure you that I am, monsieur de Grignan, most truly

"Your very good friend,

"From the Louvre,

"This 6th of January, 1649."

"HENRIETTE MARIA R.

¹ Autograph Mémoires of Cardinal de Retz, vol. i. Confirmed by madame de M^{re}zeville. Queen Henrietta, honourably remembering the cruel manner in which her mother's officers had compromised king Charles, by asking alms of the parliament of England, did not receive this benefaction till she had obtained leave of the queen-regent.

² Translated from an inedited autograph in the imperial library of St. Petersburg.

About the same time, probably on the same day, she wrote to her husband, (by one Wheeler, an agent of major Boswell,)¹ expressing her deep sense of sorrow for his condition, adding, "that with all his afflictions she bears an equal share, and that she wished to die for him, or, at least, with him, nor can she live without hopes of being restored to him, for whom she hath done, and will do her utmost in all possible ways, and still trusts to help him." She likewise wrote a letter, endorsed, "*To her trusty and well-beloved Thomas, lord Fairfax, General,* desiring his assistance, that she might see the king, her husband, before he be proceeded against by any trial, and to have a pass for her secure coming and returning." Which letter was delivered by the French ambassador to general Fairfax, and being sent by him to the House of Commons, was thrown aside, with the mere remark that the house had, in 1643, voted her majesty guilty of high treason.²

Before Henrietta accepted the aid of the parliament of Paris, she had sent an account of her extreme destitution to the queen-regent of France, then at St. Germain, and craved some present relief, in order to procure food for herself and her servants. Anne of Austria answered, "that the destitution was equal in her own household, for neither she nor the king had a *sou*, and that she had neither credit to obtain a dinner or a gown."³

Sometimes, when Paris was more than usually tumultuous, the household servants of queen Henrietta who had dispersed themselves in various directions in search of food, rallied round her, either to protect her or to be protected by the defences of the Louvre, and sometimes the royalist nobility left in the French metropolis came thither for shelter. Madame de Motteville had frequent interviews with the queen on these occasions.

"Hither," exclaims this writer, with eloquence, which draws its grandeur from the power of truth—"hither should the great of the earth have come; they who deem themselves destined to a permanent puissance; they who imagine their magnificence, their pleasures, and their apparent glory will never cease! Here they should have come to meditate, and to be undeceived in their false opinions. The destitution of this royal lady was distressing, was afflicting enough, yet she told me it was light, in comparison to the apprehension that laid on her heart of the greater calamity which was to come. But it was the will of God that she should feel the difference between the greatest prosperity and the greatest misery that can happen in this life. It may be truly said that she experienced these two states in their extremes."⁴

Yet the queen's ever-sanguine temperament gave a certain buoyancy to her manners in the day-time; it was in the silent watches of the night

¹ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 42.

² *Ibid.* That Henrietta wrote the letters, of which this little old memoir gives the abstracts, cannot now be doubted, since the copy of her autograph letter on the same subject, addressed to the French ambassador, de Grignan, strongly confirms this assertion.

³ Letter of viscount Lisle to his father, the earl of Leicester, dated January 1648-9.

⁴ *Madame de Motteville*, vol. iii., pp. 150. 151.

that her full heart was relieved by tears. The English newspapers of the day contrived, notwithstanding the siege of Paris, to obtain accurate knowledge of the real state of her feelings. "The queen," they said, "is returned from her devotions in the house of the Carmelites, where she hath been for divers days; she seems not dejected at the state of her husband in England, yet her ladies declare that her nights are more sad than usual."¹

A dead pause and cessation of intelligence had occurred since queen Henrietta had despatched to London the letters which have been recently quoted. No information whatsoever of all that was going on there had reached her during the principal part of January and February, 1649. The civil strife in and around Paris had stopped the access of all couriers and letters to the Louvre. And in this agonizing state of suspense we must leave our queen, and trace the consummation of that great tragedy in England, the dim forebodings of which, she said, so heavily oppressed her heart.

To give the personal history of Charles I., during the four years through which he suffered and struggled, after his sad separation from the partner of his heart, would far exceed our limits. The plan of this biography of his queen must be the exact reverse of the histories of his reign, which cleave to Charles, and scarcely condescend to note what became of Henrietta. On the contrary, we have but given glimpses, through the loopholes of her correspondence, of the long series of battles, lost or won, persecutions and imprisonments, which led her monarch to a violent death.

King Charles I. had escaped more than once from his enemies, yet nothing could induce him to show to the French the piteous and degrading sight of a king of Great Britain as a suppliant in France. It has been noted that it was his conviction, from an early period in the struggle, that the rebels meant to shed his blood; yet he preferred enduring the worst cruelties that they could find in their hearts to inflict on him, rather than abandon his country. Charles was right. Yet his daily life, in England, presented few enviable moments.

"When all was done that man could do,
And all was done in vain,"

he passed his time either as a fugitive or a prisoner. One of his old cavaliers has described him after the battle of Naseby, wandering without a place where to rest his head. Often he dined "at a very poor man's house," on the charity of one of his lowliest subjects, who perhaps needed money more than the Scotch calvinists who sold him to his enemies. Again the observation is forced upon us, that never was a Stuart betrayed by one of the lower classes.

Sometimes the unfortunate monarch starved; sometimes the entry in the journal is "dinner in the field." "No dinner," is the entry for several successive days. Another, "Sunday, no dinner; supper at Worcester—a cruel day." The king himself, writing to Nicholas, men-

¹ *Moderate Intelligencer*, from Dec. 28 to Jan. 4, 1649, quoted by Sir Henry Ellis, *Historical Letters*, vol. viii., 2d series, p. 344.

tions receiving a letter from the queen, when marching over Broadway hills, in Worcestershire; he mentions it as if he were too much harassed in mind and body to note well its contents. This seems to have been the march mentioned in the "Iter Carolinum" as the long march, that lasted from six in the morning till midnight. Once it is noted, "that his majesty lay in the field all night, at Boconnock Down." Again, his majesty had his meat and drink dressed at a very poor widow's. Sir Henry Slingsby¹ declares that when the king and his tired attendants were wandering among the mountains of Wales, he was glad to sup on a pullet and some cheese; "the goodwife who ministered to his wants having but one cheese, and the king's attendants being importunate in their hunger," she came in and carried it off from the royal table. Charles was too true a soldier to repine at this incident; he was glad that his faithful followers had wherewithal to satisfy their famine, though with homely viands. "For," said he, "my rebel subjects have not left enough from my revenue to keep us from starving." One Rosewell, a dissenting minister, when a boy, by accident beheld the fugitive king, sitting with his attendants, resting under the shelter of a tree in a lonely field. The canopy was not very costly, but, from the demeanour of the monarch, the beholder received the most reverential idea of his majesty. Rosewell had been bred an enemy, yet he did not find "majesty a jest divested of its externals." He never forgot the personal elegance, the manly beauty of Charles; the grace reflected from a highly cultivated mind, which gave him as kingly an air under one of England's broad oaks, as beneath a golden canopy at Whitehall.

"Often the king rode hard through the night, and saw the break of day, which only recalled the wearied fugitive to the anxious cares of a retreat or a pursuit. Once, late in the evening, he dismissed some loyal gentlemen to their homes, with these pathetic words:—'Gentlemen, go you and take your rest; you have houses, and homes, and beds to lodge in, and families to love and live with; but I have none! My horse is waiting for me to travel all night.' The king often compared himself, in the words of the psalmist, 'to a partridge hunted on the mountains.' In the beautiful and touching memorial of his afflictions, he has noted himself, not only as destitute of the common necessities of life, but as bereaved of his wife, his children, and his friends. 'But,' said he, 'as God has given me afflictions to exercise my patience, so hath he given me patience to bear my afflictions.'"² Such was the life led by the much tried monarch, towards the conclusion of the war.

Wearied of this life of homeless sufferings and perils, the king threw himself on the generosity of the Scotch covenanters. They sold him to the English commons. It was represented to him, that he might yet escape further into Scotland. He replied, with a mournful smile, "I

¹ Sir Henry Slingsby (who wrote these notations) was, with Dr. Hewet, executed by Cromwell. The death of these loyal gentlemen drew on the usurper those reproaches from his dying daughter, Mrs. Claypole, which awakened his conscience and hastened his own death.

² From one of the most beautiful passages in D'Israeli's Commentaries on Charles I., vol. iv.

think it more respectable to go with those who have bought me, than stay with those who have sold me." He added, "I am ashamed that my price was so much higher than my Saviour's." If Charles had taken refuge among the highlanders, in the loyal districts, Scotland had never groaned under the bitter reproach of this transaction. There was little to choose between the honour of the covenanters and the roundheads.

The roundhead army dragged their king a prisoner, in their marches, until he finally rested at Hampton Court, where he had a short breathing time, while the army and commons manifested some jealousy which should possess him. Here Cromwell paid deceitful court to him; but it is evident, from every word the king said to his real friends, or wrote in the Eikon Basilikou, that he looked forward to nothing but a violent death. Such were his intimations in the last interview he had with sir Richard and lady Fanshawe.

Oh! the beautiful, the touching memorials which that admirable woman has left of her conjugal love, to the noblest of mankind, her own beloved cavalier, sir Richard Fanshawe! Next to her husband, her suffering monarch and his queen were the objects of lady Fanshawe's affection and veneration. She risked and suffered much to carry to the queen a message from king Charles. An interview occurred between him, sir Richard, and lady Fanshawe, which few can read, in her words of sweet simplicity, without being moved. It was during the king's melancholy sojourn at Hampton Court, in the autumn of 1647.

The reader must be reminded that the writer was the wife and daughter of the king's familiar friends, with whom he had been intimate from his youth upwards. "I went three times to pay my duty to his majesty, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, I could not refrain from weeping. He kissed me when we took our leave of him; and I, with streaming eyes, prayed aloud to God, to preserve his majesty with a long and happy life.

"The king patted me on the cheek, and said, impressively, 'Child, if God willeth, it shall be so; but you and I must submit to God's will, and you know what hands I am in.'

"Then, turning to my husband, sir Richard Fanshawe, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife. I pray God to bless her, and preserve her, and all will be well.'

"Then, taking my husband in his arms, he said, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man; I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son.'

"Thus did we part from that benign light, which was extinguished soon after, to the grief of all Christians not forsaken of their God."¹

During the detention of the king at Carisbrooke castle, in the year 1648, a strong reaction had taken place in his behalf, among all ranks and conditions of his people, who, after six years of war, famine, and

¹ Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.

enormous taxation, had wofully drawn comparisons between the economical expenditure of their king, and that of the rapacious democrats.

The whole of Charles I.'s annual expenditure, reckoning even the disputed item of ship-money, was within one annual million of pounds. The expenditure voted by parliament to oppose him, could not have been less than ten millions annually. The price of wheat during three years of the struggle amounted to the famine price of four pounds per quarter—the intense sufferings of the poor may be imagined when the relative value of money is calculated. Moreover, the kings of merry England, in the olden time, only required their dues from men who had something: the grand secret how to wring money from men who were worth nothing but the clothes they wore and the food they consumed; how to pinch a tax out of the poor man's candle, his modicum of salt, his brewing of malt, the leather that kept his feet from the cold, was first discovered by the political economists of the roundhead parliament. Neither the king, the nobles, the bishops of England, instituted the excise taxes; revolutionists did this deed.¹ And what was far worse than their abstraction of the enormous masses of money² they gained, these vexatious exactions created numberless new crimes. It was a virtuous action, in the reign of king Charles I., for an industrious cottager to make her own candles, or for her husband to malt and brew his own barley; under the commonwealth, and still more in the protectorate, it subjected them to inquisitorial inspections, from a new race of petty placemen, and converted good into evil, household duties into crimes. The king, the ancient nobility, and the bishops, were not the only victims of the roundheads, but the poor suffered with them, in a manner never before experienced.

It will scarcely excite wonder, that towards the close of the year 1648, the whole population, excepting those who were sharing among themselves the produce of this taxation, should be extremely desirous of peace.

But when a majority in the House of Commons was found in favour of pacification with the king, Cromwell sent colonel Pride with a body of troopers, who seized those members of parliament as they came into the house, who voted for peace, and thrust them into a dungeon of the ancient palace of Westminster, called Hell. Thus were forty of them incarcerated, and one hundred and sixty expelled. Whenever a majority was found in favour of the king, the same violence was repeated.³

¹ Vol. i. p. 309, of Toone's Chronology,—an easily accessible authority, for this statement; but from the papers published by authors still more inimical to royalty, as Whitelock and Ludlow, inferences more startling, regarding the public expenditure, when in the hands of republicans, may be drawn.

² Toone, vol. i. p. 310. The amount of the expenditure of the commonwealth in fourteen years was the almost incredible sum of ninety-five millions five hundred and twelve thousand pounds. Twelve millions of this sum were the produce of the new excise laws.

³ Guizot's English Revolution. The same facts may be gathered from Rapin, Whitelock, and Ludlow, but the inimical spirit of these historians to Charles I., involves the incidents in such a tedious narration of *presbyterian* and *independent*

Two alarming revolts in favour of the king, one in London and the other in its vicinity, had just been crushed with unsparing bloodshed. Such was the state of the metropolis, when Charles I. was dragged to die in it.

The first movement towards the accomplishment of this tragedy took place Nov. 30, 1648. The king was seated at dinner, in the hall of Carisbrooke castle, where, according to the ancient customs of an English monarch, the public were permitted to see him at meals. On that fatal day a cadaverous-looking gaunt man, whose military vocation was indicated by his spanner (belt) and scarf, entered, and placing himself opposite to his majesty, continued to regard him in grim funereal silence all dinner-time. The king's few faithful servants, who were waiting on him, whispered together, that he was certainly one of the "ill spirits of the army." After the king rose from table, one of his attendants broke the ominous silence of the gaunt stranger by asking him to eat. After the wretch had fed, he vouchsafed to growl out, as if he had indeed been an evil spirit, "I am come to fetch away Hammond to-night."¹ Hammond was the governor, who considered himself responsible for the king's safety, to the House of Commons, and was therefore obnoxious to the army. The grim man was that colonel Isaac Ewer, whose name appears on the king's death-warrant.

The king's faithful servants, among others a gallant cavalier, called Ned Cooke, entreated him to fly, telling him a boat was ready on the beach. The king, who knew not the open warfare between the army and House of Commons, said—"I have passed my word to Hammond and the house; I will not be the first to break my promise."

Escape, in fact, was scarcely possible. Two regiments were landing from Southampton, of which the grim colonel had been the precursor. A cordon of soldiers encircled Carisbrooke castle as night drew on.

At day-break there was a loud knocking at the outer door of the royal chamber. The duke of Richmond, the king's attached kinsman, who slept there, rose, and asked who was there. "Officers with a message from the army," was the answer. Several roundhead officers rushed in, and abruptly told the king they came to remove him. "To what place?" asked the king. "To the castle," answered colonel Cobbett. "The castle is no castle," replied the king. "I am prepared for any castle; but tell me the name?" "Hurst castle," was the answer. "Indeed! you could not have named a worse."

Hurst castle was a desolate block-house, projecting into the sea, at high tides scarcely connected with the Isle of Wight. The king's coach was drawn out; he entered it. Major Rolfe, one of the garrison at Carisbrooke, suspected of tampering with the king's life, endeavoured to follow him; the king placed his foot to hinder his entrance, and pushed the armed ruffian back, saying, very coolly, "Go you out, we are not yet come to that." He called his grooms of the chamber, Harrington,

contests, that the facts regarding the pacification with the king are lost to the apprehension of the general reader. The presbyterians, led by Prynne, were at this time loyalists.

¹ Herbert's Narrative.

(the author of the "Oceana," who had been placed about him by the parliament,) and his own faithful Herbert. The ruffian whom he had repulsed mounted the king's led horse, and rode by the side of the carriage, abusing him all the way. The king amused himself by making Herbert and Harrington guess to what place they were going.

Nothing could be more dismal than Hurst castle. This lonesome spot, jutting out into the ocean, and severed from all concern with human life, seemed a suitable scene for some murder, such as the king had received intelligence was meditating against him. The room, or rather den, in which he was immured, was so dark that candles were needed at noon day. Nevertheless, the king was not ill-treated by Cobbett, who reproved and displaced the original commander of the block-house for some blustering insolence at his majesty's first arrival. The deprivation felt most by Charles was the loss of the accomplished Harrington, in whose literary conversation he exceedingly delighted.

The king's spirits had begun to droop with the monotony of this doleful sea-girt fortress, when just three weeks after his arrival he was startled from his sleep by the rattling fall of the draw-bridge. The faithful Herbert, now the solitary attendant of his royal master, stole forth to learn his fate. Whilst the king had been incarcerated at Hurst castle, the last struggle between the parliament and the army had taken place.¹ The presence of the intended victim was needed, and major Harrison was sent for him. The king had been warned against this man, who had talked in a wild way of assassinating him. Harrison seems to have been insane in the faculty of destructiveness. He had been bred a butcher by trade, and was remarkable for the homicides he had committed since he had changed his vocation of killing beasts. His retribution had, however, already commenced, and he at times fancied that he was attended by a fearful spectre, and dogged by following fiends.

It was soon found that the errand of this homicide was to take the king to Windsor castle. Charles, who could not imagine that any regicide was likely to be perpetrated in his ancient regal fortress, was glad to exchange the obscure den in which he was immured for such a dwelling. On the road thither, at Winchester, and at every considerable town, his people of England came forth and invoked blessings on his royal head, and prayed aloud for his safety, despite of the terrors of his military escort.² Tears, which his own misfortunes could not draw from his eyes, were seen on these occasions. Once he recognised a loyal gentleman, in deep mourning for sir Charles Lucas, who, with his gallant friend, Lisle, had been executed by the command of Ireton, in defiance of the terms of capitulation at the recent surrender of Colchester. The king recognised the relative of his faithful friend; he murmured to

¹ An expulsion of the parliamentary majorities for the fourth or fifth time had been perpetrated by Cromwell's armed ruffians. In one of these struggles, Prynne, the author of the *Histriomatrix*, escaped from the troopers, and rushed into the House of Commons; the troopers tore after him, dragged him ignominiously out of the House by the collar, and hurled him violently down a flight of steps into the dungeon, where he had leisure to meditate on the liberty and privileges of parliament.

² *State Trials*; *Herbert's Narrative*; *Whitelock's Memoirs*.

himself the names of "Lisle and Lucas," and then burst into a passion of tears.

The king passed one month at his royal castle in comparative serenity of mind. He heard, from time to time, of the preparation of a court to try him; but the absurdity of an attempt at legality, after the violence offered to the freedom of the house of commons, appeared preposterous to common sense. Murder the king expected, but not the farce of judicature. His heart yearned towards his wife and children; he spoke of them incessantly, and this was made a crime by the base hireling press. Cromwell's licenser¹ or censor of the public press (for he had provided himself with such a functionary, whose office has been little known, either before or since in Great Britain) thus speaks of the captive monarch:—"The king is cunningly merry, though he hears of the parliament's proceedings against him. He asked one who came from London how his young princess did? He was answered that the princess Elizabeth was very melancholy. The king answered, 'And well she may be, when she hears the death her old father is coming to.' We find his discourse very effeminate, talking much of women."² Thus were the domestic affections of the king discussed by a hireling who affected to cater news for the army.

While the king remained at Windsor, vast masses of military were drawn nearer and nearer to the metropolis, and in and about it, till, as the Venetian ambassador wrote, "London seemed as if it were besieged within and without; the troopers with which it swarmed were quartered and stabled in" Westminster Abbey and other desecrated places of worship, where they duly exercised their destructiveness in their hours of recreation.

When the iron yoke of military control was firmly fitted on the necks of the people, Cromwell, the chief terrorist, thought the time was fit for the presence of the captive king on the scene. He was sent for to London, January 15, 1648-9, O.S.

As the king left Windsor castle, his kinsman, the duke of Hamilton, who was imprisoned there, had, by bribes and tears, prevailed on his gaolers to let him see his king once more. He was accordingly brought out by his guards, and the party intercepted the king in his path; Hamilton flung himself on his knees before him, with the passionate exclamation of "My dear, dear master!" These were the only words he could utter. "I have indeed been a *dear* master to you," replied the king, with pathetic emphasis, while he embraced his kinsman for the last time.³

The king was guarded to London by colonel Harrison and a large squadron of troopers, who carried loaded pistols pointed at his carriage.

¹ Newspaper, called "The Moderate," by George Mabbot, licenser of the press, Jan. 9 to 16, 1649.

² Edited by D'Israeli, in his *Commentaries of the Life of Charles I.*, vol. v., p. 414.

³ The duke of Hamilton, the earl of Holland, and lord Capel, were beheaded Mar. 5 1649, O.S., about five weeks after the murder of Charles I. Hamilton's crime was, being taken in arms at the head of a raw Scotch militia, with which he hoped to make a diversion in favour of Colchester.

He was brought to St. James's Palace, where, for the first time, he was entirely deprived of all the usages of royalty. His attendants were dispersed, and he was left alone with his faithful Herbert, who fortunately was sufficiently literary to be the historian of his master's progress to his untimely tomb.

Meantime, the councils of his persecutors were full of dissension and uncertainty. Further violent expulsions took place from the intimidated remnant who called themselves the house of commons, until only sixty-nine members remained who thought themselves fitted for the task of king-killing. These were chiefly officers in the army; yet, even of these, many found themselves mistaken, in regard to the hardness of their hearts, when they saw their king face to face, and heard him speak. Many of the persons summoned as judges were neither members of parliament, nor even lawyers. At last, after several consultations in the Painted Chamber, it was agreed, "that while the tribunal sat, the king was to be imprisoned in sir Robert Cotton's house," which was part of the ancient structure of Edward the Confessor's palace; "that the chamber next the study, in Cotton-house, be the king's bedroom, and the chamber before it be his dining-room; that a guard of thirty officers and choice men be placed above stairs, and that two of them be always in his bed-chamber; and other guards at all the avenues; that the king be brought to his trial the lower way into Westminster Hall, guarded by the body of halberdiers. Guards to be placed, not only in and about Westminster Hall, but on the leads and at all windows of the adjoining houses that look towards the Hall; that there be troopers on horseback all without the Hall; and that all back-doors, from the place called *Hell*, be stopped up."¹

The regicide junta was supported by ten companies of foot, and squadrons of horse, and yet seemed to sit in terror. They met privately in the Painted Chamber, January 20, where they consulted how they were to answer the king's certain objections to their authority. At last Cromwell's purple face was seen to turn very pale. He ran to the window, where he saw the king advancing, between two ranks of soldiers, from Cotton House. "Here he is—here he is!" exclaimed he, with great animation; "the hour of the great affair approaches. Decide speedily what answer you will give him, for he will immediately ask by what authority you pretend to judge him." A deep silence ensued which was broken by the jocose destructive, Harry Marten, who, it is supposed as a sneer, uttered, "In the name of the commons assembled in parliament, and of all the good people of England."² The mere sight of the scanty numbers of the commons, with the army at the door, choking every avenue of Westminster Hall, offered forcible answers to the illegality of this arraignment; but brute force is not obliged to be logical.

The procession of the regicides then took their way to Westminster Hall, with sword and mace. Bradshawe, a serjeant-at-law of no prac-

¹ Trial of Charles I. State Trials, vol. ii., p. 477.

² State trials of the regicides. Evidence of sir Purbeck Temple.

tice, was their president; as he was in some terror of an inbreak of the people, he had caused his high-crowned puritan hat to be lined with iron,¹ a precaution which seems to have been taken by the rest of the lawyers busy on this iniquitous work. When all was ready, and a large body of armed men were stationed on each side of the mock tribunal, the great gate of Westminster Hall was set open, and the populace rushed into all the vacant spaces as spectators.

Whilst the king was on his progress to Westminster Hall, his anxious people crowded as near to his person as possible, crying, "God save your majesty!" The soldiers beat them back with their partisans, and some of the men in colonel Axtel's regiment raised the cry of "Justice—justice!" But as their commander was actively exerting himself among them, bestowing on them vigorous canings, the cry was somewhat ambiguous. This furious regicide, by the application of his cudgel, elicited, subsequently, a cry from a few individuals of "Execution—execution!"²

The king was conducted under the guard of colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. His eyes were bright and powerful; his features calm and composed, but bore the traces of care and sorrow, which had scattered early snows on the curls which clustered beneath his hat. As he advanced, he regarded the tribunal with a searching and severe regard, and without moving his hat, seated himself with his usual majesty of demeanour. Soon after, he rose and looked around him; his eyes earnestly dwelt on the armed force, which was but a continuation of the vast masses crowding the avenues of Westminster Hall, and overpowering the people. "With a quick eye and gesture," says a contemporary print, "he turned himself about, noting not only those who were on each side of the court, but even the spectators who were in the hall." A poet, who was present, wrote on the spot the following lines, descriptive of his mien at this awful crisis:—

"Not so majestic on thy throne of state;
On that but men, here God's own angels wait,
In expectation whether hope, or fear,
Of life, can move thee from thy kingly sphere."³

The arraignment was opened by one Cook, an obscure lawyer, who, when he read "that the king was indicted in the name of the Commons assembled and the people of England," his majesty interrupted him. The lawyer read on. The king then stretched out his cane, and tapped him on the shoulder. Cook glared angrily round. At that instant the gold head of the cane fell off, and rolled on the floor. To such acute tension were the nerves of every one present wound up, that this petty incident

¹Guizot's *English Revolution*, 355. This is a curious little circumstance, which has escaped the research of our native writers; it is mentioned in the *State Trials*.

²*State Trials*. Col. Axtel's Trial. The regicide, in his defence, alleged that these cries from his men were meant as complaints against the cudgellings he then found it necessary to bestow on them, and that they were reflections on him, and not on the king.

³*Reliquiæ Sacræ*, printed at the Hague, 1650, p. 354.

⁴Cook's Trial.—*State Trials*.

made a great impression on the whole assembly, even on the august victim. But in every pause, in every interruption, the words "God save your majesty! God save the king!" resounded from the spectators, as if meant for a choral response in the great drama.¹ Angry requisitions for silence proceeded from the persons in power; some vigorous bastinadoes were distributed, together with a due proportion of kicks and cuffs, on the people by the military ruffians at the door, accompanied by threats of murderous treatment. Then the voice of the regicide-advocate was heard, recommencing the arraignment. The ominous document, under terror of firelocks pointed against protesting voices, was at last read through, with no other comment than a smile or two of contempt from the king. Bradshawe then demanded his answer, in his plea of guilty or not guilty. As Cromwell had anticipated, the king denied the authority of the court, though not the power, observing, in illustration, "that there were many illegal powers, as those of highwaymen and bandits;" likewise that the House of Commons had agreed to a treaty of peace with him when he was at Carisbrooke, since which he had been hurried violently from place to place. "There is colonel Cobbett," continued the king, "ask him whether it was not by force that he brought me from the Isle of Wight? Where are the just privileges of a House of Commons? Where are the Lords? I see none present to constitute an assembling of parliament. And where is the king? Call you this bringing him to his parliament?"² A dialogue of argument took place between the royal prisoner and Bradshawe, on the point of whether the monarchy of England was elective or not? and when the man of law was worsted in the dispute, he hastily adjourned the court.

The king was taken from the hall amidst the irrepressible cries of "God bless your majesty! God save you from your enemies!" Such was the only part that the people of England took in the trial. The king was brought before his self-appointed judges again and again, when similar dialogues took place between him and Bradshawe; each day, however, brought an alarming desertion from the ranks of those who were supposed staunch to their bloody task. Twelve members on the first day refused to vote or assist in bringing the trial to a conclusion.³

Seven agitated days had passed away, during which the king had appeared thrice before his self-constituted judges, when, on January 27th, alarmed by the defection of more than half of their numbers, the regicides resolved to doom their victim without further mockery of justice, and without producing their evidence. Indeed, this evidence chiefly consisted of the depositions of witnesses who saw the king perform acts of personal valour in the field, of his rallying broken regiments, and leading them up to the charge, and thereby oftentimes redeeming the fortunes of a desperate field. His valour at Cropredy Bridge was not forgotten,

¹ Ibid.—Evidence of Joseph Herne, who swore, that when the king was brought to the bar, for some time nothing could be heard but acclamations of "God save your majesty!" Vol. ii. p. 715.

² Guizot's English Revolution.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Trial of Charles I.—State Trials of Axtel, Harrison, &c.

though turned against him. These details, however, only proved that, when devoted loyalists had arrayed themselves in his cause, the king had shared their perils to the utmost.

With the determination of pronouncing the sentence on which they had previously agreed, the king, for the fourth time, was brought before the remnant of the regicide junta. Bradshawe was robed in red, a circumstance from which the king drew an intimation of the conclusion of the scene. When the list of the members was read over, but forty-nine of them answered; with that miserable remnant the trial proceeded. As the clerk read over the list, when the name of Fairfax occurred, a voice cried, "Not such a fool as to come here to-day." When the name of Cromwell was called, the voice exclaimed, "Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor." When Bradshawe uttered the words, "that the king was called to answer, by the people, before the commons of England assembled in parliament," "It is false," answered the voice; "not one half-quarter of them." General attention was now turned towards the gallery, for the voice was a female one, and issued from among a group of masked ladies there. A great disturbance took place, and many symptoms of resistance among the populace. At last, the oaths and execrations of the ruffian commander, Axtel, were heard above the uproar, mixed with gross epithets against women, to which he added the following command to his soldiers:—"Present your pieces. Fire—fire into the box where she sits!"¹

A dead silence ensued, and a lady rose and quitted the gallery. She was lady Fairfax. Her husband was still in power. The ruffian, Axtel, dared not harm her. This lofty protest against a public falsehood will remain, as a glorious instance of female courage, moral and personal, till history shall be no more. The earnest letter the queen had written, entreating the parliament and army to permit her to share her royal husband's prison, may be remembered. It is known that she wrote to Fairfax on the same subject. The conduct of the general's wife was probably the result of Henrietta's tender appeal.²

When this extraordinary interruption was suppressed by force of arms, another soon after arose among the regicides themselves. Bradshawe was proceeding to pass sentence on the king, who demanded the whole of the members of the House of Commons, and the Lords, who were in England, to be assembled to hear it, when one of the regicides, colonel Downes,³ rose in tears, and in the greatest agitation, exclaimed, "Have we hearts of stone—are we men?" "You will ruin us and yourself too," whispered Mr. Cawley, one of the members, pulling him down on one side, while his friend, colonel Walton, held him down on the other. "If I were to die for it," said colonel Downes, "no matter."

"Colonel," exclaimed Cromwell, who sat just beneath him, turning

¹ State Trials,—that of the regicide Axtel. Evidence of sir Purbeck Temple.

² Lady Fairfax was daughter of lord Vere of Tilbury.

³ State Trials, p. 496, where it appears that Downes's repentance took place on the fourth day, as his name appears on the list, and such is the assertion, though it is in contradiction to most histories of the incident. Guizot has followed the documentary authority.

suddenly round, "are you mad? Can't you sit still?" "No," answered Downes, "I cannot, and I will not sit still!" Then, rising, he declared that his conscience would not permit him to refuse the king's request. "I move that we adjourn to deliberate." Bradshawe complied, probably lest Downes's passionate remorse should become infectious; and the whole conclave retired. The adjournment only proved convenient for the torrent of Cromwell's fury to be poured forth on the head of Downes, whom he brutally browbeat. He was, to use Downes's own expression, "full of storm." "He wants to save his old master," exclaimed he, "but make an end of it, and return to your duty." Colonel Harvey supported Downes's endeavours; but all they obtained was one half-hour added to the king's agony.

At the end of that time, the dark conclave returned. Colonel Axtel, who was literally the whipper-in of the military, assisted by a few round-head officers, had marvellously exerted himself during the recess, and by the means of kicks, cuffs, and his cudgel, had prevailed on the troopers to raise yells of "Justice—justice! execution—execution!" Mingled with the tumult, were plainly heard the piteous prayers of the people, of "God save the king! God keep him from his enemies!" In the midst of confusion, the sentence was passed, and the king, who in vain endeavoured to remonstrate, was dragged away by the soldiers who surrounded him. As he was forced down the stairs, the grossest personal insults were offered him. Some of the troopers blew their tobacco smoke in his face; some spit on him; all yelled in his ears, "Justice—execution!" The real bitterness of death to a man of Charles I.'s exquisite sensitiveness, in regard to his personal dignity, must have occurred in that transit; the block, the axe, the scaffold, and all their ghastly adjuncts, could be met, and were met with calmness; the spitting and buffings of a brutal mob were harder to be borne.¹

The king recovered his serenity before he arrived at the place where his sedan stood. How could it be otherwise? The voices of his affectionate people, in earnest prayers for his deliverance, rose high above the brutal tumult. One soldier, close to him, echoed the cry of the people of "God help and save your majesty!" His commander struck him to the earth. "Poor fellow!" said the king, "it is a heavy blow for a small offence."² To the hired hootings of the military mob, he replied, coolly, "Poor souls! they would say the same to their generals for sixpence."

As the royal victim approached his chair, his bearers pulled off their hats, and stood in reverential attitudes to receive him. This unbought homage again roused the wrath of Axtel, who, with blows of his indefatigable cudgel, vainly endeavoured to prevail on the poor men to cover their heads. Whether his arm was tired with its patriotic exertions that day, or whether he found the combativeness of the labouring class of his countrymen indomitable, is not decided; but it is certain the bearers persisted in their original determination. As Axtel followed the king's

¹ M. Guizot, vol. ii. p. 368. This great writer has followed Herbert, Warwick and the State Trials.

² Herbert's Narrative.—State Trials.

chair down King-street, the spectators called to him, "Do you have our king carried in a common hired chair, like one who hath the plague? God help him out of such hands as yours!"¹

As soon as the king arrived at Whitehall, "Hark ye," said he to Herbert, "my nephew, (Charles Louis, prince palatine,) and a few lords here, who are attached to me, will do all in their power to see me. I thank them; but my time is short and precious, and must be devoted to preparation. I hope my friends will not take offence because I refuse to see any one but my children. All that those who love me can do for me now, is to pray for me."²

It appears that the fanatical buffoon, Hugh Peters, was very anxious to intrude his spiritual aid on his majesty, and would have thrust his abhorred person into his presence, but was expelled by colonel Tomlinson, the humane and manly commander of the guard. Several of the sentinels posted within the king's bed-room, endeavoured to smoke tobacco, and practise other annoyances, but were prevented by Tomlinson, for whose conduct Charles was most grateful.

Permission was to be obtained from the regicide conclave, before the king could either see his children, or receive religious aid according to his own belief. The night of his condemnation he was deprived of rest, by the knocking of the workmen who were commencing the scaffold for his execution.³ In the restless watches of that perturbed night, Charles finished his verses, found among the papers of his kinsman, the duke of Hamilton.⁴ The last lines appear to have been written after his sentence; there is in them the pathos of truth. Their ruggedness arises from being cast in the Sapphic metre, which is nearly impracticable in our language:—

"Great monarch of the world, from whose gift springs
All the puissance and the might of kings,
Record the royal woe this sad verse sings.
Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royalty),
With my dim diadem invested me.
The fiercest furies which do daily tread
Upon my grief—my grey discrowned head—
Are those who to my bounty owe their bread.
Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

¹ State Trials.—Axtel's trial. Hackney sedan-chairs were at that era more commonly used than hackney-coaches, or any coaches, by those who traversed London, on account of the bad state of the pavement. There were public stands, where these conveyances could be hired.

² Herbert's Memoirs.

³ Clement Walker, a contemporary presbyterian writer, affirms this fact, which is disputed. It is, however, certain that the king passed the Saturday night at Whitehall. The time being short, the Sunday intervening, when work could not publicly be done, and considerable alterations, a passage from a window of the banqueting-room, having to be effected, the carpenters must have worked in the dark hours of Saturday night and Sunday morning.

⁴ Percy's Reliques, and Bishop Burnet's History of the Duke of Hamilton.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst o'er his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child, he weeps out his inheritance!

With mine own power my majesty they wound;
In the king's name, the king himself's uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond!

Felons obtain more privilege than I;
They are allowed to answer ere they die:
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.¹

Yet, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as (thou knowest) know not what they do!

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my children, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, bless this church and state!"

The king was removed from Whitehall, Sunday, January 28th, to St. James's palace, where he heard bishop Juxon preach in the private chapel. "I wanted to preach to the poor wretch," said the absurd fanatic, Hugh Peters, in great indignation, "but the poor wretch would not hear me."²

When bishop Juxon entered the presence of his captive sovereign, he gave way to the most violent burst of sorrow. "Compose yourself, my lord," said the king; "we have no time to waste on grief; let us rather think of the great matter. I must prepare to appear before God, to whom, in a few hours, I have to render my account. I hope to meet death with calmness, and that you will have the goodness to render me your assistance. Do not let us speak of the men in whose hands I have fallen. They thirst for my blood—they shall have it. God's will be done; I give him thanks. I forgive them all sincerely; but let us say no more about them."

It was with the greatest difficulty that the two sentinels appointed by the regicidal junta could be kept on the other side of the door, while his majesty was performing his devotions. They opened it every two or three minutes, to see that he had not escaped.

At the dawn of the next day, the king was up and ready to commence his devotions with the bishop, who came to St. James's soon after. The royal children arrived from Sion House to see their parent for the last time. He had not been indulged with a sight of them since his captivity to the army, and on the morrow he was to die!

The princess Elizabeth burst into a passion of tears at the sight of her father, and her brother, the little duke of Gloucester, wept as fast for company. The royal father consoled and soothed them, and, when he had solemnly blessed them, he drew them to his bosom.

¹ On demanding the reasons of sentence of death being passed, the soldiers raised yells of "Execution—execution!" and hustled him away. This verse alludes to that circumstance.

² State Trials. Evidence on the trial of Hugh Peters.

The young princess, who was but twelve, has left her reminiscences of this touching interview in manuscript; it were pity that the king's words should be given in any other but her simple narrative, which is endorsed, "*What the king said to me on the 29th of January, 1648, the last time I had the happiness to see him.*"¹ "He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet, somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had feared 'the cruelty' was too great to permit his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.'" "Then, shedding abundance of tears," continues the princess, "I told him that I would write down all he said to me. 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against popery. He said 'that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also; and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also.' Above all, he bade me tell my mother, 'that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last;' withal, he commanded me (and my brother) to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired 'me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been, if he had lived.'"

"Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but, mark what I say, you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him.² All which the young child earnestly promised."

The king fervently kissed and blessed his children, and called to bishop Juxon to take them away. The children sobbed aloud; the king leant his head against the window, trying to repress his tears, when, catching a view of them as they went through the door, he hastily came from the window, snatched them again to his breast, kissed and blessed them once more, then, tearing himself from their tears and caresses, he fell on his knees, and strove to calm, by prayer, the agony of that parting.

While this tender interview took place between king Charles and his bereaved children, the regicides sat in secret conclave, to determine on the hour and manner of their victim's death. It was with the greatest difficulty that the junta could be gathered together. When they were

¹ *Reliquia Sacrae*, pp. 337, 338.

² *Ibid.*, p. 339.

driven in, by a small knot of thorough-going destructives, there was greater difficulty to induce them to sign. Cromwell, whose general demeanour always appeared as if stimulated by strong drink, seems that morning to have fortified his spirits beyond the restraints of caution.

After he had written his name he smeared the ink all over Henry Marten's face, who instantly returned the compliment. Ten or twelve of the persons, among whom was colonel Downes, afterwards pleaded that their signatures were extorted by him under threats of death; and as they proved their assertions, when times changed, their lives were spared in consequence. Colonel Ingoldsby, who had positively refused to sit as judge, happened to come into the room on business, on which Cromwell, who was his cousin, sprung on him, and dragged him forward, with bursts of laughter, saying, "This time thou shalt not escape!"¹ and with much laughing and romping, assisted by several others, put the pen in his hand, and guided it while he affixed his name.²

On the night preceding the awful day, Charles I. was blessed with calm and refreshing sleep. He awoke before day-break, and hearing sighs and moans, he drew his curtain, and saw, by the light of a great cake of wax, which burnt in a silver bason, that his faithful Herbert, who slept in his room on a pallet, was troubled by the unrest of a fearful dream. The king spoke to Herbert, and he awoke. Under the agitation of the direful matter impending, Herbert had dreamed "that Laud, in his pontifical habit, had entered the apartment—had knelt to the king—that they conversed—the king looked pensive—the archbishop sighed—and on retiring, fell prostrate." Herbert related this vision, on which Charles observed, "The dream is remarkable, but he is dead; had we conferred together, it is possible (albeit I loved him well) that I might have said somewhat which would have caused his sigh."³

"I will now rise," added the king; "I have a great work to do this day." Herbert's hands trembled while combing the king's hair. Charles, observing that it was not arranged so well as usual, said, "Nay, though my head be not to stand long on my shoulders, take the same pains with it that you were wont to do. Herbert, this is my second marriage day—I would be as trim to-day as may be."

The cold was intense at that season, and the king desired to have a warm additional shirt. "For," continued he, "the weather is sharp, and probably may make me shake. I would have no imputation of fear—for death is not terrible to me. I bless my God, I am prepared. Let the rogues come whenever they please." He observed, that he was glad

¹ State Trials of Henry Marten and Colonel Ingoldsby. Guizot's English Revolution, vol. ii. p. 373.

² Many of the persons who signed the warrant for the king's death, and even those who affected to sit as judges, like Adrian Scroop, were not members of parliament. Only forty-six of the members sat on the trial, and but twenty-six of them signed their names to the regicidal warrant; which could never be called an act of parliament, since a great majority were expelled and kept out of the house by force. Nay, a far greater number than those who signed, were actually incarcerated in prison.—Statement of the Lord Chief Baron on the Trials of the Regicides.

³ Herbert's Memoirs.

he had slept at St. James's, for the walk through the park would circulate his blood, and counteract the numbness of the cold.

Bishop Juxon arrived by the dawn of day. He prayed with the king, and read to him the 27th chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew. "My lord," asked the king, "did you choose this chapter as applicable to my situation?" "I beg your majesty to observe," said the bishop, "that it is the gospel of the day, as the calendar indicates." The king was deeply affected, and continued his prayers with increased fervour.

At ten o'clock the summons came to conduct the king to Whitehall, and he went down into the park through which he was to pass. Ten companies of infantry formed a double line on each side of his path. The detachment of halberdiers preceded him, with banners flying and drums beating. On the king's right hand was the bishop; on the left, with head uncovered, walked colonel Tomlinson. The humanity and kindness of this gentleman were acknowledged by the king with the utmost gratitude; he gave him a gold *etui*, as a token of remembrance, and requested that he would not leave him till all was over.¹ The king discoursed with him on his funeral, and said that he wished the duke of Richmond, and the earl of Hertford, to have the care of it. The king walked through the park, as was his wont, at a quick lively pace; he wondered at the slowness of his guard, and called out, pleasantly, "Come, my good fellows, step on apace." One of the officers asked him, "if it was true that he had concurred with the duke of Buckingham in causing his father's death?"

"My friend," replied Charles, with gentle contempt, "if I had no other sin than that, as God knows, I should have little need to beg his forgiveness at this hour."² The question has been cited as an instance of premeditated cruelty and audacity, on the part of the officer. By the time and place, and the mildness of the king's answer, the questioner must have been Tomlinson, who evidently had become, in the course of his guardship of a few days, the king's ardent admirer. He had been prejudiced, like many others, by the absurd scandal that Charles had conspired with Buckingham, and had poisoned James I.

This falsehood was probably invented by the enemies who accused James I. of poisoning his son Henry. Absurd as these tales appear, the systematic slanders of that day, in the absence of all wholesome information from the public press, had a direful effect on the prosperity of the royal family.

As the king drew near Whitehall palace, he pointed to a tree in the park, and said, to either Juxon or Tomlinson, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry."

There was a broad flight of stairs³ from the park, by which access was gained to the ancient palace of Whitehall. It is expressly said by Herbert, that the king entered the palace that way; and that he ascended

¹ State Trials, vol. ii. p. 744.

² Herbert's Memoirs.

³ The position of these stairs, on which a sentinel always stood, is clearly indicated by a trial for a drunken murder committed on them by lord Cornwallis and Mr. Gerard.—State Trials, vol. ii. p. 145.

the stairs with a light step, passed through the long gallery, and gained his own bed-room, where he was left with bishop Juxon, who administered the communion to him. Nye and Godwin, two independent ministers, knocked at the door, and tendered their spiritual assistance.

"Say to them frankly," said the king, "that they have so often prayed against me, that they shall not pray with me in mine agony. But if they will pray *for* me now, tell them that I shall be thankful."

Dinner had been prepared for the king at Whitehall; he refused to eat. "Sir," said Juxon, "you have fasted long to-day, the weather is so cold, that faintness may occur."

"You are right," replied the king, and took a piece of bread, and a glass of wine.

"Now," said the king, cheerfully, "let the rascals come. I have forgiven them, and am quite ready."

But the rascals were not ready. A series of contests had taken place, regarding the executioner, and the warrant to him. Moreover the military commanders, Huncks and Phayer, appointed to superintend the bloody work, resisted alike the scoffings, the jests, and threats of Cromwell, and had their names scratched out of the warrant,¹ and Huncks refused to write or sign the order to the executioner. This dispute occurred just before the execution took place. Huncks was one of the officers who guarded the king on his trial, and had been chosen for that purpose as the most furious of his foes; he had, like Tomlinson, become wholly altered from the result of his personal observations.²

Colonel Axtel and colonel Hewson had, the preceding night, convened a meeting of thirty-eight stout serjeants of the army, to whom they proposed, that whosoever among them would aid the hangman in disguise, should have 100*l.* and rapid promotion in the army. Every one separately refused, with disgust. Late in the morning of the execution, colonel Hewson prevailed on a serjeant in his regiment, one Hulet, to undertake the detestable office, and while this business was in progress, Elisha Axtel, brother of the colonel, went by water, to Rosemary lane, beyond the Tower, and dragged from thence the reluctant hangman, Gregory Brandon, who was, by threats and the promise of 30*l.* in half-crowns, induced to strike the blow. The disguises of the executioners were hideous, and must have been imposed for the purpose of trying the firmness of the royal victim. They wore coarse woollen garbs buttoned close to the body, which was the costume of butchers at that era. Hulet added a long grey peruke, and a black mask, with a large grey beard affixed to it. Gregory Brandon wore a black mask, a black peruke, and a large flapped black hat, looped up in front.³

A horrible butchery was meditated, in case of the king's personal re-

¹ The erasures may be seen to this day, not only in the warrant itself, but in all fac-similes.

² Axtel's Trial. — Dialogue with Huncks and Axtel. It appears, from the recriminations of these men, that the *halberdiers* guarding the king were all colonels or majors of the standing army, that overawed the populace.

³ Gitten's evidence, Hulet's trial, State Trials.

assistance, for by the advice of Hugh Peters, staples were driven into the floor to fasten him down to the scaffold.

The king, meantime, had had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from his son Charles, by Mr. Seymour, a special messenger, enclosing a *carte blanche*, with his signature to be filled up at pleasure. In this paper, the prince bound himself to any terms, if his royal father's life might be spared. It must have proved a cordial to the king's heart to find in that dire hour, how far family affection prevailed over ambition. The king carefully burnt the *carte blanche*, lest an evil use might be made of it, and did not attempt to bargain for his life, by means of concessions from his heir.¹

It was past one o'clock before the grisly attendants and apparatus of the scaffold were ready. Hacker knocked at the door of the king's chamber. Bishop Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees. "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, holding out his hand to the bishop, and he ordered Herbert to open the door.

Hacker led the king through the present banquetting hall, at the further end of which a window had been taken out, and a passage constructed, which led to the scaffold raised in the street. The noble bearing of the king, as he stepped on the scaffold, his beaming eyes, and high expression, were noticed by all who saw him. He looked on all sides for his people, but dense masses of soldiery only presented themselves far and near. He was out of hearing of any persons but Juxon and Herbert, save those who were interested in his destruction. The soldiers preserved a dead silence; this time they did not insult him. The distant populace wept, and occasionally raised mournful cries in blessings and prayers for him. The king addressed a short speech to the bishop and to colonel Tomlinson, which last person stood near the king, and yet screened from the sight of all the world, in the entrance of the passage which led into the banquetting hall.²

The substance of the speech that the king made, was to point out that every institution of the original constitution of England, as the church, lords, and commons, had been subverted with the sovereign power; that, if he would have consented to reign by the mere despotism of the sword, he might have lived, and remained king, therefore he died a martyr for the liberties of the people of England. He added, that he died a Christian of the church of England, in the rites of which he had just participated.

While he was speaking, some one touched the axe, which laid enveloped in black crape on the block. The king turned round hastily, and exclaimed,

¹ The prince sent a duplicate of the same paper to the generals of the army.

² Tomlinson and Huncks, who both had much communication with the king, seemed exceedingly anxious, after the restoration, that those should be punished who had treated him brutally. (See their evidence, State Trials.) Huncks was afterwards mainly instrumental in preventing Cromwell from assuming the crown. (See Axtel's Trial.) Their conduct could not proceed from a tendency to time-serving, if the revenue of Cromwell's administration was *five times as large as that of Charles II.* Moreover, he had the enormous robberies of church and crown lands at the disposal of his despotic junta.

"Have a care of the axe; if the edge is spoiled, it will be the worse for me!"

The executioner, Gregory Brandon, drew near to him, and kneeling before him, entreated his forgiveness.

"No!" said the king, "I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood."

Charles had probably guessed the cause of the delay of his execution, in the trepidation of the executioner, and thought that if the man refused to perform the bloody task, there might arise a diversion in his favour. In that case, the other masked ruffian, serjeant Hulet, would, there is no doubt, have perpetrated the murder, and was placed there for the purpose, lest the firmness of the common executioner failed in action. Nevertheless, the king spoke as became his duty as chief magistrate, and the source of the laws, which were violated in his murder.¹ The wretched Brandon might have revenged himself by mangling his royal victim; on the contrary, he was convinced of the justice of the answer, and behaved most reverentially to him on the scaffold.²

The king put up his flowing hair under a cap, then turning to the executioner, asked, "Is any of my hair in the way?" "I beg your majesty to push it more under your cap," replied the man, bowing. The bishop assisted his royal master to do so, and observed to him, "There is but one stage more; which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way, even from earth to heaven." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place."

He then threw off his cloak and George; the latter he gave to Juxon, saying, with emphasis, "Remember!" No explanation of which mysterious injunction has ever been given.

He then took off his coat, and put on his cloak; and, pointing to the block, said to the executioner, "Place it so that it will not shake." "It is firm, sir," replied the man. "I shall say a short prayer," said the king; "and when I hold out my hands thus—strike!"

The king stood in profound meditation, said a few words to himself, looked upwards on the heavens, then knelt, and laid his head on the block. In about a minute, he stretched out his hands, and his head was severed at one blow.

A simultaneous groan of agony arose from the assembled multitude at the moment when the fatal blow fell on the neck of Charles I. It was the protest of an outraged people, suffering equally with their monarch, under military tyranny; and those who heard that cry recalled it with horror to their deaths.³

¹ Historical Letters, Second Series, vol. iv., edited by sir Henry Ellis, who proves that it was Gregory Brandon who struck the blow. His learned researches agree thoroughly with the evidence on the trial of Hulet, the other masked man. State Trials, vol. ii.

² It is a fact, that Gregory Brandon, the public executioner, pined himself to death for want of the forgiveness he craved, and died eighteen months after, saying, "that he always saw the king as he appeared on the scaffold; and that withal, devils did tear him on his death-bed." (Sir Henry Ellis. Historical Letters, vol. iv.)

³ This is not the testimony of a churchman, but of the worthy and conscientious

When the king's head fell, Hulet, the grey-beard mask, came forward to earn his bribe and subsequent promotion.¹ He held up the bleeding head, and uttered, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and angry murmur from the people followed the announcement. Two troops of horse, advancing in different directions, dispersed the indignant crowd. The royal corpse was placed in a coffin, and, followed by bishop Juxon and Herbert, was carried into the palace of Whitehall, where Cromwell came to see it. He considered it attentively, and taking up the head, to make sure that it was severed from the body, said, "This was a well-constituted frame, and promised long life."²

Crowds of people beset the palace, but very few were admitted to see the corpse of their murdered monarch, over which colonel Axtel, the person who was so peculiarly active in his destruction, kept guard. Sir Purbeck Temple, with infinite difficulty, and by making great interest, was admitted to see the remains of the king. As the coffin was unclosed, Axtel said, "If thou thinkest there is any holiness in it, look there." "And the king," added sir Purbeck Temple, "seemed to smile as in life."³

The body was conveyed to St. James's palace to be embalmed; here it remained till February 7, when it was conveyed for interment to Windsor, followed by bishop Juxon and the attached gentlemen who had attended on the king in all his wanderings. The king had expressed a wish to be interred by his father, in the royal chapel at Westminster Abbey, but Cromwell forbade it, having, from an absurd species of ambition, reserved that place for himself. He answered, "that opening the vaults at Westminster Abbey would prove an encouragement to superstition." He probably dreaded the excitement of the populace.

When the royal hearse, with its poor escort of four mourning coaches, arrived at Windsor castle, the coffin was placed for the night in the king's late bed-chamber, and the next day brought down into the noble hall of St. George. Four bearers of gentle blood belonging to the king's late household, in deep mourning, carried the coffin on their shoulders; the pall was sustained by the duke of Richmond, the earl of Hertford, and the lords Lindsay and Southampton. The most profound sorrow was visible in their countenances. "The afternoon had been clear and bright till the coffin was carried out of the hall, when snow began to fall so fast and thick, that by the time the corpse entered the west end of the royal chapel, the black velvet pall was entirely white, the colour of innocency. 'So went our king white to his grave!' said the sorrowing servants of Charles I."⁴

The roundhead Whichcott, then governor of the regal seat of Windsor, rudely interrupted bishop Juxon, who, with open book, met the

nonconformist, Philip Henry, who was present, and heard it. He was father of Matthew Henry, the pious author of the celebrated Commentary on the Bible.

¹ He was made a captain in colonel Hewson's regiment, where he ever went by the cognomen of Old Greybeard, in allusion to his disguise. (State Trials.)

² Herbert's Memoirs, pp. 140-2. Warwick's Memoirs, pp. 294-6. Guizot.

³ Axtel's Trial. Evidence of colonel Temple.

⁴ See papers in the Appendix of Stanier Clarke's *Life of James II.*, vol. II., p. 672

coffin reverentially. Whichcott prevented him from reading the beautiful service of the church of England, as profane and papistical. It was found, withal, that no inscription had been placed on the royal coffin. One of the gentlemen present supplied this want by a simple but effectual expedient: a band of sheet-lead was procured, and they cut out of it, with penknives, spaces in the forms of large letters, so that the words

CHARLES REX,
1648,

could be read. The leaden band was then lapped round the coffin.

Half blinded with their tears, and with the gloom of impending night, thick with falling snow, the faithful friends and servants of Charles I. lowered his coffin among that portion of England's royal dead who repose at Windsor, and left him there without either singing or saying, or even the power of ascertaining the precise spot where he was laid.¹

The mourning people of Charles I. wrote many elegies on the deep tragedy of his death, which was perpetrated before their eyes, and in their despite. The following lines preserve some forgotten historical traits.² They were evidently written at the moment, and are valuable, because they identify the tradition that the wife of Cromwell, a good and virtuous matron, shared in the general grief for the murder of her king. The first couplet alludes to an assertion of some of the rebels in their treaties, that they would make Charles I. the most glorious monarch in Christendom.

"They made him glorious,—but the way
They marked him out was Golgotha.
The tears of our new Pilate's wife³
Could not avail to save his life.
They were outbalanced with the cry
And clamour of a—'Crucify!'"

¹ So completely had the republicans succeeded in divesting the chapel of St. George of every vestige of its original appearance, that when the survivors of that sad, silent funeral searched, after the restoration, for the vault into which the royal coffin had been lowered, there were no land-marks to guide them. Some reminiscences alone remained, that the coffin had been placed near one enormously large and a small one, supposed to be those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. The intention was to bury the king in the vault of Henry VI., for which search was vainly made.—Clarendon's Life, and Herbert's Memoirs.

The place of interment of Charles I. remained a mystery long after the time when Pope wrote the celebrated lines in his Windsor Forest:—

"Make sacred Charles's grave for ever known,
Obscure the spot, and uninscribed the stone."

Many absurd tales regarding the disposal of the corpse of Charles I. were circulated among the enemies of monarchy in the course of the last century. These were all set at rest by the accidental discovery of the vault containing his remains, and those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, which were equally forgotten. King George IV., on the evening of the funeral of his aunt, the duchess of Brunswick, 1813, went, attended by sir Henry Halford and several noblemen, and assisted personally at the opening of Charles I.'s coffin, when the corpse was satisfactorily recognised.—Narrative, by sir Henry Halford.

² 4001, MS.—Sir Thomas Phillipps' library.

³ This alludes to Mrs. Oliver Cromwell.

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Those sons of dragons that did sit
 At Westminster contrived it,
 And the vile purchased crew will have
 Their sovereign hurried to the grave,
 Cause from that conclave came the cry
 'It was expedient he should die.'
 Him they delivered to the hands
 Of those accursed bloody bands;
 To make his sufferings more complete,
 He suffered, too, without the gate.¹
 The king is dead! the kingdom's hearts thus cry,
 Though the law says the king doth never die;
 But laws had died before his blood was spilt.
 * * * * *
 Therefore, as he was ready to lay down
 His mortal for a true immortal crown,
 This, his own epitaph, he left behind,
 Which men and angels to his glory sing—
 'The people's martyr and the people's king.'"²

The trial, death, and burial of Charles I. had taken place before the queen, besieged as she was in Paris, could receive the least intelligence of these awful incidents.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
 BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Dreadful suspense of queen Henrietta on the fate of Charles I.—Manner of being apprized of his death—Her extreme sufferings—Her message to Anne of Austria—Retirement—Mortifying retreat from Paris—Guarded by Charles II.—Her regrets at his departure for Scotland—Her alarms concerning the battle of Worcester—Goes to meet him at Rouen—Death of her daughter Elizabeth—Queen educates her youngest daughter as a Roman catholic—Her dower withheld by Cromwell—She is insulted by him at the peace with France—Her son, the duke of Gloucester, restored to her—Her residence changed to the Palais Royal—Founds Chaillot—Persecutes her son Gloucester—Expels him from her home—Queen's partiality to her youngest daughter—Her mortification at her first ball—Queen receives the news of Cromwell's death—Her letter on the subject—English courtiers come to propitiate her—Sir John Reresby's description of her court—His gossip concerning her—Secret visit of Charles II. to the queen—Restoration—The queen remains in France—Negotiates the marriage of her daughter—Hears of the contract of the duke of York with Anne Hyde—Her indignation—Goes to England to break the marriage.

¹ Holbein's gate of Whitehall, which stood just below the Banqueting House.

² Contemporary Elegy on Charles I. Collection of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart

THE queen remained in ignorance, not only of the death of her husband, but of every particular relating to his trial, until February 1st, 1648-9.¹ She was beleaguered in the Louvre, in double circles of siege and counter-siege. That portion of the French troops still loyal to Anne of Austria, and her son, the young king, besieged the insurgent city of Paris; but the Frondeurs, knowing that the queen of England warmly favoured the royal party, kept strict guard and watch round her residence, in order to prevent any communication between her and the court at St. Germain. Thus was all intelligence cut off, since it was not without the greatest personal risk that any agent of queen Henrietta could pass both circles.

Nevertheless, despite of siege and counter-siege, rumour had carried the portentous tidings to the Louvre, and it was whispered, only too truly, in the queen's household; but the agonized hope to which Henrietta still clung was so pitiable, that no one would mention the dreadful report, which had not yet received official confirmation. No one of her household dared plunge her into the despair they dreaded, without being sure that the fact was past dispute. Lord Jermyn, however, thought he could prepare her for the worst, by inventing a rumour that the king had been tried, condemned, and even led to execution; but that his subjects had risen *en masse*, torn him from the scaffold, and preserved his life. Unfortunately, this tale raised no alarm, but rather increased the false hopes in the sanguine mind of the queen. "She knew," she said, "how dearly the king was beloved by many, who were ready still to sacrifice life and fortune in his service; and she was sure, now the crisis had come, that the great body of his subjects, to whom he was really dear, would be roused into activity by the cruelty of his persecutors, and that all for the future would go well."²

While this terrible suspense continued, James, duke of York, suddenly made his appearance at the Louvre. "He came in while the queen was at dinner," says father Cyprian, "knelt down and asked his mother's blessing; for such is always the custom of English children, when they have been absent for any time from their parents." The queen received him with transports of joy; she had, some time previously, written to him to expedite his arrival, but the tumultuous state of Paris had prevented his journey.³ He was guided to the arms of the queen, his mother, by sir John Denham, the cavalier poet.⁴

¹ France reckoned by the new style, England by the old style; as it was in England considered, until the middle of the last century, exceedingly papistical to reckon by the new style, that improvement in science having been first adopted by the court of Rome. Hence, according to the present computation, Charles I. was beheaded Feb. 8, and his queen did not hear of it till Feb. 18,—however the time be reckoned, the news did not reach her till ten days after the event.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. iii., p. 163, Maestricht edition. This incident forms a most valuable introduction to the grand scene of the queen's reception of the fatal truth, which we herewith translate from the original inedited MS. of Père Gamache, now before us. It must be remembered, that both madame de Motteville and the Père Gamache were eye-witnesses at the period, and were intimates of the distressed queen.

³ Memoirs of James II., written by himself.

⁴ Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

Greatly exhilarated by the arrival of her favourite son, the queen rose on the morning of February 1st,¹ with the determination that a fresh effort should be made to obtain tidings of her husband; she entreated a brave and faithful gentleman of her household to proceed to St. Germain's to ascertain what news the queen-regent had lately received from London.

The messenger accordingly undertook the perilous service of passing and repassing both circles of besiegers, and set off for St. Germain's-en-Laye, where the court of France was then resident. Those who knew the dreadful secret, anticipated the agonizing scene that would ensue if the messenger ever succeeded in making his way back; and after Père Gamache had said grace after dinner, lord Jermyn entreated him not to retire, but to stay to offer the yet unconscious widow all the consolation she could derive from the ministers of her religion. Oh, the dull anguish of those hours of suspense, when the shadow of the fatal event was casting its gloom over part of the assembly, and the heart of her most concerned in the approaching tidings was still agitated by the "sharp pangs of hope!"

The actual truth had been communicated to the Père Gamache, who thus had nothing to distract his observation from the effect of the authentic tidings on the mind of the hapless queen; but what words can we find so forcibly to delineate this climax of a royal tragedy, as those of him who drew it from the life? "At this grievous intelligence," says the Père Gamache,² "I felt my whole frame shudder, and was forced to turn aside from the royal circle, where conversation went on for an hour on divers matters, without any subject being started which had the effect of diverting the mind of the queen from the dire inquietude under which it was secretly oppressed. At last, she complained piteously of the tardiness of her messenger, and said 'that he ought to have returned before with his tidings.' Then lord Jermyn spoke: 'The gentleman despatched on this errand,' he said, 'is known to be so faithful, and so prompt in executing all your majesty's commands, that, if he had had aught but very disastrous tidings, he would have been in your presence ere this.'

"'Whatever they may be,' replied the queen, 'I see that you know them full well.'"

"'I do indeed know somewhat,' replied lord Jermyn. Then the queen, dreadfully alarmed, entreated him to speak less darkly, and, after

¹ It is now requisite, when any great precision of dates is desirable, that the numerals should be thus arranged, which shows at once the new and old style, the first being used in France, the last in England.

² *Mémoires, par le Père Ciprien de Gamache, or Gamache, Prédicateur Capucin et Missionnaire en Angleterre.* The original MS. is the property of Mr. Colburn; and the author has been favoured with the loan of it, for study at leisure, of which the above (and various other passages, indispensable to the personal biography of Henrietta Maria) is the result. As, in the course of this autograph history, the père writes his name both *Gamache* and *Gamache*, we have an idea that he adopted the former name during what he called his mission in England, and that *Gamache* was his family or French name, but that it was Anglicised into *Gamache*, because the English catholic priests excited much less hatred in England than those who bore foreign names.

many circumvolutions and ambiguous words, he at length explained the horrid truth to her, who never expected such intelligence."¹

Oh, the cruel kindness of those who undertake to break calamitous tidings by degrees! And yet sudden death has been known to follow such a tale too bluntly told, and indeed the communication, as it was, almost stopped the springs of life, when the widowed queen at length was brought to comprehend her loss.

"She stood," continues Père Gamache, "motionless as a statue, without words and without tears. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur; but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, and, by locking up the senses, make the tongue mute, and the eyes tearless." If the good father had been, like Charles I., himself a reader of Shakspeare, he would have described the state into which the royal widow was plunged, by that exquisite quotation:—

"The grief that cannot speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

"To all our exhortations and arguments," the Père continues, "our queen was deaf and insensible. At last, awed by her appalling grief, we ceased talking, and stood round her in perturbed silence, some sighing, some weeping, all with mournful and sympathizing looks, bent on her immovable countenance. So we continued till nightfall, when the duchess of Vendome,² whom our queen tenderly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the royal widow, and tenderly kissed it; and at last succeeded in awakening her from the stupor of grief into which she had been plunged since she had comprehended the dreadful death of her husband. She was able to sigh and weep, and soon expressed a desire to retire from the world, to indulge in the profound sorrow she suffered. Her little daughter was with her, and her maternal love found it hard to separate from her; yet she longed to withdraw into some humble abode, where she might weep at will. At last, she resolved to retire, with a few of her ladies, into the convent of the Carmelites, Fauxbourg St. Jacques,³ in Paris." Before Henrietta went to the convent, her friend madame de Motteville obtained leave to see her; it was the day after she had learned the fatal tidings. Madame de Motteville's friends had made interest with the Frondeurs to permit her departure from Paris, to join her royal mistress, the queen-regent of France. She was anxious to know if the afflicted queen of England had any message to send to her royal relatives. "I was," she says,⁴ "admitted to her bedside, where I fell on my knees, and she gave me her hand, amidst a thousand sobs, which often choked her speech. She commanded me to tell my queen the state in which I found her; that king Charles, her lord, whose death had made her the most afflicted woman on the wide

¹ MS. Gamache, section 92.

² Francoise de Lorraine, her sister-in-law, being wife to her half-brother Cæsar, duke of Vendome, eldest son of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle. This lady died aged 60, in 1669.

³ MS. of Père Gamache, section 93.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. p. 165.

earth, had been lost because none of those in whom he trusted had told him the truth; and that a people, when irritated, was like a ferocious beast, whose rage nothing can moderate, as the king, her lord, had just proved; and that she prayed God that the queen-regent might be more fortunate in France, than she and king Charles had been in England. But, above all, she counselled her to hear the truth, and to labour to discover it; for she believed that the greatest evil that could befall sovereigns, was to rest in ignorance of the truth, which ignorance reverses thrones and destroys empires. That if I was really faithful to my queen, (Anne of Austria,) I should tell her these things, and speak to her clearly on the state of her affairs; and she finished with an affectionate remembrance I was to make to my queen, in her name."

"Then the afflicted queen gave me some orders relative to the interests of the young king, her son, (become Charles II. through the lamentable death of his father.) She entreated that he might be recognised as such by the king and queen of France, and that her second son, James, duke of York, might receive the same entertainment as the king, his brother, had done previously. As she reiterated these requests, she wrung my hand, and said to me, with a burst of grief and tenderness, 'I have lost a king, a husband, and a friend, whose loss I can never sufficiently mourn, and this separation must render the rest of my life a perpetual torture? I avow that the tears and words of this afflicted queen touched me deeply. Besides the sympathy I felt in her grief, I was astonished at the words she commanded me to repeat to my queen, and the calamities she seemed to foresee for us; nor did I ever forget the discourse of this princess, who, enlightened by adversity, seemed to presage for us such disasters. Heaven averted them from us, but we merited them all from the justice of God.'"

Thus does madame de Motteville clearly indicate that this warning message, which was duly repeated by her, from the mourning queen of England in the depth of her misery, to the queen-regent of France, had the effect of delaying that awful revolution which, in these our latter days, ravaged France, and which is yet rise in the memory of many of our contemporaries in the present century.

"Often did queen Henrietta say to me that she was astonished how she ever could survive the loss of Charles, when she so well knew that life could contain, after this calamity, nothing but bitterness for her. 'I have lost a crown,' she would say, 'but that I had long before ceased to regret; it is the husband for whom I grieve—good, just, wise, virtuous, as he was, most worthy of my love and that of his subjects—the future must be for me but a continual succession of misery and afflictions!'"² It had been well if those historians, who choose to represent this queen as indifferent to her husband, had taken the trouble to read the testimony of this witness of her conduct, and, at the same time, to have identified how worthy the virtuous life and noble sentiments of that witness made her of belief; for, without the least democratic bias, madame de Motteville moderately, but firmly, indicates that there were abuses needful to be reformed in the government both of France and

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. p. 168

² Ibid., p. 164

England, which could only be effected by the sovereigns of either country acquainting themselves with facts as they existed, and conscientiously learning the truth of all that was going on under their government. Most faithfully, as a true friend of humanity, has she preserved the testimony of queen Henrietta Maria, uttered in the agony of bereaved affections, "that if her husband and herself had learned the truth in time, much of their own sufferings and those of their people might have been averted."

"Queen Henrietta," continues her friend,¹ "had enlightened and noble sentiments; in consequence she keenly felt all that she had lost and all she owed to the memory of a king and husband, who had so tenderly loved her, who had given her his entire confidence, and had always considered her above all persons. He had shared with her his grandeur and prosperity, and it was but just, as she said, 'that she should take her part in the bitterness of his adversity, and sorrow for him, as if his death had taken place each day that she lived, to the last hour of her life.' In fact, she wore a perpetual widow's mourning for him on her person and in her heart. This lasting sadness, those who knew her were well aware, was a great change from her natural disposition, which was gay, gladsome, and apt to see all the ordinary occurrences of life in a bright and cheerful light. From that hour she surnamed herself *La malheureuse reine*."

"The royal widow left the Louvre, amidst the tears and sobs of her attendants, for her temporary retirement with the Carmelite nuns, Fauxbourg St. Jacques; her last words were to commend her little daughter, the princess Henrietta, to her affectionate governess, the countess of Morton, charging her to take care of her manners and conduct, while to me (Père Gamache) she left the instruction of this royal infant.² Directly she entered into the convent she gave herself up to prayer, to mortification, and a course of meditation on the inscrutability of the decrees of God, the inconstancy and fragility of human life, and of the riches, grandeur, and honours of this world. Too soon was she roused from the holy calm which such salutary exercises give to sorrow. The affairs of the king, her son, and of her own family and household, being in so bad a state that they demanded her utmost care, her wisest counsel and even active exertions, and I was obliged to seek her, to urge her to leave her peaceful retirement with the nuns, and return to the Louvre. At that time her son, Charles II., was at the Hague, where he was recognised as king by the states of Holland. It was the wish of the young king to remain there; but the strong military despotism of Cromwell was too formidable to the states of Holland to suffer it. The queen wrote to her son to come to her; he arrived in the summer of 1649. The mother and son had their first interview at St. Germain's, and afterwards she returned with him to her abode at the Louvre."³

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. iii. pp. 164, 165.

² MS.—Père Gamache, section 93.

³ See Toone's Chronology, from July 19, 1648, (when the royal brothers were with their fleet off Yarmouth,) to Sept. 11, same year, when the prince, from his fleet in the Downs, endeavoured to make some terms for his royal father with

Two of the royal children remained prisoners in England; one of these was the hapless princess Elizabeth, the other the little duke of Gloucester. They were soon after, for a few months, consigned to the care of their mother's former favourite, the treacherous lady Carlisle, who, for none of her good deeds, had been favoured by parliament with a grant of 3000*l.* per annum for their maintenance, but, with a strict charge, that they were to be deprived of all princely distinction.

We now and then gather the movements of Henrietta from the narrative of her niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier. It is well known that Gaston, duke of Orleans, secretly favoured the Fronde, and maintained a species of factious neutrality between the queen-regent and the Parisians; he chose to be the arbiter between the people and the court. Gaston affirmed that his sister, queen Henrietta, took the part of Anne of Austria against the Fronde. He strove to rid himself of her embarrassing presence in Paris, where she unwove the meshes his shallow ambition was spinning. He was, however, a character whose affections always ran counter to his policy; he was angry with Henrietta, but finally forgave her. She declared that both loyalty and gratitude obliged her to espouse the cause of the court; but that her advice was pacific, in regard to the people; we have the evidence of madame de Motteville that such was truly the case. Mademoiselle de Montpensier made Charles II. feel her resentment for her political pique with his mother: he was still endeavouring to gain her hand. One day, soon after the triumphant return of mademoiselle de Montpensier from Orleans, where she had really done much good by her intrepid decision in a moment of great popular excitement, queen Henrietta addressed these remarkable words to her: "I am not astonished that you saved Orleans from the hands of its enemies, for the Pucelle had, in the old times, set you that example, and, like the Pucelle of Orleans, you began the matter by chasing the English, for before you went thither, my son was *chassé* by you."¹

"I paid my duty to her as my aunt," adds mademoiselle de Montpensier, "but I was forced to be less frequent in my visits to her, for it is not pleasant to dispute perpetually with persons that one ought to respect."

Although Condé and the heads of the Fronde held the queen in great estimation, the rabble of the Frondeurs pursued her with insults, whenever she appeared beyond the gates of the Louvre. At last she would go out no more, but remained in a state of siege, suffering a thousand privations, with a patience which silenced all murmurs among her household, who often observed that, whilst their queen seemed so satisfied, they ought not to complain. Henrietta found herself, however, so useful to the queen-regent, that she would not quit her sojourn at the Louvre; though alarmed for her safety, she was perpetually entreated to come to St. Germain's, and share what they had there.²

the parliament. He afterwards retired to the Hague, whence he sent the celebrated *carte-blanche* for his father's life.

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier*, vol. ii., p. 144.

² *Vie de Henriette de France*. (Bossuet.)

Once or twice, Henrietta went to St. Germain's to visit the queen-regent and the young king; she was, however, glad to take the escort of her fantastic niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier, at that time heroine of the Fronde, who conducted her to the gate of the château of St. Germain's. On one of these occasions, mademoiselle de Montpensier makes a great merit of reconciling her father, the duke of Orleans, to queen Henrietta.

At last Henrietta found it was impossible to remain longer at the Louvre, and retired finally to St. Germain's. Her journey was a very dangerous one; the people menaced her as she went through Paris, and her creditors threatened to arrest her coach.¹

This scene, which was perhaps more trying to the generous spirit of Henrietta than all her other misfortunes, is confirmed by the malignant exultation of the roundhead newspapers. From the superabundance of spite in the republican party is to be learned the fact that the young king, in his deep mourning for his murdered sire, rode by the side of his mother's coach, and guarded her person in this dangerous transit. The enemies of the royal exiles seemed to think that the reproach of poverty would make all the world view a circumstance so deeply interesting with the scorn they did themselves.²

The royal children of France, with the queen-regent, came to Chatou to welcome the unfortunate Henrietta and her son, after their perilous and miserable journey,³ and they conducted her to her apartments in the old château of St. Germain's, which were, in all probability, the same angle looking over the parterre and Place des Armes of St. Germain's, which was subsequently more celebrated as the place of her son James II.'s last exile. The melancholy old château, desolate and degraded as it is at present, has survived the gay sunny palace of recent date, built on the terrace above the Seine, by Henri Quatre, and looking out over the pleasant land of France. Anne of Austria would not live in the old grim castle, because it affected her health; and indeed the stone trench surrounding it, which was at that time full of water, must have been injurious to queen Henrietta, who often suffered from pulmonary maladies.

The sojourn of queen Henrietta at St. Germain's proved, however, but a temporary visit. The fury of the civil war abated; her mediation became so needful with Condé and Lorraine, that she in the summer returned to Paris, and was actually there, August 18, 1649, when Anne of Austria and her young son, Louis XIV., made their grand entry into the metropolis.⁴ After giving an audience of forgiveness to the principal Frondeurs, they paid a state visit of condolence to queen Henrietta on the death of her husband. These royal relatives, when they had previously met at St. Germain's, had found opportunity to discuss the melancholy subject; therefore, nothing was mentioned likely to agonize the feelings of Henrietta. "The young king of England," observes

¹ Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs.

² Evelyn's Journal, and Mercurius Politicus.

³ Mademoiselle Montpensier's Memoirs.

⁴ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1673, p. 45.

madame de Motteville, "was there in his deep mourning for his father; it was his first formal state recognition at the court of France." Early in September, this prince resolved to set out for the isle of Jersey, which still, with its sister islands, acknowledged its allegiance to the royal house of Stuart. From thence he resolved to pass to Scotland or Ireland. The queen was greatly averse to this scheme, and reproached her son and sir Edward Hyde (Clarendon) with neglect of her advice. At that time, her differences had not arisen to any great height with Hyde; she expressed her esteem for his great integrity and devoted love to her late husband, and said, "that she wished he would always be near the young king, because he would, she knew, deal plainly and honestly with him, and advise him to live virtuously." It was agreed by Charles II.'s privy council, that chancellor Hyde should depart on an embassy to Spain, to supplicate for assistance against the English regicides. Queen Henrietta expressed her regret¹ that the means and time of this valuable minister should be thus wasted; she said, "that if they would listen to her advice, she could tell them beforehand, that they would find the court of Spain cold and unwilling to render any assistance." This the chancellor owns he found, by experience, was exactly the case.

The queen and the chancellor seldom agreed, yet she always rendered justice to his uncompromising sincerity. One day, at this juncture, when talking of her affairs among her ladies—a dangerous habit, which she never left off—her majesty expressed some resentment towards a person who had been influential in the council of the late king, who always spoke the fairest words to her, and courteously promised compliance with all her wishes, even suggesting to her to ask of her husband indulgences she had never thought of before. Yet she found out, soon after, that he was the only man who advised the king privately to deny her the very same favours. Some of the queen's ladies had a great curiosity to know who this double-dealer was, but the queen persisted in concealing his name. One of the ladies present said, "that she hoped it was not chancellor Hyde?" "No," replied her majesty, "be sure it is not him, for he never uses flattering compliments to me; I verily believe that if, by my conduct, he deemed that I deserved the most infamous name, he would not scruple to call me by it."² The lady repeated this saying to the chancellor, who was much pleased with the queen's opinion of him.

The young king, notwithstanding all his mother's remonstrances, persisted in his intention of venturing into his lost dominions to seek his fortune. Queen Henrietta was alarmed; the youth of her son, and the desperate state of their party in England, took from her all hopes of success, and as she found that he would not listen to her, she desired lord Jermyn to represent the danger to him. The young prince replied, "It is far better for a king to die in such an enterprise, than to wear away life in shameful indolence here." The high resolve and daring adventures so frequently undertaken by Charles II., before he was

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 262.

² Ibid., p. 263.

twenty, form remarkable contrasts to the indolence and reckless profligacy in which his manly years were wasted.¹

Charles II. went to Jersey in September, 1649, with his brother James, duke of York, and was proclaimed king of Great Britain in the loyal channel islands. Scotland, being offended at Cromwell's recent change of the British kingdoms into a republic, sent deputies to negotiate with Charles II., who received and conferred with them at Jersey; and this proved the commencement of his temporary recognition in Scotland, and of the series of wild and daring adventures in which he engaged, from his landing in Scotland till his escape after the battle of Worcester. A large proportion of the Irish people were desirous that the attempt of the king should be made on their shores, which was doubtless the reason why Cromwell visited that devoted island with the fierce scourges of fire, confiscation, and the exterminating sword, in the year of blood, 1649; a visitation which drew from a noble English historian, albeit never too sympathizing in the case of Ireland, the appalling comment, "that since the middle of the 16th century, the miseries of that country could only be compared with those of the Jews after the taking of Jerusalem." A foreboding instinct warned the royal mother to prevent the reckless courage of her young son from leading him among these scenes of horror.² Queen Henrietta did not believe the time ripe for movement; but she advised her son, if he ventured, to bend his course to Scotland, rather than to Ireland.

"They parted; but it lists not here to tell
Aught of the passionate regrets that broke
From the sad prince, or perils that befel
Him in his wanderings, nor of that famed oak
In the deep solitudes of Boscobel."³

The health of the queen sunk under the reiterated trials which marked the dreadful year of 1649. She went to the bath of Bourbon the same autumn that she parted from her son. On her way thither, she passed through Moulins, the retreat of her friend, the duchess of Montmorenci, whose calamitous widowhood bore some resemblance to her own. This illustrious lady was nearly related to Henrietta's mother, being a princess of the house of Orsini. She had dedicated her youth, her beauty, and her life to the memory of her lost husband, the last duke of Montmorenci. It is well known that cardinal Richelieu laid the foundation of his despotism on the ashes of that hero. The widow

¹ The friendship of madame de Motteville for the mother did not blind her to the faults of the son. She says, "The greatest heroes and sages of antiquity did not guide their lives by grander principles of action than this young prince felt and expressed at his outset in life; but, unfortunately, finding all his struggles in vain, he at last sunk into indifference, bearing all the evils which pertained to his exile and poverty with careless nonchalance, and snatching all the pleasures that were attainable without considering the degradation annexed to them. At last it came to pass that we saw this prince give himself up to the seductions of lawless passion, and pass many years in France and elsewhere in the utmost sloth."

² *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, p. 46.

³ Poems by Agnes Strickland.

of Charles I. could trace the commencement of her sorrows to the malign influence of that same stony-hearted politician. In the spirit of sympathy, the queen went to the convent of the Visitation, at Moulins, where, in a chamber hung with black, the widow of Montmorenci kept watch over the urn that held the heart of her murdered husband, although that true heart had been cold in death for many a long year. The widow of Montmorenci was as popular in France for her charity and piety, as her husband had been for his valour and heroic qualities. All mourners sought the duchess de Montmorenci for consolation. No one needed it more than the royal widow of Charles I. The illustrious kinswomen wept together, and received consolation from the sympathy of each other.¹

Henrietta Maria had given over her son for lost, after the battle of Worcester; the particulars of his return are thus mentioned by her flip-pant niece, mademoiselle de Montpensier:—"All the world went to console the queen of England; but this only augmented her grief, for she knew not if her son were a prisoner or dead. This inquietude lasted not long; she learned that he was at Rouen, and would soon be at Paris, upon which she went to meet him.² On her return, I thought my personal inquiries could not be dispensed with, therefore I went without my hair being dressed, since I had a great defluxion. The queen, when she saw me, said, 'that I should find her son very ridiculous, since he had, to save himself in disguise, cut his hair off, and had assumed an extraordinary garb.' At that moment he entered, and I really thought he had a very fine figure, and I saw great improvement in his mien since we last parted, although his hair was short and his moustaches long, which, indeed, causes a great alteration in the appearance of most people."

Lady Fanshawe was at the court of the exiled queen at the time of the return of her son, after an absence of upwards of two years. She says, "He had attained a majestic stature, and had grown manly and powerful in person, coarse in features, and reckless in expression; all his rich curls had been cut off for the purpose of disguise, and were replaced by a black periwig."³ He was far more changed in character than appearance; all the high heroic sentiments derived from the classics, all the noble romance of youth, which usually brings forth grand fruits in manhood, were obliterated by his visit to his native land.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier found, to her astonishment, that her mute cousin Charles II. had, in his absence from France, learned to speak the French tongue with the utmost volubility; "and while," she says, "we walked together in the great gallery which connects the Louvre with the Tuilleries, he gave me the history of all his adventures and escapes in Scotland and England," in which, to her French imagination, nothing was so marvellous "as that the Scotch should fancy that it was a crime to play on the fiddle." The morning after this promenade, queen Henrietta gravely renewed with this princess the subject of her

¹ Lady Fanshawe's Autobiography.

² He landed at Fescamp, near Havre, October 22, 1651.

³ Lady Fanshawe's Autobiography

son's passion. She said to her, "that she had reproved Charles, but that he still persisted in loving her." All this infinitely flattered the vanity of *la grande mademoiselle*, but touched not her heart. Charles was too cool a lover to please her; but she coquetted with the anxious mother, and paraded her hopes of being the empress of Germany, or the queen of France. Many a bitter pang did this heartless woman give the fallen queen of Great Britain by her own account. Sometimes Henrietta would observe to her, "that her son, once the heir of the finest country in the world, was now considered too beggarly and pitiful to aspire to the hand of the rich heiress of Dombes and Montpensier;" then sighing, the unfortunate Henrietta would narrate all the wealth, state, and luxury of a queen in England. At this narration, the purse-proud heiress owns that she deliberated within herself whether she should make a merit of accepting the young king in his distress;¹ but then the doubt was, whether his restoration would ever take place, which doubt finally turned the scale against the royal exile. The unfortunate widow of Charles I. found that she had in vain administered food to the vanity of her niece, who liked her son well enough to be jealous of him, but not well enough to make the slightest sacrifice in his behalf.

The contest that Charles II. had maintained for his hereditary rights from 1649 to 1651, caused his young sister and brother, who still remained prisoners in England, to be treated with additional harshness by their gaolers, the republicans. Reports arrived at the queen's court, that Cromwell talked of binding her little son, the duke of Gloucester, apprentice to a shoemaker; and that her daughter, "that young budding beauty," the princess Elizabeth, was to be taught the trade of a button-maker. There was really some discussion in the House of Commons, relative to the maintenance of these royal orphans, in which Cromwell said, that "as to the young boy, it would be better to bind him to a good trade;" but the nearest approach to their degradation was, that the young prince's servants were directed to address him only as "Master Harry." At his tender years, a top, or even a marble, more or less, is of more consequence than a title or a dukedom. But the young prince was neither harmed in mind nor body by his republican gaolers. The fair young princess Elizabeth was unfortunately of an age when the reverses of fortune are felt as keenly, nay, more so, than at a more advanced period of life. Perhaps her death-wound was inflicted by the agony she suffered at the touching interviews with her father: interviews which drew tears down Cromwell's iron cheeks, it may be sup-

¹ The newspapers of the English roundheads allude to this unprosperous suit of Charles to the daughter of Gaston duke of Orleans, and exult sordidly over the fallen fortunes of the royal family. "The Scots' king is still in Paris, but now on his remove. What shall we do then? Trail a pike under the young lady of Orleans, who has lately raised a regiment. It is an honour too great for the late majesty of Scotland. His confidants have sat in council; and it is allowed, by his mother, that, during these tumults in France, it is neither honourable nor expedient for him to continue in Paris."—July 16, 1652, *Mercurius Politicus*.

posed, gave mortal pangs to the tender mind of the young bereaved daughter.

"The princess was," says Père Gamache, "of a high and courageous spirit, and possessed a proud consciousness of the grandeur of her birth and descent. The anguish she felt at her father's murder was still further aggravated, when she was forced from the palace of St. James, the place of her birth, and carried to Carisbrooke castle, the scene of his saddest imprisonment, from whence he was dragged to die. She perpetually meditated on his bitter sufferings, and all the disasters of her royal house, till she fell into a slow but fatal fever. When she found herself ill, she resolutely refused to take medicine."¹ Her little brother, Master Harry," as he was called, was her only companion. She expired alone, sitting in her apartment at Carisbrooke castle, her fair cheek resting on a Bible, which was the last gift of her murdered father, and which had been her only consolation in the last sad months of her life. Sir Theodore Mayerne, her father's faithful physician, came to prescribe for her, but too late; he has made the following obituary memorial of the death of this princess, saying, "she died on the 8th of September, 1650, in her prison at the Isle of Wight, of a malignant fever, which constantly increased, despite of medicine and remedies."²

"The queen, her mother," resumes Père Cyprian Gamache,³ "did not learn the sad death of the young princess Elizabeth without shedding abundance of tears; but the grief of her brothers, the duke of York and the king, bore testimony to the fine qualities this beautiful princess possessed. All the royal family had, considering her great talents and the charms of person, reckoned on her as a means of forming some high alliance, which would better their fortunes." Her lot was, however, very different; she was

"Doomed, in her opening flower of life, to know
All a true Stuart's heritage of woe."⁴

The young Elizabeth's melancholy death occurred in her fifteenth year. She was buried obscurely at Newport, on the 24th of September, 1650.

The queen had now resided upwards of six years in France, and all her habits and feelings began strongly to return to their original channel. A certain degree of liberality and political wisdom, which the strong pressure of calamity had forced into her mind, vanished after the war of the Fronde was pacified. The first step she took in utter opposition to her duty as the widow of Charles I., and queen-mother of the royal family, was acting on her resolution of educating her younger children as catholics. With this view she placed her little daughter Henrietta under the tuition of the capuchin, whose inedited MS. we have already quoted.

Père Cyprian Gamache was one of those men, such as we often see among Christian clergymen, of various denominations. The sincerity of belief, and the simplicity of heart and kindness of manner of the old

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, section 106.

² Mayerne's Ephemerides. MS. Sloane, 2075.

³ MS. of Père Gamache, 106.

⁴ Poems by Agnes Strickland.

friar, must have made him far more persuasive to the queen's children and household, who were of church of England principles, than his learning, his talents as an author, or his skill as a controversialist in the subtleties of disputation. The picture he draws of the royal child, who was given up by the queen entirely to his tutelage, is a pretty simple sketch, and most valuable to us besides, as an insight into the domestic manners of the banished court of England, with which the Père Cyprian brings us closely acquainted, in recording his hopes and fears regarding the conversion of those who professed the principles of the church of England.

"The queen," says Père Cyprian Gamache, "had, during the life of the king her husband, employed every effort, in her letters, to obtain the permission of her royal husband to bring up their youngest child as a catholic." And we must observe that, if she had succeeded, father Cyprian would most certainly have had infinite pleasure in naming the circumstance; he, however, reconciled the queen to her open disobedience of her husband's last injunctions, by pointing out to her that king Charles, with many other professors of church of England principles, allowed that a good person of the Roman-catholic faith could be saved. It is hard that the liberality of the church of England should be turned against her cause by controversialists; but this is neither the first nor the last instance.

"As soon, then," continues Père Cyprian, "as the first sparks of reason began to light in the mind of the precious child, the queen honoured me with the command to instruct her; and her majesty took the trouble to lead her herself into the chapel of the Louvre, where I was teaching the little ones of poor humble folk the principles of Christianity, and there she gave a noble instance of humility, by placing her royal daughter below them, and charging her, all the time I catechised, to listen. Then I taught her in her turn, even as the most simple of my company, how to learn to seek God, who made us. The princess profited so well by these humble examples, that, as she went out, she said aloud, 'that she would always come to hear me teach those little children.'"¹

Père Cyprian soon after began to give the princess Henrietta a regular private course of instruction, in which he mentions, "that he continually pressed on her mind that she ought to consider herself eternally indebted to the troubles of her royal family, for the opportunity of being brought up a catholic." The countess of Morton, who still continued governess to the princess, was always present when Père Cyprian gave the little princess her religious instruction; this lady had been brought up a member of the church of England, and still continued in its principles. Father Cyprian had an extreme desire to convert the countess. One day that lady said to her charge, "I believe father Cyprian intends his catechism as much for me as for your royal highness." This casual remark did not fall unheeded on the mind of her loving pupil, who immediately confided it to her tutor, and he, who owns that lady Morton had accurately divined his intentions, was wonderfully encouraged in

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, pp. 116. 117

his hopes. Soon after, the queen being present at his tuition, the little princess, at the end, expressed a great wish that every one believed in her religion.

"Since you have so much zeal," said the queen, "I wonder, my daughter, you do not begin by trying to convert your governess."

"Madame," replied the little princess, with childish earnestness, "I am doing so as much as I can."

"And how do you set about it?" asked the queen.

"Madame," replied the princess, in her infantine innocence, "I begin by embracing my governess; I clasp her round the neck; I kiss her a great many times, and then I say, 'Do be converted, madame Morton; be a catholic, madame Morton; father Cyprian says you must be a catholic to be saved, and you have heard him as well as me, madame Morton. Be then a catholic, *ma bonne dame*.'"¹

Between the entreaties and caresses of this sweet prattler, whom she loved so entirely, and the persuasions of Père Cyprian, poor lady Morton, who was no great theologian, was almost coaxed out of her religion. Nevertheless, her affections only were engaged, not her religious principles, as Père Cyprian acknowledges in his manuscript, with more anger than he expresses in any other passage.²

The political horizon, in 1652, darkened on every side round the house of Stuart. A strong military despotism was established in the British islands by the successful general, who found himself at the head of the veteran troops, who proved victors at the time when the people were utterly worn out with the horrors of anarchical strife. Despotism, in the hands of a military man, sufficiently cruel and cunning, is always the strongest of all governments, therefore it is not very marvellous that Cromwell was finally able to dictate a peace to Anne of Austria, who was not the strongest-minded female that ever governed an empire.

During the course of these long-pending negotiations, queen Henrietta requested cardinal Mazarine, in her name, to demand the annual payment of her dower. Cromwell promptly replied, "that she had never been recognised as queen-consort of Great Britain by the people, consequently, she had no right to this dower."³ The usurper would

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, p. 119.

² Lady Morton had promised the queen and her beloved charge, that she would profess their faith; but craved leave to retire to England, that she might make an effort to arrange her affairs. In London she fell ill of a burning fever, which seems to have been fatal. When she was at the point of death, a catholic lady of high rank, and her intimate friend, came to her, and said aloud, "Lady Morton, you say nothing of religion; are you not a catholic?" "No," replied Lady Morton, "I am not, and I never will be one." "Thus," adds Père Cyprian, "died this miserable lady, who pretended to dispose of divine grace according to her pleasure." (MS. of Père Gamache, p. 118.) This passage shows that the countess had been outwitted, but not converted.

³ Carte's Life of Ormonde. This historian seems lost in astonishment at the circumstance. But the recognition of the queen-consort, either at her own or at her husband's coronation, was a most important point in legalizing her claims on her dower; and it appears that Henrietta had carried her girlish whims so far, as to renounce the solemn recognition procession through the city, as well as the crowning and unction as queen. The coronations of the second wife of Ed

have, doubtless, found some other excuse to deprive the helpless queen of her maintenance, if her own act and deed, in her inexperienced girlhood, had not furnished him with so injurious a reply. It will be remembered, that Henrietta refused to be crowned as queen-consort, because her religious bigotry would not permit her to assist in the liturgy of the church of England, and this refusal, which proved the first step to the misfortunes of her husband, obtained for her, in course of time, this bitter insult, which struck at her character as a woman, as well as her rank as queen, and had probably a prospective view towards the illegitimation of her children.

Henrietta observed, with some dignity, to Mazarine, "that if she were not considered by the English nation as the wife and consort of their late sovereign, the question was, what had she been? And the obvious answer, that a daughter of France could have been otherwise than a wife of the king of England, was more disgraceful to her country than to herself; and if the king of France could submit to such a public stigma on his royal honour in a treaty, she must rest satisfied, being perfectly content herself, with the constant respect paid her as queen, by her husband and his loyal subjects."¹

Although the usurper would not pay queen Henrietta's dower, he returned to her the young duke of Gloucester, declaring "that Henry Stuart, third son of the late Charles I., had leave to transport himself beyond seas."

Charles II. was about to be driven a wanderer from his mother's home at the Louvre, when young Gloucester arrived there. Queen Henrietta acknowledged the authority of her eldest son, as king over her children; she therefore requested him at his departure to leave her youngest son with her, for she represented, "that he had been brought up as a prisoner in England, without learning either manly exercises or languages; that he had seen nothing of courtly manners, or good company, till he came to Paris; and that it was not right to take him from a city where he had the best opportunity in the world for acquiring everything of the kind." The queen was very importunate, and the young king acknowledged "that her reasons were good, for he had no funds to educate his young brother, or even to support him, according to his quality; his only objection was, that he feared that Gloucester would be perverted in his religion."² Queen Henrietta assured him that she would not suffer any such attempt to be made; and she added, "that the queen-regent of France, as some compensation for her discourtesy in driving him away, had augmented her pension at the rate of 2000*l.* per month, "and this," she said, "will enable me to maintain Gloucester."³ King Charles, before he left Paris, made his mother reiterate her promise that his young brother should not be brought up a catholic, and then departed, to wander over Europe, wherever his evil fortune chose

ward I., and the last four wives of Henry VIII., had, it is true, been omitted, but each had solemnly taken her place as queen at the royal chapels, at the celebration of divine service, which Henrietta had never done.

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 250, 251.

² Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.

³ *Ibid.*

to lead him. He settled his head quarters at Cologne, where a hospitable widow received him into her house, and lodged him for two years gratis.¹

To aggravate her misfortunes, queen Henrietta, some time before, had received the news of the death of her son-in-law, the prince of Orange; a severe loss for her family, as it threw the preponderance of power in Holland into the hands of the republican party there, the sworn friends of Cromwell. The death of Henry Frederic, the father of her son-in-law, had occurred at a fatal time for Charles I., in 1647; and now her daughter's husband was suddenly carried off by the small-pox, at the early age of twenty-two, leaving his young widow overwhelmed with grief, and in a dangerous state of health, being ready to become a mother. She brought forth a posthumous son, three days after the death of her husband. This boy, the first grandchild queen Henrietta had, was afterwards William III., the elective king of Great Britain.

Whilst the prince of Orange lived, queen Henrietta and her children had always, in all their wanderings and distresses, found an hospitable welcome at his court; now she saw her daughter left a young widow of nineteen, the mother of a fatherless son, with an inimical party to contend against in Holland, which was supported by all the might of Cromwell's successful despotism. How the young princess of Orange struggled through all the difficulties that environed her, and reared her son without seeing him wholly deprived of his father's inheritance, is one of the marvels of modern history. The princess of Orange was no longer able to receive her brothers openly at her court, the burgomasters of Holland being informed by Cromwell, that such reception was tantamount to a declaration of war against him. Charles II. therefore established his abode at Cologne, whence he frequently visited his sister as a private individual).

A great alteration took place in the conduct of queen Henrietta at this disastrous epoch, which was occasioned by the change of her confessor. Father Philipps had held that office since the second year of her marriage; he was a mild, unambitious man, under whose influence the best points of her character had appeared. Unfortunately for the peace of her family, he died at the close of 1652, and his place was filled by abbé Montague, a diplomatic priest, who was naturalized in France, and had long been immersed in the political intrigues of that court. It is a singular fact, that Montague was brother to the puritan, lord Kimbolton,² who had taken so active a part in revolutionizing England at the commencement of the civil war; if we may judge by results, neither the puritan nor the priestly brother were very ardent lovers of peace.

The same restless spirit that made the puritan disturb the quiet of Charles I.'s kingdom, impelled the jesuit brother to break the harmony that had hitherto subsisted between the unfortunate sovereign's family. The first fruits of abbé Montague's polemic activity was to suggest to

¹ Evelyn's Works.—Correspondence, vol. iv.

² Afterwards the earl of Manchester. His brother, the abbé, called lord Walter Montague, was converted by the Jesuits, when *attaché* to an embassy in France.—Carte's Ormonde, and Evelyn's Journal.

the queen of France, that it was injurious to the catholic religion to permit the church of England service to be celebrated under the roof of the Louvre. He likewise accused queen Henrietta of great sin, because she had established it there, for she had, from her first settlement in that palace, set apart one of her largest saloons for that purpose, where our church ritual was performed with great reverence by Dr. Cosins, the exiled bishop of Durham. The young king and the duke of York, who were both at that time zealously attached to the religion of their father, attended its service regularly when they were in Paris, likewise any persons of the queen's household who belonged to the church of England.¹

Queen Henrietta at first was grieved at the intolerance of abbé Montague; she expressed to her ladies how much the loss of father Philipps had embarrassed her, and said with displeasure, "that it was abbé Montague, who had induced her sister-in-law to break up her establishment at the Louvre, and transfer her residence to the Palais Royal." This was a severe blow to the English exiles, for the queen-regent then held her own court at the Palais Royal, and queen Henrietta lost the independence of a separate dwelling. The queen-regent, at the same time, forbade her to receive her son, Charles II., to visit the Palais Royal, on account of political expediency, and likewise declared that no religious worship, excepting according to the ritual of the Roman-catholic church, should take place within the walls of her palace.

Thus the duke of Gloucester, and other members of the church of England attached to queen Henrietta's family, were deprived of all opportunities of worship, excepting at the chapel of sir Richard Browne,² for this gentleman had been ambassador from Charles I., and still retained the residence and privileges of the embassy — among others, a chapel. Thither the duke of Gloucester went every day, as he walked home from his riding and fencing academy;³ and when the duke of York returned from his campaigns, he likewise attended his religious duties of the church of England at the same chapel. Thus matters continued for some months after Charles II. left his young brother under his mother's care; her confessor, Montague, viewed the daily attendance of the Stuart princes at divine service very invidiously; however, he formed his plans in secret, and began to work on queen Henrietta's mind accordingly; the fruits of his machinations appeared in due time.⁴

It was probably owing to the influence of abbé Montague, that queen Henrietta founded the convent of Chaillot at a period when scarcely a hope remained of the restoration of the royal family. After her independent residence at the Louvre was broken up, queen Henrietta yearned for some private home, where she could pass part of her time in perfect quiet, without being subjected to the slavery of living in public with the French court. Such a retreat was needful for her health and peace of mind, and we scarcely reckon it among the sins of bigotry for it vexed no person's conscience, and provided for a community of

¹ Carte's Life of Ormonde.

² Father-in-law of the celebrated John Evelyn.

³ Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii., p. 163.

⁴ Ibid.

harmless and charitable women, who were at that time struggling with distress.¹

The nuns of Port Royal offered their house when queen Henrietta wished for religious retirement. Whether or not the stigma of predestinarianism (afterwards called Jansenism) had then been affixed to this community by abbé Montague, is not mentioned, but the queen declined the offer. She took under her protection a very poor community of the Nuns of the Visitation of St. Mary, and settled them in a house which Catherine de Medicis had built as a villa on the bold eminence at Chailot, opposite to the Champ de Mars. Queen Henrietta purchased this estate of the heirs of marechal de Bassompierre, to whom her father had granted it, but the foundation was at first beset with many difficulties. At last she obtained for her nuns the protection of the queen-regent and the archbishop of Paris, and the latter expedited the letters-patent, under the appellation of the foundation of the queen of England.²

Queen Henrietta chose for her own apartments those whose windows looked without, and a most noble view they must have commanded over Paris; "her reasons were," she said, "that she might prevent her ladies from having access to the secluded portions of the convent, unless they obtained the especial leave of the abbess, lest they might trouble the calm of the votaresses; as for herself, she usually received her visits in the parlour of the convent, and even came thither to consult her physician."³ In this convent was educated her youngest daughter, Henrietta. The queen used to tell the nuns, that on their prayers and good example she depended for the conversion of the rest of her family.

On these conversions queen Henrietta had now entirely fixed her heart. Above all things, she wished to interrupt the attendance of the young duke of Gloucester at the church of England chapel. Her chief counsellor, abbé Montague, about the close of the year 1654, either discovered, or affected to discover, that the duke of Gloucester required a course of education which did not allow him so much freedom, because he had formed an imprudent intimacy at the academies of exercise with some young, wild French gallants, who were like to mislead his youth.⁴ This was by no means an unlikely circumstance, as he walked to and from the academies like any other day scholar; but it appears only to have been urged as an excuse for sending Gloucester to the Jesuits' College, not only to be tamed, but to be cut off from all opportunities of attending worship at the ambassador's chapel. The idea of the severity of the jesuits' plan of education was terrific even to catholic boys; what it was to young Gloucester may be imagined. A long contest ensued between the queen and her son: he pleaded his religion, and positively refused to enter the walls of the college; finding that he was resolute, she compromised the matter, not much to his satisfaction, by sending him to spend the month of November with her confessor Montague, who chose to retire, at the season of advent, to his benefice, the abbey

¹ Inedited paper, in the Secret Archives of France, Hotel de Soubise, Paris, by favour of M. Guizot.

² The letters-patent to this effect are in the Archives of France, Hotel de Soubise.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Carte's Life of Ormonde.

of Pontoise. At first, Mr. Lovel, the young duke's tutor, accompanied him, but the queen made an excuse to send for this gentleman to Paris, and Gloucester was left alone with Montague and his monks.¹ Then the abbé confided to the young prince, that it was his mother's intention to educate him for a cardinal; at the same time he strenuously represented to him, "that as his sole hopes of advancement in life must proceed from the royal family of France, who were willing to adopt him as a son, how much it would be to his interest to embrace immediately the catholic religion, on various points of which he offered to convince him instantaneously by argument."

If young Gloucester had even been a catholic, there is no doubt but he would have made the most lively resistance to a religious destination; as it was, he pleaded vehemently his church-of-England creed, and the promise his royal mother had made to the king, his brother, not to tamper with it, adding, "that it was shameful to assail him with controversy in his tutor's absence, who could and would answer it."

At Gloucester's earnest request, Mr. Lovel was sent back to Pontoise. The queen afterwards permitted him to bring his pupil to Paris, where he again attended the service of the church of England, at sir Richard Browne's chapel.

Queen Henrietta, a short time after, had a stormy interview with Gloucester, and told him "that all abbé Montague had said to him was by her directions;" and "that, as to his urging against her her promise to the king, she must observe, that she had promised not to force him in his belief, but she had not said that she would not show him the right way to heaven; she had, besides, a right to represent to him how very desperate his worldly fortunes were, as a protestant in France; but, if he would embrace the catholic faith and accept a cardinal's hat, she could promise him unbounded wealth in French benefices." It was scandalous of the queen thus to tempt her young son, who, in return, as she equivocated with her promise made to his king and brother, solemnly pleaded to her the promise that his murdered father had exacted from him in their last interview, never to renounce the faith of the church of England, which, infant as he then was, he distinctly remembered.

Henrietta hardened her heart against this tender appeal, and soon after removed her son's faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. She bade Gloucester "prepare to go to the Jesuits' College, under penalty of her malediction and utter renunciation;" but before the day that the queen had appointed to remove him to walls which he deemed a prison, she received a letter of remonstrance, which came from his brother, Charles II., then at Cologne, reminding her of her promise, and forbidding her "to enclose his subject and brother in the Jesuits' College."² He likewise wrote to his exiled subjects in Paris, to do all their poverty could permit to aid his brother, if the queen proceeded to extremities. Queen Henrietta testified the utmost anger when she read the letter from the young king, and found by it that Gloucester had appealed against her authority.

¹ Abbé Montague is usually called in history a jesuit. He was converted by the jesuits, but seems to have belonged to one of the regular orders.

² *Life of Ormonde*, vol. ii., p. 166.

The young king's opinion of these proceedings is freely expressed in the following letter to his brother, in which the tenour of the complaint that Gloucester wrote to him, and the letter that queen Henrietta received from him, may be ascertained, though neither are forthcoming:—

CHARLES II. TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.¹

"Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

"Dear Brother,

"I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you, at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris say, that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which if you do hearken to her, or to anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see England or me again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs from this time, I must lay all upon you, as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be, not only the cause of ruining a brother who loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you, either by force or fair promises: the first, they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you.

"I am also informed, there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' college, which I command you, on the same grounds, never to consent unto; and whenever anybody goes to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all. For, though you have reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same familiarity with the argument as they are.

"If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

"Dear brother,

"Your most affectionate,

"CHARLES II."

The queen, notwithstanding the royal authority of her eldest son, resolved not to give up her intentions without trying another mode of shaking the resolution of young Gloucester. One day, after dinner, she took him apart, she embraced him, she kissed him, and, with all the sweetness possible, told him how tender an affection she bore to him, and how much it grieved her that love itself should compel her to proceed with seeming severity. "You are weary, my child," she continued, "of being entreated, and, truly, I am weary of it too; but I will shorten your time of trial; give one hearing more to abbé Montague; sequester yourself in your apartment, without entering into any diversion; meditate on his words, and then either send or bring me a full and final answer."

The duke of Gloucester, before this conversation commenced, had perceived that his mother, as soon as she had risen from table, meant to have a private conference with him, and fearful lest some admission should be extorted from him favourable to her views, he had sent young Griffin, the gentleman of his bed-chamber, to fetch the marquess of Ormonde to his assistance, as soon as he could come, for the king, his

¹ Original Letters, Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. pp. 142-3.

brother, had placed him under this nobleman's protection, in regard to his religion. When the queen had finished all her entreaties and caresses, Gloucester retired to his chamber, in obedience to her commands. Abbé Montague came directly to him, and commenced a long course of arguments to influence his determination, and then urged him to know what answer he was to carry to her majesty, his mother? Gloucester said, "None:" resolving first to see the marquis of Ormonde. "Then," said Montague, "I shall return in an hour, and carry to her majesty your answer." At that moment the marquess entered, according to the summons sent to him by Griffin; and when the young duke found himself supported by the presence and testimony of his father's friend, he turned to the abbé Montague, and said, "that his final answer to his mother was, that he meant to continue firm in the religion of the church of England." The abbé answered abruptly, "Then it is her majesty's command that you see her face no more." Gloucester was deeply agitated at this message; with the utmost earnestness, he entreated "that he might be permitted a last interview with the queen, to ask her parting blessing." "This," Montague said, "he was empowered to refuse."¹

Gloucester remained in despair; his brother, the duke of York, came to him, and with great tenderness pitied his misfortune. York went to his royal mother, and interceded earnestly for his brother, but in vain. Henrietta was inexorable; she violently reproached York, and declared "that she would henceforth signify her pleasure to neither of her sons, except by the medium of her confessor, Montague." York returned to Gloucester's apartments in the Palais Royal with this message. It was Sunday morning, before church time. The conference of the royal brothers was interrupted by the entrance of abbé Montague, who renewed the controversy, by representing to Gloucester the destitution in which he would be plunged by his mother's renunciation: he advised him to speak to her himself, as she was then going to mass at her convent of Chaillot; he added, "that the queen had proposals to make to him which would quite set his heart at rest."

"I fear, sir," replied the duke of Gloucester, "my mother's proposals will not have that effect, for my heart can have no rest but in the free exercise of my religion." At this moment the queen passed, in her way to her coach; the young duke followed her, and kneeling in her way, asked her maternal blessing; she angrily repulsed him, and haughtily passed on: he remained overwhelmed with sorrow. Upon which the abbé Montague, who was watching the effect that Henrietta's harshness had had on her son, stepped up to him, and, in a tone of condolence, asked him, "What her majesty had said, which had so discomposed him?" "What I may thank you for, sir," replied the young duke sharply, "and it is but reason that what my mother has just said to me, I should repeat to you; be sure that I see your face no more."

So saying, he turned indignantly from his persecutor, and, as it was then time for morning service, he went immediately to sir Richard

¹ Carte's Life of Ormonde, vol. ii. p. 166

Browne's chapel, accompanied by his brother, the duke of York, and these princes comforted themselves by attending devoutly to the liturgy of the persecuted church of England. When Gloucester returned from divine service, he went to his apartments as usual, little thinking the course his mother had taken. He found, to his consternation, that queen Henrietta had given strict orders that no dinner was to be prepared for him, and he must have starved that day, if lord Hatton had not taken him home to his table, and begged him to accept a future lodging at his house. The young prince was with difficulty prevailed on to accept his hospitality; for he generously reminded lord Hatton that it might occasion Cromwell to sequester his estate in England, the remnant of which was, as yet, spared to this banished cavalier.¹

When Gloucester left the Palais Royal, with a heavy heart, queen Henrietta received a visit from her sister-in-law, the queen regent of France, who was eager to know what success these severe measures, (which they had previously concerted with Montague,) had had in inducing submission. At the desire of Queen Henrietta, she sent the young duke of Anjou,² her second son, to seek his cousin, the duke of Gloucester, to represent to him, in a friendly manner, the trouble he would incur by resisting the wills of both queens. Anjou returned, after a long search, and said that no one knew whither Gloucester had taken refuge, after he found that his apartments were dismantled and his food cashiered. The queens, at length, after experiencing some alarm, heard that he had taken refuge with lord Hatton; thither they sent the marquis du Plessis, to persuade him into submission, but the sole message he could induce him to send was, "that he was more than ever attached to the church of England, however fallen and distressed she might be."

That night, after his return from evening prayers, the duke of Gloucester stole back to the Palais Royal to take the opportunity of bidding farewell to his sister, the princess Henrietta, before their mother returned from vespers at her Chaillot convent. But the moment the young princess heard of his intention to resist the queen's will, and to leave her, she began to shriek and cry aloud, "Oh me, my mother! Oh me, my brother! Oh, my mother, what shall I do? I am undone for ever!"³ The duke gathered from these exclamations that she was in mortal terror of the queen's displeasure; he therefore left her, and disconsolately sought his own sleeping-room, which he found cold and dismantled, with the sheets taken off the bed.⁴ While poor Gloucester was looking in dismay at this very un-maternal arrangement for his night's rest, his groom entered in great perplexity, to know what he should do with his horses, for the queen's comptroller was, by her commands, turning them out of the royal stables. The duke declared a new place could not be found for them at nine o'clock at night. The comptroller said, "queen Henrietta would discharge him before morning, if they remained during that night." Gloucester, when all these cares regarding his

¹ Carte's Ormonde, vol. ii. pp. 166-7.

² Afterwards duke of Orleans.—Carte's *Life of Ormonde*.

³ The *Late Troubles in England*, p. 437.

⁴ Carte's *Life of Ormonde*.

horses, his servants, and himself, were thrown upon his hands, was penniless, and just fourteen.

In this dilemma, the marquess of Ormonde sold the last jewel he possessed, which was the George of the order of the Garter, to provide the persecuted son of his master with the necessities of life. It was equally disgraceful of Henrietta to distress her husband's faithful and impoverished servants, by throwing on them the maintenance of her son, as it was to persecute him for his integrity in preserving the promise he had made to his father in his tender childhood. This was decidedly the worst action queen Henrietta ever committed.

This religious persecution, carried on against one of her own family, made Henrietta exceedingly unpopular among the faithful servants of Charles I. Religious bigotry was active in the minds of both parties, and produced its usual consequences, a venomous political hatred.

The queen seems to have taken an ungenerous advantage of her superior influence in the land of their mutual banishment, to show former grudges and jealousies, which she had imbibed during the lifetime of her husband, against chancellor Hyde, Ormonde, and many others, among the most virtuous of the church-of-England royalists; but, it must be owned, there was no love lost, for they hated her most bitterly. Hyde has left curious minutes of his farewell interview with the queen, when he departed from Paris to join her son at Cologne, in the autumn of 1654. Previously, the queen had not been on speaking terms with him, but lord Percy intimated to him her permission for audience of leave. When he came into her presence, she reproached him for disrespect, and told him "that every one noticed he never entered her presence, though he lodged under her roof."

The chancellor replied, "that she had mentioned his punishment, and not his fault; that it was true he wished not all the world to behold that he was not favoured by her who was the widow of his late benefactor, and the mother of his present king; and that, as she enjoyed the assistance of a puissant court, and he had not in his power to aid her with the smallest service, he had abstained from obtruding himself on her presence, as he knew he was unwelcome; but he hoped she would not now dismiss him, without naming what she had taken amiss in his conduct."

Queen Henrietta could have told him that his zeal in keeping her sons steady in their attachment to the church of England was the head and front of his offending. But though she shut her eyes to the fact that their compliance with the dominant religion of France would seem at once time-serving, insincere, and ruinous to all their future hopes in England, still she did not name the real cause of her heart-burning against her husband's old friend. She said some passionate words respecting an old grudge, "that he had lessened formerly her credit with her husband, but that she should be glad to change her opinion now." So, carelessly extending her hand to him, and turning half away while he knelt and kissed it, she departed, with a displeased air, into her bed-chamber.

The duke of York did all that was in his power to assist his young
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brother; indeed, he was nearly under as much disgrace as Gloucester with his mother for the same cause.¹ This prince testified as ardent an attachment to the church of England, while oppressed and exiled, as he showed to the church of Rome in the decline of his life. No representations of interest, made by his mother, could induce him to forsake his father's faith. Charles II. had charged him to watch over the proceedings of their mother, in regard to the religious education of their young brother. He wrote to him thus:²—"I have told you what the queen hath promised me, concerning our brother Harry, in point of religion; and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt should be made upon him, in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon."

When the princess of Orange and the queen of Bohemia (who then resided under the protection of the States of Holland) heard of the persecutions which young Gloucester was enduring from his mother, on account of his attachment to the religion of which they were both tried and sincere votaries, they were shocked and indignant, and urged Charles II. to send for him to them. The admirable queen of Bohemia thus wrote her mind to sir Edward Nicholas on this subject:³—"I was, Saturday last, with my *best* niece (the princess of Orange) at Teiling, it being her birth-day; I assure you that she is in much trouble for her dear brother Gloucester. I am sorry the king (Charles II.) has so much cause for grief; I beseech God that he may speedily remedy it. I believe that my dear nephew Gloucester has a good resolution, but there is no trusting to one of his tender age. I confess I did not think the queen, his mother, would have proceeded thus." The postscript to this letter comprised an important event, as it afterwards proved, to queen Henrietta, and this was the arrival of Anne Hyde, at the Hague, as maid of honour to the princess of Orange. The princess had previously, out of gratitude for the fidelity of chancellor Hyde to her unfortunate father, given him a house of hers at Breda, rent-free, without which, as he declares, he must have wanted shelter for his children. When his eldest daughter was about fifteen, the princess, who was very fond of her, wished to relieve the chancellor of her maintenance. The chancellor reminded her that queen Henrietta would be offended, because he knew she wished to recommend a young lady in the place of young mistress Killigrew, who had died of the small-pox, while the princess of Orange was staying at the Spa with the king, her brother. He declared likewise, "that her royal highness's favour to his daughter would draw upon him a further access of the displeasure of his queen, which already heavily oppressed him, and that her royal highness would experience her share." To which the princess of Orange very properly replied, "I have always paid the duty to the queen, my mother, which was her due, but I am mistress of my own family, and can receive what servants I please; nay, I should wrong my mother if I forbore to do a good and just action lest her majesty should be offended at it. I know

¹ Autograph Memoirs of James II.

² *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 108.

³ The queen of Bohemia to sir E. Nicholas, dated Nov. 16, 1664.—*Evelyn's Correspondence, &c.*, vol. iv. p. 152.

that some ill offices have been done you to my mother, but I doubt not that in due time she will discern that she has been mistaken."

Chancellor Hyde remained greatly averse to a separation from his daughter; but the partiality of the princess and the queen of Bohemia to the young lady overbore his reluctance, and Anne Hyde was finally established at the Hague.

Meantime, queen Henrietta showed some repentance for her cruelty to her youngest son; but, poor as they were, her children and her husband's family preferred taking the cost of his maintenance upon them, to trusting his religion and happiness with her.

"By this post," wrote the queen of Bohemia, "I have had very good news of Gloucester's constancy in his religion, and of my lord of Ormonde's handsome carriage in that business; the queen saith, 'she will press him no further in it;' but I hope the king (Charles II.) will not trust to her, but get him away."

This suggestion was immediately acted upon; Charles II. wrote formally to his mother, claiming his young brother as his subject. Queen Henrietta was obliged to permit him to depart,¹ in the middle of December, 1654.

Queen Henrietta, having thus driven her sons from her, remained, with her young daughter, a guest in the Palais Royal, occupied with the hopes and fears of that child's future destination. She had ventured to hope that the young king, Louis XIV., would be captivated in due time by the charms of her daughter; and the queen-regent, Anne of Austria, had assured her "that if the marriage treaty with her brother's daughter, the infanta Maria Theresa, was broken, that the king, her son, should espouse the young princess of England;" but she owned, "that to see him marry her Spanish niece, was the first wish of her heart." Louis XIV., who was still in his minority, had as yet seen no beauty in his young English cousin, who was a small delicate child, and he took an opportunity of showing his mother and aunt, that if any accident freed him from his Spanish *fiancée*, it was the last of his thoughts to replace her with the English princess.

¹ There is a letter from her extant, dated on that day, written to the old cavalier, sir Edward Nicholas, at Cologne, who was the secretary to the exiled king. In it the queen of Bohemia preferred an earnest request that the royal boy might be permitted to visit her and his sister on his way to Cologne. "I long to hear," she says, "that my sweet nephew Gloucester is at Brussels. My niece of Orange has sent Nick. Armourer to meet him there. I have written by him to Gloucester, that if the king would permit him to take this place (the Hague) and Teiling in his way from Brussels, he need not make such haste to see the king, who saw him lately, but it is much longer since we saw him. I am sure our *Hoghen Moghens* will take no notice of it, if they be not asked the question, as they were for the king's coming to Breda." The young duke of Gloucester did not arrive at Brussels till New Year's day. He was accompanied by his faithful tutor, Mr. Lovel. He visited Teiling, at that time the residence of his sister, the princess of Orange, where his aunt of Bohemia went to meet him.

This young prince made his first campaign under the auspices of his brother James, duke of York. They fought in the Spanish service against Cromwell, who attacked the Spanish Netherlands afterwards. The duke of York records, when describing a very sharp action,—“The duke of Gloucester, during all that day, seconded me, and behaved as bravely as any of his ancestors.” He was then scarcely sixteen. This slight digression throws some light on the perfect

One evening, in the spring of 1655, queen Henrietta and her daughter were invited to see the king dance at a ball, which Anne of Austria gave in her private apartments. That queen had been ill some days, and appeared dressed in a wrapping robe, and the cornette, or morning cap of that era, to mark that she was an invalid. Her guests were the duchesses and ladies of her household, and those who had young daughters brought them to figure in the *grande quadrille*, which was formed for the young king. The party was rather of a juvenile character, and the dancers were from the age of the princess of England, who was about eleven, to the age of Louis XIV., who was just sixteen.

It was the first amusement of the kind in which the princess Henrietta of England had appeared, and etiquette demanded that her cousin, the young king of France, should dance with her. He was then distractedly in love with Marie de Mancini, (niece to his artful prime-minister, Mazarine,) and was ready to share his crown with her. This young lady not being present, he chose to dance with her sister, the duchess de Mercœur, and, despite of his mother's commands, led her out as his partner in the *branlé* or brawl, the national dance of the English being then fashionable in France. The queen-regent rose abruptly from her chair of state, where she was sitting by queen Henrietta, and advancing to Louis XIV., took the niece of Mazarine from him, and commanded him to lead the young princess of England to the dance. Queen Henrietta, greatly alarmed at the anger of her sister-in-law and the lowering brow of her nephew, immediately rose and joined the group; she assured the king "that her daughter would not dance, she was too young, besides she had hurt her foot, and could not be his partner." These polite excuses availed not; Anne of Austria declared that if the queen of England suffered not her daughter to dance, the king should have no partner of lower rank. The result was, that neither Louis XIV. nor the princess Henrietta joined the dancers. The king was in disgrace all the evening with his mother, who reproached him from time to time, and he answered, sullenly, "that he did not like little girls."¹

The queen of England could not help attributing the rudeness of the young king to contempt for her fallen state. She, however, experienced

harmony that prevailed among the children of Charles I., and their attachment to the church of England at a time when there was no worldly motive to induce them to adhere to it. The tender friendship that subsisted between the queen of Bohemia and her brother's children, although rival interests rendered their descendants foes, is likewise an historical fact, fully proved by her correspondence, from which the above quotations have been made. She felt all their wrongs and sufferings as keenly, or more so, than her own; she loved and cherished their friends, and hated their foes, with all the vivacity of her nature. Elizabeth detested Christine of Sweden, and utterly refused introduction to her, on account of the abuse that fantastic personage levelled at Charles I., "her most dear brother," and the sycophantic homage she offered to Cromwell. "Sure," wrote the queen of Bohemia, at this juncture, "Cromwell is the beast in the Revelations, whom all the kings of the earth do worship. I wish him a hke and, and speedily."—*Letters of the Queen of Bohemia*, Evelyn Collection.

¹ *Madame de Motteville*, vol. v. pp. 185, 186.

a still more serious mortification when the princess Marguerite, the daughter of her sister, the duchess of Savoy, arrived at the court of France, literally as a candidate for the hand of Louis XIV. This tawny princess treated her aunt and the fair, delicate, English princess, her daughter, with the supercilious condescension that some rich heiresses use towards poor relations.¹

For nearly two years a coldness had been kept up between queen Henrietta and her sons, who were inclined to view her exclusive fondness for their young catholic sister with something like angry jealousy, when the princess of Orange paid her a visit in hopes of reconciling all differences. The queen was delighted to see her eldest daughter; but the moment she beheld her, the mania of conversion returned. She carried her to the nuns of Chaillot, who beset the poor princess with their pious entreaties; father Cyprian added his theological arguments; but all in vain, the princess of Orange persisted in remaining true to the church of England.²

It was at this visit that the duke of York, who had accompanied his sister at the end of his campaign as her escort to Paris, fell in love with Anne Hyde, of whom he thus speaks in his memoirs:—"Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his;" and she brought his passion to such a height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her, and promised her to do it. The king, to whom he confided his passion, refused his consent, and dissuaded his brother from the marriage, which made him conceal it for several months.³

Time and death, meanwhile, were silently effecting a change in the fortunes of the royal family of England; but the decease of her great enemy, Cromwell, at first raised no hopes in the mind of the widowed queen, for the restoration of her son. It is a curious point to be able to unveil her actual feelings at this crisis, by means of the following letter,⁴ written to a person in whom she so thoroughly confided as madame de Motteville. It was in answer to a letter of that lady, congratulating her on the removal of her persecutor.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE.

"You might accuse me with reason of showing little sensibility to the kindness of my friends, if I did not inform you that I only received your letter this morning, though dated on Sunday. I thought you would hear with joy the news of the death of that *scélérat*; but I own to you, whether it be that my heart is so wrapped in melancholy, that it is incapable of it, or that I really see not, as yet, any great advantages that will accrue to us, but I feel no very great satisfaction;

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. v. pp. 185, 186.

² MS. of Père Cyprian, who admits, when discussing this visit, that queen Henrietta had secretly endeavoured to turn her daughter Mary from the church of England in her girlhood.

³ Autograph Life of James II., edited by Macpherson, pp. 15—21.

⁴ Madame de Motteville, vol. v., p. 275. This letter is headed, "Copy of a letter of Henriette Marie, queen of England, written throughout with her own hand, to madame de Motteville, this Wednesday, September 18, 1658, N. S." The death of Cromwell had occurred September 13, N. S., September 3, Old Style.

the most I have is, seeing the hopes of all my friends. I beg you will thank madame du Plessis and mademoiselle de Belnavé very warmly. I should indeed rejoiced to make the fourth in your company. I would dwell long on the tried friendship of all of you for me; but in truth there is more in my heart than can be expressed, and my actions shall make you see it on all occasions. I entreat you to believe, or you will wrong me, that I am, from the depth of my soul, your friend,

HENRIETTE MARIE R."

The hopes of better times, which had appeared so indistinct to the mind of the widow of Charles I., were gradually developed in the course of the next few months, when the appearance of certain English time-servers, who flocked to her court, and endeavoured to forestal her favour, proved the unerring symptoms of approaching prosperity. From the journal of one of these fair-weather friends may be gathered the following intelligence: "After the death of Cromwell," says sir John Reresby, "I endeavoured to be known in the queen-mother's court, which she kept then at the Palais Royal. Her majesty, at that time, had none of her children with her, but the princess Henrietta Maria; and as few of the English made their court to her, I was the better received. I spoke French, and danced pretty well, and the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved to me with all the civil freedom that might be; she danced with me, played on the harpsichord to me in her chamber, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two great trees, and, in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

"The queen had a great affection for England, though she had met with such severity of usage there. Before the great men and ladies of France, she discoursed much in praise of the people and country—of their courage, their generosity, and good nature; and she would excuse the rebellion, as being brought about by some desperate enthusiasts, rather than proceeding from the temper of the nation. To give a little instance of her care in regard to our countrymen, I happened one day to carry an English gentleman to court, and he, willing to be very gay, had got him a garniture of rich red and yellow ribbons to his suit; and the queen, observing the absurd effect, called to me, and advised me to tell my friend to mend his taste a little as to his choice of ribbons, for the two colours he had joined were ridiculous in France, and would make people laugh at him."

"I had three cousins in an English convent, in France, one of them an ancient lady, since abbess of the house. Thither the queen was wont to retire for some days, and this lady told me that lord Jermyn had the queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed it was obvious that he had uncommon interest with her and her concerns; but that he was married to her or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so." Pepys mentions the same gossip story, and speaks of a daughter that the queen had by lord Jermyn.

An assertion has likewise been made in print, to the following effect,

¹ Sir John Reresby's Memoirs, p. 4. Swinging was still a fashionable diversion in the time of Addison. See the Spectator.

by an anonymous writer: "I myself have often heard Mr. R. Osborne, then at Paris, with the exiled king, affirm that he saw lord Jermyn and queen Henrietta solemnly married together." Who I myself may be, by name, it would not be easy at present to discover; he is the anonymous author of a most atrocious libel, published in 1690, with the avowed intention of surpassing all the other personal slanders on the Stuart sovereigns, a difficult task, but he has certainly accomplished it.¹

So little did the government of France expect the restoration of the royal family of Stuart, that cardinal Mazarine, fearful of incurring the enmity of Cromwell's successor, would not permit Charles II. to stay more than a few days with queen Henrietta, when he was on his road from Fontarabia. Both the queen and her son earnestly petitioned that he might be permitted to stay longer with her, she being then at her country-seat, at Colombes;² nevertheless, Mazarine insisted on his departure from France. Charles left his mother unwillingly, as he had many consultations to hold with her, respecting the important change in English affairs, and to the regret of both, he was forced to retire to Brussels.

Reresby, who was rather better acquainted with the state of the public mind in England than the French prime minister, remained a close attendant on queen Henrietta's court, and was actually there when the news of the Restoration arrived. He affirms that the queen expressed extravagant joy; and that the whole French and English court might rejoice with her, she gave a magnificent ball, to which every courtier of note, belonging to either country, was invited, and all the English gentlemen of whatsoever politics they might be, were guests; among others, sir John Reresby, was commanded by the queen to dance with the cardinal's niece, the beautiful Hortense Mancini. "There was a much greater resort at this time to our queen's court," pursues Reresby, "than to those of the two French queens, for her good humour and wit, and the great beauty of the young princess, her daughter, made it more attractive than the solemn Spanish etiquette observed in the others. I had more honours from our queen and her daughter, while I staid at Paris, than I deserved." That certainly was true, since the only return he made for their hospitality, was to promulgate a slander, for which not the slightest evidence can be discovered.

In private, the joy of queen Henrietta assumed a devout character; it appears that she was at the Palais Royal when the news arrived, and hastened from her abode to her nuns at Chaillot the moment she heard of it, to glad them with the good tidings. Here she remained till her son, Charles II., paid her a flying visit, incognito, to Paris, for the purpose of consulting her on the subject. The mother and son dined together in the refectory of the Chaillot convent, and were waited on at table by the nuns. In the evening the queen assisted at a solemn service in the chapel, in which the whole choir sung, and prayers were

¹Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., with a True Portraiture of William Henry of Nassau.

²Memoirs of James II., written by himself.

offered for the benedictions of Heaven on the royal family of England.¹

The queen resumed, from this time, all her former activity of mind; and to assist her son in his restoration, she exerted herself to obtain for him a loan, or present, of fifty thousand crowns, from the duchess of Savoy, her sister, and she renewed every ancient tie and alliance in his favour.

The delirious joy of the Restoration, May 29, 1660, was not witnessed by her, a circumstance which called forth the following apostrophe from her poet and secretary, the celebrated Cowley, in his ode on the return and restoration of Charles II.

"Where's now the royal mother—where?
To take her mighty share
In this inspiring sight,
And with the part she takes, to add to the delight!
Ah, why art thou not here?
Thou always best, and now the happiest queen!
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen.
How well thy different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs, queen of martyrdom!"

Her delay seems to have been occasioned by the negotiation she had in hand, in regard to her daughter's marriage with her nephew Philippe, who, by the death of her brother Gaston, in the autumn of 1659, had lately become duke of Orleans. In the midst of the rejoicings for the union of his eldest brother, Louis XIV., with the infanta, Maria Theresa, Orleans had fallen violently in love with his beautiful cousin. It is said that Louis XIV. was likewise sensibly touched by her charms, when it was too late. A marriage between one or other of her royal nephews, with her daughter, was the aim of Henrietta, from the time she determined to bring her up a catholic. Even so unworldly a person as Père Cyprian was fully aware of the policy of the queen of England in this matter. His manuscripts contain a graphic portrait of Henrietta of England. He says: "Now, I will continue the history of my *petite princesse*. It was well known how entirely she was beloved by the queen her mother. Indeed it often happens, that parents love most tenderly their youngest children, witness the affection of the patriarch Jacob, for Joseph and Benjamin. Of all her children, certainly the queen cherished *la petite princesse* the most, though she had for the whole the true affection of a mother." It must be owned, with due deference to the Père Cyprian Gamache, that she had a most extraordinary way of showing it, to those who persisted in attending the service of the church of England.

"*La petite princesse*," continues the father, "was of a rare beauty, of a sweet temper, and a noble spirit, and applied herself to all the exercises fitting to her royal degree. She excelled the most skilful in dances, in musical instruments, and all similar accomplishments; the elegance of her person, her port sweetly majestic, and all her movements so justly and tastefully regulated, called forth the praises of every one who beheld her. Above all, her aunt, madame Christine, the duchess of Savoy, envied the queen, her mother, *la petite princesse*. Supposing that she was

¹Inedited MS. at the Hotel de Soubise, Secret Archives of France.

to be brought up as a protestant, like her brothers and sisters, her aunt of Savoy expressed a wish to take her for her own; and bring her up in the religion that she thought would make her graces of mind equal those of her person."

As this sister of queen Henrietta had disgraced her regency by a fierce persecution of the Vaudois—that infamous persecution, which called forth the glorious sonnet of Milton, commencing—

"Avenge, O Lord! thy martyr'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,"

it was better that *la petite princesse* was educated under the mild tuition of her loving tutor, father Cyprian.

The peaceable re-establishment of king Charles II. in his kingdom, without war, without contest, and without a sword being drawn, occurred at the time when the princess, his sister, had gained the perfection of her beauty. The duke of Orleans, with the consent of his brother Louis XIV., proposed to marry her, and demanded her of the queen her mother.¹

This affair came to a conclusion, when Charles II. had been settled in his kingdom about five months; queen Henrietta knew there was the important point of the portion of the young princess to settle with the English parliament. She therefore resolved to go to England with her daughter, to conclude the negotiation, and take possession at the same time of her own long withheld dowry. She hoped likewise to break the marriage of her second son James, with Mrs. Anne Hyde, of which she had heard some rumours, with rage and disgust. She need not have been so very indignant, if it is true that she had undertaken the negotiation of the marriage of the niece of cardinal Mazarine with her son, Charles II.,² for Mazarine and his family had sprung from the very lowest classes in their native country, while the ancestors of Anne Hyde belonged to a rank of English country gentry, the *nobiles minores*, as they are very truly called in the Issue Rolls, from among whom the proudest of her son's royal ancestors had not disdained to choose queens. Perhaps her chief inducement to negotiate this degrading marriage was, that she meant to divert the cardinal from shaking her son's newly-settled throne by his intrigues. However, Charles II. positively refused the alliance, and death removed Mazarine a few weeks after queen Henrietta had undertaken this commission.

Queen Henrietta was never again to behold the son with whom she had parted with such wrath, on account of his attachment to the church of England. The young duke of Gloucester had accompanied his brothers at the Restoration, and had been received with great regard, on account of his firmness to his religious principles. He fell ill with the small-pox, in September, and died on the 22d of that month, "notwithstanding repeated bleedings," as the public papers of the day affirm.

The queen's grief for the death of her youngest son was interrupted by the unwelcome confirmation of the marriage of the duke of York with Anne Hyde. Nothing could exceed her exasperation at this event;

¹ MS. of Père Gamache.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. vi.

it was not allayed by the letters she received from her eldest daughter, the princess of Orange, who had arrived in England at the very crisis of the whole discovery, and was warm in the expression of her rage at the idea of her maid becoming her sister-in-law. The queen expedited her journey to England, in hopes of rending asunder ties which she resolved should not be permanent; she immediately wrote a very severe letter to her son James, reproaching him "for having such low thoughts as to wish to marry such a woman." The duke of York showed his mother's letter to his beloved, and assured her he would not be moved by it to her injury. To king Charles II. the queen wrote, "that she was on her way to England, to prevent, with her authority, so great a stain and dishonour to the crown;" and, among other passionate expressions, she added, "that her purpose was to complain to the parliament against the lord-chancellor, and to urge that the highest remedies were to be applied for the prevention of so great a mischief."¹

Meantime envy and scandal had been busy with their usual work; a knot of profligate courtiers, stimulated by the hopes of ingratiating themselves with the queen-mother and the princess of Orange, had invented so many atrocious slanders on the character of the wife of the duke of York, that no man of honour could have retained an attachment to her, while they persisted in their testimony.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Queen arrives at Calais—Meets her son, the duke of York—Rates him for his marriage—Embarks with him on board his fleet—Lands at Dover—Fanaticism of the queen's chaplain—Her arrival at Whitehall—Excessive sorrow—Death of her eldest daughter—Queen's recognition of Anne Hyde as duchess of York—Queen's arrangements of revenue and household—Her portraits as a widow—Embarkation at Portsmouth—Dangers and adventures—Forced to land again—Illness of her daughter—Arrival in France—Marriage of her daughter with Orleans—Queen grieved by her imprudence—Queen returns to England—Her residence at Somerset House, &c.—Conduct in England—Declining Health—Returns to France—Residence at Colombe—Grief at the war with England and France—Her serious illness—Fatal consultation of physicians—Queen takes the opiate prescribed—Never wakes again—Expires—Distress in her household—Her heart sent to Chaillot—Her body rests there—Grand funeral at St. Denis—Bossuet's funeral sermon—Grand commemoration for the queen at Chaillot—Anecdotes of her from the nuns' manuscript—General

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 384.

mourning throughout England and France—Grief of the duchess of Orleans—Elegiac verses to the memory of queen Henrietta Maria.

FULL of wrath at the imprudence of her second son's marriage with an English gentlewoman, the queen-mother arrived at Calais, to embark with her beautiful darling, the princess Henrietta, for those shores from which she had so long been banished. Her son, the duke of York, against whom her rage flamed so high, arrived at Calais the same day, Oct. 7th, 1660, to escort her, as lord high admiral, to England, for which purpose a fleet of the finest ships in the British navy waited under his command.

Directly queen Henrietta saw her son, her passion gave vent to a torrent of reproaches on the subject of his engagement with Anne Hyde. The wrong which the duke imagined had been done to his disinterested love was then burning at his heart, and he replied to his royal mother, "that he asked her pardon for having placed his affections so low; that he had been punished by the unworthiness of the object, of which he had received such evidence, that he would never again see her, nor could he own as his wife, a woman who had been so basely false to him."¹ The queen expressed herself well satisfied with this resolution, and nothing now prevented her from enjoying the scene of her embarkation, which took place with the utmost splendour, as a grand marine festival.

"All those mighty vessels were hung, from the topsails to the decks, with the gayest flags, numerous as the leaves of trees," says Père Gamache, who is the only historian of this embarkation; "the masts of that great fleet seemed to rise thickly as a forest. Their cannon began to discharge, one ship after another, when her majesty's embarkation commenced, and, in truth, for half an hour, a most marvellous noise they made, which was distinctly heard from Calais to Dover. But never, surely, was there seen so profound a calm at sea; the ocean remained waveless as a looking-glass; not a sail, not even a flag, stirred or waved, and those majestic ships laid motionless on the surface of the water. Thus the English fleet, with her majesty on board, continued a day and night, which we had to pass on the sea. The duke of York had fortunately provided a sumptuous banquet on board, not only for his mother and sister, but for all their retinue; and thus was that great hunger appeased, which so long a sojourn on a calm sea naturally provoked. This regale was at the expense of our grand admiral, the duke of York; and when he remembered that we had to fast, because, by our calendar, it was the vigil of All Saints, he came to us kindly,² and said, 'I hear that you must not eat meat to-day. I doubt you will be inconvenienced, for all my people are huguenots, who have made no provision of fish for such an exigence, but I believe there is some sturgeon for the queen, part of which I will send to your table.' " At that time, James, duke of York, was a very zealous member of the church of England; he had forgotten that his mother could not partake of his banquet on fast days any more than her ecclesiastics.

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 387.

² MS. of Père Gamache, p. 120. Oct. 29th, by New Style; Oct. 19th, by Old Style, followed in England.

"The passage from Calais to Dover is usually made, in a favourable wind, in three hours," continues Père Gamache; "it was accomplished with difficulty, in this singular calm, in two days. About three o'clock in the afternoon the fleet drew near Dover, and his majesty, Charles II., came on board to welcome his royal mother. These illustrious personages landed at vesper time, with all the demonstrations of joy from the people that it was possible to show. The king had prepared a feast for his royal mother and his sister, at Dover castle, with the utmost magnificence. At this supper were assembled every member of the royal family of Stuart, to welcome queen Henrietta; her beloved daughter, the princess of Orange, was there; and with them sat down to table, Charles II., James, duke of York, the princess Henrietta, and prince Rupert. Some of these royal personages were protestants, and others catholics: it was necessary to say grace according to their separate faiths. The king's chaplain began, and blessed the viands according to the protestant fashion. Immediately after, I made a catholic benediction, saying, in a solemn and elevated voice, '*Benedic Domine nos et hæc tua dona quæ tua largitate. Sumus sumpturi per Christum Dominum nostrum.*'" Then, extending my arms, I made a great sign of the cross over the table which was served, the king and my queen, and all the princesses and princes standing while I made my benediction. Around stood as spectators the townsmen of Dover, being puritans, independents, and *trembleurs*, (quakers, we presume,) all sworn enemies to the ceremonies of our church, especially to the sign of the cross; they testified great astonishment at the liberty I took in making it thus publicly at the table of their protestant king."

The whole population of Dover, it seems, had come to see the royal supper; and as the *père* says they were chiefly dissenters, assuredly nothing could be more mischievous or ill-judged than this parade of ceremonies, against which the religious feelings of the great body of the English people were opposed. The man was perfectly impracticable, being thoroughly unworldly, and only ambitious of martyrdom. He had, in his former residence in England, sought with great zeal an opportunity of being knocked on the head by some roundhead trooper or other, at the queen's chapel, in Somerset House, where he persisted in performing the Roman-catholic rites after the rebellion had broken out; and he returned to England full of the same spirit. At the same time, he seems perfectly unconscious of the great injury he was doing to the queen-mother, and the lately restored royal family. He goes on to describe the astonishment of the people, when, next morning, he and his coadjutors said high mass before queen Henrietta, in the great hall of Dover castle.

King Charles brought his mother from Gravesend by water to Whitehall, Nov. 2. The river from Lambeth to the city was so thronged with boats, that no person could make way among them. Pepys, who laid out sixpence for a sculler to row up to the royal barges, was disappointed, and observes, in a pet, "that there were but three bonfires in

the city to welcome her, and it was believed that her coming did not please any one." The very next day after the queen's arrival at Whitehall, she held a great levée, and many of the nobility came to kiss her hand; the privy council waited on her in a body, and congratulated her on her return to England. The lord-chancellor Clarendon, was obliged, by the etiquette of his official situation, to appear at their head. Notwithstanding the indignation that the queen cherished against his daughter, and which she had declared in France should prevent her from even speaking to him, she did not receive him less graciously than his companions.

The unfortunate Anne Hyde brought into the world, some days afterwards, a living son, which the duke of York would, a few weeks before, have been proud to own as his heir, but at this time his sister, and his friend sir Charles Berkeley, had so completely poisoned his mind with the doubts of his wife's fidelity, that he remained in a state of miserable uncertainty.¹

Although queen Henrietta manifested lively indignation whenever the remembrance of Anne Hyde occurred to her, yet she must be acquitted of the great wickedness of suborning false witnesses against her, of which crime the princess of Orange, who still remained in England, was by no means clear. But the dialogue that Clarendon himself records as passing between the duke of York and his royal mother at the embarkation, proves that these iniquities had been practised before the return of the latter, and that she was then equally a stranger to the scandals on Anne Hyde, and the effect produced by them on the mind of her son.

The thoughts of Henrietta soon were forced back to those heavy sorrows which prove how little the world is, with all the vain distinctions and pomps thereof, to a heart which has once been truly given to an object loved and lost. The transient triumph of her entrance into a metropolis which she had quitted so disastrously, was succeeded by feelings of the deepest sorrow, to which she abandoned herself, as if in a long lasting fit of despair. She shut herself up for hours alone, and when her ladies craved admittance, it was found that she had been weeping bitterly.² "The sight of the apartments where she passed her happy wedded life with Charles I. she declared agonized her; the vicinity to the scene of his death wrung her heart. She could not bear to look on that Westminster Hall where he was arraigned as a criminal, nor that palace of their former pleasures, the Banqueting House, before which his blood was shed.³ She sunk into the deepest melancholy, and the worst was, that the relief of change of place could not be afforded her, for there were neither funds or time to restore her dower palace of Somerset House, which was utterly dilapidated. 'Ruins and desolation,' she said, 'are around and about me.' A thousand sorrowful thoughts beset her; she wept, she wrung her hands, and called herself the desolate widow of Charles, *la reine malheureuse*.⁴ All the ladies and officers of her household hoped that her stay would not be long in England."

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 390.

² Vie de Henriette de France, appended to the Oraison de Bossuet.

³ Ibid.

⁴ MS. of Père Cyprian Garnacho

While the queen-mother remained in this unhappy state, the duke of York, her favourite son, was ill and wretched, with his heart yearning towards his wife and son. Although he was quite ready to defy his mother and sister, who were so furiously set against his marriage with the daughter of Clarendon, he was strangely perplexed by the declaration of sir Charles Berkeley, the captain of his guard, who affirmed that both the mother and child pertained to him, and that he was ready to marry the one and own the other. The unfortunate Anne protested that her hand, her heart, and her infant, belonged to her princely husband, and took the most solemn oaths to this effect, before the bishop of Winchester and the duchess of Ormonde, while she was in a dangerous state between life and death. The king, who seems to have acted with unusual respectability on this occasion, took the part of his distressed sister-in-law, whom he declared he believed to be greatly wronged. In this state was the court of England, when the Christmas of 1660 drew near, which was to be celebrated in the palace with all the ancient festivities of merry England.¹

The Christmas of 1660 was no season of rejoicing for the queen-mother. The royal vault, which had so recently been unclosed to receive young Gloucester, again yawned for another of the royal family before the year was completed. The princess of Orange was smitten with the small-pox on the 18th of December. The fatal practice of

¹ "Christmas," says Père Cyprian, "was always observed in this country, especially at the king's palaces, with greater pomp than in any other realm in Europe." Among other ancient ceremonies now forgotten, he mentions a pretty one, in which a branch of the Glastonbury thorn, which usually flowers on Christmas-eve, used to be brought up in procession, and presented in great pomp to the king and queen of England on Christmas morning. Père Gamache, in mentioning this ceremony, says, this blossoming thorn was much venerated by the English, because, in their traditions, they say, that St. Joseph of Arimathea brought to Glastonbury a thorn out of our Lord's crown, and planting it in the earth, it bourgeoned, and blossomed, and yearly produced blossoms to decorate the altar on Christmas-eve mass—

"That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

WORDSWORTH.

The Père seems to enjoy very much the following anecdote of Charles I., though it was against the catholics:—"Well," said the king, extending his hand, one Christmas-day, to take the flowering branch of Glastonbury thorn, "this is a miracle, is it?" "Yes, your majesty," replied the officer who presented it, "a miracle peculiar to England, and regarded with great veneration by the catholics here." "How so," said the king, "when this miracle opposes itself to the pope?" (Every one looked astonished in the royal circle, papist and protestant.) "You bring me this miraculous branch on Christmas-day, old style. Does it always observe the old style, by which we English celebrate its nativity, in its time of flowering?" asked the king. "Always," replied the venerated of the miracle. "Then," said king Charles, "the pope and your miracle differ not a little, for he always celebrates Christmas-day ten days earlier by the calendar of new style, which has been ordained at Rome by papal orders for nearly a century." This dialogue probably put an end to this old custom, which, setting all idea of miracle aside, was a picturesque one, for a flowering branch on Christmas-day is a pleasing gift, whether in a court or a cottage.

bleeding repeatedly, while the eruption was appearing, was then the favourite medical treatment, and was the true cause why that horrid disease was generally fatal whenever it attacked persons of rank at this era. The struggle both with the disease and the doctor was too much for most constitutions, and the patient usually succumbed. The queen, when she found that the princess of Orange was attacked with the small-pox, hurried away her beautiful darling Henrietta, and enclosed herself with her in the palace of St. James.¹

How the queen could bear to leave the faithful daughter to expire alone, whose life had been a constant scene of self-sacrifice for the support and benefit of her exiled and impoverished family, seems strange; but so it was. All the maternal affections of queen Henrietta were centred in her adoration for her youngest child, from the moment that she resolved to educate her as a Roman-catholic.

When the princess of Orange was in the agonies of death, the thought smote her conscience that Anne Hyde had been foully slandered, whether with her consent is a point that Clarendon leaves doubtful. But he expressly says, that from what passed at the death-bed of this princess, the innocence of his daughter became apparent. The princess expired² on Christmas-eve, and was buried at midnight, on the 29th of December. Her funeral procession was by torch-light from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey, where she was laid in the Stuart vault, by the side of her beloved brother Gloucester.

Grief and disappointment had thrown the duke of York on a sick bed, when sir Charles Berkeley came to him, and avowed that all he had said against Anne Hyde was false-witness, and "that he had been prompted to it by the belief that it would be the utter ruin of his royal highness if he married a private gentlewoman, and therefore he thought it would be better for her to have a husband of her own rank; but as he found that his dear master was so heart-wounded by the slander, he came to confess the truth and ask his pardon." That the death-bed confession of the princess led to this avowal there can be no doubt; probably Berkeley heard of it before the duke of York, and owned his guilt before it was proved to his confusion. The duke of York felt his heart suddenly relieved from its heavy load by this acknowledgment; he forgave the culprit, who had been heretofore his dearest friend and comrade in arms, and immediately wrote to his injured wife "to keep up her spirits, for Providence had cleared her aspersed fame; and above all things to have a care of his boy, and that he should come and see them both very shortly."³ It is probable that Berkeley had formed a passion for Anne Hyde as well as his master, and wished to gain her on any terms.

The duke and duchess of York, though reconciled to each other, remained under the malediction and interdict of their royal mother, a circumstance which was in those days still considered inauspicious for an outset in married life. The duke of York was very desirous that

¹ Memoir of Henrietta Maria, 1672, pp. 57-59. MS. of Père Gamache, p. 123; and Evelyn's Diary.

² Memoirs of James II.

³ Life of Clarendon, vol. i.

queen Henrietta should forgive them, and receive his much-trying wife as her daughter. The time was short; the queen was departing for France early in the month of January, and her demeanour was as yet so implacable, that when king Charles gave some leading hints on the propriety of doing justice to the daughter of Clarendon, her majesty affirmed, in her passion, "If that woman enters Whitehall by one door, I shall leave it by another." She was furious when she heard that the duke of York had visited his wife and infant; she would not speak to him or see him willingly; when he came with the king, she dared not refuse him entrance, but forbore to take the least notice of him.¹

There is no satisfactory reason for the queen's sudden change given by Clarendon, who best knew all the motives that actuated the proceedings of the court at this juncture. He mentions that abbé Montague and the earl of St. Albans waited on him one after the other, and assured him that the queen was ready to forgive and receive his daughter, on account of a message she had received to that effect from cardinal Mazarine, who wished to remain on friendly terms with him. Yet, as Clarendon truly says, "he could not comprehend from what fountain the good-will of the cardinal proceeded, who had never before been propitious to him." The whole reconciliation evidently sprung from the death-bed remorse of the princess of Orange, for the queen's change of mind and purpose suddenly took place between the day of her death and of her burial. The queen had in all probability been told how differently her daughter had thought of the matter on her death-bed, but did not wish that the name of the princess should be called in question concerning the disgraceful calumny, but rather gave her forgiveness the semblance of a matter of diplomacy.

The queen's recognition of the daughter of Clarendon was observed on New Year's day as a public festival. It was but two days after the burial of the princess of Orange, and the mourning for her was general, when the duke of York brought his duchess² from her father's residence, Worcester House, Strand, in state to Whitehall, where the royal family were to dine together in public. "As the queen passed to dinner, the duchess of York knelt to her; her majesty raised her, kissed her, and placed her at table."³

Such is the brief notice that father Cyprian takes of this scene. He is far more intent on describing an odd adventure, that took place at the same time, relative to his own small ceremonials, than dwelling on the feelings of the duchess of York. Nevertheless, we learn from him "that the royal family of Stuart usually dined in public," it may be supposed in the same manner customary to the royal family of France before the revolution of 1790. At the New Year's festival there sat down to table with the king, his mother, and his sister Henrietta, the duke of York, the newly forgiven duchess, prince Rupert, and prince Edward, sons to the queen of Bohemia. Queen Henrietta never would eat her dinner without her chaplain, father Cyprian, said a Latin grace, and the king,

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 138.

² Pepys' Diary, vol. i., p. 165.

³ MS of Père Cyprian Gamache.

of course, ordered his chaplain to say grace according to the form of the church of England. There was a regular contest which of them should begin first. "On this occasion," observes father Cyprian, "the crowds were so vast, that both I and the church of England minister were struggling with the press of people who came to see the royal family dine, so that the minister fell down, and could not reach the royal table; but I gained it, and said the grace, and the king had begun his dinner some time before the minister could approach. When he did so, all the lords and gentlemen who stood behind the royal chair set up a loud laugh, and shouted 'that the king's chaplain and the queen's priest had run a race to say grace, but the chaplain was floored (*terrassé*), and the priest had won.'"¹ This is a specimen of the disorderly manners of the English courtiers just after the Restoration.

In the afternoon, queen Henrietta gave an audience of farewell in her bed-chamber, at Whitehall, to the ladies of her court, previously to her departure for France. The duke of York led in his duchess, and presented her to his mother, "who," says Clarendon, "received her with the same grace as if she had approved the marriage from the beginning, and very kindly made her sit down by her."² Thus the queen, who had so lately pursued her daughter-in-law with scorn and malediction, in a few days associated her with the reception of her court. When lord Clarendon entered, the queen rose from her chair; and as he had kept proudly aloof from her majesty since she had taken off her interdict from his daughter's marriage, the scene was likely to prove too interesting for so many witnesses, and at a sign from her majesty all her ladies retired.

The queen then said to Clarendon, with a serene and pleasant countenance, "that if she had spoken anything in her passion which he had taken ill, he ought to impute it to the great provocation she had received," for "she owned she had been deeply offended with her son the duke of York, and certainly had had no inclination to consent to his marriage; but as she had been informed by the king that this alliance had not been contrived by him (the chancellor), and that he was as much offended with it as was worthy of him; and as his fidelity to her late husband was very eminent, and that he had served her son not only with as much fidelity, but with extraordinary success—And, therefore," pursued queen Henrietta, "do I receive your daughter as my daughter, and will heartily forgive the duke and her; and I am resolved ever after to live with all the affection of a mother towards them. And I am resolved to make a friendship with you myself, and I shall expect from you all the good offices which my kindness will deserve."

Lord Clarendon replied by praising "the mercy and clemency of her majesty in departing so soon from needful severity, and in pardoning a crime which was unpardonable," and assured her, "that she would have forgotten her own honour and station if she had been less offended; that, as for himself, he should always depend on her protection as his most gracious mistress, and would pay all obedience to her commands."

The queen then put into lord Clarendon's hand a paper, in which she pointed out to him some things which concerned her service and in-

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache.

² Life of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 402

terest, and requested him to despatch them; and the evening drawing on, and many ladies filling the outer apartments, all anxious for an audience, lord Clarendon took his leave, by kneeling and kissing her majesty's hand.¹

Such are the particulars of one of the most extraordinary marriages that ever took place in England, from which afterwards sprung two queen-regnants of Great Britain and Ireland, queen Mary II. and queen Anne, grand-daughters to Henrietta Maria. The duke and duchess of York had several sons, but out of a numerous family two daughters only reached maturity. Charles II. has been greatly blamed for suffering this marriage to receive his royal sanction. But what could the king do? The church and people of England still held the marriage vow in the deepest reverence, as irrevocable.²

The queen had hastened her arrival in England in order to break this marriage, which she finally sanctioned, and now she only tarried till parliament had secured the marriage portion of the princess Henrietta, and her own dower, which was finally accomplished in the beginning of January, 1660-1. Most of her dower lands had been shared among the regicides. Okey, Walton, Scroop, Norton, Pride, Whalley, Edwards, and Tichbourne, Lambert, and Blackwell had not done their bloody work for nought, and were found in patriotic possession of large portions of the queen's dower. In many instances, it was considered impossible to wrest possession from those who held the dower lands, and in all the property was greatly wasted and injured. Therefore parliament granted her majesty, in compensation, 30,000*l.* per annum, and the king added a pension of 30,000*l.* more from the exchequer. As it was contrary to the ancient customs of the country for a queen dowager to be an absentee, being expected to spend her dower income in the country, her majesty promised to return and live in England, after she had superintended the marriage of the princess Henrietta to the duke of

¹ Life of Clarendon, vol. i. pp. 402, 403.

² The venerable law of England acknowledged the sanctity of the vow of wedlock without any respect of persons; and when parliament illegitimized the children of a similar marriage to that of the duke of York with Anne Hyde, a revolution was the consequence; and the legitimacy of the daughters of Edward IV. was, in fact, decided by the bloody battle of Bosworth. Nor did Henry VIII. venture on his bigamies till he had enslaved his people. Instances were very rare in which an English parliament had ventured to put asunder those whom God had joined together; and the marriage vow of an English prince or peer was as sacred as that of a peasant. If a prince married against the leave of his sovereign, he rendered himself obnoxious to personal restraint and punishment, but not to divorce.

As the duke of York remained constant to the wife he had chosen, all that the king could do was to imprison and torment him; but a friendship subsisted between the royal brethren. Besides, the marriage could not be broken without degradation to the royal pedigree, by invalidating the marriages of Katharine of Valois with Owen Tudor, and Edward IV. with Elizabeth Woodville, both of which the church and people had maintained against all opposing acts of parliament. All these reasons, added to the affection there was between the royal brothers, caused Charles II. to acknowledge his sister-in-law as duchess of York. Moreover, at that time Charles II. had grace enough left to feel veneration and gratitude to her father, the loyal earl of Clarendon.

Orleans. She gave orders and plans for the repairs of her dower palaces of Somerset House and Greenwich. She likewise settled her court and household after the following plan. Her lord chamberlain and steward of her revenue was Henry lord Jermyn, lately created earl of St. Albans. The gossips of the court now resumed the story that she was secretly married¹ to him: of this we cannot gather a particle of evidence. The only proof offered in support of this assertion is not a very complimentary one to matrimony; it is, that the queen often looked pale, and seemed alarmed when he entered the room where she was.² Sir John Reresby gathered this intelligence from his cousins, the nuns, who, not being very conversant in matrimonial affairs, supposed, perhaps, that this was the usual effect of the presence of a lady's lord and master. But we have shown that lord Jermyn had, from a very early period of her life, been the queen's confidential servant at the head of her court, and was, by his office, obliged to communicate whatsoever had befallen. How direful his tidings had sometimes been, these pages have related. It is no marvel, then, considering how full of disasters her career had been, that her poor cheek sometimes blanched at his entrance. In his hands, likewise, all her funds were placed; he had the management of her expenditure, and she had suffered sufficiently, in regard to pecuniary distress, to cause uneasiness of mind, when she apprehended that he entered her presence to discuss harassing money matters.

Lord Jermyn, by his new title of St. Albans, still continued the prime minister of her court and revenue. Her vice-chamberlain was a Frenchman, M. Vautelet, whose salary was 200*l*. The celebrated sir Kenelm Digby was her chancellor; he was a Roman catholic, much given to a fantastical belief in spirits and astrology. The queen's master of horse was lord Arundel of Wardour, count of the Roman empire. He was a Roman catholic. Her secretary was sir John Winter; the poet Cowley was her private secretary, employed in the decyphering of her correspondence.³ From Cowley's complaining letters, it is generally supposed that he had been cruelly and ungratefully neglected by the queen. Such was not the case; she granted him lands for life, as soon as she obtained possession of any part of her dower-domains. She gave him that which would have enriched him, but he died not long after the Restoration.

The comptroller of the queen's household was sir Thomas Bond. She had four gentlemen ushers, or ushers of the privy chamber, at 130*l*. per annum each, and diet; four grooms of the privy chamber, each at 60*l*. salary, and diet; four pages and eight grooms of her great presence chamber. She had two cup-bearers, two carvers, and two gentlemen ushers of the great presence chamber; each had 120*l*. salary, and "*bouche of the court*" at the same table.⁴

The chief lady of Henrietta's bed-chamber was the dowager duchess

¹ We have been favoured by a communication from the noble family who are the collateral representatives of lord Jermyn. They possess some of his letters, but not one which gives the least authenticity to this report.

² Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

³ Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1672, p. 62.

⁴ Ibid

of Richmond, a beautiful young widow, the eldest daughter of the mighty favourite of James and Charles I., and sister of the dissolute and witty Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

This lady belonged to the church of England; in conversation she agreed with father Cyprian on so many points, that he had the most lively hopes of her conversion; but, to the great vexation of his spirit, he found it impossible to coax her into a profession of the Roman catholic creed.

Lady Newport was the next lady of the bed-chamber; there were four ladies of the privy chamber, each having a salary of 150*l.* per annum; there were eight bed-chamber women. Lady Saunderson was the queen's laundress; this lady was a trusted servant of the royal family; to her care Charles I. had consigned his George and personal jewels the day of his execution.¹

The ecclesiastical establishment of queen Henrietta was re-instated in her palace. If she had been ruled by wisdom and right judgment, she would have kept all the outward and visible signs of her religion as much as possible from collision with the furious prejudices of the sectarians, instead of irritating them by an ostentatious display of ceremonies, which were obnoxious to them. But, instead of this moderation, even father Cyprian, the meekest of the party, boasts of making the sign of the cross to the vexation of the sectarians of Dover; and if he, whose private memoirs bespeak him, in general, a mild philanthropist, indulged in this species of warfare, how, may we ask, did the fierce abbé Montague conduct himself, who had already urged the queen to so much intolerant cruelty towards young Gloucester? No doubt the catholic establishment of the queen-mother in England was as injurious to the popularity of her newly restored family as it had been to the cause of her husband when she was queen-consort. She had her lord almoner, (abbé Montague,) brother to the earl of Manchester, his salary being 700*l.* per annum. The queen's confessor, father Lambert, a French gentleman, had a salary of 300*l.* per annum. Her clerk of the closet, who was assistant to her confessor, had 200*l.* per annum, and a lay brother received a salary of 40*l.* Her convent of capuchins adjoined the chapel at Somerset House, and consisted of a warden, called a father guardian, seven priests, the elder of whom was Père Cyprian Gamache, and two lay brothers; this convent cost the queen 500*l.* per annum. The capuchins undertook the service of the chapel daily, and preached sermons every Sunday and holiday, and during Lent."

"In the depths of her distress, at the blockade of Paris, queen Henrietta had sold not only her jewels, to supply her famishing household, but even the altar-plate of her chapel; she had not hitherto been able to afford to replace them. But when she was preparing to depart for England, at the Restoration, the duchess d'Aiguillon, niece of cardinal Richelieu, presented the altar-plate, left by that minister, to queen Henrietta: it was very rich, brilliant, and magnificent, and was used at the catholic chapel in Somerset House."²

The queen had a guard of gentlemen-at-arms, very splendidly dressed, all men of family. They wore black velvet cassocks, embroidered with gold, and with a gold embroidered badge; they carried halberts, and waited in lines when her majesty went to her sedan, or into her chapel, or when she passed to her meals. When she went out in a coach, they rode, gallantly mounted, each with carbines slung to their waist, on each side of her carriage, which was usually drawn by six horses. These guards always wore their hats, whether they were on duty in the palace, or without doors. The earl of St. Albans was their captain.¹

The chief equerry of the queen was sir Edward Wingfield, who governed the stable, and had under his care four-and-twenty horses and four coaches. There were, in the queen's establishment, twelve footmen, twelve bargemen in her liveries, four pages of the back stairs, and several officers of her pantry, ewry, cellar, and buttery. She appointed a master of the buck hounds, a master of the bows, of the queen's games, and of her chapel of music.² Such was the establishment of a queen dowager within the last two centuries.

Although the household of queen Henrietta was thus magnificently arranged, she had long given up all splendour of dress. She never left off the sable garb she wore for king Charles, and her pictures represent her in widow's weeds. The plainness of her attire, after she returned to England, is noted by that quaint oddity, Pepys, in terms of disparagement and disappointment, when he describes a visit to Whitehall, to gaze on the royal family. "Mr. Fox came in presently, and did take my wife and I to the queen's presence chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the queen's chair, and the two princesses came in to dinner. The queen is a very little *plain*³ old woman, and nothing more in her presence or garb than in any ordinary woman."

Several portraits are extant of the once lovely daughter of Henri Quatre, in the plain black dress with the widow's veil, which she wore after the death of her husband. There is one painting, at chateau d'Eu, in this mourning, which represents her with her beauty scarcely faded. Even under the iron rule of Cromwell, engravings were published of the royal widow in her weeds. One of these is a good likeness, representing her in the black veil with its triangular frontlet, a straight white cape, but one jewel formed in a cross, and a black dress; it is the frontispiece of a cookery-book, a great curiosity, called the "Queen's Closet Broke Open." The publisher has fearlessly put his name and address. Much praise is bestowed on the widowed queen's virtues and skill in medicine and cookery, which were more likely to interest in her favour the middle classes of England than commendations on her courage and mag-

¹ Life of Henrietta Maria, 1671.

² Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, pp. 62-67.

³ Pepys' Journal, vol. i., p. 160. By the word plain, he means unpretending. He adds, "The princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. My wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she."

nanimity, especially as on the title-page it is affirmed that some of the recipes had been honoured by her majesty's own personal practice in her leisure hours—when these occurred, the author, who pretends to be one of her household, does not say, and we can assure our readers that the assertion is an audacious bookseller's puff. Several possets and plague-waters are in the work, sanctioned by the queen's name, and many strange and barbarous compounds quoted as her favourite dishes.

There is another portrait of Henrietta completely in sable weeds, with merely a small fold of white lawn round the throat; her hair is in full ringlets, but wholly enveloped in crape.

As soon as her reconciliation with the duke and duchess of York was effected, queen Henrietta, in mortal terror lest the small-pox should destroy the life or beauty of her only remaining daughter, hurried that darling of her heart from the infected metropolis to Hampton Court. She waited there till parliament had settled on the princess Henrietta a marriage portion of 40,000 jacobuses, accompanied with a gift of 20,000*l.* as an outfit. The king attended his royal mother and sister to Portsmouth, where they embarked in a first-rate man-of-war, (the *London*), January 9, 1660–1.¹ A train of disasters as usual attended her voyage.

The queen sailed from Portsmouth the following day; the princess Henrietta was very ill, which was attributed to sea-sickness; but the next day a violent eruption appeared, with all the symptoms of the small-pox, and the queen recalled, in agony, how lately she had lost two of her children with the same malady. The princess grew worse every moment, and the queen insisted on returning to Portsmouth. Her terrors regarding her child's illness were soon varied by apprehension of losing her by drowning, for the pilot, or the earl of Sandwich, who commanded the *London*, ran the vessel on the Horse-sand, near Portsmouth, where she grounded. The queen positively refused to leave the ship till she saw what turn the illness of the princess would take. The physicians soon after declared that the princess might land, for her illness was not the small-pox, but a bad attack of measles. During the recovery of the princess, the queen remained with her at Portsmouth.²

Père Cyprian was in the queen's suite, and ought to have given the best account of all these adventures, but the whole soul and intellect of the father was intent upon a conversion at Portsmouth; it seemed in his eyes of more consequence than the safety of the *London*, her majesty, his royal pupil, the admiral, the crew, and passengers, including himself. He had almost persuaded the clergyman of one of the churches at Portsmouth to declare himself a catholic, and to forsake his wife and family, assuring him "that the queen would allow him, as a proselyte to her faith, a handsome pension."³ Nothing could be more mischievously mad than for her to do any such thing, or even for it to be talked of, or hinted at, that she was likely or willing to do so. It is an instance which illustrates the causes of the extreme unpopularity of queen Henrietta in England. However, the proselyte altered his mind, and the

¹ Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 170.

² Pepys' Diary, *Mademoiselle de Motteville*, and MS. of *Père Gamache*.

³ MS. of *Père Cyprian Gamache*, p. 124.

queen was not tempted to commit so notorious a wrong, as to pension a renegade clergyman of the church of England out of the dower she received from the country.

The queen was forced to abide at Portsmouth a fortnight, before she could re-embark without danger of injuring the princess. It was the 26th of January before they sailed; and this time they accomplished the voyage very happily, and soon arrived at Havre. It was the intention of the queen to pass through Rouen; but the governor sent word, on their approach, that the small-pox was raging there like a pest, and that many persons died of that disease daily. At first the queen was disposed to think that the governor sent this message to spare himself the trouble and expense of entertaining royal guests; but, on inquiry, she found it was a salutary warning which probably had saved the life of the daughter who was so precious to her. The queen therefore took her route towards Pontoise, but, on the road, the duke of Longueville, governor of Normandy, met her at the head of a squadron of horse, composed of the flower of the Norman nobility. He escorted her majesty to a château of his own, at some distance from the infected city of Rouen, and there he entertained her most splendidly. The times were changed since this prince and his party of the Fronde¹ had besieged Henrietta in the Louvre, and caused her, and the very princess who accompanied her, to suffer cold and hunger.

Queen Henrietta held a grand court at the château de Longueville, where were presented to her many of the Norman nobles and their ladies. The president of Rouen craved an audience, and made her a very eloquent harangue, "to which," says Père Gamache, "her majesty listened with the utmost attention, and having a ready wit and great presence of mind, she made him a prompt and judicious answer, in the course of which she recommended to his attention some differences between the civil authorities and the capuchins of his province." Of course, if such was the theme of her majesty's discourse, it would appear to possess the eloquence of an angel to the mind of father Cyprian. It will, however, be owned that the power of answering gracefully and promptly to an address, is one of the most valuable qualifications a royal personage can possess.

The president of Rouen having promised her majesty his favourable attention to her protégés, the capuchins, she was conducted to her coach with great state; the duke of Longueville, and the cavaliers of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, rode by her carriage a day's journey on the way to Pontoise. Here she had consented to accept of the hospitality of her lord almoner, Montague, who was abbot of Pontoise. The queen was astonished at the grandeur with which her almoner performed his hospitalities; neither she nor her retinue could sufficiently admire his plate, his pictures, his jewels, his hangings, and the fine banquet spread for them. But it soon appeared that queen Henrietta and her daughter were not the only royal guests expected. A mighty flourish of trumpets, kettle-drums, and cymbals was heard, and, soon after, Louis XIV. and

¹ MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 125.

his queen, Marie Therese, with the duke of Orleans, alighted at the abbey, and came to welcome queen Henrietta and the princess.¹

"The king and queen of France remained conversing alone with her majesty the queen of England till evening," adds Père Cyprian, "and as to Monsieur, the duke of Orleans, he deemed himself in paradise when he saw our princess Henrietta," whom he tenderly loved, and whom he considered as his future spouse. He had suffered much from grief and apprehension during her absence. He had been troubled with insomnolences, agitations of the heart, and the greatest anguish when her life was in danger." It would seem, whether to test his affection, or from some other reason not explained, that the unfortunate lover had been kept in suspense, and was not informed that his princess accompanied her mother. Father Cyprian describes his demeanour as if he were very desperately enamoured indeed. "He stood at first with his eyes intently fixed on the princess Henrietta, as if he knew not how to believe that he saw her, and expected her to vanish from his sight. At last he recovered himself, kissed her, and spoke to her; and, after some time, he begged to learn from her own lips all the particulars of her voyage, and he listened with great pleasure and rapt attention to all her adventures."² And we must say that we are (and so, no doubt, are all our readers) excessively angry with father Cyprian that he did not journalize these adventures of his royal patronesses, instead of unsettling the creed of the Portsmouth clergyman.

The queen received the pope's breve of dispensation to authorize the marriage of her daughter and her nephew, Orleans, towards the end of Lent. The recent deaths in her family made the queen desire that the nuptials should be quietly performed at her own private chapel in the Palais Royal. The marriage took place, March 31, 1661, with as little pomp as was consistent with the presence of the illustrious guests who assisted at the ceremony; these were Louis XIV., his consort, and royal mother. The great Condé was likewise queen Henrietta's guest on this occasion. To her deep sorrow, she found that the duke of Orleans, a few days after his marriage, insisted on withdrawing his bride to his own residence—first to the Tuilleries, and then to Fontainebleau. "This thing was only just, and according to the law of God," observes father Cyprian; "nevertheless the separation which tore asunder this royal mother and daughter was attended with more anguish than the occasion seemed to warrant. The princess had, in a manner, been brought up in her mother's bosom, and the adversity they had encountered together had made them inexpressibly dear to each other. But there was more anxiety at the heart of the mother than arose from mere parting."

When her daughter departed with the royal family to pass the summer at Fontainebleau, queen Henrietta retired to her favourite château of Colombe, situated on the river Seine, a few miles from Paris.

Madame de Motteville gives the reason of the grief with which queen Henrietta parted from her daughter. Without doing or even thinking of evil, the young duchess of Orleans plunged giddily into the vortex

¹ MS of Père Gamache, p. 125.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid., p. 128.

of dissipation that the court of Louis XIV. presented; she was seen as the leader of every masque, at every ball, at every hunting party, and especially at some nightly promenades, which gave great displeasure to the two queens of France. In a little time both her health and her respectability were somewhat injured by this thoughtless career. The duke of Orleans, her adoring husband, in whom the mischief had originated, by withdrawing her from the care of her mother before she was of age to understand how to guide her course, now manifested great uneasiness at her conduct.¹

Alarmed at these sinister reports, queen Henrietta begged madame de Motteville to keep a watch over her daughter, and on this matter that lady says, "By a letter that I received from the queen of England, her uneasiness was perceptible as to what passed at Fontainebleau, and that the queen-mother (of France) was ill satisfied at the conduct of madame d'Orleans. I have taken care of all the letters that this great queen did me the honour to write to me, which are all marked with the goodness and beauty of her mind. Queen Henrietta, it is true, was so long habituated to speak English, that her French diction was a little vitiated, but her kindness and good sense are always intelligible."

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA TO MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE.²

"I believe, that in your soul you say, 'as to this queen of England, she has wholly forgotten me.' That is not the case. M. de Montague³ will tell you, how often and affectionately I have thought of you. But, as to your letters, I have to avow idleness; at the same time, I acknowledge that I was wrong not to have expressed to you the satisfaction I had at the receipt of your two letters; and, if you have leisure, I ask the continuation, having seen yesterday ladies who came direct from Fontainebleau, who tell me that you are always engaged near the queen, and that it is not possible to have access to you.

"I feared as much from not receiving any letters by them, as by the matter of which they hint.

"If you have plenty of news where you are, there is complete silence here; silence is certainly proper to remember one's friends in. I am persuaded you reckon yourself among the number, and can be assured that you will thus continue.

"You have with you another little self of mine,⁴ who is strongly your friend, I assure you. Continue so to both; that is enough to say to you from

"HENRIETTE MARIE."

[This was written from Colombe, apparently early in June, 1661.]

Before the end of the summer, however, the queen-mother of France, Anne of Austria, sent for the abbé Montague, and for Jermyn, earl of St. Albans, and complained to them very harshly on the subject of their young princess. She bade them tell their queen of England that she ought to keep no measures when reproving her.

"The queen of England," pursues madame de Motteville, "led a sweet and easy life at Colombe; she sought for nothing but peace, and now declared that, knowing the good disposition in the soul of her Henrietta,

¹ Madame de Motteville, vol. vi. p. 62.

² Ibid., pp. 63, 64.

³ The queen's grand almoner the abbé lord Walter Montague

⁴ Her daughter, the young duchess of Orleans. The expression is *Vous avez avec vous un autre petit moi-même.*

she did not expect any ill from her actions, for she believed them exempt from any intention of evil." Certainly, in this matter, the folly rested with those who placed an inexperienced child of sixteen in so difficult a station; the queen had been very unwilling to give up the guidance of her daughter, and worse results might have taken place.

Queen Henrietta was always honoured and beloved in her own country. In the midst of her adversities, she had possessed great influence in France; she did not lose it of course when her fortunes improved; she was invited to stand sponsor for the infant dauphin, the eldest child of Louis XIV. and Maria Therese of Spain. The dauphin being born on All-Saints'-Day, the 1st of November, she gave him at the font the quaint addition of Toussaint to the name of Louis. In the spring of 1662, the queen received a long visit at Colombe from the duke and duchess of Orleans; from thence they accompanied her, on her way to England, as far as Beauvais. There was a doleful parting here between the queen and her daughter, for they both believed that her future residence would be life-long in England. Queen Henrietta proceeded to Calais, and the young duchess of Orleans returned sorrowfully to Paris.

England, with all its sad reminiscences and religious enmity, did not hold out a very inviting futurity to the widow of Charles I. Yet she redeemed her promise of returning thither, July 28, 1662. She did not make the voyage without danger of her life from a violent storm. Her son, Charles II., whose marriage with Catharine of Braganza had lately taken place, with his bride, received and welcomed her at Greenwich palace. As the repairs of Somerset House were not yet completed, queen Henrietta took up her abode in the old palace of Greenwich,¹ then greatly dilapidated. She was the last royal occupant it ever received. The king sent for his mother from Greenwich, to join in the grand water procession which took place when his bride came in her barge down the Thames, from Hampton Court, to take possession of her state-palace of Whitehall.

Catharine of Braganza was a daughter-in-law whose religion suited queen Henrietta only too well, consequently she lived in peace with her. The duchess of York, her other daughter-in-law, was treated by her with amity; she had lost her grandson the duke of Cambridge, but his loss she found replaced by the birth of a very lovely grand-daughter, Mary, afterwards elective queen-regnant of Great Britain.

In the course of the summer queen Henrietta took possession of her palace of Somerset House, to which she had made very splendid additions and restorations. On this circumstance her former poet, Waller, again brought his adulation to the feet of the queen. His verses, though inferior to his earlier poems, are full of historical allusions.

"Great queen, who does our island bless
With princes and with palaces,
Peace from this realm and you were gone,
Your bowers were in the storm o'erthrown.
But true to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,

¹ Pepys, vol. i. p. 290.

Though by rude hands their nests are spoiled,
 There the next spring again they build,
 Accusing some malignant star,
 Not Britain, for that fatal war."

A tradition is extant that the queen, inheriting the practical taste for architecture, which had caused her mother Marie de Medicis to design with her own hand the Luxemburg palace, had made original drawings of all the buildings she added to Somerset House.

Her majesty's chamber and closet at Somerset House were considered remarkable for the beauty of the furniture and pictures. The great stone staircase led down into the garden on the bank of the Thames. The echo on this stair, if a voice sang three notes, made many repetitions, and then sounded them all together in concert.¹ This melodious echo was well adapted to the frequent concerts with which this musical queen made the Somerset House palace resound. Henrietta had there a beautiful gallery, which she had ornamented in the finest taste; and Evelyn mentions, with admiration, the grace of her manner when she crossed it to meet and thank him for a copy of one of his works which he had presented to her.

Queen Henrietta kept within her income; she paid all her accounts weekly; she had no debts. She had, as her contemporary biographer quaintly expresses it, "a large reputation for justice." Every quarter she dispersed the overplus of her revenue among the poor, bountifully bestowing, without consideration of difference of faith, her favourite charity—releasing debtors confined for small sums, or for non-payment of fees; likewise sending relief to those who were enduring great hardships in prison. And prisons in that era were noxious with dirt and pestilence.

The health of queen Henrietta began visibly to give way while in England; the fogs of London had always affected her chest, yet she confined her residence chiefly to London, on account of her religious establishment. Woodstock, where she had had a chapel and residence for her ecclesiastics, had been desolated by the republicans, perhaps on that account. Father Cyprian thus mentions her in the spring of 1664:² "God had given to her generous spirit a body very frail and delicate; the dreadful scenes she had passed through in life had exalted her courage and refined the qualities of her mind, but at the same time had sapped and undermined her constitution. The last time she returned to England, the heaviness of the atmosphere made her, who had so long respired the clear air of France, cough extremely. One year, two years, three years, rolled away, while she patiently endured these sufferings, before she began to bethink herself of remedies; at last, she remembered that the waters of Bourbon had always restored her to health, but she was most unwilling to leave London, lest her chapel should be closed against the catholic congregation who usually assembled there under her protection. She had a conference with her son king Charles; she told him 'that she should recover if she went for a time to breathe

¹ Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 243.

² MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 156

her native air, and seek health at the Bourbon baths, and she would do so if he would not close her chapel against his catholic subjects; but if it was closed for one day on account of her departure, she would stay and live as long as it pleased God, and then die at the post of duty.' Charles II. granted her request, but infinitely bewailed the necessity of his separation from his dear and virtuous mother. When she had obtained this permission, she prepared to depart, and ordered me, father Cyprian, to attend her as chaplain, and to choose another of my fraternity to assist me. I chose the reverend father Matthieu of Auxerre, who had had the honour of preaching before her for two Lents in London to general satisfaction; in fact, he was her preacher after she went to France, and as long as she lived. A little before this great princess left London, she bade me call together all our fraternity, that they might learn her wishes from her own mouth."

"As God had given her a mind prompt and acute, with great facility of utterance, she made off-hand a very fine speech, in which she told them "that she hoped by God's grace that her absence would not be long; that her chapel was, meantime, to be open to English catholics as well as French; that she took with her Père Cyprian and Père Matthieu, but the rest of her *religieux* were to stay in England; and she charged them, as they would answer hereafter, to make the best use of their time in aiding the catholics with the rites of their religion."

Queen Henrietta left London, June 24th, 1665, accompanied by the king, queen Catherine, and most of the lords and ladies of their household, "who sailed with her fifteen leagues," says father Cyprian; that is, the court attended her to the buoy at the Nore: her son, the duke of York, escorted her to Calais. He was then the hero of the day, having just returned triumphant from a victory over the Dutch fleet.

From Calais queen Henrietta took her way direct to her château of Colombe, where the king and the queen of France came to welcome her with the greatest warmth. Her beloved daughter, the duchess of Orleans, was not with the royal family. "She was ill, and in danger of her life. Some person, out of malice, had informed her that her brother, the duke of York, had been beaten in his naval engagement;¹ and, pierced to the heart at the stain on her family honour, the young duchess fell into convulsions, was prematurely confined, and lost her infant. Queen Henrietta hastened to her, and soon convinced her that her brother James had gained the greatest naval victory ever known, having beat the Dutch invaders back to their coast, destroyed many of their ships, and taken twenty of them." The queen, after seeing her daughter out of danger, departed for the baths of Bourbon, which had hitherto always proved successful in curing her maladies.

Scarcely, however, had she arrived in France, before the plague increased so terrifically in London, that the week after her departure between 4000 and 5000 persons died of it. In some alarm lest the pestilence should infect her palace of Somerset House, and spread by reason of the closely packed crowds that flocked to her chapel there, she

¹ Madame de Motteville, p. 230.

wrote to her capuchins to have the chapel close,¹ but they returned an earnest supplication to her, begging her not to impede their duty. At this appeal the queen overcame her fears of infection, and moreover disbursed vast sums in charity, by the hands of her capuchins, to alleviate the appalling miseries with which the poor of London were afflicted at that season of horror.² Two of the queen's capuchins fell victims to their exertions;" father Cyprian, unfortunately for us, leaves off journalizing the proceedings of his royal patroness, to give memoirs of their lives, and eulogize their labours in the plague-smitten metropolis.

"The queen," he resumes, "passed the autumn very peacefully at her château of Colombe, and the winter in the magnificent *hôtel de la Balue*, which Louis XIV. had given her for her residence in Paris."

The war in which England was engaged against France, allied with Holland, gave queen Henrietta the utmost uneasiness, and with her confidant, Jermyn, earl of St. Albans, who was resident ambassador from England, she laboured incessantly to avert it. She often had interviews of mediation with her nephew, Louis XIV.; this is apparent from the despatches of lord Hollis, an envoy from England at this period.³

"I was yesterday," says lord Hollis, in a letter to Clarendon, "at Colombe, to take my leave of the queen-mother. The king of France (Louis XIV.) came to Colombe whilst I was in her presence; at last he thought proper to notice me, and gave me a little salute with his head, and truly, my lord, I answered him with just such another, because I know his ambassadors in England are welcomed in different style."

The great Condé was likewise the visitor of Henrietta Maria, at her country palace of Colombe; for the high-spirited ambassador—who, as the representative of England, nodded to the king of France as unceremoniously as France nodded to him—continues, "I did before him (Louis XIV.) entertain myself all the while with the prince de Condé, who is very affectionate in all that concerns his majesty—but this by the way. Soon after, the king of France and the queen-mother went alone into her bed-chamber, and our princess madame (the young duchess of Orleans) went in after they had been there at least an hour. When the king of France went away, I had an interview with the queen-mother afterwards, and took the boldness to ask her 'how she found things.' She said, 'They had been all the time within talking over these businesses of Holland, and that Louis XIV. told her he had made king Charles some propositions, which were very fair ones, which, if he refused, he must take part with the Hollanders.'

"I asked the queen-mother 'if she knew what these propositions were?' She said 'she did not.' But it seemed strange to me that the king kept them from her. Perhaps he did not, but she did not think fit to acquaint me with them." "The next morning, though pouring with wet," resumes lord Hollis, "the queen-mother set off towards the baths of Bourbon. Her health at that period began to decline; it was aggra-

¹ MS. Gamache, p. 157.

² MS. of Père Gamache, p. 150; likewise *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 167;

³ Original letter in the State Paper Office, August 12, (O. S.) 1665.

vated by her sorrow regarding the approaching war.¹ One day she said to the duke de Beaufort, who had returned from an unsuccessful diplomatic mission in London, to undertake a naval command, 'I ought to be afraid of you, now you are fighting against the English.'²

Charles II. took pleasure in speaking of his mother by the familiar name he called her in his infancy. He mentions her thus in one of his letters to his sister, the duchess of Orleans, March 22d, 1669, saying, that a man of the name of Mercer, by whom she had sent letters and presents, had ventured from Havre to England in an open shallop, and was drowned in the passage. "I hear *mam* sent me a present by him, which I believe brought him the ill-luck, so she ought in conscience to be at the charges of praying for his soul, for 'tis her bad fortune has caused the poor man's disaster."³ This letter, in which he alludes to the constant stormy weather that always attended his mother's voyages, was written but a few days before her health assumed alarming symptoms.

"Our queen," says father Cyprian, "was not destined to see the end of the year 1669. Ever since her return from her last sojourn in London, she had laboured under complicated maladies, which caused her perpetual insomnolence, and intense suffering. From time to time the baths of Bourbon softened these pains, but could not cure them. Their paroxysms came nearer and nearer, till they defied relief. Yet the queen did not give way to sadness, she exhaled not her internal agonies by plaints, by tears, or bad temper, like ordinary women. With the blood of the great Henry she had inherited his high courage, excepting when sometimes the sharp pains she endured became apparent on her fine features; but she often said 'that piteous complainings did no good in illness,' and 'she did not wish to imitate ladies and damsels who cried, and wept, and lamented for a little pain in the head, or a cut finger.' Her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, and the duke her husband, took the most lively interest in her health, and were unremitting in their attendance on her person. At their united entreaty, she permitted the most able medical men in France to hold a consultation on her case; and M. Valot, the first physician of Louis XIV., M. Esprit, first physician to the Duke of Orleans, and M. Julien, to the duchess, all met at the château of Colombe, where M. D'Aquin, physician to our queen, introduced them into the chamber of her majesty. She explained to them her symptoms with great clearness, and desired her physician in ordinary 'to tell them the remedies he had applied for the shooting pains which deprived her of rest.' Then M. Valot said, 'that, by the grace of God, nothing very serious ailed her; that her malady was inconvenient, but not dangerous; and that to the prescription of M. D'Aquin he should add but three grains, which would give her majesty sleep, and cure her disorder.'

"When the queen heard him talk of grains, she immediately suspected that he meant to prescribe opium, and she said, positively, that she

¹ Letter of Hollis.

² Madame de Motteville, vol. vi.

³ Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères, formerly at Versailles. Letter of Charles II., dated from Whitehall, March, 1669.

would not take them, 'for she knew by experience how noxious it was to her, and how ill it made her; besides, her famous physician in England, Dr. Mayerne, had warned her against taking any great dose of the kind.' "

Her repugnance was, however, overruled by the united arguments of M. Valot and his medical brethren, all but the physician of the duchess of Orleans, on whom the opinion of Mayerne made some impression; nevertheless, the result of the fatal consultation was, that the queen was to take the grains at eleven o'clock that night.¹

"In the intermediate time she went to supper as usual, for she was by no means confined to her bed, or even to her chamber, though much troubled with a pulmonary complaint and harassing cough. She was, however, better than usual that day; she conversed pleasantly, and even laughed several times at supper, which she ate with more appetite than usual. When she went to bed she immediately fell into a sweet sleep." Nothing can be more absurd than to wake a patient for the purpose of administering a sleeping potion, yet such was the case; "the lady who slept in her majesty's chamber roused her at the hour indicated, and gave her the prescription. A few minutes after the queen again sunk to sleep, and her attendant left her for repose, with the intention of awakening her by day-break, to give her a draught, as directed by Dr. Valot."²

"Accordingly, the lady approached her bed-side in the morning, and asked her majesty 'how she had passed the night?' There was no reply. She spoke again, louder; still no answer. Alarmed, she touched the queen, she moved not; she shook her, and made violent efforts to rouse her, but in vain, for she never awoke in this world. The affrighted lady leant down to her royal mistress, and fancied she heard low murmurs, sighs, and a laboured respiration, upon which she flew to rouse the *valet de chambre*, to seek for medical and spiritual aid, to fetch priests and physicians." "We came first," continues the sorrowful father Cyprian; "the doctors soon followed; they felt her pulse, and asked her many questions regarding her state; and we spoke to her of contrition for sin, of the love of God, and confidence in his mercy, and we entreated her to make some sign that she heard us; but alas! a mortal silence was our only reply."

"The physicians affirmed that she still breathed, and was even sensible, but that a dull vapour, mounting to the brain, prevented all speech, that it would soon dissipate, and that she would manifest consciousness, and speak. I believed them at first," continues the Père; "but seeing that her awful quietude still continued, I sent in haste for monsieur le curé of Colombe, and the sacrament of extreme unction being performed, she received the host without any difficulty, or the least convulsion of

¹ In her memoir, appended to Bossuet's funeral sermon, it is asserted, that the queen took the opium at nine in the evening, and was found dying by her lady-in-waiting at eleven at night, and expired at midnight. This is scarcely consistent with Père Cyprian's account of the supper; his narrative is regular and circumstantial, being an eye-witness.

² MS. of Père Gamache, p. 167.

³ Ibid., p. 68.

⁴ Ibid.

countenance, and soon after her slight respiration ceased, and she rendered her soul to God, undisturbed by a struggle."¹

"A gentleman of her majesty's household immediately rode at fiery speed from Colombe to St. Germain's, to carry these fatal and most unexpected tidings to the duke of Orleans, who immediately accompanied him back, hoping to have seen our queen alive." After the duke had given the necessary orders, he hurried to his own palace of St. Cloud, where his duchess was, to break to her and his daughter the fatal tidings."² "My pen fails to describe," says Père Cyprian, "the violent grief of the duchess of Orleans, for a mother so loving, and so beloved." And then the affectionate old priest proceeds to give the following character of the deceased: "This great queen was indeed universally regretted, for she had established a real empire over all hearts; her cheerful temper, her gay and witty conversation, which enlivened all around her to her last hours; her graceful familiarity, and all these winning qualities, joined to a sincere piety, rendered her delightful to every one. The king of France regarded her, not only as his dear aunt, whom he had known from infancy, but as a real bond of peace between his country and Great Britain; and her son-in-law, his brother, the duke of Orleans, convinced of her rare prudence and sagacity, consulted her on every affair of moment, and gave her his most intimate confidence, as if she had been his real mother."³

Such is the testimony of one who had been domesticated with Henrietta for twenty-nine years: it agrees exactly with that of madame de Motteville, her other friend. It would seem, that her character was peculiarly agreeable and estimable in private life. No opposition, or irritation, regarding her religion, ever occurring in her own country, there was nought to interrupt the serenity of her temper, therefore her life flowed on brightly to the last. Many persons who abhor Henrietta Maria, from the part she took in the civil war, may condemn the praises bestowed by her French contemporaries, as partial and flattering. Partial they certainly are, for they were written by intimate friends, whose love continued after her death; flattering they cannot be, for madame de Motteville's memoirs, which give such lively delineations of her character, were never printed till her relatives of the third generation had passed away from this world. Flattery may be administered by memoirs in these times, when works are printed before the ink of the manuscript is dry; but when authors wrote them literally for the fourth generation, why should they flatter "the dull cold ear of death?"⁴ As for Père Cyprian Gamache, his manuscript has never been printed, nor does it seem that any eyes but these now guiding the pen, have scanned the ancient yellow pages which dwell on the death and character of his beloved patroness.

¹ MS. of Père Gamache, p. 168.

² *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 90.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 169.

There are passages in the *Memoirs of Madame de Motteville* wherein she speaks, with such severity of moral justice, of the conduct of Louis XIV., that he would have consigned her to the Bastille, had he known that such a manuscript existed.

The cause of the death of Henrietta Maria is mentioned by mademoiselle de Montpensier, her niece. She says, in her usual flippant style,¹ "she could not sleep, the doctors gave her a pill to cure her wakefulness, which it did so effectually that she never woke again."

What would father Cyprian have said, could he have seen this unfeeling witticism of *la grande mademoiselle*, as she was called, on the death of her own aunt? Truly, he would have been as severe as he was on the first physician of Louis XIV., whom he all but calls a murderer. He declares, that Dr. Valot excused himself to his king, by assuring him "it was the disease of the chest, and not his over-dose of narcotic, that killed queen Henrietta;" but the indignant father continues, that "though Valot retained his post at court, yet a very few months afterwards, he himself fell into a serious malady, which his *grains* could not cure, and which soon took from him his place and his life together. But all the time he lived, the people of the defunct queen's household cried out against him, as the murderer, in fact, if not in intent, of their royal mistress."²

Meantime, a swift courier brought to the royal brothers in England the news that their queen-mother had expired on Tuesday morning, August 31st, New Style, 1669, at her castle of Colombe, situate four leagues from Paris. Charles II. and the duke of York received the news with great grief; they immediately left their hunting in the New Forest, and retired to Hampton Court, where they continued till all the mourning ceremonial was completed at Whitehall.³

The same day that queen Henrietta Maria died, her corpse remained as if she slept in her bed, and all persons were admitted to see it there. The next day her body was embalmed, and laid in state in the hall of Colombe.

At eleven o'clock the same night, the whole household at Colombe, headed by the grand almoner Montague, went in procession from the château, bearing the heart of their deceased queen to her convent at Chaillot. It was received with solemn ceremonial by the abbess and her nuns. A manuscript, till now inedited, in the archives of France, gives the following account of the respect with which the ladies of the Visitation received the heart of their foundress.⁴ It is written by one of the nuns.

"It had ever been the intention of her majesty to come to us, when her declining health warned her that she must shortly endure the sharpness of death, which she did not wish should surprise her in the routine of worldly existence; but God willed it otherwise, having permitted a remedy, which it was hoped would cure her, to cut short her life, in her 61st year. Divine Providence had spared her the long agonies of a lingering death, of which she had a natural fear. She had not the time to mark her intentions towards us by her last will; she had intended to

¹ *Mémoires de Montpensier*, vol. v. p. 218.

² MS. of Père Cyprian, p. 169.

³ *Memoirs of Henrietta Maria*, 1671, p. 90.

⁴ MS. at the Hôtel de Soubise, Secret Archives of France, by favour of M. Guizot

make our church the depository of her royal heart and body likewise she likewise intended to demise to us certain goods for our benefit. Nevertheless, although her sudden death had prevented these intentions, she had previously, on many occasions, proved a most beneficent foundress, and had deserved our grateful remembrance at a time when we were in a very destitute state.

"Although we possess not the body, we have what we esteem very precious; this is, the heart of this great queen. At eleven o'clock at night this dear heart was delivered to us by M. Montague, accompanied by the whole household of her majesty. Our sisterhood received it in its urn, at the gate of our cloister, and bore it in procession to our church, which was hung with black; these hangings were encircled by three bands of black velvet charged with the escutcheons of the defunct queen. The Miserere was chaunted by the full choir; a platform of three steps was raised, on which was placed a *credance*, to receive the royal heart of our beloved foundress. Round this were placed wax lights. *Monsieur le grande almoner* said the prayers, to which we all responded; then he addressed himself to our very honoured mother and superior, Anne Marie Caulin, in these terms:—

"My mother, behold here the heart of the princess Henrietta Marie, of France, daughter of Henry the Great, wife of Charles I., mother of Charles II., at present reigning in England, aunt to Louis XIV. All these temporal grandeurs were not equal to the virtues of her soul, on which I need not dwell in particular, because you knew her so well. The affection that this great queen always cherished for you has caused you to be chosen as the guardians of this precious deposit, which I am certain you will carefully retain, and will not cease your prayers for the repose of her soul.'¹

"To this our good mother made reply:—

"With my mind absorbed in grief, I render the very humble thanks of our convent to the king, and to Monsieur and Madame, for having confided to us so valued a treasure, which alone can console us for the loss we have sustained in the death of this great queen. We will never remit our prayers for her repose, as the sole means we have of showing our gratitude to her.'

"After every one had withdrawn, we said the prayers for the dead, and when we had sprinkled holy water we retired."

The corpse of Henrietta was likewise carried, for lying in state, from Colombe to the convent at Chaillot.² Her coffin was placed on a mourning-car, attended by her lord almoner Montague and the duchess of Richmond, her principal English lady of honour, and by madame du Plessis, her principal French lady. The guards, already described, followed and preceded the royal corpse, which was likewise attended by the coaches of the queen of France and duchess of Orleans, with all the officers of their household. The body was thus escorted to Chaillot,

¹ Inedited MS. in the Hôtel de Soubise, now edited and translated by the author from the original, by favour of M. Gaizot.

² MS. of Père Gamache, p. 169.

and was received with much tender reverence by the nuns, to whom she had been the benefactress.

Her heart was, on the 10th of September, placed in a silver vessel, whereon was written her name and titles in Latin, to the following effect:—

Henrietta Maria, queen of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, daughter to the French king Henry IV., the Victorious; wife of Charles I., the Martyr; and mother of the restored king, Charles II.

The funeral took place on the 12th of September; the place of sepulture of queen Henrietta was with her royal ancestors at the magnificent Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. The procession commenced from Chaillot, an hour after dark; all the guards of the deceased queen carried torches, and a hundred pages, sent by the queen of France, bore each a lighted flambeau. The niece of the deceased queen, mademoiselle de Montpensier, followed as chief mourner, assisted by the duchess of Guise. All the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household at Colombe followed, in the deepest mourning. The monks and chapter of the Abbey of St. Denis, carrying lighted tapers, received the royal corpse at their door, and when it was consigned to them, the grand almoner, Montague, made them an oration in Latin, which was answered by the prior. The Abbey of St. Denis was hung with black, and fully illuminated for the funeral service.

No monument or tablet exists, to the memory of the queen, at St. Denis, that we could discover, when we visited the royal tombs in the crypt of that magnificent structure, this last summer, 1844. When the bones of her ancestors were exhumed by the French republicans, robbed of their leaden coffins, and flung into a common trench, behind the Abbey of St. Denis, the remains of Henrietta Maria doubtless shared the same fate.

Forty days after the death of queen Henrietta, a still grander service was performed to her memory, to soothe the grief of her favourite daughter, Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans, by her grateful nuns of Chaillot. The princess came with her husband to this ceremony, which was far more distinguished by the eloquence of Bossuet than by all the funeral pomps that Rome could devise. All the choir of the chapel at Chaillot was hung with black, and in the midst was a platform of four steps, and a bier covered with a black velvet pall; at the corners, worked in gold, were queen Henrietta's armorial bearings, and laid thereon, under a stately canopy, was a wax effigy exactly resembling her.¹

The duke and duchess of Orleans having taken their places, Montague, the almoner of her late majesty, officiated at the service, and then all eyes were fixed on Bossuet, who proceeded to deliver that grand historical oration on the varied scenes of Henrietta's life, which at once gave him the reputation he has since maintained as the first orator of modern times. Much of this sermon would be displeasing to any one but a Roman catholic; but the genius of Bossuet is more talked of in

¹Inedited MS., written by a nun of Chaillot, in the Secret Archives. No such access was given by favour of M. Guizot.

England than known, which must plead our excuse for the following attempt to give the reader an idea of the view taken by this great man, of the historical events of the life of his royal countrywoman.

"Nine voyages," said Bossuet, "were undertaken by our great Henrietta in the course of her life. The English rebels, it is well known, had seized the arsenals and magazines of the king, her husband. He had soldiers, but not wherewithal to arm them. She abandoned her pleasures and her palaces for the sake of her lord, and not only parted from her jewels, but even cared not for her life. She put to sea in the midst of February, regardless of waves and tempests, for the ostensible purpose of conducting to Holland her eldest daughter, who had espoused the prince of Orange. Her real object was to engage the states of Holland in the interests of the king. She gained them, gained their officers, and obtained supplies, and artillery, and ammunition. The storms of winter had not prevented her from embarking on this errand; the storms of winter did not hinder her return to the king when she had gained her object. Her homeward voyage was, however, beset with difficulties and accidents. The dreadful tempest which tost her fleet for ten days is beyond my power to describe. The mariners, at length, lost all presence of mind, and stood aghast. Some threw themselves in the sea, preferring instant death to further toils. The queen, nevertheless, remained intrepid; and the higher the waves raged, the more she reassured every one around her by her firmness; and, to avert from their minds the fatal ideas of death which presented itself on all sides, she said, "Queens have never been drowned." Alas, she was reserved to suffer a fate still more extraordinary! She saw vessels perish around her, but the admiral's ship in which she was embarked, was sustained by the hand of Him who rules over the mighty deep, and who can bridle its insurgent billows. The vessel was thrown back on the coast of Holland, and every one was astonished at her signal deliverance.

"Those who escape from shipwreck," says an ancient author, "are sure to bid an eternal adieu to the sea; nay, they can never again abide the sight of it." Yet, with astonishing perseverance, the queen, in the short space of eleven days, again committed herself to the mercy of the ocean, and in the utmost rigour of winter. She was impelled to this extraordinary exertion by her earnest desire of beholding her husband once more, and leading to him the succours she had obtained. She gathered together the transports which had escaped the tempest, and finally landed on the coast of England. Scarcely had she touched the shore, when a hundred pieces of cannon thundered on the house where she rested after the fatigues of her voyage, and shattered it with their balls. Yet she retained her intrepidity in the midst of this frightful peril; and her clemency did not fail when the author of this black attempt fell in her power. Some time after, he was taken prisoner, and destined to the executioner; but she pardoned him his crime against her, dooming him solely to the punishment of his conscience, and the shame of having attempted the life of a princess, too kind and merciful to take his, even after such provocation."

This incident is only found in this oration and in the preceding memoir of Henrietta, where it is more circumstantially related; it is in close accordance with the character and disposition of Henri Quatre, her glorious father, whom our Henrietta closely resembled, as her countrymen declared, in person as well as disposition. The narrow bigotry in which she was reared marred the popularity which must infallibly have attended this fine disposition, always so attractive in England. The prejudices of the people were offended, at every turn, with a thousand troublesome teasing ritual observances, which they, with equal bigotry, were brought to look upon as enormous crimes; thus Henrietta's virtues

and grand actions were either viewed invidiously, or passed over in silence; the church of England historians, although agreeing as to religion in so many main points with the essentials of her faith, could not forgive the troubles her attachment to the church of Rome had brought on their king and party, therefore they are equally her enemies with the puritans, and their narratives are more prejudicial to her because the truth is expected from them. The French historians alone preserve the facts that redound to her credit.

Bossuet rapidly traces her progress to the midland counties, and the effects that her heroism had on the people :

"It was into her hands that the governor of Scarborough rendered that port with its impregnable castle. The two Hothams, father and son, who had given the first example of perfidy, in refusing to the king in person admittance to his port and arsenal of Hull, now chose the queen for their mediatrix, and prepared to surrender to the king that place, together with that of Beverley, but they were prevented, and decapitated by their own party, for God punished their disobedience by the hands of the rebels, whom they had served so signally.

"Our great Henrietta marched, as a general, at the head of her royal army. She thus traversed triumphantly the provinces hitherto entirely held by the rebels. She besieged a considerable town which obstructed her march. She conquered, she pardoned; and finally met her monarch on the ground where he had previously gained his signal victory over the earl of Essex. One hour after the reunion of this happy pair, they received the tidings of another victory gained by the king's party over the rebels. All seemed to prosper in the presence of Henrietta; and had her advice been taken, and had the king marched direct to London instead of dividing his forces, and wasting their time and dissipating their strength at the unsuccessful sieges of Hull and Gloucester, that campaign had seen the end of the war. On that pivot the fortune of the royal cause turned. From that fatal moment all was disaster and decadence. The queen's situation obliged her to retire from Oxford, which was besieged by the rebels. The royal pair bade each other an adieu, sad enough, although neither supposed it was to prove their last. Her majesty retired to Exeter. There she gave birth to a daughter; but, in less than twelve days, she was forced to leave the infant princess, and seek refuge in France."

We must remember that it was before this princess, the duchess of Orleans, that Bossuet was speaking the words we here are quoting, and, when he arrived at this passage, he broke into one of those impassioned bursts of eloquence which stamped his fame as an orator for ever. And here we depict a trait of the manners of the past; an address of the kind, in the present times, to a royal mourner at the funeral sermon of her parent, would entrench on modern reserves and etiquettes most strangely. Society was not then civilized into that conventional smoothness which is ruffled by such bold bursts of original genius; and therefore avoids or suppresses them. The effect must have been grand, when Bossuet diverged from his oration on the dead mother, thus to address the daughter :—

"Princess, whose destiny is so great and glorious, are you, then, in your first dawn of being rendered a captive to the enemies of your royal house? O Eternal! watch over her! Holy angels, rank around her cradle your invisible squadrons, for she is destined to our valiant Philippe, of all the princes of France most worthy of her, as she is most worthy of him. Gentlemen of France, God! did, in truth, protect her! Lady Morton, two years afterwards, drew this precious

infant from the hands of the rebels. Unconscious of her captivity, but feeling her high birth too powerfully to submit to conceal it, the royal child refused to own any name or rank but her own, and persisted that she was no other than the princess.¹ At last, she was brought to the arms of her mother, to console her for all her sorrows, and finally to contribute to the happiness of a great prince. But I am diverging from the course of my history. I have already said that the queen was forced to retire from the kingdom of England: in fact, her vessel left port in the full view of the ships of the rebels; they pursued her, and came so near, that she actually heard the cries of the seamen, and could distinguish their insolent menaces. Oh! how different from her first voyage on the same sea, when she went to take possession of the sceptre of Great Britain, when, for the first time, she felt the waters heave under her, and submit their proud waves to her, the ocean-queen. Now chased, pursued by her implacable enemies, one moment lost, the next saved, fortune changing its aspect every quarter of an hour, having no support but God and her own indomitable courage, —she at last arrived at Brest, and there was suffered to respire awhile from her troubles.

"God left no resource to her royal husband; the Scotch, though faithful guards to our monarchs,² betrayed their own, and sold him to the parliament. The parliament, feeling the evils of military despotism, would dismiss the army, but the army, declaring itself independent, expelled the parliament by violence. The king was, in these commotions, led from captivity to captivity; his queen in vain moved France, Holland, and even Poland and the distant north, to his rescue; she reanimated the Scotch,³ and found the means of arming 30,000 of them in his behalf. She concocted an enterprise with the duke of Lorraine for his deliverance, the success of which promised, at least, to be complete. She really succeeded in withdrawing her dear children from captivity, and confessed that, among her mortal sorrows, she felt on this occasion she was capable of joy. If she could do no more, she at least consoled her royal lord perpetually by her letters. He wrote to her from his prison that she alone supported his mind, and that he could submit to all degradations, when he remembered that she belonged to him, and was unalienably his own. O wife! O mother! O queen! incomparable and deserving a better fortune.

"After all her struggles, there was nothing left but to resign herself to the inevitable; yet, like some grand column, she stood firm amidst the ruins around her. But who can express her just grief, who can recount her sorrows? No, gentlemen of France, my words cannot paint them; the prophet who sat alone amidst the ruins of Jerusalem can alone lament as she lamented. Truly might she say with Jeremiah, 'Behold, Lord, my affliction; my enemies fortify themselves, and my children are lost. The cruel one has put his sacrilegious hand on all that is most dear to me. Royalty is profaned, princes are trodden under foot. Leave me to weep bitterly, for I cannot be comforted.'⁴

"Charles," says Bossuet, "was just, temperate, magnanimous, well-informed regarding his affairs and the science of governing. Never prince was more capable of rendering royalty not only respected, but amiable and dear to a people. He could be reproached with nothing but with too great a degree of clemency. This illustrious defect of Charles was likewise that of Cæsar himself; but those who expected to see the English monarch succumb under the weight of misfortune, were astonished when they experienced his valour in battle and his strength of intellect in council. Pursued to the utmost by the implacable malignity of his enemies, betrayed by his own people, he never lost himself. The result of the contest might be against him; his foes found that,

¹ This passage confirms the narrative of Père Cyprian Gamache, quoted p. 106

² Here he alludes to the Scottish guards of the king of France.

³ Bossuet here alludes to the campaign of the gallant marquis of Montrose.

⁴ The Latin text is in the margin, but Bossuet has drawn his quotations from Isaiah and Lamech, as well as from Jeremiah.

although they might crush him, they could never bend him. A pang seizes me when I contemplate that great heart in its last trials. But, assuredly, he showed himself not less a king when facing his rebels in Westminster Hall, and on the scaffold in Whitehall, than when he confronted them at the head of his armies; they saw him august and majestic in that woful time as when he was in the midst of his court. Great queen, well do I know that I fulfil the most tender wishes of your heart, when I celebrate your monarch—that heart which never beat but for him; is it not ready to vibrate, though cold in the dust, and to stir at the sound of the name of a spouse so dear, though veiled under the mortuary pall?”

The hearers of Bossuet could not have believed the story of Henrietta's second marriage, or surely they would have blamed him for this passage, instead of praising him to the skies.

At this point of his oration, Bossuet addressed himself to the nuns of Chaillot, who were assisting at the funeral of their benefactress:

“But after she had listened to your consolations, holy maidens, you, her inestimable friends—for so in life she often called you—after you had led her to sigh before the altar of her only Protector—then, then, she could confide to you the consolations she received from on high, and you can recount her Christian progress, for you have been faithful witnesses. How many times has she returned thanks to God—For what? my hearers, ask you, for having restored her son? No, but for having rendered her *la reine malheureuse*. Ah! I regret the narrow boundaries of the place where I speak. My voice ought to resound to the ends of the wide earth. I would make every ear to hear that her griefs had made her learned in the science of salvation and the efficacy of the cross, when all Christendom were united in sympathy for her unexampled sorrows.”

After this ceremony, the duke of Orleans placed the abbé Montague, grand almoner of his deceased aunt, at the head of the ecclesiastical establishment, in his household. The duchess of Orleans received her mother's aged friend, Père Cyprian Gamache, as her almoner; but the old man did not long survive his patroness—his well-known characters soon cease from the yellow pages of his journal, and another hand takes the pen.

The continuator of the manuscript observes, when describing the general mourning ordered through France by Louis XIV., on the death of his aunt,—“Our country did not merely recognise the decease of a queen of England, in the loss of this princess, but that of the last surviving child of her great Henry, as a daughter of France—sweet, familiar, obliging, and doing good to all around her, and manifesting those great qualities which win all hearts. Our king ordered all the rites of her interment and obsequies at St. Denis to be conducted with the utmost pomp of royalty, and the expenses were discharged at his cost.”

There is a manuscript¹ among the archives of France, the contents of which have been partly quoted, when they occurred in chronological order. It was evidently written under the direction of the abbess of Chaillot, for the assistance of Bossuet, when he composed his funeral oration. He has availed himself of its contents in many passages which he knew would be edifying to his auditory, but which we omit, as displeasing not only to the reformed church, but to English readers in general, the composition is simple and innocent—the French spelled in an ill-taste

¹ Inedited, paper in the Hotel Soubise, marked in pencil, K 1301.

rate manner; nevertheless, it preserves a few anecdotes of interest which are illustrative of the private character of the queen.

"She founded our convent, in July, 1651, at a time when she was under a very heavy pressure of grief. Her husband's murder had previously caused her deep and enduring sorrow; at first, she was overwhelmed with despair. By degrees her mind returned to God, but she could not resign herself to his will till she had many times offered up this orison—

"Lord God, thou hast permitted it — therefore will I submit myself with all my strength!" Conversing with us in her most private hours, she declared that she had found this aspiration efficacious in producing resignation even on occasions the most excruciating. 'And these,' she added mournfully, came very frequently, 'for since the last twenty years I have not passed one day, but what has brought much trouble.'

"She once told our very honoured mother, the abbess de la Fayette, speaking of the health of her soul, 'that she often returned thanks to God, that as he had called her to the state of royalty, that he had made her a Christian, and consequently an unfortunate queen, for,' she added, 'that queens in a state of prosperity are too much tempted to forget his ordinances.'" Here we trace one of the most striking perorations of Bossuet's discourse.

Among the practical virtues of Henrietta, the good nun very properly recognises the interest she felt in the welfare of her domestics, and the pains she took to reconcile any differences that arose among them; the frequent consultations she held, if any unhappiness or ill fortune befel them. "Any other queen who was less sweet tempered," says another fragment MS. in the Hotel de Soubise, "would have been wholly deserted" when she was reduced to such distress at the time of the Fronde; but the privations that her lowest servants endured before they quitted her for a short time in search of food, were astonishing. "Our dear queen," they said, "shares them with us, and what is enough for her is so for us." From which we gather that the daughter of Henri Quatre inherited that true heroism which led her to reject all indulgences which she could not share with her suffering household. "If they had fire, she warmed her shivering limbs; if they had none, she went without; if they had food, she broke her fast; if they had none, she starved with them." "Consideration for the feelings of others marked her conduct," resumes her friend the abbess; "she never took advantage of her power, as our foundress, to fill our quiet cloisters with noisy and irreverent persons of her court; when she came, she only brought one of her ladies and two or three quiet female servants; so particular was she in preventing unhallowed intrusion, that, one day, when she came to see us, and she was too ill to walk, and was obliged to be carried from her coach, she sent in first, to know if we had any objection to permit her bearers to enter our court."

These little traits prove that queen Henrietta had the manners in private life of a perfect gentlewoman.

"We have since said mass, in remembrance of her majesty," continues the manuscript, "on the 10th of every month, which we shall

continue all round the year; and on the anniversary of her death, we devote to her memory all possible marks of our respectful gratitude."

Henrietta died intestate, but thanks to the careful liquidation of her expenditure every week, she was not in debt. Her nephew, Louis XIV., according to a law of France then in force, was heir to all her effects as an intestate person. Against this proceeding Charles II. remonstrated, by the agency of sir Leoline Jenkin, doctor of laws. A document among the archives of France¹ states that, November 6, 1669—

"The king of France gave permission to the ambassador from England, to abbé Montague, to count Arenberg, equerry to the deceased queen, and to *le docteur Jiquin*, to enter into the abbey of the Visitation of Chaillot when it pleased them, to make an inventory of the effects that queen Henrietta had left there."

An inventory of the furniture of her reserved apartments in the convent is extant; it is simple and homely.

The abbess of the convent delivered a wrought silver casket, which the queen had left in her care, to abbé Montague, who took possession of it for Charles II. A few days afterwards the visitors returned again, and presented to the convent, in the name of that king, the furniture which belonged to his mother.

At the importunity of his sister Henrietta he bestowed a more solid reward on the community of Chaillot for their attention to his mother's remains. There is written the following memorandum, on a little yellow scrap of paper, torn off some printed circular of a sermon, preached in 1670, and pinned on the nun's manuscript we have recently quoted:² "When Henrietta duchess of Orleans, went to visit her brother in England, his majesty, Charles II., gave her for us 2000 gold Jacobuses, worth 26,000 francs, for the purpose of building a chapel to put therein the precious heart of our beloved queen. Of this sum, we have received half. May our Lord recompense those who have done this, and give repose to our illustrious queen and founder: 'Dieu soit benit!'"

The king of France sent the count de St. Aignan, first gentleman of his bed-chamber, to condole with Charles II. on the death of his mother. A general mourning was ordered for her throughout England, and the people vied with each other in testifying respect to her memory.³ This court mourning must have been of an extraordinary length, for, according to a passage in the memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Henrietta duchess of Orleans, on her return from England, six months afterwards, expressed her satisfaction to that princess, "at the respect paid by the English to the memory of the late queen her mother, for she found the people as well as the whole court in the deepest mourning."

"This visit," continued Mademoiselle, "renewed the grief of my cousin the duchess of Orleans for her mother, she felt her loss severely at this particular time; since she always had relied on queen Henrietta to reconcile her with her husband, as she usually lived on uneasy terms

¹ Hotel de Soubise, by favour of M. Guizot.

² Inedited paper, Hotel de Soubise, marked K, 1351.

³ Con inuation of the MS. of Père Cyprian Gamache, p. 172.

with him. Whenever she spoke of her mother, after her return to France, she was ready to weep, and had some trouble to restrain her tears; more than once I saw them ready to fall." This was but a few days before the sudden death of the beautiful Henrietta, duchess of Orleans; she only survived a few months the parent, whose loss she still mourned, and whose maternal friendship she so much needed. She died June 15, 1670. The story that she was poisoned is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. Her cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, declares "that she died of cholera morbus."

Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, was the only daughter who survived queen Henrietta out of five. Of her three sons, Charles II. and James duke of York only were alive at the time of her death. She was mother to two monarchs of Great Britain, and grandmother to three, to a queen of Spain, and a dauphiness of France.

Verses and elegies, both Latin and English, were written in such profusion to the memory of queen Henrietta, that a large volume might be filled with them. The best of these elegiac tributes, is the following:—

"Great queen of cares and crosses, tossed and hurled
Through all the changes of a guilty world,
A queen to kings and emperors allied,
Great Henry's daughter, and blest Charles's bride!
Yet did the envious thistle interpose
'Twixt her French lilies and our English rose!
Blest queen, thy mind maintained so calm a state
As crowned thee sovereign of thyself and fate:
Angels now sing to thee their airs divine,
And join in an applause as vast as thine,
Who claimed the garland by the matchless life,
Of a dear mother and a faultless wife;
And having gained it, meekly, now layest down
An earthly diadem for a heavenly crown;
And you, dear queen, one grateful subject leaves,
Who, what he owed your life, has paid your grave!"¹

¹ *Remains of Henrietta Maria*, 1672, pp. 106, 107.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

QUEEN OF CHARLES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Catharine of Braganza—Her birth-day fête—Her father proclaimed king of Portugal—Catharine proposed to Charles, prince of Wales—Her education—Her father endows her with princely appanages—His death—Her mother governs Portugal—Overtures for marrying Catharine to Charles II.—The Spanish ambassador depreciates her—Charles hears injurious reports of her person—Demurs—Sees Catharine's picture, and concludes the marriage—Rejoicings in Portugal—Charles writes to Catharine and her mother—Catharine assumes the title of queen of Great Britain—Her parting with her mother and family—Her embarkation—Serenaded on the water by the king, her brother—Her stormy voyage—The duke of York visits her in her cabin—Presents her lord-chamberlain—Desires to see her in her national costume—She lands at Portsmouth—Honours paid to her there—She writes to king Charles—Her illness—Arrival of the king—Their first interview—His favourable opinion—Marriage—Her reception at Hampton Court—Address and present from the city of London—Bridal festivities—Happiness of the royal pair—Their first quarrel—Lady Castlemaine—The king's misconduct—Catharine's jealousy and grief—The king's tyranny—Queen refuses to receive lady Castlemaine—Her passionate behaviour—Threatens to return to Portugal—The king's resentment—She goes with him to visit the queen-mother at Greenwich—Temporary reconciliation with the king—Catharine brought to Whitehall in state—Her attempts at speaking English—Evil influence of lady Castlemaine—The king's unkindness to Catharine—He dismisses her Portuguese attendants—Catharine neglected in her own court—Her wretchedness—She gives up the contest—Censured by her friends for want of spirit—Birth-day ode to Catharine—Royal balls and festivities at Whitehall.

THE birth of Catharine of Braganza occurred at a momentous crisis for her country and her family. Her father, John duke of Braganza, afterwards surnamed the Fortunate, was the grandson and representative of donna Maria, duchess of Braganza, the rightful heiress of the royal house of Portugal, who, on the death of the cardinal-king, don Henry, the successor of the unfortunate don Sebastian, entered the lists as a claimant of the crown, with two powerful competitors, the prince of Parma and Philip II. of Spain. Might overcame right on that occasion, for it is well known that Philip succeeded in annexing Portugal to his own dominions; and, for a period of nearly sixty years, that country remained in the degraded position of an oppressed and misgoverned province of Spain.

Repeated wrongs and insults roused, at length, the spirit of the de

scendants of the Lusitanian heroes, who had maintained the independence of their country against the victorious legions of Rome, and, for centuries of successful warfare, repelled the aggressions of the Moors. The imbecile despotism and political blunders of their Spanish rulers, Philip III. and IV., while they excited their anger and contempt, inspired them with hope that a bold struggle for liberty might be successfully attempted. Patriotic associations were secretly organized in Lisbon, and all the principal towns of Portugal, for throwing off the Spanish yoke and asserting their national independence once more. The hour of political regeneration drew nigh; all eyes naturally turned on the last of the old royal line, the duke of Braganza, the patriotic party with hope and confidence, and the Spanish authorities with feelings of jealous suspicion. Braganza considered, meantime, that measures were not sufficiently matured for a successful rising, and to avoid alike the observations of his foes and the perilous intrigues of his friends, he retired with his beloved wife, donna Luiza, the daughter of the duke of Medina Sidonia, and their two infant sons, to his palace of Villa Viçosa. It was in this delicious spot, which has been justly named the terrestrial paradise of Portugal, that the duchess gave birth to her third child, a daughter, on St. Catharine's-day, Nov. 25, 1638, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening.

On Saturday, the 12th of the following December, the infant princess was baptized, with great pomp, in the ducal chapel of the parish, by Antonio de Brito e Sousa, the dean of the chapel, and in honour of the virgin saint and martyr on whose festival she was born, she was named Catharine. Her godfather was the marquis de Ferreira, don Francisco de Mello, a wealthy grandee of high rank, and one of the most devoted of her father's friends and partisans.¹

The anniversary of Catharine of Braganza's birth has always been regarded as an auspicious day for Portugal, in consequence of an incident, which connected the celebration of the fête, when she completed her second year, with the emancipation of that country from the yoke of Spain. It was on that day, November 25, 1640, that don Gaspar Cortigno came to Villa Viçosa, to urge the duke of Braganza to accede to the prayer of the associated patriots that he should declare himself their leader, and accept the crown of which he was the rightful heir.²

This proposition filled the duke with perplexity, for he was not only happy in the enjoyment of all the ties of domestic love as a husband and father, but in peaceful possession of estates, comprising not less than a third of the realm, and was unwilling to hazard the loss of these by embarking in an enterprise so full of peril. The bold spirit of his wife decided his doubtful resolve, by an appeal to his parental love and pride.

"This day," said she, "our friends are assembled round us to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our little Catharine, and who knows but this new guest may not have been sent to certify to you that it is the will of Heaven, through especial grace, to invest you with that crown

¹ *Historia Genealogica, Casa Real, Portuguesa.* P. D. Antonio Caetano de Sousa, tome vii

² *Ibid.*

of which you have long been unjustly deprived by Spain. For my part, I regard it as a happy presage that he comes on such a day." She then caused the infant Catharine to be brought in, and having made her kiss the duke, she added, "How can you find it in your heart to refuse to confer on this child the rank of a king's daughter?"¹

This burst of feminine eloquence had a more powerful effect, on the wavering mind of the duke, than all the persuasions and reasoning of the patriotic nobles and statesmen, by whom he was surrounded, and he declared his determination to peril his great wealth, his life, and all the blessings by which he was surrounded, for the glorious object of delivering his country from a foreign yoke. A few days afterwards, he bade adieu to the peaceful shades of Villa Viçosa, and removed, with his wife and little ones, to Lisbon, where he was immediately proclaimed king, by the title of Juan IV., and commenced active measures for the liberation of his realm. The struggle was long and fierce, for although don Juan won almost every battle in which he encountered his enemies, the physical force and resources of Spain were so infinitely superior to those of Portugal, that at times it required all the energetic eloquence of his queen, donna Luiza, to encourage him even to hope for a successful issue. The event proved the truth of the glorious aphorism—

"That freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is always won."

The title of don Juan was not allowed by the pope, or by any of the catholic courts of Europe, except that of France; but Portugal had always found an ally and protector in England; and Charles I., though unable to assist don Juan in any other way, rendered him the important service of recognising him as the sovereign of Portugal. Immediately after the decisive overthrow that was given to the Spanish forces by don Juan, in the year 1644, he empowered his ambassador, Sabran, to make overtures to Charles for a marriage between their children, the prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and the little infanta, Catharine of Braganza.

The finances of the royal party in England were then at so low an ebb, that the dower with which the great wealth of don Juan enabled him to endow his daughter, would, doubtless, have been very acceptable, yet Charles did not respond to the proposal in an encouraging manner.² He had probably felt the disadvantage of the differences on religious matters between himself and his own consort too keenly, to wish to see his son united to a Roman-catholic princess. Nothing, in fact, could have been more unpopular than such an alliance, independently of the unsuitable ages of the parties, Catharine having only just completed her seventh year, while the prince of Wales was turned of fourteen. Seventeen years afterwards, when they actually became man and wife, Catha-

¹ Leti.

² Letter of Charles I. to the queen, dated Jan. 30th, 1645, *Letters of Charles I.* printed at the Hague.

rine was, by many persons, considered too old for the consort of a prince so many years her senior.

The father of Catharine maintained the contest against the gigantic power of Spain, with better fortune than that which attended the struggle of Charles I. with his rebellious subjects, and he finally succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of Portugal. Catharine received her education in a convent, where she was very strictly bred under the watchful superintendence of the queen-mother, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and she was so much the object of her royal father's affection, that just before his death he executed a grant, dated November 1, 1656, in which, after an acknowledgment of her virtues, he gave her the Island of Madeira, the city of Lanego, and the town of Moura, with all their territories, rents, tributes and other privileges to be enjoyed by her. He also gave her other places and sources of income; but provided that, in case of her marriage out of the kingdom, she should relinquish them on receiving a proper equivalent from the crown.¹

Soon after he had made this princely settlement on donna Catharine, her illustrious father died in the prime of life, worn out with the toils and anxieties of the arduous struggle in which he had engaged. The Spaniards testified an indecent joy at the news of his death, but he had left the regency of the kingdom in the hands of his queen, the master spirit by whom he had been incited to the glorious enterprise of a liberator, and to her the honour was reserved of completing the work of national regeneration, which he had been compelled to leave unfinished.

Don Alphonso, the eldest brother of Catharine, was of age to reign at the death of the king their father, but such was the confidence that all parties reposed in the talents and virtues of the widowed queen, that she was permitted to assume the reins of government, which she retained for upwards of ten years. She triumphantly established the independence of Portugal, not merely by the repeated victories which her armies won over the invading forces of Spain, but by the diplomatic skill with which she steered her difficult course with foreign powers. Her domestic government and commercial policy were even more admirable, and she was universally considered as the wisest sovereign in Europe. The daughter of such a princess was not likely to remain without candidates for her hand. Many proposals were made, but donna Luiza had determined to render Catharine's marriage a source of additional strength to the newly established throne of Portugal; and she appears to have kept her single with the secret intention of securing an alliance with England, by wedding her with Charles II., whose restoration her penetration enabled her to foresee.

If Burnet may be credited, the preliminary overtures for this marriage were made to General Monk, by a Jew, who, notwithstanding the penalties attached to his proscribed and persecuted religion in Portugal, had obtained very considerable influence in the cabinet of donna Luiza.

This statement is probably correct, for Jews have frequently been

¹ Erecieira Portug. Rey Fam., tom. ii. lib. vi. p. 369. Historica Genealogica. Casa Real, Portuguesa. By Sousa.

employed both as spies and political agents; the strong links of fellowship which bind this widely scattered people together, as one large family, extend from one end of the world to the other, and afford peculiar means of information to a diplomatist of that race. The sagacious queen of Portugal had no doubt received, through this source, certain intelligence of the impending changes in England, when she directed him to propose the alliance to the man, who was silently, but surely concerting measures for securing a lasting peace for England by the recall of her exiled king. The idea of a catholic consort for Charles was not likely to meet with much encouragement from Monk—Charles himself was then occupied in wooing a princess, who would have been a more suitable bride for him than a daughter of either Spain or Portugal. After wounded pride had enabled him to conquer his passion for the fair Hortense Mancini, he withdrew to Hochstättin, a village in Flanders, about four miles from Breda, where he often went to visit his sister the princess of Orange. He had there frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the princess Henrietta, daughter of Frederick Henry, prince of Orange, and became honourably attached to her. The regard was mutual, and he sent the marquess of Ormond to propose the marriage to the elder princess dowager of Orange, but she declined the offer for her daughter, declaring "that she saw no chance for the amendment of his fortunes."¹

When the deputation from the parliament, inviting Charles to return to England and take possession of the crown, arrived at Breda, bringing a present of 50,000*l.* in gold, to relieve the personal necessities of the destitute sovereign, the old lady regretted her narrow-minded policy, and would willingly have made any concession to repair the blunder she had committed in declining his alliance. Charles, however, treated all overtures from her, for that purpose, with the contempt they merited. He could not forgive the personal affront that had been offered to him in the season of his adversity.

When the first burst of national joy, which greeted Charles II. on his restoration to the throne of Great Britain, had a little subsided, his friends became urgent with him to choose a consort.²

The selection of Catharine of Braganza for the queen of Charles II. has generally been attributed to the family policy of the lord chancellor Clarendon, who, it is said, did not wish the sovereign to marry a princess likely to bring heirs to the crown, to deprive the children of the duke of York, by his daughter, of the regal succession. But, as Catharine was only in her 23d year when the negotiation for this alliance first commenced, it was quite as likely that she would have a family as the duchess of York, and Charles was the last man in the world to be guided in his choice of a wife by the selfish views of his minister. The real spring of this marriage was Louis XIV.; and, according to Carte, the person by whom it was suggested to Charles, in the first instance, was no other than his own mother, queen Henrietta, who was in the interest of the French cabinet, and at the same time de-

¹ Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond.

² Clarendon. Lingard

sirous of seeing her son united to a princess of her own religion. The negotiation was opened towards the close of her visit to England in 1660, or immediately after her departure, in the following manner:—The Portuguese ambassador, don Francisco de Mello, Catharine of Braganza's godfather, paid Charles's lord chamberlain, the earl of Manchester, a visit one day, and after bestowing many commendations on his royal master, observed "that it was time he should bestow himself in marriage, and that nothing could keep him single but the difficulty of finding a suitable consort for him;" he then added, "that there was in Portugal a princess in her beauty, person, and age, very fit for him, and who would have a portion suitable to her birth and quality. She was indeed a catholic, and would never depart from her religion, but she had none of that meddling activity which sometimes made persons of that faith troublesome, when they came into a country where another mode of worship was practised; that she had been bred under a wise mother, who had carefully infused another spirit into her, and kept her from affecting to interfere in state affairs with which she was totally unacquainted, so that she would be contented to enjoy her own religion, without concerning herself with what others professed." The ambassador concluded by saying, "that he had authority to make the proposition to the king, accompanied with such advantages as he thought no other power in Europe could offer."¹

The lord chamberlain duly repeated this conversation to the king, who merely replied that he would think of it; but the next morning the ambassador came to his majesty, and going straight to the point, repeated to him all he had said to his lord chamberlain, and concluded by stating "that he was authorized to offer 500,000*l.* sterling, in ready money, as a portion for the infanta, and likewise to assign over and annex to the crown of England for ever, the possession of Tangier, upon the African shore, in the Mediterranean sea, a place of that strength and importance as would be of infinite benefit and security to the trade of England; likewise to grant to the English nation a free trade in Brazil and in the East Indies, which they had hitherto denied to all nations but themselves; and also promised to put into his majesty's hands the island of Bombay, with its spacious bay, towns, and castles, which possessions, he said, might be valued far above the portion in money."

Charles, who was not only burdened with the debts incurred by the Protectorate, but already pretty deeply involved on his own account, listened to the proffer of half a million of money with ill-suppressed delight, and hastened to communicate the overture to his premier. Charles confessed to Clarendon "that the proposals pleased him, and that he considered they might prove of notable advantage to the kingdom," and asked him what he himself thought of it. Clarendon replied, drily, "that he had not heard enough of it to form an opinion, never having heard a word of it till that moment; and, therefore, he should not be able to do more, when the ambassador came to him, than to hear what he said, and report it to his majesty. For the present, he only asked if

¹ Life of Clarendon.

his majesty had given up all thoughts of a protestant wife." Charles replied, "that he could not find one except among his own subjects, and among them he had seen no one that pleased him sufficiently for that purpose;" then, observing Clarendon to look fixedly at him, he added, "that he would never more think of the princess of Orange's daughter, her mother having used him so ill when he proposed it; and if he should now propose it, he knew his mother would never consent to it, and it would break his sister's heart."

To this his minister replied, "that he desired nothing more than to see his majesty well married, and he was very confident all his good subjects were in the same mind, and that he was ready to confer with the Portuguese ambassador on the subject."¹

Charles then appointed a secret council to be held at the lord-chancellor's house, consisting only of the marquess of Ormond, the lord-treasurer, the lord-chamberlain, secretary Nicholas, and the chancellor, at which he presided, and opened the business to them in person. He said, "that he had inquired of his two great naval commanders, the earl of Sandwich and sir John Lawson, what place Tangier was, pointing to it at the same time on the map, and they both said 'they knew it well from sea.' But sir John Lawson had been in it, and had represented it as a place of great importance, which, if it fell into the hands of the Dutch, and they were to make a mole there, would enable them to give the law to all the trade of the Mediterranean;" with which discourse his majesty seemed much impressed.²

The expediency of his choosing a protestant queen having been suggested by some of the lords, Charles again asked, "where he should find one?" Several German princesses were then mentioned to him. "Odds fish!" exclaimed the king, impatiently, "they are all dull and foggy; I cannot like any one of them for a wife."³

Another of the lords named a lady, whom report said had been to his majesty's taste—the princess Henrietta of Orange; but Charles cut him short, by saying, "he had unanswerable objections to that marriage."

It was then unanimously agreed that "there was no catholic princess in Europe who could offer such advantages as the infanta of Portugal, whose portion in money was almost double what any king of England had ever received with a consort, and her territorial appanages were places of great importance for the increase of trade, especially in the Indies and the Mediterranean, where much damage had been sustained by the commercial relations of England during the late troubles." The king approving of these observations, ordered their lordships to open the matrimonial treaty with all possible secrecy.⁴

Don Francisco de Mello offered to go back to Portugal, in order to facilitate the business there, "not doubting," he said, "to return with full powers for the completion of the treaty." Charles wrote to Catharine's mother, the queen-regent, and her brother, the king, letters expressing his wish for the marriage, and also to herself, as to a lady he

¹ Clarendon's Autobiography.

² Carte's Life of Ormond.

³ Clarendon.

Clarendon.

looked upon as his betrothed wife. He assigned two ships for the conveyance of the ambassador, who, with his wife and family, immediately set sail for Lisbon. The news of the auspicious manner in which the preliminaries for this alliance had been opened filled the court of Lisbon with great joy, and the diplomatic skill of don Francisco was immediately rewarded with the title of count da Ponte, and he was despatched to England with full powers to conclude the marriage. He arrived in London, January, 1661, but found an unexpected change in the manner of his reception, or rather non-reception, for he could not obtain an audience from the king, or leave to present the replies of the royal family to Charles's letters. The king had, in the mean time, received a very unpleasant impression of Catharine, from the reports of the emissaries of Spain, who were of course anxious to break the match. Digby, earl of Bristol, Clarendon's great enemy, had just returned from a visit to the court of Spain, and in his first interview with the king, penetrated the secret of the matrimonial treaty with Portugal. "This earl," says Clarendon, "valued himself on the faculty of perplexing and obstructing everything in which he had no hand." In accordance with this amiable propensity, he went to the Spanish ambassador and informed him of what was going on. That envoy, who had established himself on terms of great familiarity with king Charles, took the liberty of remonstrating with him on the subject of his friendly negotiations with Portugal; and finding his arguments made no impression on the king, he began to depreciate the person of the infanta, saying "that she was deformed, had bad health, and that it was well known in Spain and Portugal that she would never have children;" with many other remarks, to which Charles's curiosity tempted him to forget his dignity so far as to listen.¹

These injurious reports were confirmed by the earl of Bristol, who then, by way of antithesis, drew an attractive description of the beauty of some of the Italian princesses, of whom he said the king might take his choice; and that, if he would give up the Portuguese match, the king of Spain would agree to give either of those ladies whom he might select, as large a portion as if she were a daughter of Spain. These discourses greatly abated Charles's inclination for a marriage with Catharine of Braganza. He broke off his negotiations with that court, and inclined so far to the persuasions of the Spanish ambassador, to take a consort of his master's recommending, as to send the earl of Bristol on a secret mission to the city of Parma, to obtain further information regarding the personal qualifications of the two princesses. One sight of these ladies, of whom he had a view as they were going to church, was sufficient to convince the earl that neither would suit the taste of his royal master. One was so fat, and the other so ugly, that he dared not incur the risk of recommending either to a prince, who was so great a connoisseur in female beauty as Charles.²

When Vatteville, the Spanish ambassador, learned the ill success of Bristol's voyage of discovery, he made a bold attempt to prevent the

¹ *Autobiography of Clarendon.*

² *Clarendon; Lugard.*

Portuguese alliance, and actually offered to portion a protestant bride for Charles. He pathetically enlarged on the inconveniences and unpopularity that would attend a catholic marriage, and earnestly recommended him to marry a daughter of the king of Denmark, or of the elector of Saxony.

Charles, meantime, had made inquiries of several persons who had lately returned from Portugal, as to what manner of woman the infanta really was, and received a description of her very different from the prejudiced representations of the Spanish envoy and his creatures. This decided him to show a little more courtesy to the Portuguese ambassador, who had fallen sick with vexation at the contempt that had been put upon him and his princess by the fickle monarch. The renewal of friendly communications in that quarter elicited fresh remonstrances from Vatteville, and Charles, who was really weary of his interference and importunity, began to evince some impatience. Then the haughty envoy changed his caressing tone, and said, in plain words, "that he was directed by the king, his master, to let his majesty know that, if he should proceed towards a marriage with the daughter of his rebel, the duke of Braganza, he had orders to take his leave presently, and declare war against him."

Charles took fire at this impertinence, and replied, with becoming spirit, "that he might be gone as soon as he liked, and that he would not receive orders from the catholic king how to dispose of himself in marriage."

The ambassador found he had gone too far, and the next day waited upon his majesty, and, after many flattering expressions, made him an offer, in the name of his royal master, of endowing her, whom he had once been eager to marry, from motives of pure affection, Henrietta of Orange, with a portion equal to a daughter of Spain.¹

Any proposition for making her his queen, whose hand had been denied him in the season of his adversity, always appears to have excited an indignant feeling on the part of Charles; nor could the proffered gold and political adoption of Spain overcome his pique against her. His misgivings, as to the personal defects of Catharine of Braganza, however, caused him still to waver and delay the completion of the marriage treaty. Meanwhile a special messenger from France arrived, with a private communication from Louis XIV., expressing regret that any obstruction to the Portuguese match should have arisen, "as the infanta was a lady of great beauty and admirable endowments, and that he had formerly serious thoughts of marrying her himself, only he had been deterred, by complaisance for the queen, his mother (who was a Spanish princess), from that alliance." He concluded with "an offer of 300,000

¹ Clarendon.—The Spanish ambassador, being greatly irritated at finding it was out of his power to break the marriage, vented his rage in a pitched battle for precedency, with the French ambassador, d'Estrades, to whose superior diplomacy he attributed the treaty. This battle took place on the Tower wharf, on the occasion of the public entry of the Swedish ambassador. Several lives were lost, but the Spaniards, though very inferior in force to the French, got the victory, and were loudly cheered by the populace.

pistoles, to relieve king Charles of his pecuniary embarrassments, and an intimation that he could not do better than to bestow himself in marriage with the infanta of Portugal."¹ Though Louis had married a Spanish princess, it was to his interest to prevent his brother of Spain from acquiring a formidable preponderance in the balance of power, by the acquisition of Portugal; he therefore did his best to provide donna Luiza with a son-in-law, who would be able and willing to espouse her cause. Charles was also reminded that Catharine was only the third in succession from the crown of that realm, which, in the event of her brother's dying without issue, must devolve upon her. A sight of the portrait of the dark-eyed infanta appears, after all, to have had more effect in deciding Charles to accept her hand, than all the diplomatic subtleties of the courts of France and Portugal, the grave reasoning of his lord-chancellor, or even the tempting dowry with which her politic mother offered to endow her.

The portrait which was submitted to his consideration was reported to be very like Catharine, and is supposed to have been the same which was lately sold at the dispersion of Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. Catharine of Braganza is there represented as a lovely glowing brunette, with enchanting dark eyes, and a rich profusion of chestnut hair, disposed in a waved pyramid on each side of her face, consisting of parallel lines of cannon curls, descending in graduated rows to the waist, in a most extraordinary and unaccountable fashion, as if in imitation of a lord chief-justice's state-wig, but without powder. The whole of a very beautiful head of hair was spread out in this fantastic form, in side wings, with the exception of one large tress, which was combed slanting across the forehead, and gave additional oddity to this strange costume.

Charles, whose devotion to dark-eyed beauties was almost proverbial, after attentively examining the portrait, said, "That person cannot be unhandsome;" and forthwith consented to see the ambassador, and receive the replies he had brought to the letters he had written to Catharine and her royal relatives, which he had so long neglected to notice.² The ambassador entered into very full explanations with regard to the portion. "The queen regent," he said, "having resolved not to touch the public money that was raised for carrying on the war, had sold her own jewels and plate, and made up the deficiency by borrowing plate and jewels of the churches and monasteries, by which means she had the whole sum ready, sealed up in bags, and deposited where no one could take it to apply to any other use. That the fleet which was to be sent for the princess might go first to Tangier, and take possession of it, her majesty having removed the old governor, who was," she said, "humorous (meaning perverse), and sent out another, on whose compliance she could depend, to deliver that place into his majesty's hands. She had taken similar precautions with regard to Bombay, and, furthermore, to give the greatest proof that it was possible to do of her confidence in his honour, she would send the infanta, unmarried, to him,

¹ Clarendon

² Clarendon's Autobiography.

which was such a trust as had never before been reposed in any prince."

The true reason of the politic mother of Catharine offering to disperse with the usual security of a marriage by proxy for her daughter, was, that the papal see, overawed by the power of Spain, had never acknowledged the independence of Portugal, and the royal title of either Juan IV. or don Alphonso; consequently the reigning pope, Alexander to whom she must have applied for a dispensation, for the infanta to contract marriage with a prince of the reformed religion, without which the ceremony could not be performed in Portugal, would have mentioned her only as the daughter of the late duke of Braganza, and the sister of the present. This would have been more injurious to the royal family of Portugal than anything that could have been done by the fleets and armies of Spain. "So that," says Clarendon, "before they would receive that affront, the most jealous nation in the world chose rather to send the daughter of the kingdom to be married in England, and not to be married till she came thither."

Charles, on his part, wisely avoided all the inconveniences and offences that might have arisen at the coronation of a catholic queen, by having the ceremonial of his inauguration performed before his union with Catharine of Braganza had taken place. He was crowned, with great splendour and universal rejoicing, on St. George's day, April 23, 1661.

On the 8th of May the new parliament met at Westminster, and was opened by the king in person, who addressed them in a long and very interesting speech from the throne, in which, after reminding them that it was the anniversary of the day on which he was proclaimed, and recommending them to forget all former divisions, and live peaceably together, he communicated to them his royal intentions, with regard to his marriage, in the following jocose manner:—

"I will not conclude without telling you some news — news that I think will be very acceptable to you — and therefore I should think myself unkind and ill-natured if I did not impart it to you. I have been put in mind by my friends, that it was now time to marry, and I have thought so myself ever since I came into England. But there appeared difficulties enough in the choice, though many overtures have been made to me; and if I should never marry until I could make such a choice, against which there could be no foresight of any inconvenience that may ensue, you would live to see me an old bachelor, which I think you do not desire to do. I can now tell you, not only that I am resolved to marry, but to whom I am resolved to marry. If God please, it is with the daughter of Portugal. * * * And I will make all the haste I can to fetch you a queen hither, who, I doubt not, will bring great blessings with her to me and you."

Both houses of parliament voted and presented addresses of congratulation to his majesty the next day. This was announced in due form to the Portuguese ambassador, by Clarendon, who paid him a state visit on this occasion, the particulars of which are briefly related by Don Francisco de Mello in the following letter to the young king of Portugal, Catharine's brother:—

¹ Journals of the Lords. Clarendon's Autobiography.

"Senhor, — This day the grand chancellor came to see me with great pomp, two of his gentlemen bearing his insignia, which are a gilded mace and a crimson velvet purse, embroidered with the arms of his majesty of Great Britain, and this visit is much to be valued, because it has not hitherto been made to any other ambassador. He brought me the resolutions which had been come to by the two houses of lords and commons, copies of which accompany this letter, whereby your majesty will perceive the general approbation which all England shows at the wise choice which this prince has made of the most serene lady infanta, to be queen of these kingdoms. God prosper his actions, and guard the royal person of your majesty, as your vassals desire and have need of.

"CONDE DA PONTE.

"London, 23d May, 1661."¹

Exactly one month after the date of this letter, king Charles II. signed the memorable treaty at Whitehall, that united England and Portugal in a bond of alliance which has remained unbroken to the present day. The cession of Bombay, as a part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, gave to England her first possession in the East Indies, and proved ultimately the means of adding that mighty colonial empire, with all its commercial wealth and importance, to the British crown. Such was one of the results of the otherwise infelicitous union of that princess with Charles II.

The marriage articles secured to Catharine the free exercise of her religion, with power to fit-up a chapel in any palace where she might reside; the enjoyment of a settled income of 30,000*l.* a year, which was to continue undiminished if she became queen dowager; and full liberty to return to her own country in that case, if it were her pleasure so to do.²

The earl of Sandwich was entrusted with the command of the fleet appointed to take possession of Tangier, and then to bring the royal bride to England. The Spanish ambassador, meantime, although the representative of a prince who claimed to be the catholic king, endeavoured to raise a popular clamour in London, by circulating incendiary papers, and setting forth an exaggerated summary of the evils that might arise to protestant England from the introduction of a popish queen. His attempts to excite opposition to the Portuguese marriage were unavailing; all classes had beheld with uneasiness the pernicious influence exercised over the mind of the sovereign by Mrs. Palmer, and were anxious to see a virtuous princess presiding over the court, which, under their bachelor king, began to assume an ominous resemblance to that of William Rufus, where it was, of course, impossible for any ladies of character to appear. In short, king Charles's loyal lieges appeared to have come to the conclusion, that it was better for him to have a popish queen, than no queen at all.

The Spanish ambassador having been seen in the act of throwing some of the inflammatory papers out of his own windows among the soldiery, king Charles sent the secretary of state to him, with orders to quit the realm forthwith, without presuming to see his face again. Vat-

¹ Original translation by John Adamson, Esq., from *Historia Genealogica da Casa Real Portuguesa*, and *Provas* in Appendix.

² *História da Casa Real Portuguesa*.

teville implored, even with tears, to be permitted to beg his majesty's pardon in a parting interview; but Charles very properly declined receiving his submission, and was eager to hasten the departure of so troublesome a busybody out of his dominions.¹

The demurs and changes of purpose which had marked the conduct of the royal wooer, during the progress of the matrimonial treaty, had caused no slight uneasiness to the Portuguese. Their political existence, the security of life and property, appeared to depend at this crisis on the British alliance. The anxiety with which they watched the event may be seen by the reports of Thomas Maynard to sir Edward Nicholas, Charles's secretary of state.² "About four days since arrived in this port three merchant ships, who brought the news of his majesty's intentions to make the infanta queen of England (the welcomest news that ever came to the Portuguese people), and confirmed by the king's and by the chancellor's speeches. There is no doubt his majesty hath made both nations very happy in his choice. The infanta is a lady of incomparable virtue, of excellent parts, very beautiful, and of an *indifferent* stature, (middle height), being somewhat taller than the queen, his majesty's mother (Henrietta Maria.") Maynard goes on to describe the delight and gratitude that the Portuguese court and capital manifested, because the English fleet had appeared to protect the homeward-bound Brazilian merchantmen from the depredations of the Dutch navy, "so that the streets of Lisbon rang daily with the acclamations of '*Viva il rey di Gran Britannia*?' whom God hath raised to protect us from our implacable foes!" Such were the feelings with which the native country of Catharine of Braganza entered into the alliance with England. All doubts and uncertainties were soon after removed by the arrival of the conde da Ponte in Lisbon, charged with full powers from Charles, for the completion of the necessary arrangements with the court of Portugal for putting him in possession of his bride. The conde was the bearer of two autograph letters from his Britannic majesty, one to donna Catharine, the other, to the queen-regent of Portugal:—

"My Lady and Mother, — This is brought by the good count da Ponte; the marriage is already concluded, and I obliged him to set forth from hence, by the most urgent request, as he will thereby greatly aid me in regulating the arrival of the queen, my wife, and likewise be useful to her during the voyage; for which I entreat your majesty will excuse his having returned this time without orders. In what concerns the affairs of Portugal, in order that nothing therein may be prejudged, from the absence of the count, I shall take upon myself the care of them, and thus represent him here, whilst he does the like by me in that kingdom. With regard to him as my minister, on his arrival, your majesty will be good enough to give entire and royal faith to all he may state as coming from me, touching the quick return of my wife, who may God bring to me in health. And may He preserve your majesty likewise, for the many years I desire.

"The son of your majesty, who kisses your hands,

"CARLOS REX.

London, the 2d of July, 1661."

The epistle to his betrothed is one of the most elegant specimens of a royal love-letter that was ever penned, at least by a king of Great Britain:—

¹ Clarendon.

² State Paper Office Original

"My Lady and Wife,—Already, at my request, the good count da Ponte has set off for Lisbon; for me, the signing of the marriage has been great happiness; and there is about to be despatched at this time after him, one of my servants, charged with what would appear necessary; whereby may be declared, on my part, the inexpressible joy of this felicitous conclusion, which, when received, will hasten the coming of your majesty.

"I am going to make a short progress into some of my provinces; in the mean time, whilst I go from my most sovereign good, yet I do not complain as to whither I go; seeking, in vain, tranquillity in my restlessness; hoping to see the beloved person of your majesty in these kingdoms, already your own; and that, with the same anxiety with which, after my long banishment, I desired to see myself within them; and my subjects desiring also to behold me amongst them, having manifested their most ardent wishes for my return, well known to the world. The presence of your serenity is only wanting to unite us, under the protection of God, in the health and content I desire. I have recommended to the queen, our lady and mother, the business of the count da Ponte, who, I must here avow, has served me, in what I regard as the greatest good in this world, which cannot be mine less than it is that of your majesty; likewise not forgetting the good Richard Russell,¹ who laboured on his part, to the same end.

"The very faithful husband of your majesty, whose hands he kisses,

"CHARLES REX."

"London, 2nd of July, 1661."

[Addressed—"To the queen of Great Britain, my wife and lady, whom God preserve!"]²

As soon as the marriage treaty was ratified at Lisbon, the infanta Catharine assumed the title of queen of Great Britain, and was treated in her brother's court with the same formal respect as if she had been the wedded wife of the sovereign to whom she was betrothed. She was now suffered to emerge from the conventual seclusion in which she had passed the first morning flower of life, and to appear occasionally in public. Maynard gives a favourable report of her character and temper in his official communications to Charles's secretary of state.

"We shall," writes he, "be extremely happy in a queen. She is as sweet a dispositioned princess as ever was born, a lady of excellent parts, but bred *hugely* retired. She hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life. In five years' time she was not out of doors until she heard of his majesty's intentions to make her queen of Great Britain, since which she hath been to visit two saints in the city, and very shortly she intends to pay her devotions to some saints in the country."

The account of the first use made of her liberty by the simple bride

¹ Richard Russell was bishop of Portalegre, in Portugal, and almoner to the infanta donna Catharina. He seems to have been a secret agent in this marriage.

² I am indebted to the research and liberality of that accomplished Portuguese scholar, J. Adamson, Esq., of Newcastle, for copies of these interesting letters, in the original Spanish, in which they were written, and to my late lamented friend, sir Robert Kerr Porter, his cousin, for the translations here presented for the first time to the reader.

It is with unfeigned gratitude that I add my acknowledgments to Mr. Adamson, for the important assistance I have derived from his own elegant translations from a copious store of inedited Portuguese documents and historical records, connected with the life of Catharine of Braganza, with which he has most kindly supplied me.

of the merry monarch, is certainly amusing enough, and shows how different her notions of pleasure were from those of the ladies of the court over which she was destined to preside. How little, alas! had the education and pursuits of poor Catharine fitted her to become the companion of a prince like Charles II., and the queen of a nation where infidelity was, at that time, considered far more pardonable than a superstitious reverence for saints, or the practice of any of those little fond observances which Catharine had been taught to regard as duties.

Ignorant, however, of all the difficulties with which her future path was beset, Catharine anticipated, with feelings of hope and pleasure, her approaching transit to her new country, and both her mother and herself waited impatiently for the arrival of the earl of Sandwich, and the fleet that was to convey her to the shores of England. "The queen-mother," writes Maynard, "is very anxious for her daughter to embark, that she may not be at sea in the winter season." But the admiral of that brave fleet had high and important enterprises to perform before his instructions allowed him to receive the royal bride. It was not till he had cleared the Mediterranean sea of the pirates, which had done great mischief to the merchant vessels of all nations, taught Algiers and Tunis the respect that was due to the British flag, and taken possession of Tangier in the name of his sovereign, that the gallant earl of Sandwich was at liberty to enter the bay of Lisbon to perform his mission there. His sails appeared, at length, in a happy hour for Portugal, which was then threatened with a more formidable invasion from Spain than it had experienced for upwards of twenty years. The hostile army was already on its march to besiege a seaport town near Lisbon, which not being prepared for resistance, must have fallen, and its capture might have been followed with the most disastrous consequences to the long struggling realm. The terror of the English fleet caused the Spanish forces to retire with precipitation, and Catharine enjoyed the proud consciousness of having been the guardian angel of her country. She doubtless drew bright auguries from the auspicious circumstance that the first result of her marriage was to preserve the crown of Portugal to her family and freedom to her country. How exultingly must every pulse in her frame have bounded at that idea, while the gay hopes of youth, and the flattering representations of all around her, contributed to throw a deceptive sunshine on her future destiny!

The romantic history of the monarch to whom her hand was plighted, so different from the general dull monotony of the career of other European princes, must have been a captivating theme to the imagination of a princess bred in that seclusion which preserves the vivid feelings and generous sympathies of the female heart in their first bloom, long after the period when collision with the cold selfish world would have faded their brightness. The early vicissitudes of Charles II.; his generous attempt to preserve his father from a scaffold, by sending his signature on a blank sheet of paper to Cromwell, to be filled up with any terms it might please the tyrant to impose; his adventurous expedition to Scotland; his perils, and almost miraculous preservation, during his wanderings as a proscribed fugitive after his defeat at Worcester; and his sub-

sequent restoration to the throne of his ancestors, after twelve years of poverty and exile, rendered him far more interesting than any fabled hero of poetic fiction, of whom the Lusian or Castilian bards had ever sung.

Catharine had received from the hands of the brave cavalier, sir Richard Fanshawe, the miniature of her affianced lord, who, in features and complexion, rather resembled one of her own countrymen, or a Spanish cavalier, than a prince of the royal house of Scotland. This love-token was accompanied by a letter, written in the style of graceful gallantry which characterizes the billets addressed by Charles II., during his state courtship, to Catharine of Braganza.

On the 8th of November, Catharine was publicly prayed for in the churches in London, as queen of England.¹

Charles employed the winter in making preparations for the reception of his expected bride.

The arrangement of her household did not pass over without causing some disputes, as we find from the following passage in a letter from one of the nobles of Charles's court :—

"My lady of Suffolk is declared first lady of the bed-chamber to her majesty, at which the duchess of Richmond and countess of Portland, both pretenders to the office, are displeased."² The lady who was, of course, most displeased with all the preparations for the reception of the queen, was the king's mistress, the beautiful Mrs. Palmer, whom he had lately elevated to the rank of a countess, by creating her reluctant husband earl of Castlemaine. With this bold bad woman the king, though now professing to regard himself as a married man, passed all his time. He supped at her house every night, and continued to outrage all propriety by the attentions he lavished upon her, both in public and private. He had endeavoured to reconcile her to his marriage, by promising that she should be appointed as one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to his queen, which would give him constant opportunities of being in her society.³ While Charles was preparing, by this disgraceful compromise, to plant thorns in the bridal garland of his confiding consort, and to destroy all hopes of conjugal happiness for himself, the arrival of his representative, the earl of Sandwich, at Lisbon, was celebrated with the greatest manifestations of joy. Magnificent displays of fireworks, illuminations, and bull-fights, took place on this occasion, and the queen-regent, to mark her approval of the conde da Ponte's management of the negotiation, created him *marquez de Sande*.⁴

Very formal and elaborate were the ceremonials that attended the reception of the earl of Sandwich, in his character of ambassador extraordinary from his Britannic majesty, to conduct the queen to England. As soon as the fleet entered the Tagus, the king of Portugal sent don

¹ Pepys' Diary.

² Letter from the earl of Northumberland to the earl of Leicester. Sidney Papers.

³ Clarendon.

⁴ "Relacion de las Fiestas," at Lisbon, on the occasion of the marriage of the *santa* donna Catalina, with Charles, king of Great Britain.

Pedro de Almeida, the comptroller of his household, to visit him in his ship, attended by his suite, all richly attired, occupying two barges. As don Pedro's barge, which was highly ornamented, approached the ambassador's ship, his excellency, who was in waiting, descended to the last step of the ladder to receive him, saluting him at the same time with twenty-seven guns. On entering the cabin, don Pedro seated himself in the best chair, then rose, and taking off his hat, delivered the message of the king, signifying the pleasure his excellency's arrival gave his majesty. Then another salute of twenty-seven guns was fired, and the English ambassador responded, with equal solemnity, how deeply he felt the honour that had been conferred upon him. On don Pedro's departure, he was conducted to the last step of the ladder by the ambassador, who took leave on his stepping into his bark, and saluted with the same number of guns as before. One of the royal coaches was sent to convey the ambassador to the apartments of the marquez Castello Rodrigo, in the palace, which had been prepared for him and his *suite*, where he was entertained with great magnificence. He made his public entry, conducted by the marquez de Gouvea, chief steward of the royal household.¹ He had there personal audience of the king; but the reader is spared the detail of the *formalities*, which, if we may form an opinion of them from the narration of those which were enacted between him and don Pedro de Almeida, must almost have rivalled the elaborate genuflexions and prostrations which take place at a first introduction into the presence of his celestial majesty the emperor of China. Two days afterwards, his excellency had the honour of being presented to the queen-regent and his new mistress, the queen of Great Britain, as the infanta Catharine was now styled, to whom he delivered letters from his sovereign, written in Spanish, full of tender and endearing expressions. At this audience Sandwich presented some English gentlemen of rank to queen Catharine, who had been appointed officers of her household by her royal lord, and she confirmed their appointment by admitting them into their several offices.²

Nothing but fêtes, rejoicings, and illuminations, were seen and heard, and all went smoothly, till the disbursement of the portion of the royal bride was mentioned, when, like many a maternal diplomatist of less exalted rank, the queen-mother was compelled to confess her inability to make good the golden expectations she had raised.

She told the earl of Sandwich, with many apologies, "that in consequence of the late advance of the Spanish army, she had been compelled to use the money that she had provided for her daughter's portion, in raising troops for the defence of the realm, so that she was only able to pay half the money down, with which she hoped his majesty would rest satisfied, pledging herself to pay the residue within the year"³

This declaration threw the ambassador into great perplexity. His instructions were to receive the whole of the portion, and no one was more fully aware than himself how much the promise of half a million of money had influenced his needy sovereign to contract this marriage

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Ibid.

Clarendon.

Never was any man placed in a greater state of embarrassment than the luckless plenipotentiary, who was doomed to act on his own responsibility in a matter of such extreme delicacy. He had already taken possession of Tangier, which, by the bye, in consequence of the finesse employed by the queen-regent in securing its peaceful delivery to the English, had very nearly fallen into the hands of the Moors. He had left an English garrison there, and could not think of incurring the expense of bringing them back to England. After all, his resolve was that of a kind-hearted and gallant English sailor, for he signified that he considered the lady of more value than her dowry, by consenting to receive her on board his ship with half the portion, rather than put such a mortification upon her as to leave her behind. If even the moiety of the large sum that had been promised with Catharine of Braganza had been paid in gold or cruzadoes, Charles would not have had so much cause to complain; but when it came to the upshot, the artful queen-regent and her Jew factors delivered it in the form of bags of sugar, spices, and other merchandise. The ambassador vainly protested against this imposition, but he found there was nothing else to be got, except jewels, which he positively refused to accept, or the merchandise either, at the valuation that had been fixed upon them, but agreed to receive them on board his ships as a consignment to some merchant in London, who should be empowered by the queen-regent to take them in bulk, and pay the king the money which had been stipulated. In conclusion, Diego Silvas, a Jew of great wealth and credit, was sent with the goods as supercargo, who was to settle the account with the king's officers of the exchequer in London. At the same time a bond was given by the crown of Portugal, for the payment of the other moiety of the portion, in the space of a year.

Everything being now arranged, the royal bride took her departure in the following order, on the 23d of April, N. S. She left the antechamber of the queen-mother, followed immediately by her brothers, the king of Portugal, and the infante, don Pedro, the officers of the household, *grandeess*, and *fidalgos*. They descended the staircase of the queen's apartments to the hall of the Germans. At the staircase which leads to the court of the chapel, she was met by the queen-regent, and as this was the place appointed for taking leave of her mother, she asked permission to kiss her hand, to which the queen would not consent, but, embracing her, gave her her blessing.¹

Neither Catharine nor her mother shed a tear at parting, though both must have felt it deeply; but their ladies, and even the nobles who witnessed it, wept plentifully. This circumstance is noticed by a contemporary poet, who sailed in the Royal Charles, and has recorded every incident that occurred, with formal minuteness, in an heroic poem, called "*Iter Lusitania; or the Portugal Voyage*."² He says—

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. Original translation, by J. Adamson, Esq., of Newcastle.

² Printed at London, 1662; dedicated to their sacred majesties, king Charles II. and queen Catharine, and embellished with their portraits. Sold at the sign of the Bible, in Chancery-lane.

"Here the two queens took leave, but in such sort,
 As with amazement filled the thronged court.
 Their carriage more than masculine; no tear
 From either of their majesties appear;
 Art conquered nature, state and reason stood,
 Like two great consuls, to restrain the flood
 Of passion and affection, which, ne'ertheless,
 Appeared in sad but prudent comeliness.
 A scene so solemn, that the standers by,
 Both lords and ladies, did that want supply;
 In this great concourse every one appears
 Paying a tribute to them in their tears."

Catharine having received her royal mother's last embrace, was led between her two brothers, the king and the infante, to the coach. Before she entered it, she turned about and made a profound reverence to the queen-mother, who reiterated her blessing, and retired before her children got into the coach. The king gave the right-hand seat to queen Catharine, and the infante placed himself with his back to the horses. They were attended by the chief of the nobility, in splendid carriages and costly dresses, the captains of the guard following, and covering the royal carriage. The procession passed on to the cathedral, between two lines of infantry, the streets being lined with soldiery, and adorned with triumphal arches. All this time were heard repeated salvoes of artillery from the fortresses and shipping in the river, and the ringing of the bells from all the monasteries and parish churches in the city. Dancers, with music, also met them in the streets. It was the festival of St. George, and the circumstance of Catharine's embarkation taking place on that day, (St. George being the patron of Portugal as well as England,) is commemorated by the rhyming chronicler of her voyage, in the following pompous lines:—

"St. George was this day mounted in such state,
 He feared no dragon, and could find no mate.
 This day surmounted other feasts, as far
 As any festival i' the calendar
 Does other days; the Portugueses vaunt
 St. George their guardian and tutelar saint.
 'St. George for England!' too, the English cry."

Queen Catharine and her brothers arrived, at nine o'clock, at the cathedral, which was richly decked for the occasion. On entering the principal chapel, *Te Deum* was sung. The royal party retired behind the curtain, giving always the place of honour to Catharine, as queen-consort of Great Britain. During mass the English ambassador, the chief equerry and comptroller, and other Englishmen of the reformed religion, who had come in the fleet to accompany their new mistress to England, were invited to walk in the cloisters of the cathedral.¹ Mass being finished, the royal family returned to the coach, and proceeded to the *Terreira da Paço*, through streets richly decorated with damasks, silks, and cloth of gold, and adorned with triumphal arches of different orders of architecture. Statues of the bride and bridegroom, in royal robes,

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

formed an attractive part of the pageantry with which Lisbon greeted her departing princess, as we are told by the author of the *Portugal Voyage*, in his description of Catharine's progress to the water-side—

"Thus passed the king, with all his royal train,
Conducting the infanta to the main ;
Thus England's representative we see
Attend, receive, conduct her majesty.
And as great Trajan triumphed once in Rome
In effigy, so they that hither come
Our great king Charles in Lisbon streets might see
Triumphant, with his queen in majesty.
The robes and royal ensigns he put on
I' the solemn day of his coronation.
He in his princely portraiture, and she
Both in her person and her effigy."

The procession entered the Paço through a garden near the dock-yard, where a door was opened in the wall for the passage of the royal family only ; all the grandees who were in the suite having to alight and proceed, by another door of the garden, to a pier gaily decked out, which reached into the sea where the royal brigantines lay. All who had accompanied her kissed queen Catharine's hand before she embarked ; they offered the same mark of respect to the king, but he declined it, out of courtesy to his sister. Catharine then entered the splendid brigantine or barge which had been prepared for her, being assisted by the king, her brother, who led her by the hand. The infante followed them, and when they were seated, the English ambassador, chief equerry, and comptroller of the queen, with other gentlemen of honour, who were English, came next, and after them the marquis de Sande, who was re-appointed ambassador extraordinary from Portugal to England, and four other Portuguese grandees, who were to accompany the queen to England. The officers of the royal household, and the nobility who had followed the king, were in other boats.¹

As soon as the royal brigantine began to move onward, the salvoes of artillery were repeated, till she came alongside the English admiral's ship, the *Royal Charles*, which carried 80 brass cannon and 600 men. Catharine was then assisted to mount the commodious ladder which had been prepared for her embarkation.

The moment she came on board, a royal salute was fired by the British fleet, and answered by the Portuguese forts, the guns firing alternately.

"Welcomed she was in thunder, while the shore,
By king Alphonso's order, strives to outroar
Our cannon and our culverins, which fly,
And fill the land, the waters, and the sky ;
Lightning and thunder from each oaken side,
Proclaim the welcome of our royal bride."

Queen Catharine having been formally consigned by the king, her brother, to the admiral-ambassador, was conducted to her cabin, and then her royal brothers took their leave of her. The ladies who had

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

attended her on board kissed her hand at parting, those only who had appointments in her household being permitted to remain with her. The strictness of that etiquette by which the daughters of the royal family of Portugal were fettered, required that Catharine should have remained in her state cabin; but the heart of the yet unwedded bride of England clave to the land of her birth and the companions of her childhood. She accompanied her brothers to the deck, and even to the first step of the ladder, where she lingered, notwithstanding all the signs from the king for her to return to her cabin, till he and don Pedro had entered the royal barge, and seated themselves under the awning.¹ The king steered for the Paço; the boats with the ladies and officers of his suite followed him, and all the fleet got under weigh, but the wind proving contrary, they could not leave the bay. That night there was a general illumination, both in the city and in the English fleet and shipping in the river, and a grand display of fireworks on land and sea. The river and the bay were crowded with boats, which threw up fireballs, and made an aquatic carnival, to testify their joy, and to divert the grief of the royal voyager at her separation from her country and kindred. The next day the wind was still contrary, and remained so till the 25th, during which time the queen-mother sat frequently to inquire how the queen of England, her daughter, endured the inconveniences of shipboard.

All that art and luxury could devise, to render her majesty's accommodations on board the Royal Charles as agreeable as possible, had been effected. The fitting up of her marine apartments is thus described by the rhyming chronicler before quoted:—

“Her royal cabin and her state room too,
Adorned with gold and lined with velvet through;
The cushions, stools, and chairs, and clothes of state,
All of the same materials and rate;
The bed, made for her majesty's repose,
White as the lily, red as Sharon's rose.
Egypt nor isles of Chittim have not seen
Such rich embroideries, nor such a queen;
Windows, with taffaties and damask hung,
While costly carpets on the floor are flung;
Regions of perfumes, clouds of incense hurled,
In every room of this our little world;
Here she begins her progress, comes aboard,
Turns voyager, to greet her dearest lord.
The royal Charles by sea and land she'll take,
Both for her zenith and her zodiack.”

The evening of the 24th of April found the British fleet, with the royal bride, still wind-bound in the bay of Lisbon. That night the king of Portugal, with his brother the infante, and a chosen number of the gallant and chivalric nobles of the court, prepared to give the departing princess the agreeable surprise of a serenade on the waters.¹ They embarked with their musical instruments in several barges, and coming

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² “Relacion de las Fiestas” on occasion of the marriage of the infanta, doña Catalina, with Charles, king of Great Britain.

under the galleries of the Royal Charles, sang the various carols, sonnets, madrigals, canzoni, and epithalamiums that had been composed in honour of her nuptials. This poetical incident, which would have afforded a charming subject for the graceful muse of Camoens, elicited the following stiff heroics from the English bard, who commemorates Catharine of Braganza's bridal voyage:—

THE KING'S LAST FAREWELL.

The wind was wholly contrary that day,
 All which in visiting was past away;
 But when Morpheus had closed up most eyes,
 And night's black curtains were drawn o'er the skies,
 Down comes the king in 's royal barge amain.
 Incognito, with his harmonious train,
 To sing his sister's farewell, which was done,
 To ecstasy and admiration.
 Under our gilded galleries he floats."

The reader may be spared the trite allusions to Orion, Orpheus, and Amphion, with which he labours out eighteen more lines of bathos, concluding with this modest confession:—

"I want both skill and language to express
 The order, melody, and comeliness
 Of this night's action, but the approaching day
 Silenced the music—sent the king away."

The morning of the 25th dawned gloriously, and though the wind was little favourable for the voyage, they crossed the bar and succeeded in getting out to sea. The fleet which conveyed Catharine of Braganza to England consisted of fourteen men-of-war. The queen was in the admiral's ship, with such of her noble attendants and officers of state as could be accommodated in the same vessel; the rest were distributed in the vice-admiral's ship, the Gloucester, and the Royal James. In the Montague was the equipage of the queen; three of the smaller vessels were freighted with one thousand boxes of sugar, being part of the goods in which her majesty's portion was transported to England. Among her English officers of state were Edward Montague, cousin to the earl of Sandwich, who acted as her grand equerry, and the comptroller of her mother-in-law, queen Henrietta Maria, who made all the disbursements on account of the king. Her almoners were Richard Russell, bishop elect of Portalegre, and don Patricio, an Irish priest. Her Portuguese suite exceeded in number a hundred. Two ladies of the highest rank and most unbending gravity of deportment, donna Maria de Portugal, countess de Penalva, sister to the ambassador, don Francisco de Mello, and donna Elvira de Vilpena, countess de Pontevel, were appointed by the court of Lisbon to *chaperon* the royal bride. Her majesty had also in her suite six noble young ladies, whom count Hamilton profanely describes as "six frights, calling themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties. Besides these," pursues the same saucy author, "were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer and a certain officer, apparently without employment, calling himself

her highness's barber." This person was, doubtless, the functionary whose office it was to disfigure Catharine's natural charms, by packing her luxuriant tresses into the stiff, outlandish fashion, which excited so much wonder and mirth at her first arrival in England. The task of cannonizing the side-locks of a lady's hair, in the mode worn by the royal bride of Charles II., would certainly have baffled the skill of an English hairdresser, and a French friseur would have suffered martyrdom rather than have done her such an injury.

The passage to England was long and stormy, and the courtly passengers, especially the ladies, suffered greatly, both from sea-sickness and terror, but Catharine preserved her courage and composure during all the inconveniences and dangers of the voyage. The strong north-western winds having damaged some of the vessels, it became necessary to run into Mount's Bay, till the wind moderating, permitted them to pursue their course. It was in this bay, which is between the Lizard and the Land's End, that the first attentions of the people of England were shown to their new queen, by the display of fireworks along the coast, and the salutes of artillery with which she was welcomed.

Off the Isle of Wight she encountered the duke of York's squadron of five frigates, with which he had put to sea to meet his royal sister-in-law. As soon as he descried the fleet, he sent his secretary off in a boat to ask permission to kiss her hand. Catharine, with ready tact, replied, that "any delay would be painful to her."¹

The duke of York immediately put off in his launch, accompanied by the duke of Ormond, master of the king's household, the earl of Chesterfield, who had been appointed chamberlain, and the earl of Carlingford, master of the ceremonies to the queen, the earl of Suffolk, and other gentlemen. With this brilliant suite, all in full dress, his royal highness entered the admiral's ship. The marquez de Sande, who had charge of the queen, with the other *fidalgos*, awaited his arrival on the deck. The queen, dressed in the English costume, the material white cloth trimmed with silver lace, was seated in the innermost cabinet of her cabin to receive him.² This apartment was fitted up very magnificently as a miniature presence chamber, with a throne and canopy for the queen, who, doubtless, amidst all the formal etiquette which surrounded her, awaited with a beating heart the appearance of the brother of the unknown consort to whom her hand was plighted. She advanced three paces beyond the canopy to meet him when he entered. The duke knelt with intent to kiss her hand, but she prevented him, according to our Portuguese authority, by raising him in her arms; from which we should infer that she vouchsafed a sisterly embrace, were it not that such a freedom was incompatible with the rigid reserve of her conventual breeding, and opposed to the customs of her country, and is contradicted by the remark of her chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, who says, "that although James, in consequence of his near connexion with the sovereign, might have saluted the royal bride, he did not avail himself of his privi

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

lege, out of a delicate regard to his majesty's feelings, and that he might be the first man to offer that compliment to his queen."¹

The queen, returning to her place, remained a few minutes in conversation with his royal highness, her almoner, Russell, acting as interpreter. She then signed to the duke that he should seat himself in a fauteuil, which had been placed for him at her right hand, but he refusing, she touched a tabouret, on which he seated himself at her left, without the canopy. The duke, while standing, had spoken in English; when seated, he continued the conversation in Spanish, which Catharine understood, it being her mother's native language. James conducted himself very amiably at this interview, making his new sister-in-law many assurances of his affection and offers of his service, to which she responded with much urbanity.² Then the duke of Ormond entered, to kiss the queen's hand, and deliver a letter from the king. The lord chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, and other noblemen who had accompanied the duke of York, were also presented to their new mistress. Her majesty presented the Portuguese *fidalgos* who had attended her to England, to his royal highness, explaining who they were, and he treated them most graciously.

On the duke retiring, the queen advanced three paces, which the duke endeavoured to prevent, telling her, "she should recollect her rank." Catharine replied, with winning sweetness, "that she wished to do that out of affection which she was not obliged to do;" an answer which greatly pleased the duke.³

Every day the queen received visits from her royal brother-in-law, with whom she seems to have established herself on very friendly terms; and being requested by him to dress herself in the Portuguese fashion, that he might see her in her national costume, she, on one occasion, received him so, on which he complimented her, saying, "she looked very well in it."⁴

This little incident proves that Catharine was not quite so perverse in her conduct about her dress as Clarendon represents, who complains of her obstinate adherence to her Portuguese fashions, and her determination to adopt no other; which resolution he says "her ladies had told her would be for the dignity of Portugal, and would quickly induce the English ladies to follow her majesty's example; and this imagination had made such an impression, that the tailor who had been sent into Portugal to make her clothes, could never be admitted to see her or receive any employment." Now, it is possible that the employment of needle-men although then customary in England, might be contrary to the strict notions of female propriety in Portugal; and that Catharine, from natural feelings of delicacy, might prefer employing a person of her own sex in the capacity of a dressmaker. But we find that, even before she landed, she had the good taste to attire herself in an English dress, to receive the brother of her affianced lord, and the gentlemen by whom he was accompanied, and that she continued to wear it till he requested to see her in her national costume.

¹ Letters of earl of Chesterfield.

² Ibid.

³ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

⁴ Ibid.

"On that day," pursues our Portuguese authority, "the queen spoke to all the officers of the ship, and permitted them to kiss her hand; she presented a collar of gold to the captain, and gave money to the pilot and master, both for themselves, and to be distributed among the crew."

This was the first time Catharine had emerged from the oriental state of seclusion in which she had kept herself ever since she left the bay of Lisbon. Pepys affirms, that Mr. Creed, one of lord Sandwich's secretaries, told him "how reclude the queen had ever been, and all the voyage never came on deck, nor put her head out of the cabin, but did love my lord's music, and would send for it down to the state room, and sit in her cabin within hearing of it." The earl of Sandwich told Pepys "that the queen was a very agreeable lady, and painted well." She now began to conform herself to the English manners, and admit persons to converse with her in her cabin. She sent the conde de Ponteval, don Francisco de Mello, and don Pedro Francisco de Correa, to return the duke of York's visit.

The fleet entered Portsmouth, May 13, according to English computation. The duke of York's ship followed the Royal Charles; and when the queen disembarked, the duke was ready to hand her into her richly decorated barge. She was attended by the countess da Ponteval, the countess of Penalva was too ill to leave the ship, where she was bled several times before she could be carried on shore. She was probably ill of the same fever which attacked Catharine three days after she landed. The governor of Portsmouth, with the magistrates and leading persons in the neighbourhood, were on the beach to receive and welcome their new queen. Notwithstanding her attachment to her national costume, and the jealousy of her attendants for the honour of Portugal, Catharine had the good sense to make her first appearance on English ground in an English dress, and when she entered her coach, she passed through the principal streets, to gratify the eager desire of the people to see her.¹ She was conducted to the king's house at Portsmouth, where she was received by the countess of Suffolk, her principal lady of the bed-chamber, and four other ladies of her household. As soon as this ceremonial was over, she wrote to king Charles, and despatched her lord-chamberlain post to London, to announce her arrival, and deliver her letter to his majesty. On the morrow she had mass performed by her principal almoner, lord Aubigny, brother to the duke of Richmond.

The next day, sir Richard Fanshawe brought her a message of welcome and a letter from her royal bridegroom, who was detained in London by imperative business. When Charles took leave of his parliament, assembled in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, he alluded to the expediency of their bestowing immediate attention on reforming the dirty state of the metropolis, before the expected advent of their new queen, with a jocose familiarity unknown in modern royal speeches.

"The mention of my wife's arrival puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into this town may be made with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and to

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

that purpose I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the mending those ways, that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water."

On the news of the queen's landing all the bells in London rang, and bonfires were kindled for joy of her arrival. The king was supping with lady Castlemaine that night, but there was no fire at her door, though at almost every other door in the street, "which," says Pepys, "was much observed." About three weeks before, when the bells rang on a false report of the royal bride's arrival, there was a fierce quarrel between the duchess of Richmond and the lady Castlemaine, on which occasion the duchess called the latter "Jane Shore," and said, "she hoped to see her come to the same end." Unfortunately there was no symptom of the slightest abatement of this bad woman's credit at court; for the king, notwithstanding his matrimonial engagement, continued to dine and sup with her every day, to his own disgrace, and the regret of all his faithful friends. He wrote, however, gallant and affectionately-worded letters every day to his betrothed consort, while she remained in maiden loneliness, waiting for his arrival at Portsmouth. Catharine was unfortunately attacked, the third day after her landing, with sore throat and fever, which confined her to her bed. This illness was attributed to cold taken on board ship. She was so soon out of danger that they did not think it necessary to apprise the king of her indisposition.

The earl of Sandwich, the paladin who escorted the Portuguese princess to England, has left a manuscript letter extant in the Bodleian, giving, with some liveliness, a sketch of the proceedings of his royal mistress, at her first landing in her adopted country. It is addressed to Clarendon.

"My ever-honoured lord,

"Yesterday the duke's letter was sent in so great haste, that I had scarce time to scribble one word to the king of our arrival. Give me leave to congratulate with your lordship the happy success of the voyage; that, after some time and difficulties, the queen is safely landed and in very good health, which is wonderful, considering the length of her majesty's passage over the sea, and the stormy weather, and other disaccommodations, to a person that scarce ever was out of the palace door before. Your lordship's letter I delivered unto her majesty, and made your excuse that your lordship did not attend her majesty's arrival at Hampton Court. Her majesty is abundantly *possessed* of your lordship's kindness from the beginning of this affair, and expresseth as much gratitude as I can possibly tell your lordship; she will write so much with her own hand, and give me the honour to convey it, which shall be done as soon as can be. I have told her majesty the advice your lordship directed by Mr. Montague; she accepts thereof, and will follow it, not only in this, but all along will cast herself upon your lordship's council; and the queen-regent of Portugal, her mother, bade me assure your lordship that it should be so, and that she had given her daughter to your charge.

"The queen, as soon as she came to her lodgings, received my lady Suffolk and the other ladies very kindly, and appointed them this morning to come and put her in that habit they thought would be most pleasing to the king, and I doubt not, but when they shall have done their parts, she will appear with much more advantage, and very well to the king's contentment. She is a *prince* of extraordinary goodness of disposition, very discreet and pious, and there are the most hopes that there ever was of her making the king and us all happy."

Here, then, in confirmation of the narrative of the Portuguese chronicler of the marriage of Catharine of Braganza, we have the testimony of an eye-witness of no less importance than the admiral-ambassador, who had the honour of bringing her to England, as to the gracious reception given by her to the countess of Suffolk, and the other ladies who had been sent to wait upon her at her landing. Yet Clarendon, to whom this simple statement of the fact was written by Sandwich in a confidential report, for his private information of the deportment of the new queen, has left the following strange misrepresentation of her conduct on this occasion:—

“Nor, when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the king, did she receive any of them till the king himself came, nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices.”¹

What Clarendon's motives could have been for such a direct violation of the truth, it is difficult to conjecture. The earl of Sandwich was no silken courtier, but a plain, honest seaman; he had been a roundhead, and was still a puritan, and can scarcely be suspected of too much partiality for a catholic queen. Nothing, however, can be more satisfactory than his report of her conduct and character. He concludes his letter with the following brief particulars of the dowry:—

“Her portion business stands as I think I formerly gave your lordship an account. Some 200,000 crowns we have spent with the fleet at Lisbon; there is 400,000 in sugar, plate, and jewels, on board the fleet, and 800,000² more in bills of exchange, to be paid two months after the wedlock.”

“Dated May 20, O. S.”

The queen seemed to imagine that the jewels were intended for her personal decoration, for she made a demand of them for that purpose, which occasioned some perplexity to the earl of Sandwich and the duke of York, before the matter could be satisfactorily arranged.

It was not till five days after Catharine's arrival at Portsmouth that her affianced lord prepared to seek her. Charles left London on the 19th of May, having supped on the preceding evening at the house of his imperious mistress, the countess of Castlemaine. He travelled the first day in the duke of Northumberland's coach, accompanied by prince Rupert, and escorted by a troop of his life guards. He reached Kingston in an hour, and thence proceeded, in the earl of Chesterfield's coach, with the escort of the duke of York's guards, to Guildford, where he slept. He arrived at Portsmouth the next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and went directly to visit his bride. The marquez de Sande and the Portuguese waited his approach in the court. He received them all most graciously, telling the marquez de Sande how much pleasure he felt on seeing him in England on this auspicious occasion.³

They then entered the house; but scarcely had they ascended the stairs, when prince Rupert raised a dispute for precedence with the am-

¹ Continuation of the Life of Edward, earl of Clarendon, written by himself, vol. ii., p. 168.

² The Portuguese crown of five shillings

³ Hist. Casa Real. Port

bassador, and even had the ill-manners to push before him, and take the place of honour next the person of the king. The ambassador, who well knew the prerogative of his office, stopped him, and appealed to his majesty, who told him he was in the right, and commanded his petulant kinsman to give place to him. After this reprimand from his royal cousin, prince Rupert treated the other Portuguese nobles with great politeness, while the king was robing, preparatory to entering the presence of the queen.¹

Catharine was still confined to her bed, which her physicians would not permit her to leave, and the king, who insisted on seeing her, was introduced into her chamber. The earl of Sandwich had the honour of attending his royal master there, and wrote to Clarendon that the meeting between their majesties was with due expressions of affection, the queen declaring her perfect resignation to the king's pleasure.

"I observed," continues he, "as much as this short time permits, and I do believe this first interview hath been with much contentment on both sides, and that we are like to be very happy in this conjunction."

Charles addressed his bride in Spanish, and, with the kindest expressions, signified the pleasure he felt at seeing her, "which would," he said, "have been diminished, if her physicians had not assured him that there was no cause of apprehension from her indisposition." Catharine's answers were given with so much prudence and discretion, that when the king returned to his apartments, he expressed his satisfaction at the fortunate choice he had made of a queen.

Colonel Legge, afterwards earl of Dartmouth, in his notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, pretends, that when Charles first saw his bride, he said, "that he thought they had brought him a bat instead of a woman." Fortunately, we have a very different account of the impression Catharine of Braganza made on the royal bridegroom, in an autograph letter written by himself to his lord-chancellor, on the morning of the 21st of May, the day appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials; and it is certain, that if he had been at all dissatisfied with her appearance, the non-performance of the contract regarding her marriage portion would have afforded him an excellent excuse for returning her, and all her boxes of sugar and spices, jewels and bills of exchange, to the queen her mother, as he was not bound to her by any previous ceremony of marriage by proxy; but if he were not pleased with her, there is no trusting a man's own words.

"Her face," says he, "is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and nothing in her face that in the least degree can disgust one. On the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as I ever saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voice. You will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already; in a word, I think myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

have not time to say any more; my lord lieutenant will tell you the rest."

That morning Catharine found herself so much amended, that all things being ready, it was determined that the nuptials should take place that day. Catharine was earnestly entreated to dispense with the catholic ceremonial, but as she was inflexible on that point, it was performed with great secrecy, in her own bed-room, by the lord Aubigny, queen Henrietta's almoner, no one being present but the Portuguese ambassador, three Portuguese nobles, and two Portuguese ladies.¹ It has been asserted that the duke of York was one of the witnesses, but he does not mention this in his own journal.² He says, "the lord-chancellor did not know of the private marriage." The outward ceremonial, as the duke terms the solemnization of the nuptial rite in the form prescribed by the church of England, did not take place till after dinner; "when," says our Portuguese authority, "the king taking the queen by the hand, led her into the grand hall or presence-chamber, where was a throne with two seats under a canopy." According to the description of sir Richard Fanshawe, who had the honour of acting as groom's-man to the king at the public ceremonial of his marriage, a rail was stretched across the upper end of the room, within which only entered the king, the queen, the bishop of London, and the marquez de Sande, the Portuguese ambassador, with sir Richard Fanshawe, who had carried the king's troth to Portugal; but the lower end of the presence-chamber was crowded with nobility and the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. The king and queen having seated themselves on the double throne, the secretary, sir John Nicholas, before the assembled nobles and people, read the marriage contract, which the king had given to the ambassador, and the Portuguese secretary, Francisco Sa de Menezes, that which the ambassador had given the king. Then the king took the queen by the hand, and plighted his troth to her, according to the form prescribed in the liturgy of the church of England. The queen merely signified her consent, but did not repeat the responses, probably because she could not frame her unpractised lips to pronounce so many hard words in English, and not, as generally asserted, out of contempt to a protestant bishop and a protestant rite, since she had positively refused to consider her contract with the king as a marriage till the bishop had

¹ Extracts from the Life of James II., written by himself, published in Macpherson's Collection.

² Burnet affirms, "that James told him he was one of the witnesses of this marriage, and that the queen had said that she heard some one intended to call the marriage in question; and if that were done, she must call on him as one of the witnesses." But so little is Burnet to be relied on, that he describes the first meeting between Charles and Catharine to have taken place at Winchester, instead of Portsmouth, and that the archbishop of Canterbury, who certainly had nothing to do with the marriage, came to perform the ceremony, but the queen was bigoted to such a degree, that she would not say the words of matrimony, nor bear the sight of the archbishop. The king said the words hastily, and the archbishop pronounced them married persons. Upon this some thought to have dissolved the marriage, as a marriage only *de facto*, to which no consent had been given.

pronounced them man and wife. Some have doubted, from the ambiguity of the duke of York's expressions, whether the outward ceremony amounted to anything more than this declaration; but the earl of Sandwich, who was present, says, "Then the bishop of London stood forth, and made the declaration of matrimony in the Common Prayer, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." When the bishop, in conclusion, pronounced that they were man and wife, the people joyfully responded, "Long may they live!" The king rose, and taking the queen by the hand, led her to his apartments, when all the ladies and principal persons of the court entered to kiss her hand. The royal bride was attired in an English dress, rose colour, trimmed with knots of blue ribbon; these the countess of Suffolk, her first lady of the bed-chamber, at the conclusion of the ceremony, detached from her majesty's dress, and distributed as wedding favours among the company, giving the first to the duke of York, and the others, as far as they would go, to the officers of state, ladies, and persons of quality, not leaving the queen one.¹ Sir Richard Fanshawe says, "all the ribbons her majesty wore on her wedding dress were cut to pieces, and every one present had a fragment."² We may imagine the scramble and competition that took place on this occasion.

Sir Richard Fanshawe, who performed the important office of bridesman to the majesty of England, received for his fees a whole-length picture of king Charles in his garter robes, a crimson velvet cloth of state, fringed and laced with gold, with a chair, a footstool and cushions, and two other stools to match, with a Persian carpet to lay under them; these were evidently used by the royal bride and bridegroom at the altar. He had a suit of beautiful tapestry with which the presence-room was hung; the two velvet cloths of the altar, fringed, with the surplices, altar covers, and napkins of fine white linen; a bible of Ogleby's print, two common prayer-books, folio and quarto; with 800 ounces of gilt plate, and 4,000 ounces of white silver plate. A velvet bed was his right by custom, but this he did not have.³ He was despatched to Lisbon, to announce the safe arrival of queen Catharine, and her marriage, to her mother the queen-regent of Portugal. The marriage of Charles II. and Catharine of Braganza is duly registered in the parish church of St. Thomas à Becket, Portsmouth, in these words:—

"Our most gracious sovereign lord, Charles II., by the grace of God king of Great Britain, &c., and the most illustrious princess donna Catherina, infanta of Portugal, daughter to the deceased don Juan, king of Portugal, and sister to the present don Alphonso, king of Portugal, were married at Portsmouth, upon Thursday, the 21st of May, 1662, being the 14th year of his majesty's reign, by the right reverend father in God, Gilbert, lord bishop of London, dean of his majesty's Chapel Royal, in the presence of several of the nobility of his majesty's dominions and Portugal."

[This document is written on vellum, in letters of gold.]

But to return to the royal pair.

As the queen was not quite recovered from her late attack of illness,

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.

³ Ibid., p. 144.

she, by the advice of her physicians, retired to take a little repose on her bed. Lady Suffolk, who had from the first day entered upon her duties with the other English ladies, disrobed her majesty, assisted by the countesses of Penalva and Ponteval.

The king took his supper with the queen on her bed, showing, in every way, how much he was pleased with her.¹ The feelings, however, with which the royal bridegroom regarded his newly-wedded consort, will be best described by himself, in the following cheerful letter, which he wrote to Clarendon four days after his marriage :—

“ Portsmouth, 25th May.

“ My brother will tell you of all that passes here, which I hope will be to your satisfaction ; I am sure 'tis so much to mine, that I cannot easily tell you how happy I think myself, and I *must be the worst man living* (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband. I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are. We cannot stir from hence till Tuesday, by reason that there are not carts to be had to-morrow to transport all our *garde-infantas*, without which there is no stirring, so you are not to expect me till Thursday night at Hampton Court.”

[Superscribed —“ For the Chancellor.”]

Some authors have gravely inquired who this numerous train of *garde-infantas* were, on whose carting the movements of the majesty of England and his bride depended, under the idea that they were a troop of grim duennas, deputed by the queen-mother of Portugal for the care of her daughter's morals and manners. They were, however, nothing more than the cumbrous sardingales pertaining to the wardrobe of Catharine and the Portuguese ladies by whom she was attended. These stately gaberdines had excited much wonder in the British court, where they and their wearers were equally the subjects of derision. The queen's chamberlain, lord Chesterfield, makes a whimsical complaint of the difficulty there was in pleasing the “Portingall ladies,” as he calls them, for they were so over-delicate about their lodgings, that they refused to sleep in any beds that had ever been occupied by men. Of their royal mistress, however, he gives the following agreeable description :—“ You may credit her being a very extraordinary woman, that is extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding. As to her person, she is exactly shaped, and has lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, fine hair, and, in a word, is what an understanding man would wish a wife. Yet, I fear,” pursues he, “ all this will hardly make things run in the right channel ; but if it should, I suppose our court will require a new modelling, and then the profession of an honest man's friendship will signify more than it does now.”²

A pretty token of respect was presented to the new queen, from the town of Southampton, in the form of a silver salt-cellar of exquisite workmanship, of which the walls were crystal, and the dish supported by four eagles and four greyhounds.³

While at Portsmouth, Catharine received a kind letter of affectionate

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield.

³ Poppe.

congratulation on her marriage from the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, who was then at Paris. The earl of St. Alban's was the bearer of this letter, to which queen Catharine replied in the same terms of affection and respect. The Portuguese ambassador, and all who had followed the queen, were entertained by the lord chamberlain at the king's expense, during the sojourn of the court at Portsmouth.

The king and queen left Portsmouth on the 27th, passed one night at Windsor, and arrived at Hampton Court on the 29th, on which day the twofold anniversaries of Charles's birth and restoration were celebrated, with more than ordinary festivity, in honour of the queen's arrival; and she was welcomed with bonfires and other tokens of popular rejoicing. When their majesties alighted from their coach, they passed between two lines of guards, both foot and cavalry; they were followed by the countesses of Ponteval and Penalva, the countess of Suffolk, and the other ladies and officers of the royal household. The lord-chancellor, judges, and counsellors of state, were all assembled to congratulate the queen on her arrival, and to kiss her hand; and the foreign ministers were also there, to offer the congratulations of their respective courts. Then all the nobility, gentry, and ladies of the court were presented to her, classed, according to their degrees, in different rooms, through which her majesty passed. After these fatiguing ceremonies, the queen retired to her bedroom.

The same evening, the duchess of York came from London in her barge, to offer her homage to her royal sister-in-law. When she landed, king Charles received her at the garden-gate, by the water-side, and leading her by the hand, conducted her to the queen, who received her in her chamber. The duchess offered to kiss her hand, but the queen prevented her, by raising her in her arms and saluting her. The royal family then seated themselves near the queen's bed, and conversed with her. It is probable that they then partook of Catharine's favourite beverage, tea, which became a fashionable refreshment in England soon after her marriage with Charles II., though not exactly introduced by her.¹ Yet, as Catharine of Braganza was certainly the first tea-drinking queen of England, she has had the credit of setting the fashion for the use of that temperate beverage, in an age when ladies, as well as gentlemen, at all times of the day, heated or stupefied their brains with ale or wine, for the want of the more refined substitutes of tea, coffee, and chocolate.² The use of these simple luxuries had in time a beneficial influence on the manners of all classes of society, by forming a counter charm against habits of intoxication, and have promoted the progress of civilization in no slight degree.

¹ "I did call," says Pepys, "for a cup of *tee*, a China drink, of which I had never drunk before." As this was in the current intelligence of the year 1660, we must conclude that tea was not wholly unknown in London, and that it was procurable some months before Catharine's marriage was thought of.

² The reader will remember the liberal allowance of ale made by the comptroller of Henry VIII.'s household, for the breakfasts of the maids of honour, and how greatly the virgin-queen was chafed in temper, on her journey to Kenilworth, because there was not a drop of good drink to be had, except ale, which was new.

Waller wrote a complimentary poem on tea, commended by the queen, in which are these lines:—

“The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation who the way did show
To the fair region where the sun doth rise.”

The morning after the arrival of the royal bride at Hampton Court, she was dressed for the reception of her morning levée, as early as eleven o'clock, when the duchess of Ormond, her daughter, lady Cavendish, and lady Fanshawe, were presented to her. Charles himself presented lady Fanshawe to his queen, with a deserved eulogium on her merits, and those of her gallant husband, on which Catharine gave her hand to lady Fanshawe to kiss, and graciously promised to regard her with favour. Evelyn, who had the honour of kissing her majesty's hand that day, gives the following description of her and her countrywomen in his Diary:—“May 30th, The queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals, or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader (dark olive), and sufficiently *unagreeable*. Her majesty in the same habit, her foretop long, and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth, by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough.” It is evident, from this account, that Catharine had had the ill taste to resume the ungraceful costume to which she had been accustomed. Perhaps the deceitful compliments of her gallant brother-in-law, the duke of York, as to its becomingness, had encouraged her to yield to the persuasions of her duenna and her other Portuguese attendants, who urged her to wear no other. Many years afterwards, James II. told the abbess and nuns of Chaillot, “that don Alphonso, king of Portugal, wished to compel his sister, queen Catharine, to adhere to the fashions of her own country, and that she had taken infinite trouble to induce the English ladies to adopt it, and had endeavoured to prevail on king Charles to use his influence with them for that purpose; but the ladies dressed in the French fashions, and would not hear of any other, constantly sending artificers and dress-makers to Paris, to import the newest modes, as,” added he, “they do to this very day.”¹ Catharine certainly appeared to much greater advantage, when she exchanged her foretop and fardingale, for the graceful costume in which Lely has depicted her among the Hampton Court galaxy of beauties.

There is another portrait of this queen, still more charming, in the historical gallery at Versailles, by the same delightful artist, which merits a particular description. Her eyes, complexion, and hair, are all beautiful—dark, but brilliant, such as poetry has always associated with the idea of a Portuguese or Spanish donna. Her hair, no longer rendered ridiculous by the periwig arrangement of her Portuguese friseur,

¹ Inedited fragment of a journal of the convent of Chaillot, in the *Secret Archives* of France, at the *Hôtel Soubise*.

or barber, as he was denominated, is shown in its natural beauty, gathered together in a simple knot, from which the ringlets fall carelessly at will. She is dressed in black velvet, trimmed with rich point lace. The sleeves are full, but looped up with black ribbons, to show the delicate ruffled cambric sleeve of her chemise. Her bosom and arms are perfectly lovely, both in form and colour. She has black velvet bracelets, clasped with pearls, on her arms, and holds a bunch of orange blossoms. This was probably one of her bridal portraits, painted ere the short-lived beauty of a Portuguese lady had faded, and perhaps, from the smiling expression of her face, during the few brief days that she maintained her empire over the fickle heart of her royal husband.

No one would certainly recognise, in either of these portraits, any more than in the one before described in the late Strawberry Hill collection, the original of the distorted description which lord Dartmouth, not contented with the simile of the bat, has left of this queen in his notes on Burnet's History. "She was," says he "very short and broad, and of a swarthy complexion; one of her fore teeth stood out, which held up her upper lip; and, besides, she was very proud and ill-favoured." This picture, it would rather appear, belonged to Catharine's decline of life.

Reesby had an early sight of the new queen; he said she was a very little woman, with a tolerably pretty face, but neither in person nor manners could stand in competition with lady Castlemaine, the finest woman of her age. On that point opinions, however, began to differ. "The queen was brought, a few days since, to Hampton Court," notes Pepys; "and all people say of her that she is a very fine handsome lady, and very discreet, and that the king is pleased enough with her, which I fear will put madame Castlemaine's nose out of joint." Three days after, he adds, "I found my lady (the countess of Sandwich) come from Hampton Court, where the queen hath used her very civilly, and, my lady tells me, 'is a most pretty woman.' Yesterday sir R. Ford told me that the aldermen of the city did attend her in their habits, and did present her with a gold cup, and 1000*l.* in gold therein. But he told me that they are so poor in their chamber, that they were fain to call two or three aldermen to raise fines to make up this sum." The free trade to India and the Brazils, which was secured to England by the marriage of Catharine of Braganza with Charles II., soon opened an inexhaustible source of wealth and prosperity to the merchants of London, who had suffered so severely during the iron rule of the commonwealth and protectorate.

It was the 2d of June that the lord mayor and aldermen presented their addresses and gift to Catharine. "Now saw I her Portuguese ladies," says Evelyn, "and the guarda damas, or mother of her maids, and the old knight, a lock of whose hair quite covered the rest of his bald pate, bound on by a thread very oddly." Assuredly the friseur's art must have been at a very low ebb at the court of Lisbon, as all the result of their labours was to excite the mirth of the merry monarch and his officers of state. Fifty years later, however, a taste, to the full as barbarous, prevailed in England, when powdered toupees and periwigs

deformed all countenances during the reigns of the three first Hanoverian monarchs. Evelyn's description of Hampton Court, as it was furnished and adorned for the reception of the bride of Charles II., calls forth a sigh over the departed glories of the domestic palace of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs. "Hampton Court," says he, "is as noble and uniform a pile as any gothic architecture can make it. There is incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold, especially the Cæsarian Triumphs of Andrea Montegna, formerly the duke of Mantua's. Of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, &c. The queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost 8000*l.*, being a present made by the states of Holland, when his majesty returned. The great looking-glass and toilet of beaten massive gold were given by the queen-mother. The queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here." Catharine's Portuguese chronicler speaks with enthusiasm of the hangings of silk and gold, the embroidered canopies, chairs, and beds, and the valuable paintings that decorated this royal retreat, to which may be added the testimony of Pepys, who walked from Teddington on purpose to look at "the noble furniture and brave pictures."

On the 8th of June, Evelyn says, he saw her majesty at supper privately in her bed-chamber, and the next day heard her Portuguese band, "consisting of pipes, harps, and very ill voices."

The new and brilliant scenes in which the convent-bred queen was now required to play the leading part were at first strange and fatiguing to her, and she took far more delight in the practice of her devotional exercises than in all the seductive gaieties which surrounded her. She heard mass daily, and but for the earnest persuasions of the ambassador, who it will be remembered was her godfather, she would have spent more time in her chapel than was at all compatible with her duties as a wife and queen. It required all the influence of this prudent counsellor to induce her to go into public as often as she was required, or to tolerate the freedom of manners in that dissipated court, where infidelity and licentiousness walked openly unveiled. Catharine was wedded to the most witty and fascinating prince in the world, constitutionally good-humoured, but without religion or moral principles, brave, reckless, and devoted to pleasure, requiring constant excitement and frequent change. The simplicity of his young queen's character, her freshness, innocence, and confiding fondness for himself, pleased him; the *naïveté* of her manners amused him, and, as a new toy, she was prized and cherished for the first six weeks of their marriage. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the lover-like devotion of his behaviour to his royal bride for that period, which was spent in all sorts of pleasures and amusements that he could devise for her entertainment. Sylvan sports, excursions in the fields, the parks, or on the Thames, occupied the court by day, while the evenings were devoted to comedies, music, and balls, in which the king, his brother, and the lords and ladies joined, the king excelling them all in the air and grace of his dancing, which the queen applauded, to his great

delight, while he continued to treat her with every possible demonstration of tenderness and respect.¹

This auspicious state of things lasted as long as lady Castlemaine was confined to her lying-in chamber, she having been brought to bed of a son a few days after the king's marriage. This boy her husband considered as his heir, and insisted on having it christened by a priest of his own religion. She proclaimed it to be the king's son, and had it christened over again by a protestant minister, when the king himself acted as one of the sponsors, with the earl of Oxford and the countess of Suffolk; after which she quarrelled with her husband, and left his house, with all her household, carrying away with her all the plate and furniture. Lord Castlemaine withdrew to France. She took up her abode at Richmond to be nearer to the king, who, according to general report, renewed his guilty intimacy with her.² Not contented with receiving the visits of the king at her own house, lady Castlemaine had the audacity, after making her infamy public, to insist on intruding herself into the presence of his injured and virtuous queen. Catharine of Braganza had been fully informed, before she quitted Lisbon, of the king's previous infatuation with regard to this woman; and the queen, her mother, had charged her never to permit her name to be mentioned in her hearing.³ Acting on this sensible advice, the royal bride had conducted herself with so much prudence and delicacy, in avoiding all allusions to this subject, that Charles appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that she knew anything about it, till he presented her with a list of the ladies whom he recommended for appointments in her household. At the head of this list Catharine was startled with seeing the dreaded name of lady Castlemaine. She instantly pricked it out, and cut short all remonstrances from the king, by telling him he must either grant her that privilege or send her back to Lisbon.⁴ Charles, who had been accustomed to implicit compliance with all his wishes from his young wife, was much offended at this unexpected demonstration of her determination to have a will of her own on suitable occasions. Catharine, with greater reason, "was discontented," as Pepys says, "a whole day and night upon it, till the king pacified her, by promising to have nothing more to do with lady Castlemaine," a promise which he instantly violated.

This alarming interruption to Catharine's dream of wedded happiness occurred about the third week in July, before she had been married quite two months. It was the first symptom of the renewed influence of lady Castlemaine over the mind of the king after her recovery from her lying-in.⁵

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Clarendon.

³ Pepys' Diary.

⁴ Pepys; Lingard.

⁵ The disgraceful career of this evil woman may be related in a few words. She was Barbara Villiers. Her father, viscount Grandison, was an heroic cavalier, who died, at the age of thirty, in defence of Charles I. Barbara, at eighteen married Roger Palmer, heir to a great fortune; both Palmer and his wife joined the exiled court of Charles II., just before the Restoration. The intimacy commenced between the king and Mrs. Palmer before his return to England, and became very notorious all over Europe about that epoch. Charles made the

The next thing Charles did was to outrage all decency by leading this shameless woman into the queen's chamber, and presenting her to her majesty before the assembled court. To the surprise of every one, Catharine received her graciously, and permitted her to kiss her hand, for her foreign ear, not yet familiar to the sound of English names, had not identified in that, which the king had of course pronounced unintelligibly, the style and title of his insolent paramour, and she was a stranger to her person. A whisper from one of the indignant Portuguese ladies who stood behind her majesty's chair, admonished her of the fact. As soon as she was aware of the insult she had received, Catharine's colour changed; her eyes suffused with tears; she struggled for a moment to repress her feelings, but it was a struggle that nearly cost her her life, for the blood gushed from her nostrils, and she was carried from the apartment in a fit.¹

The following mystical notice of this memorable scene was given by Clarendon, in a letter to his friend, the duke of Ormond.

"The king is perfectly recovered from his indisposition in which you left him. I wish he were free from all *other*. I have had, since I saw you, three or four long conferences, with better temper than before. I have likewise twice spoken at large with the queen. The *lady* hath been at court and kissed her hand; and returned that night. I cannot tell you there was no discomposure. I am not out of all hope, and that is all I can yet say. I send this by sir A. Broderick, and so shall not need to use cypher, but hereafter, I shall always use cypher when I write on this subject, and no other; therefore, you must take pains to decypher them yourself."

Charles, like most aggressors, assumed the tone of an injured person; and so far from expressing the slightest compunction for the unprovoked affront he had put on his consort, he was so unreasonable as to regard the too visible effect of the pangs caused by his own misconduct, as a crime in poor Catharine. He felt that the injured princess, whom he had vowed to love and cherish, had, in her speechless agony, pale, and bathed in tears and blood, pleaded against him before men and angels, and that to every right-thinking person in his court he must stand condemned; he therefore chose to treat her illness as a burst of jealousy ending in an hysterical paroxysm. He complained loudly of her ill

husband of this woman earl of Castlemaine, in order to give her rank sufficient to be intruded on his virtuous queen as her first lady of the bed-chamber. The reign, or rather tyranny, of lady Castlemaine over the king, continued till he became desperately in love with his cousin, Mrs. Frances Stuart. In her fits of fury she often threatened the king to tear their children to pieces, and set his palace on fire; "and when she was in these tempers," says a writer of those times, "she resembled Medea much less than one of her dragons." She was created duchess of Cleveland by the king, to whom she was, notwithstanding his profusion, as inconstant as to her husband; and after having eternally disgraced the duke of Marlborough, by founding his fortunes with her infamous donations, she married Beau Fielding, by whom she was despised, and died, full of years and dishonour, at Chiswick, Oct. 1709.

¹ Clarendon.

temper and perversity, and insisted that she had a right to make a proper reparation to lady Castlemaine, for having injured *her* reputation by a public insult, and that the poor lady had no other refuge from public contempt than the queen consenting to receive her as lady of the bed-chamber.

This Catharine refused, with passionate indignation. Charles then imposed the stern authority of king and husband. Clarendon remonstrated most earnestly with the king on the extreme cruelty of his behaviour to his wife, in laying commands on her, with which, to use his words, "flesh and blood could not comply." He put his majesty in mind of what he had heard him lately say of the like conduct in Louis XIV., and that his observation on his cousin's conduct, in making his mistress live in the presence of the queen, was, "that it was such a piece of ill-nature that *he* could never be guilty of, for if ever he could be guilty of having a mistress after he had a wife, (which he hoped he should never be,) she should never come where his wife was."

Charles, like Hazael, had not imagined himself capable of acting a part, whose ugliness was so apparent to him, when seen through the medium of the conduct of another; and yet he did the same, and even exaggerated the baneful example he had previously detested. He was, however, utterly steeled against the pleadings of conscience and humanity by the shameless woman who had so entangled his soul in her unhallowed snares; and when his own words were quoted to him by his honest minister, he said, "that if he heeded such lectures, the country would think him in pupilage, and that lady Castlemaine as well as himself would seem ridiculous; therefore he should exact conformity from his wife, which would be the only hard thing he should ever require of her, and which she herself might make very easy, for the lady would behave with all duty and humility unto her majesty, which, if she should ever fail to do, she should never see his face again, and that he would engage never to put any other domestic about his queen without her approbation." He finished this loathsome sophistication by requiring Clarendon to use all these arguments to induce full compliance from her.

When, however, he found that Clarendon and Ormond both concurred in reprobating his conduct, he endeavoured to intimidate those faithful servants, by writing the following letter to Clarendon, which reflects more disgrace on him than folios of vituperation from the pens of his enemies:—

"Hampton Court, Thursday morning.

"I forgot, when you were here last, to desire you to give Brodericke good counsel not to meddle any more with what concerns my lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty, I will make him repent of it to the last moment of his life: and now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel in it, least you may think, by making a further stir in the business, you may divert me from my resolution—which all the world shall never do—and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved, which is of making my lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber; and whatsoever I find use any endeavours to

hinder this resolution of mine (except it be only to myself),¹ I will be his enemy to the last moment of his life. You know how true a friend I have been to you; if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion soever you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come on it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God; therefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to bear down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in: and whosoever I find to be my lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise, upon my word, to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my lord lieutenant; and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves to me as friends in this matter.

"CHARLES R."²

Clarendon, then, against his own better feelings, undertook the ungracious office of endeavouring to persuade the queen to submit to the king's pleasure. In his first interview with Catharine, my lord chancellor found himself greatly embarrassed. He began by lamenting the misunderstanding that existed between their majesties, using some expressions which convinced the queen that the king had imputed the blame to her; on which she passionately protested her innocence, with such a torrent of tears, that he thought it better to withdraw, coolly observing, "that he would wait upon her in a fitter season, and when she should be more capable of receiving humble advice from her servants, who wished her well," and so departed. The next day he waited upon her again, at her own appointment, and found her more composed. She vouchsafed to excuse the passion she had been in, telling him "she looked upon him as one of the few friends she had, from whom she would willingly at all times receive counsel, but that she hoped he would not wonder or blame her if, having greater misfortunes upon her, and having to struggle with greater difficulties than had ever befallen any woman of her condition, she sometimes gave vent to that anguish which was ready to break her heart."

Clarendon replied, with many professions of his devotion to her service, "although," he said, "it might be his duty to tell her some things which might render him ungracious to her."

The queen meekly replied, "that he should never be more welcome to her than when he told her of her faults;" and Clarendon observed, "that she had been little beholden to her education, which had given her so little insight into the follies and imperfections of mankind, of which he presumed her own country could have given more instances than this cold climate could afford. Had she been thus warned," he added, "she would not have deemed her own condition so insupportable."

To this grave philosophy the queen, with some blushing and confusion, accompanied with tears, said, "that she did not think she should have found the king engaged in his affections to another lady." Clarendon intimated "that her majesty must have been very little experienced

¹ Viz., by private remonstrance—which, by the vindictive and wilful tenor of this letter, it is not probable the king would have taken very patiently.

² The original of the MS. is among the Lansdowne MSS., 1236, f. 121.

in the world, if she imagined that the king had preserved his heart so many years for a consort he had never seen," and asked her, "whether she believed, when it should please God to send a queen to Portugal, that she would find that court so full of virtuous affections?" At this dry query, Catharine could not repress a smile, and a few pleasant observations, which encouraged the chancellor to communicate the purport of his visit. He told her, "he came to her with a message from the king, which, if she received, as he hoped she would, she would be the happiest queen in the world; that the king said whatever correspondences he had entertained with other ladies, before he saw her majesty, concerned not her, neither ought she to inquire into them, as he intended to dedicate himself entirely to her; and that if she would meet his affection with the same good humour that she had been accustomed to do, she should have a life of perfect felicity."¹ Catharine might have replied, that, so far from inquiring into his majesty's past follies, she had maintained a dignified silence on a subject that was public to all the world, till he attempted to force his paramour into her presence, and then the respect she owed to herself and all the ladies of her court, required that she should exclude her from her own circle, as an unfit associate for virtuous gentlewomen; but, instead of saying a word in her own justification, she expressed her acknowledgments for the king's graciousness, thanked the chancellor more than enough, and begged him to help in returning her thanks to his majesty, and in obtaining his pardon for any passion or peevishness of which she might have been guilty, and to assure him of all future obedience and duty."²

The veteran statesman, when he saw the queen in this Griselda vein, thought he might venture to inform her of the proof of duty which his majesty required of her, with regard to lady Castlemaine. Fire flashed from the eyes of Catharine at the proposition, and she indignantly replied, "that the king's insisting on such a condition could only proceed from his hatred to her person, and his desire to expose her to the contempt of the world, who would think her worthy of such an affront if she submitted to it," adding, "that she would rather put herself on board of any small vessel and return to Lisbon." Clarendon interrupted her, by telling her "that she had not the disposal of her own person, even to go out of the house where she then was, without the king's leave, and therefore advised her not to speak any more of Portugal, where there were enough who wished her to be," and admonished her "not to show off any such passion to the king; but if she thought proper to deny anything he asked her, to do it in such a manner, as should look rather like an evasion than a positive refusal, that his majesty might not be provoked to put himself into a passion also, in which case she was likely to get the worst of it." There was sound sense, and only too much truth in all that Clarendon told the poor queen; but, even from his own account of the matter, there was neither sympathy for her sufferings, nor much courtesy displayed in his manner of communicating it to her. He says, however, "that he told the king all the good and kind things her

¹ Clarendon's Autobiography.

² Ibid., vol. ii., p. 182.

majesty had said of him; of her dutiful expressions, and his entire belief that her unwillingness to obey him proceeded from her passionate love of him; and entreated his majesty not to press her further on this painful subject for a few days." Charles, however, had other counsellors, who persuaded him to insist upon instant compliance with his commands, for if he allowed his will to be disputed on this point, he must resolve hereafter to do as his wife would have him. Charles, who was accustomed to succumb to the violence of an imperious mistress, so far as to solicit pardon on his knees every time he ventured to resist her unreasonable demands, was terrified at incurring the suspicion that he showed the slightest indulgence to his wife, and resolutely prepared to compel her to submission.

"The fire," says Clarendon, "flamed that night higher than ever. The king reproached the queen with stubbornness and want of duty, and she him with tyranny and want of affection. He used threats, which he never intended to put in execution; and she talked loudly, 'how ill she was treated, and that she would go back again to Portugal.' He replied 'she would do well first to learn whether her mother would receive her, and he would soon give her an opportunity of knowing that, for he was sending home forthwith all her Portuguese servants, who had, he knew, encouraged her in her perverseness.'"

The passion and noise of the night reached too many ears to be secret the next day, and the whole court was full of that which ought to have been known to nobody, the mutual carriage of the royal pair confirming all that could be imagined of their dissension. They spoke not—they hardly looked on one another. "Everybody," continues Clarendon, "was glad they were so far from town—for they were still at Hampton Court—and that there were so few witnesses of all that passed. The queen sat melancholic in her chamber in tears, except when she drove them away by more violent passion in choleric discourse; and the king sought his diversion in company that said and did all things to please him, and there he spent all his nights, and towards morning disturbed the queen's repose by coming to her chamber, for he never slept in any other place."¹ If Catharine had possessed sufficient self-command and knowledge of the human heart to enable her to adapt herself to Charles's peculiar temper, she might, by gentle and endearing appeals to his tenderness and his reason, by the exertion of all the powers of wit and fascination she possessed, by the use of caresses, and even flattery, discreetly applied, have won her way and established her empire over his wayward heart as easily as any other woman. But Catharine loved him too well to dissemble her feelings; she piqued herself too highly on the purity of her conduct and the justice of her cause, and she could not condescend to soothe and flatter where she had been aggrieved. She gave way either to sullenness and tears, or to the use of bitter reproaches, which, of course, only aggravated the king against her. Charles was, however, more deeply offended at her wishing to leave

¹ Clarendon's Autobiography.

him than at all her angry expressions beside. "He talked," says Clarendon, "with more than his natural passion of what had passed, and of the 'foolish extravagancy,' as he called it, 'of returning to Portugal,' and reiterated his resolution of sending away all the Portuguese, to whom he imputed his wife's frowardness, protested he would gain his point, and bade him go and talk to the queen again." Clarendon complied, and when he was admitted to see her majesty, took the liberty of reproving her for the want of temper for which she blamed the king. Catharine, with tears, acknowledged "that she had been in too much passion, and said somewhat she ought not to have said, for which she would willingly ask the king's pardon on her knees, though his manner of treating her had wonderfully surprised her, and might be some excuse for more than ordinary commotion." She concluded, by praying "that God would give her patience, and hoped that she should not again be transported into the like passion."

Clarendon said "he hoped he might experience the effect of her good resolution, in listening to his arguments why she should submit to the king's wishes concerning the lady, which he did not come to justify, but to ask her whether she thought it were in her power to resist?"

Catharine said, "she knew it was in her own power, and that she could not despair of the king's justice and goodness diverting him from the prosecution of a command, as unbecoming in him as it was dishonourable to her; that she would not dispute his majesty's power; but she thought he was bound to leave her the choice of her own servants, and, if it were otherwise, she had been deceived."

Clarendon told her, "it was presumed that no wife would refuse to receive a servant that was esteemed and recommended by her husband, and that it was better for her to submit in this instance than that it should be done without her consent."

Catharine calmly replied, "that, as a matter of conscience, she could not consent to that which was likely to give an opportunity for sin."

Here the lord chancellor, who, by the bye, had shown little tact in the hard dry manner in which he had laid down the law of passive obedience, to the aggrieved princess, for the first time condescended to the use of a complimentary argument, by telling her that "he thought her majesty had too mean and low an opinion of her person and her parts, if she thought it could be in the power of any other lady to rival her."

The queen listened with intense attention and great patience to the chancellor's discourse, sometimes with complacency, but oftener with an incredulous smile, as if she did not believe what he said, and when he had finished, she briefly, but firmly, declared, "that the king might do what he pleased, but she never would consent to his requisition."

Charles next upbraided her with the non-performance of the matrimonial treaty, with regard to the portion, which, although it was no fault of hers, must have been a grievous mortification to poor Catharine. He insulted her venerable kinsman and friend the Portuguese ambassador, on her account, and threw the unlucky Jew factor, Duarte Silva, into prison because he had not been able to complete his arrangements for

paying the sum of money for which he was answerable into the Exchequer, for which, in truth, the appointed time had not arrived.¹

Catharine took all these outrages as personal indignities offered to herself, and it was Charles's intention that she should feel them as such, his whole study being how to mortify her. "He seldom came into the queen's company," says Clarendon, "and when he did, he spake not to her, but spent his time with those who made it their business to laugh at all the world, and who were as bold with God Almighty as with any of his creatures."²

Some little diversion was, however, made in Catharine's favour by the arrival of the queen-mother, Henrietta, and the necessity, which both duty and affection imposed on the king, of paying her the respect of going with his court to welcome her at Greenwich. As the declared object of the queen-mother's visit was to offer her congratulations to the king and queen on their marriage, it was impossible for Charles to do otherwise than to present his bride to his mother in proper form. A temporary cessation from hostilities, on his part, appears to have taken place on this occasion, and he even paid Catharine the compliment of sending the royal carriages to fetch the conde de Ponteval, don Pedro de Corea, and the Portuguese ambassador and his son, to join the cavalcade. The two latter excused themselves on account of illness, having fallen sick from vexation at the ill-treatment they and their princess had received from the "*good-natured monarch*" of England; but they were wonderfully comforted by this mark of attention.³

The royal pair set out after dinner, July 28th, to pay their first state visit together, attended by a brilliant train. Queen Henrietta, who awaited their arrival at Greenwich palace, received them at the first door, after they had ascended the stairs. Queen Catharine offered to kneel and kiss her hand, but the queen-mother raised her in her arms, with great affection and many kind expressions, and kissed her several times. How consoling must this truly maternal reception have been to the friendless, neglected, and almost broken-hearted bride of the royal Henrietta's son! Nor was this all, for as soon as they entered the presence-chamber, the queen-mother told Catharine "to lay aside all compliments and ceremony, for that she should never have come to England again except for the pleasure of seeing her, to love her as a daughter, and serve her as a queen."⁴ It is easy to imagine that the queen-mother intended, by this speech, to convey to the time-serving courtiers, who had treated their royal mistress with contempt, when they perceived that she was despised by the king, an intimation of the deference and respect with which the wife of their sovereign ought to be treated. Catharine responded with all the gratitude and pleasure such conduct was calculated to excite, especially under her peculiar circumstances, which made the kindness of her august mother-in-law doubly precious. She told her majesty how much delight she felt in seeing her, and assured her "that, in love and obedience, neither the king or any of her own children should exceed her." The queen-mother then sat down in a fauteuil, at the right

¹ Clarendon.

² Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

³ Ibid.

hand of the queen, who occupied another; the king sat on a *tabouret*, the duchess of York on another, and the duke of York stood. All present kissed the queen's hand. The queen-mother offered them the refreshment of a collation, or afternoon luncheon, as it was termed, which was declined, they having dined so shortly before they left Hampton Court. The visit lasted four hours, during which time the queen-mother treated queen Catharine with every mark of kindness and esteem. On their return to Hampton Court the queen supped with the king in public, to the great joy of all who saw them."¹

A temporary reconciliation, perhaps effected by the good offices of the queen-mother, appears, indeed, to have reunited the royal pair at this auspicious period; for we learn, from our Portuguese authority, "that the following day the king went to London, and in the evening the queen, accompanied by her household, went to meet his majesty on the road—a gallantry which the king so highly appreciated, that he expressed his pleasure most heartily, which was much applauded by the court."

When the queen-mother came to return their majesties' visit at Hampton Court, the king went to meet her, and on her alighting, led her by the hand to the top of the stair-case, where the queen, who was awaiting her arrival, came to receive her. After the first greetings were exchanged, they passed through the antechamber, and the two queens seated themselves in chairs, under a rich canopy. The queen-mother was on the right of the queen, and the duchess of York a little removed on the left. The king and the duke of York stood; and either one or the other acted as interpreters between the two queens,² for Catharine could not speak French, nor Henrietta Spanish, much less Portuguese.

The king and queen dined in private with the queen-mother, the first day of her arrival at Hampton Court. In the afternoon, the duke and duchess of York joined them in the queen's chamber, where they were regaled with the performances of her majesty's band, which, bad as they were, the queen-mother was so good-natured as to applaud. The royal party remained together at Hampton Court till the 23d of August, the day appointed for queen Catharine to make her first public entrance into the metropolis of her new kingdom.

On this occasion she embarked in her royal barge, with his majesty, the duke and duchess of York, prince Rupert, his brother, prince Edward, and the countess of Suffolk, the first lady of the bed-chamber to the queen; the ladies and officers of her majesty's household were in another barge. The two Portuguese countesses did not accompany their royal mistress, being indisposed.³ The shores were lined with soldiers and people of all degrees.

When they were within eight miles of London, a larger vessel, which could not proceed higher, was in waiting to receive the royal party. This vessel had glass windows, and a crimson awning bordered with gold, for the ladies of honour and other attendants. At Putney was another barge, in which their majesties were to make their public entry.

¹ I am indebted for these interesting particulars to the inedited Portuguese records, collected and translated by J. Adamson, Esq.

² *Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.*

³ *Ibid.*

In this were four-and-twenty rowers, clad in scarlet. The royal arms were painted on her sides and bow. She was gorgeously gilded, with an awning of gold brocade fringed within and without. Both Evelyn and Pepys have given lively descriptions of this royal aquatic progress, as it appeared to the one from the river, and to the other from the roof of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall.

"I was spectator," says Evelyn, "of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed with all imaginable pomp; but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the lord mayor and companies, with various inventions, music, and peals of ordnance, both from the vessels and the shore, going to conduct the new queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the first of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian Bucentoras, &c., on the occasion when they go to espouse the Adriatic. His majesty and the queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state or canopy of cloth of gold, made in the form of a high cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons, and garlands. I was in our new-built vessel, sailing among them." Pepys notices that there was among the pageants a mimic king and queen; the latter sitting very prettily with her maids of honour at her feet. The daughter of sir R. Ford, the lord mayor, was supposed to be the young lady who personated her majesty. "Anon," continues he, "came the real king and queen in a barge, under a canopy, with a thousand barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the king and queen."

At six o'clock in the evening they landed, under a royal salute from the great guns on the other side, at Whitehall bridge, on a pier which had been erected for the purpose near the palace, where the queen-mother, with her court, and all the nobility, male and female, in the richest dresses, waited to receive them.¹

Lady Castlemaine, up to that date, had not been received by queen Catharine, for, instead of being, where her unparalleled effrontery impelled her to wish to force herself, in the royal cortège, she was merely a spectator of the splendid pageant of king Charles conducting his bride to Whitehall, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the people. A series of feasts and rejoicings welcomed queen Catharine on her first arrival in the metropolis; yet, in most instances they must have been embittered by the presence of her insolent rival, who, in the course of a few days, was to be seen not only in the presence-chambers, both of the queen-consort and the queen-mother, but was even introduced into queen Catharine's coach. On the 7th of September, Pepys says he went to Somerset House, where he saw the queen-mother, with queen Catharine sitting on her left hand, whom he had never seen before; "and though," pursues he, "she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the king's

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa, &c.

illegitimate son,' a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who I perceive do hang much on my lady Castlemaine, and is always with her, and I hear the queens are both mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the king, and anon the duke and his duchess, so that they being all together, was such a sight as I never could have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They stayed till it was dark, and then went away, the king and his queen, and my lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach." Such were the companions with whom Charles compelled his consort to appear in public, when she had been his wife scarcely more than three months, as if for the systematic purpose of degrading her, in the opinions of his subjects, to the level of those with whom he was base enough to permit her to be seen. If the young queen had been as regardless of his honour as he showed himself of hers, with what justice could he have complained? "The king and queen were very merry that night; and he would have made the queen-mother believe that Catharine was likely to bring an heir to England, affirming, that 'she said so.'"¹ The young queen was shocked at such an assertion at that early period of her wedlock; and without being perhaps aware of the strength of the expression she used in her haste to contradict the audacious declaration of her royal lord, she exclaimed, "You lie!" "being the first English word," observes Pepys, "I ever heard her say, which made the king good sport, and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess, and be hanged.'" Spanish was the only medium of communication between Charles and his Portuguese bride, for the first months of their marriage. This, as it was not the natural language of either, might literally have been the cause of some of the misunderstanding between them. All the curtain lectures which Catharine addressed to her lord on the subject of lady Castlemaine, and his threats and sarcastic rejoinders, were carried on in that language, they having no other means of rendering their nocturnal altercations intelligible to each other. He complained, when angry, of her disinclination to the study of English, but in moments of good humour, when he chose to amuse himself by playing the instructor, it was his delight to impose on her confiding innocence, like a rude schoolboy, by giving her lessons in the vulgar tongue.

But although Charles occasionally condescended to playfulness with his poor little queen, his conduct as a husband was at this very period worse than ever.

In a portion of the decyphered correspondence, Clarendon writes thus to Ormond:²—All things are bad with reference to lady Castlemaine, but I think not quite so bad as you hear. Everybody takes her to be of the bed-chamber, for she is always there, and goes abroad in the coach. But the queen tells me that the king promised her, on condition she would use her as she doth others, 'that she should never live in court,' yet lodgings I think she hath. I hear of no back stairs. The

¹ Whom Charles soon after created duke of Monmouth. He had been brought from France, where he had been educated, in the train of the queen-mother, Henrietta.

² Pepys.

³ Bodleian Library, Sept. 9th, 1662.

worst is, the king is as *discomposed* (i. e. dissipated) as ever, and looks as little after business, which breaks my heart; he seeks satisfaction in other company, who do not love him as well as you and I do." There is something infinitely pathetic in this last sentence. The heart of Charles had been indurated beyond its natural obduracy, since it had been in the possession of the iniquitous woman, whom he preferred to his wife, or he must have been touched by the true affection of the faithful friends of his long adversity.

Meantime, lady Castlemaine came every day into the queen's presence, and the king was observed in perpetual conference with her, while the queen sat by neglected; and if, unable to conceal her anguish at the indignity, she rose and retired to her chamber, only one or two of her immediate attendants followed her, but the rest of the court remained, and too often said aloud things which no one ought to have whispered. The king, who at the beginning of the conflict had worn a troubled countenance, and sometimes appeared as if he wished he had not gone so far, till chafed by the reproach of being governed, which he received with the most lively indignation, and was generally taunted with it most by those who aimed the most at governing him, now seemed as if he had overcome every tender feeling towards his luckless wife, and assumed an appearance of excessive gaiety, which close observers thought feigned and unnatural. However, to the queen it seemed very real, and it increased her sadness when she saw an universal mirth in all company but hers, and in all places but in her chamber; her own servants showing more respect and more diligence to the person of lady Castlemaine than to herself, because they found it was in the power of that bold bad woman to do them more good than their wronged and neglected queen.¹

Pepys, who in his Diary briefly but shrewdly notes the signs of the times, on the 14th of September, went into the presence-chamber at Whitehall, "where," says he, "I saw the queen as I did last Sunday, and some fine ladies with her, but, by my troth, not many."

Charles now declared his fixed resolution to carry into effect his reiterated threat of sending back the queen's Portuguese attendants to their own country, and appointed a day for their embarkation, without assigning any particular reward to any of them for their services to the queen, or vouchsafing to write any letter to the king and queen of Portugal of the cause of their dismissal. "This rigour," pursues Clarendon, "prevailed upon the great heart of the queen, (who had not received any money, to enable her to be liberal to any of those, who had followed her to England, with the idea of good preferment in her household); and she earnestly entreated the king to permit her to retain some few, who were most necessary to her, and that she might not be left wholly in the hands of strangers, and employed others to make suit to him for that purpose." Charles, as a great favour, permitted the countess of Penalva, who had been with her from infancy, and who was nearly blind, and, in consequence of her infirm state of health, seldom stirred out of her chamber, to remain; also the cook, two or three of the ser

¹ Clarendon's Life—Continuation, vol. ii., p. 193.

vants in the culinary department, and the priests and ecclesiastics who officiated in her majesty's chapel.¹

It is a matter of necessary policy to dismiss the train of foreign attendants by whom a royal bride is accompanied to her husband's court, as they are sure to be regarded with ill-will by a jealous people; every preferment they receive deteriorates from the popularity of the queen, and if any disaster occur, it is considered attributable to their evil influence. Catharine, who was as ignorant of all state affairs and historical precedents as an infant, was not aware that it was a trial to which other queens were exposed, and felt not only the deprivation of the comfort of beholding familiar faces and listening to familiar accents, but was led to suppose, from Charles's harsh manner of putting this measure into effect, that it was a piece of especial tyranny inflicted on her as a punishment for refusing to tolerate the intrusion of his paramour in her bed-chamber. There, however, she came daily, and remained for hours, with imprudent pertinacity. Her majesty was never free from her abhorrent presence; she thrust herself into the royal coach, and went wherever the queen went—to the park, the theatre, to the houses of the nobility. She even followed her to mass,² though she professed the most vehement horror of the rites of the church of Rome, and had refused to consider her son by the king a Christian, till he had been rebaptized; the king, meantime, treating all of the queen's household, and, above all, the English gentlemen who had attended her from Portugal, with such marked ungraciousness, that no one liked to be recommended for appointments in her service.

On the 24th of October, Pepys notices that he had these particulars from Mr. Pierce, a surgeon, who further said, "that her own physician did tell him, within these three days, that the queen do know how the king orders things, and how he carries himself to my lady Castlemaine and others, as well as anybody; but though she hath spirit enough, yet seeing that she does no good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears it in policy, of which I am very glad; but I do pray God to keep us in peace, for this, with other things, do give great discontent to all people."

If the ill-treated queen had not been possessed of a much greater share of magnanimity and good sense than many other princesses have displayed under similar provocations, she might soon have rendered herself formidable to the king and his advisers, by allying herself with the growing party of the disaffected. The sale of Dunkirk, the insolent carriage of lady Castlemaine, who was said to influence his majesty's counsels, and the licentious character of a court at once needy and extravagant, were matters of public reprobation at this period, while the wrongs of an amiable and virtuous young queen were not likely to be regarded with indifference by a generous and moral people. But Catha-

¹ Clarendon.

² "But what pleased me most," says Pepys, "was to see my dear lady Castlemaine, who, though a protestant, did wait upon the queen to chapel."—*Memoirs of Pepys*, edited by lord Braybrooke, vol. i., p. 315.

rine bore all in silence, and neither by direct or indirect means attempted to appeal to the sympathy of the nation.

The conduct of the king, Clarendon tells us, was regarded with unconcealed disapprobation by some of his most faithful servants, who occasionally ventured to censure him for it, by insinuating how much his own honour was compromised by the disrespect with which the queen was treated, and that he could not reasonably hope for children by her, when her heart was so full of grief, and she was kept in a state of constant agitation and distress of mind.¹ Charles could not deny the force of these arguments, to which in fact he had nothing to reply, except the example of his far-praised grandfather, Henry IV. of France, whose immoral conduct he seemed to consider a sufficient excuse for his own. Notwithstanding this sophistry, he was getting weary of the contest, and it was supposed by many who knew his character better than his inexperienced consort, that he was about to send the cause of his difference with her from the court, when, all of a sudden, the queen changed her conduct to lady Castlemaine. One day, to the surprise of every one, she entered into conversation with her, and, according to Clarendon, "permitted herself to fall into familiarity with her, was merry with her in public, and spoke kindly of her, and in private used no one more friendly." This excess of condescension, so sudden and unexpected, exposed Catharine to the censures and scorn of all those who had hitherto espoused her cause.

"This total abandoning her own greatness," pursues Clarendon, "this lowly demeanour to a person she had justly contemned, made all men conclude that it was a hard matter to know her, and consequently to serve her. And the king himself was so far from being reconciled by it, that the esteem which he could not hitherto in his heart but retain for her, grew now much less. He concluded that all her former anguish, expressed in those lively passions which seemed not capable of dissimulation, was all fiction, and purely acted to the life by a nature crafty, perverse, and inconstant. He congratulated his own ill-natured perseverance, by which he had discovered how he was to behave himself hereafter, and what remedies he was to apply to all future indispositions; nor had he the same value for her wit, judgment, and understanding, that he had formerly, and was well enough pleased to observe that the reverence others had for her was somewhat diminished."

History has echoed the bitter contempt expressed by Clarendon for the queen's want of consistency of purpose, without giving her the slightest credit for her conjugal forbearance, and her wish of conciliating her royal husband at any sacrifice; far less has any one paused to consider how far Catharine of Braganza might be influenced by her affection for her native country, which depended at that very time, for its political existence, on the support of England. It is possible that, among other threats, Charles had menaced his consort with recalling his fleets from the Mediterranean, and that she had been informed that the only means of averting this evil would be to propitiate the woman by whom, to his eter-

¹ Clarendon.

nal disgrace, her husband permitted himself to be governed. "Strange," says Pepys, "how the king is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine."

Catharine treated young Crofts, as Charles at first called his boy, with invariable kindness, but was of course opposed to his being publicly acknowledged as his majesty's son, and even expressed herself with unwonted violence on the subject, as we find from the following curious letter of her brother-in-law the duke of York, to Clarendon :—

" Thursday.

" My brother hath spoken with the queen yesterday, concerning the owning of his son, and in much passion she told him 'that, from the time he did any such thing, she would never see his face more.' I would be glad to see you before you go to the parliament, that I may advise with you what is to be done, for my brother tells me he will do whatever I please.

" For the Chancelour." ¹

Notwithstanding the disapprobation of her majesty, Charles created this youth duke of Monmouth, and gave him precedency over every duke in the realm, except his royal brother, and treated him with such extraordinary honours, that it was generally reported that he had been married to his mother, and meant to declare him his successor. This might have been attended with serious consequences to his legitimate offspring, if the queen had proved a mother, but the agitation and distress of mind the royal bride had suffered, cost Charles the heir on which he had prematurely ventured to reckon.

Neglected as she was by her royal husband, queen Catharine was not without her share of homage as a woman. Waller, the most eloquent of court poets, pays a well-turned compliment to the beauty of her eyes, in the following graceful birth-day ode, which he composed in her honour, and which was sung to her by Mrs. Knight, on St. Catharine's day, Nov. 25th, the day her majesty completed her 25th year :—

" This happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious saint, a matchless queen;
Both named alike, both crowned appear—
The saint above, the infant here;
May all those years which Catharine
The martyr did for Heaven resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here;
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share.
May Heaven itself content
With Catharine the saint;
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This happy day behold."

Waller again took occasion to eulogize the beautiful eyes of this queen, in the verses which he wrote on a card, which she tore at the then fashionable game of ombre, in some little fit of impatience :—

¹ MS. Lansdowne, 1236, Article 77, fol. 119. Inedited.

"The cards you tear in value rise,
So do the wounded by your eyes;
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are, by that passion, raised the higher."

It was not often that Catharine permitted herself to give way to petulance, even on signal provocations. She appears to have kept the resolution she avowed to Clarendon, when she promised not to give way to passion again on the subject of her rival. "Dr. Pierce tells me," says Pepys, "that my lady Castlemaine's interest at court increases, and is more and greater than the queen's; that she hath brought in sir H. Bennet and sir Charles Berkeley; but that the queen is a most good lady, and takes all with the greatest meekness."

Catharine felt her wrongs no less keenly than when she vented her indignant feelings in angry words and floods of tears; but she had gained the power of restraining her inward pangs from becoming visible to those who made sport of her agony. When lady Castlemaine, on entering the bed-chamber one day, while her majesty was at her toilet, had the presumption to ask her, "How she could have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?" "Madam," replied the queen, with great dignity, "I have so much reason to use patience, that I can well bear such a trifle."¹

The last day of the year 1662 concluded with a grand ball at the palace of Whitehall. The company did not assemble till after supper, when that indefatigable sight-seer, Pepys, tells us he got into the room where the dancing was to take place, which was crowded with fine ladies. "By and by," pursues he, "comes the king and queen, the duke and duchess, and all the great ones. After seating themselves, all rose again; the king took out the duchess of York, the duke the duchess of Buckingham, the duke of Monmouth my lady Castlemaine, other lords other ladies; and they danced the *brantle*." After that the king led a lady a single *coranto*, and then the lords, one after another, other ladies; very noble it was, and pleasant to see. Then to country dances, the king leading the first, which he called for by name, as 'the old dance of England.' The manner was, when the king dances, all the ladies in the room, and the queen herself, stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the duke of York."²

At this ball lady Castlemaine appeared in richer jewels than those of the queen and the duchess of York put together. It was whispered that she had induced the king to bestow on her all the Christmas presents which the peers had given him; one reason, perhaps, why such offerings were discontinued.

Among other matters of court gossip detailed by Pepys, we find it was reported that the king reprimanded lady Gerard, as he was leading her down the dance, for having spoken against lady Castlemaine to the queen, and afterwards forbade her to attend her majesty any more.

¹ Pepys.

² Or brawl, a dance then in vogue, which appears to have been a sort of cotillon, danced by a great number of persons, where each gentleman takes his partner's hand and leads all round.

³ Pepys.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

QUEEN OF CHARLES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Conjugal infelicity of the queen—Shameless conduct of the king and lady Castlemaine—Fête of St. George—Queen dances with Monmouth—Plot to invalidate her marriage—Unpunctual payment of her income—Her pecuniary difficulties—Explains that the crown is in arrears to her—Charles shows her more respect—Her journey to Tunbridge Wells put off for want of funds—Her secret correspondence with Rome—The king falls in love with Frances Stuart—Court goes to Tunbridge Wells—Progress through the midland counties—Catharine's dangerous illness at Whitehall—Given over by the doctors—The king's passionate grief—Her delirious fancies—Speculations about a new queen—French ambassador visits queen Catharine in her bed-room—Her convalescence—Quarrels between her rivals—Goes to Chatham with the king—Her petulance to the Spanish ambassador—Her voyage to Woolwich—Goes down to the Nore with the king—Outwits him and the French ambassador on their return—The great Plague—The court at Salisbury and Oxford—Proceedings there—The queen's disappointment—The king's rage at Frances Stuart's marriage—Disgrace of Clarendon—Buckingham offers to abduct the queen—Dr. Burnet writes in favour of polygamy—Dark plots against the queen—Her imprudence—Divorce project renewed—Cruel lampoons on the queen—Her want of taste for the fine arts—Low wages of her household—The court at Audley End—Queen's incognito visit to a fair—Goes into Norfolk in progress with the king—Her love of archery—The court at Euston and Newmarket—Shaftesbury's enmity to the queen—The king and queen's visits to the fleet—Catharine's patronage of Italian music—Entertained at Deptford by Mrs. Evelyn.

THE new year opened, as the old had closed, with a series of courts, balls, and other gaieties, in which the ill-treated bride of Charles took little part. Her court was considered at this time inferior, both in splendour and correctness, to that of her royal mother-in-law, queen Henrietta, and she received a very trifling degree of homage from the time-serving courtiers, who were intent on propitiating her insolent rival.¹ The profligate associates of the king endeavoured to justify him in his neglect of the queen, by depreciating her in every possible way. Her piety was termed bigotry; her moral rectitude, stiffness and precision; her simplicity of character, folly; and her person, which Charles had himself declared to be agreeable enough to please any reasonable man, was caricatured and ridiculed on all occasions.² Catharine treated the attacks of these reptiles with silent contempt, and never condescended

¹ Pepys

² Clarendon; Reresby.

to betray her consciousness of their sting, far less to seek for vengeance; but the pain she felt at the unkindness of her royal husband, though patiently endured, was too acute to be concealed, and was observed by the whole court. It was three months since the king had supped with her. He now spent all his evenings with lady Castlemaine, to whom he had given apartments in Whitehall, contiguous to his own. He also braved public opinion by carrying this woman with him to Windsor, when the court removed thither to celebrate the national festival of St. George, which was kept with the greatest splendour this year, in honour of the nuptials of the duke of Monmouth with the young heiress of Buckleugh.¹

The boy-bridegroom opened the royal ball in St. George's hall with queen Catharine; he was dancing with her, with his hat in his hand, when the king came in, went up to him, kissed him, and made him put it on.² So glaring a violation of royal etiquette would scarcely have been made in favour of a prince of Wales, and was regarded by every one as an intimation that the king contemplated declaring him the heir of the crown.

The queen did not manifest any displeasure at this inconsiderate proceeding of the king, although tending to compromise the rights of any offspring she might bring, and it was generally reported, about that time, that she was likely to become a mother. There was at this juncture an attempt on the part of the creatures of lady Castlemaine, Buckingham, Bristol, and Bennet, to strike at the lawfulness of her marriage, by introducing the following article in the impeachment they had prepared against the lord-chancellor Clarendon:—

"That he had brought the king and queen together without any settled agreement about marriage rites, whereby, the queen refusing to be married by a protestant priest, in case of her being with child, either the succession should be made uncertain, for want of due rites of matrimony, or his majesty be exposed to a suspicion of his being married in his own dominions by a Romish priest."

The king was so highly offended with the earl of Bristol, for his audacity in venturing to challenge inquiry into his secretly performed catholic nuptials, that he forbade him his presence, and threatened him with his utmost vengeance. An attack on this subject came oddly enough from the earl of Bristol, who had become a member of the church of Rome.

Charles once asked him, what had caused his conversion to that belief. "May it please your majesty, it was writing a book for the Reformation," replied the earl.

"Pray my lord," retorted the royal wit, "write a book for popery."³

This inconsistent nobleman had from the first proved himself one of the most determined enemies of the queen, whom he regarded as the protégée of Clarendon. Catharine was peculiarly unfortunate under

¹ Lady Anna Scott, who was the smallest lady and the best dancer in the court. She was one of the ladies of queen Catharine's bed-chamber, and was called the duke of Monmouth's little mistress. She was amiable and discreet, and deserving a better lot than this joyless state marriage. She experienced the usual fate of heiresses—coldness and neglect.

² Pepys.

³ Aubrey.

this idea; she received very little protection and no sympathy from Clarendon, and was exposed to all the hostility of his political foes. Among the numerous vexations and difficulties with which she had to contend during the first year of her marriage, and not the least of them, was poverty, having only been paid a very paltry modicum of the income that was settled upon her by the marriage articles. She had the prudence to accommodate her outlay to her receipts, and made no complaints of the grievance, till she learned that an expenditure of 40,000*l.* was charged to her account among the expenses of the crown. She then took proper measures to inform the committee of parliament that, "for the support of herself and household, she had up to that time received no more than 4000*l.*"¹ So unparalleled an instance of economy in a queen was, of course, duly appreciated by men of business, who were only too well aware of the unprincipled extravagance of those on whom the money, provided by the nation for the maintenance of the wife of the sovereign, had been lavished. Few men treat their wives the better for playing the *Griselda* on all occasions, and assuredly Charles II. was not one of those. The moral courage displayed by the queen in refusing, after she had been wrongfully deprived of so large a portion of her income, to submit to the imputation of having exceeded it, appears rather to have increased his respect for her, as he certainly began to pay her some attention in public about this time. A great change took place in her manner also; she became lively, playful, and endeavoured, by all means in her power, to conform herself to his majesty's humour.²

The pecuniary difficulties to which Charles's unprincipled appropriation of his queen's revenue exposed her were very grievous. In May, 1663, she was recommended by her physicians to go to Tunbridge Wells, to try the effect of the medicinal waters, but when the time came, neither she nor her officers had any money to pay the expense of the journey. Her council were called together, to devise some plan for her relief, and they sent her secretary, lord Cornbury, Mr. Hervey, and lord Brounker, to the lord treasurer three different times, to procure an assignment for the money that was due to her on arrear. "But," writes lord Cornbury, to the earl of Chesterfield, her lord chamberlain, "his lordship told us that revenue was already anticipated, that he could not possibly fix any fund for the queen; but that for her majesty's present supply his lordship would endeavour to furnish Mr. Hervey with two thousand pounds, which was all he could yet possibly do; and how far such a sum is able to defray her majesty in her journey to Tunbridge, your lordship is very well able to judge. Upon report hereof to the council this afternoon, they have ordered my lord chamberlain, my lord Hollis, and Mr. Hervey, to attend the king, and to desire his majesty to give orders to the board of green cloth, to prepare all things for the queen's journey to Tunbridge, and to command five thousand pounds to be immediately paid to the queen for her particular occasions. What

¹ Pepys.² Ibid.

success this will have, your lordship shall know by the next post, if you please to allow me to give you the trouble."¹

The promised letter does not appear, but the sequel of the business may easily be guessed, for the queen did not go to Tunbridge Wells till July, when some part of her arrears were paid.

Catharine accompanied the king on his state visit to the city, on the 30th of May, when they dined with the lord mayor.

A few days afterwards, she was rejoiced with the news of the memorable battle of Amexial, in which the Spanish army, under don John of Austria, was defeated, with great loss, by the combined arms of England and Portugal. The Spaniards were then so near Lisbon, that it had been found necessary to set the fortunes of Portugal on a field. It was on this occasion that the conde de Villa Flor, the Portuguese general, on witnessing the gallantry with which colonel Hunt and his regiment forced their passage up the steep hill where don John of Austria was posted, exclaimed in an ecstasy, "These heretics are better to us than all our saints!" The weak-minded king of Portugal only rewarded his valiant allies with a present of snuff, which they contemptuously scattered on the ground. Charles II. ordered 40,000 crowns to be distributed among them as a testimony of his approbation.²

Catharine of Braganza, whose heart had been torn with anxiety, while the fate of her country hung on a doubtful balance, assumed a more cheerful carriage after the event of this battle secured independence to Portugal, and the sceptre to her family. The recognition of their rights appears always to have been the object dearest to her heart. It was her solicitude on this account that betrayed Catharine into the improper step of persuading her royal husband, very soon after her marriage, to send Richard Bellings, one of the gentlemen of her household, on a secret mission to Rome, to convey a letter from her to the pope, imploring his protection for Portugal, for the sake of the good offices she was ready to perform in England, for the amelioration of the condition of the catholics there, taking God to witness, "that neither the desire of crowns or sceptres had induced her to become queen of England, but her wish of serving the catholic religion."³ In the same strain she addressed several of the cardinals, especially cardinal Ursini, and recommended the lord Aubigny, her head almoner, to be made a cardinal, in consideration of his many virtues.

It was, no doubt, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of Catharine, that her brother was at last acknowledged by the Roman see as king of Portugal. The sanguine hopes she expressed of the Portuguese connexion becoming the means of bringing England once more into communion with the church of Rome, had perhaps some weight with the pontiff. The mission of Bellings was not unobserved by the vigilant foes of the queen, and it was probably the foundation on which the agitators of the popish plot built their monstrous fabrication, which caused the shedding of so much innocent blood. Catharine, as queen

¹ Letters of lord Chesterfield, chamberlain to Catharine of Braganza, pp. 127-29.

² Colbatch's Account of Portugal.

³ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa—Provas.

of England, ought to have avoided all cause for suspicion that she was acting under the influence of the papal see. But her enthusiastic zeal for the advancement of her own religion, and her love for her own country, rendered her forgetful of the impropriety of violating the established laws of the realm her husband ruled, by entering into interdicted correspondences and dangerous intrigues with Rome. A circumstance more extraordinary, however, than any practices of the queen in favour of the faith in which she was educated, was the avowed conversion of lady Castlemaine to the doctrines of the church of Rome.

The queen was by no means charmed at the unexpected acquisition of so disreputable a proselyte to her religion. The relatives of the lady were excessively annoyed at it, and implored the king to interpose his authority to prevent her from going to mass. Charles sarcastically replied, "that he never interfered with the souls of ladies."¹

The fact was, lady Castlemaine's influence over the king was beginning to abate, and she was cunningly preparing, in case of being abandoned by her royal lover, to pave the way for a reconciliation with her injured husband, by embracing his religion. It was observed, with great satisfaction, that she was absent from court on several public occasions, especially at a grand review of the king's guards, both horse and foot, in Hyde Park, on the 4th of July, which Pepys describes "as a goodly sight, to see so many fine horses and officers, and the king and duke on horseback, and the two queens in the queen-mother's coach, my lady Castlemaine not being there." Six days later he says, "I met Pierce, the chirurgeon, who tells me for certain that the king is grown colder to my lady Castlemaine than ordinary, and that he believes he begins to love the queen, and do make much of her more than he used to do."

The next thing that excited the wonder and admiration of the gay world, was the unwonted sight of the king riding hand in hand with queen Catharine in the park, before all the ladies and gallants of the court; and Catharine, according to the testimony of that excellent critic in female beauty, Samuel Pepys, looked "mighty pretty," in a very queer costume, namely, "a white laced waistcoat (called, in the modern vocabulary of dress, a spencer), and a crimson short petticoat, with hair *à la negligence*. Here also," proceeds he, "was my lady Castlemaine, riding among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her, nor when she alighted did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, (which all took notice of,) and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up to Whitehall, and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying them on each other's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress. But, above all, Mrs. Stuart

¹ Letters of count d'Estrades to Louis XIV.

in this dress, with her hat cocked, and a red plume, with her sweet eyes, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in all my life; and if ever woman can, does exceed my lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my lady Castlemaine."

Pepys was not the only person by whom this suspicion was whispered in the court, together with the hint that the king had been long weary of the thralldom in which he was held by his imperious mistress, whom he greatly feared, but had ceased to love, and that the principal attraction that had drawn him to her apartments of late was the company of the fair Stuart.¹ Such was the laxity of manners in this profligate court, that lord Blantyre, the father of this beautiful and giddy girl, permitted her to spend much of her time with so notorious a woman as lady Castlemaine. The fair Stuart was very young, very vain, and full of coquetry; she was flattered with the admiration of the sovereign, and amused herself with his passion so far as she could without involving herself in actual guilt. The attentions of a monarch and a married man can never be innocently, much less safely, received by any lady, and though Frances Stuart never committed a lapse from chastity, her reputation suffered from her rash flirtations with royalty.

The queen, to whom the Tunbridge waters had long been recommended, having at length obtained a payment on account of the arrears due to her from the crown, sufficient to furnish the needful funds for her journey, removed thither on the 25th of July. The king determined to accompany her, not, it is feared, from motives of conjugal affection, but because the fair Stuart, who had just been appointed one of her majesty's maids of honour, was in attendance.

He returned to London, the 27th of July, but rejoined the queen the same night. After a sojourn of a month at this place, which, in consequence of the predilection queen Catharine took for it, and its convenient distance from London, became one of fashionable resort, the court removed to Bath. On the 5th of September, the king and queen, with

¹ Many scandals touching this lady are afloat in the court history of Charles II., yet it is certain that she might have played the part of a second Anne Boleyn, if she had not possessed a better heart than that queen. She was very poor, for her father, Walter Stuart, lord Blantyre, a younger branch of the legitimate line of Lenox, and of course a near kinsman to the crown, was a gallant cavalier, who lost his all in the defence of his royal relative, Charles I. La Belle Stuart was born just before the death of Charles I.; she was educated in France, and very early became one of the train of Henrietta Maria. Her early charms drew the attention of Louis XIV., and when she was about to return to England, after the Restoration, with queen Henrietta Maria, Louis endeavoured, by flattering promises, to induce the young beauty to stay at his court. The queen, however, insisted on carrying her off with her; but the king of France presented her with a rich jewel at her departure. She was appointed maid of honour to queen Catharine, yet, notwithstanding her lofty descent, she was nearly destitute, excepting this appointment. Among her other conquests, one in humble life has immortalized her beauty; Philip Rotier, the royal medalist, took the model of her form for the Britannia on the copper coinage; and that figure, which presents so exquisite a union of slender elegance and roundness of contour, is the likeness of the fair Stuart.

the duke and duchess of York, prince Rupert, and all their retinue, came in state to Bristol, and were splendidly received and entertained by the mayor, by whom a grand dinner was provided on the occasion. They returned to Bath at four o'clock; 150 pieces of ordnance were discharged in the marsh at three distinct times. From Bath their majesties went in progress to Oxford, where they arrived 22d of September, and were welcomed with every demonstration of loyal affection. After spending two months very agreeably, in visiting the most interesting places in the western and midland counties, with her royal husband, Catharine returned with him to Whitehall. It was said that the good effects of the Tunbridge waters and the Bristol baths were counteracted by the uneasiness she felt at the devotion of the king to her new maid of honour, the beautiful Frances Stuart; but she betrayed no outward symptoms of jealousy against a giddy girl, whom she saw building houses of cards, playing at blindman's buff, and talking nonsense indiscriminately to all the court, but who had proved herself capable of awing the profligate duke of Buckingham when he attempted to address her improperly.¹

More serious cause for disquiet had Catharine in the alarming signs of a renewed intimacy between the king and his evil genius, lady Castlemaine, indicated by his supping with her the very night he returned to Whitehall. That evening old father Thames made an active diversion in favour of the injured queen, by inundating my lady Castlemaine's kitchen, where the water rose so high that it was impossible for the cook to roast the chine of beef that was ordered for his majesty's supper. When Mrs. Sarah, her housekeeper, communicated this disaster to her mistress, she told her, with a formidable exclamation, "that she must set the house on fire, but it must be roasted;" so it was carried to the house of Mrs. Sarah's husband, and cooked there.² On the two following nights, October 11th and 12th, Charles supped with lady Castlemaine again. Two or three days after his return to his old follies all hopes of an heir to England for the present were lost, and the queen's illness was succeeded by a fever of so alarming a character, that her death was hourly expected, and, indeed, reported in the court.³ The king, conscience-stricken at the sight of her sufferings and danger, gave way to a burst of passionate tenderness and remorse, and wept bitterly. Catharine told him "she willingly left all the world but him," on which he threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and bathing her hands with tears, begged her "to live for his sake."⁴ She consoled him with much calmness and sweetness, telling him "that she should rejoice to see him in a state that would put it into his power to marry some princess of greater merit than herself, and who would contribute more to his happiness and the good of his realm." They removed the king by force from this agitating scene, but not till he was so much overpowered by his feelings as to be on the point of fainting, while the few

¹ Count Hamilton.

² Pepys.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Letter from Arlington to Ormond, Oct. 17, 1663, in Brown's *Miscellaneous Antica*.

Portuguese attendants, whom she had been permitted to retain, distracted every one with their doleful cries and lamentations.¹

The queen contemplated the approach of death with the courage of a philosopher and the serenity of a Christian. She made her will, gave orders for many domestic arrangements, and received the last sacraments of her church. Her doctors were very angry with her priests, for the length of time in which they occupied the royal patient, in performing the exciting solemnity of extreme unction, which they of course concluded would aggravate her fever, and diminish the chances of her recovery. Contrary, however, to all expectation, she fell into a profound sleep, in which she remained with little interruption five hours; she then awoke, gargled her mouth, her malady being a spotted fever, accompanied with sore throat, and then sunk to sleep again; but there was no diminution in the violence of the fever, her pulse beating twenty to the king's or lady Suffolk's, who were both watching over her. By her own desire she had her luxuriant dark hair cut off, and her head shaved.

"The king," says Pepys, "is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep, which some one this day told me he reckons a good sign, as it carries away some rheum from her head." For several days the queen vibrated between life and death. Lionne, the French ambassador, wrote to his royal master, "that between the 25th and 29th of October, the physicians entertained little hopes of her recovery. He says, that after she had received extreme unction, she preferred two requests to the king—one, that her body might be sent to Portugal for interment in the tomb of her ancestors; the other, that he would remember the obligation into which he had entered, never to separate his interests from those of the king her brother, and to continue his protection to her distressed people."²

"For the last of these requests," proceeds the cool diplomatist, "we shall learn the success in time; for the other, I doubt not he will very willingly satisfy her. The king appears to me very much afflicted; he supped, nevertheless, yesterday evening, with lady Castlemaine, and conversed as usual with mademoiselle Stuart, with whom he is very much in love."³ It was generally believed that this lively young beauty, who had made almost as deep an impression on the heart of Charles II. as Anne Boleyn formerly did on that of Henry VIII., was destined for the same preferment in case of the queen's death.⁴ Charles, however, passed a great deal of his time in the chamber of his sick wife, and bestowed much personal attendance on her. Of this she was gratefully sensible, though her intellects were disordered by the violence of the fever, which greatly affected her brain. She fancied, in her delirium, that she had borne a son, and said, "she was much troubled that her boy was but an ugly boy." The king, being present, to humour her, said, "No, it is a very pretty boy." "Nay," replied she, tenderly, "if it be like you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be well pleased with it."

¹ Lettres de M. de Lionne in Pepys. Appendix.

² Lionne's Despatches

³ Ibid.

⁴ Pepys

The passionate instincts of maternity continued for several days to haunt the childless queen, and her thoughts, sleeping or waking, were of nothing but her imaginary offspring.¹ On the 27th of October, she fancied she had three, and that the girl was very like the king, and, happy in the idea, she slept several hours that night. At five in the morning her physician unwittingly awakened her by feeling her pulse, and the first word she said was, "How do the children?"²

This pleasant delusion, perhaps, contributed to Catharine's recovery more than the pigeons that were applied to her feet, or the cordial prescription of sir Francis Prujeon, her doctor, which Pepys says, "in her despair, did give her rest." Waller, with that exquisite perception of the female heart which belongs to poetic inspiration, attributes, with greater probability, the almost miraculous restoration of the queen to the effect of her royal husband's tender sympathy. In the complimentary verses which this courtly poet addressed to her majesty on her recovery from illness, he alludes to the tears which Charles wept over her, in the following graceful lines:—

"He that was never known to mourn So many kingdoms from him torn, His tears reserved for you, more dear, More prized than all those kingdoms were!	For when no healing art prevail'd, When cordials and elixirs fail'd, On your pale cheek he dropp'd the shower, Revived you like a dying flower."
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The recovery of the queen was, however, very slow, and her state continued for a time so precarious, that Pepys records "that he prudentially sent to stop the making of his velvet cloak, till he should see whether she would live or die." So variously at times are the minds of human beings affected, by the consideration of the frail tenure on which a fellow-creature is supposed to hold existence.

The general report of her majesty's health on the 29th of October, was, "The queen mends apace, but yet talks idle still." On the 30th, "The queen continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover." She was not out of danger in the first week of November, when she was exposed to the fatigue and excitement of a state visit from monsieur de Lionne, the French ambassador, and monsieur de Cateu, a gentleman of rank from the court of Louis XIV., who had arrived from Paris the night before, charged with compliments of condolence from that monarch and his queen to her majesty on her sickness. Although queen Catharine still kept her bed, and had occasional fits of delirium, it was a matter of royal etiquette that the greetings of their French majesties should be delivered to her in person, and that she should give them a gracious reception. It is to be remembered that it was the fashion at that time for kings, queens, and persons nearly allied to the crown, both in England and France, to be harassed with a thousand impertinent ceremonies in the time of sickness, and, the more imminent the danger, the more solemn and elaborate were the ceremonies, and the greater the influx of visitors, rendering the doubtful chances of recovery next to impossible. The luxury of privacy was never allowed to royal personages in those days. They were born in public, they dressed and un-

¹ Pepys.

² *Ibid.*

dressed in public, they ate and drank in public, and they died in public, surrounded by a crowd of princes, bishops, judges, cabinet ministers, and foreign ambassadors, watching their last agonies, for they were never allowed the comfort of a quiet room in sickness, or a peaceful departure from this life. And notwithstanding all this pomp and parade of death, every intricate symptom of the illustrious patient's malady was attributed to the effects of poison, administered through the machinations of the nearest of kin.

As Charles II. had been so indifferent a husband, and the reversion of his royal hand was already awarded, by report, to the fair Stuart and others, he was of course desirous that the envoys of France should have the opportunity of seeing and speaking to his poor queen, that they might, in case of the worst, bear honourable testimony for him that he had not hastened her departure. Late as it was in the evening when monsieur Cateu arrived in London, he was immediately conducted to Whitehall by the ambassador, who knew king Charles was impatient for his coming.¹ The king received him with much satisfaction, and wished him to see the queen directly, but as she was asleep, the visit was deferred till the next day. At the appointed hour they came, and were introduced by king Charles into the *ruelle* of her majesty's bed.²

The king, according to the report of M. de Lionne, took the pains to deliver the complimentary messages of the king and queen of France to queen Catharine herself, which cost him some trouble, for the fever had rendered her so deaf, that it was only by going very close to her, and bawling in her ear, that she could be made to understand what was said. When she comprehended the purport of this really unseasonable visit, she testified much satisfaction, and said a few words to that effect in reply very intelligibly. "Since that time," continues the ambassador, who certainly never could have experienced himself the misery of being teased with such pompous absurdity during the low stage of a malignant typhus fever, "her majesty finds herself better, and it seems to me that the care your majesty has taken in sending to make her this visit, has contributed more to her cure than all the doctors. They make us hope she is out of danger, but she wanders frequently still, which shows that the brain is affected, for the fever is scarcely high enough to cause that symptom. One must have seen what I have to believe this, for the meanest among the courtiers takes the liberty of marrying his royal master again, each according to his own inclination; but the most confident speak of the daughter of the prince de Ligne,³ from which the

¹ Despatches of M. de Lionne, Oct. 26—Nov. 5, 1663.

² This was the space or alley in the alcove, between the bed and the wall, which was approached by confidential attendants, or persons who were honoured with a private interview, through a small door near the bed's head, communicating with a secret passage and staircase; the proverbial expression of backstairs intrigues has reference to this arrangement. In the old palaces and hotels in France, the fashion of the alcove may still be seen in the state bed-rooms. In some chambers there are two alcoves, forming small apartments, separate from the rest of the room by silk and wire curtains, and sometimes by elegant draperies, which are festooned back, or closed at pleasure.

³ Charles had been attached to this lady during his exile, and it was even reported that he had two sons, the fruit of a private marriage with her.

king of Spain might gain some advantage; but I can assure your majesty that these projects are very likely to be broken by the recovery of the sick, and that few people will rejoice in it, unless it be the duke and duchess of York, who would otherwise see the fine hopes which at present flatter them distanced, as it is said this queen can never bear children."

It was observed by that universal observer, Pepys, during the queen's illness, that king Charles's hair had grown very grey, which seemed to afford an excuse to the monarch for adopting the then prevailing fashion of wearing a periwig—a mode that was introduced at the era of his restoration by the prudent roundheads, who were desirous of avoiding the sneers of the court, by emulating the flowing locks of the cavaliers. In the course of three or four years, the cavaliers had the folly to cut off their envied love-locks, and put on the periwig imitations, which their old enemies had devised to cover the evidence of their late party principles, when loyalty became the fashion.

Pepys, though he indulged himself even to extravagance in the article of periwigs, confessed that the duke of York's hair, even when he saw it cut short, in order to be covered with one of these modish appendages, was pretty enough to have served instead. The ringlet periwig of the Restoration soon amplified into the tasteless fashion of the campaign and Marlborough wigs, which were in turn succeeded by the endless barbarisms of perukes, bag-wigs, tie-wigs, cannon-wigs, and bob-wigs, which, for more than a century and a quarter, caricatured the countenances of English gentlemen.

The commencement of the year 1664, found queen Catharine perfectly recovered from her long sore sickness, and greatly improved in her English. The courtiers were amused with the pretty little phrases she used in order to explain herself. One day, when she meant to say that she did not like one of the horses that appeared mettlesome and full of tricks, she innocently said, "he did make too much vanity."

The affection the king had testified for her during the period of her sickness appeared to have been as evanescent as his tears, and he now devoted himself openly to the fair Stuart, whom he admired the more because he found it impossible to prevail over her virtue. Lady Castlemaine was furiously jealous of her youthful rival, and the more her own influence with the king decreased, the more fiercely and openly did she assert her claims on his attention. One day, being at the theatre, in the next box to that occupied by the king and the duke of York, she leaned over several other ladies to whisper to his majesty, and then boldly rose up, and walking into the royal box, seated herself at the king's right hand, between him and the duke of York, which put every one there, and the king himself, out of countenance.¹ Charles, though he had been so tyrannical a husband to the amiable and virtuous consort by whom he was only too tenderly beloved, wanted the moral courage to emancipate himself from the shameless virago whom he had ceased to love, and who exposed him to the contempt of his court.

¹ Pepys.

A new and very elegant open carriage, called a calash, had been brought from France, as a present to the king, which was the admiration of every one who saw it. The queen begged the king to allow her to go out in it, with her sister-in-law the duchess of York, the first time it was used. Lady Castlemaine, having seen them in it, demanded the loan of it for the first fine day, for a drive in Hyde Park, which was then, as now, the fashionable resort of the *beau monde* for carriage drives and equestrian exercise. The fair Stuart made the same request, and a most violent scene took place between the rival goddesses; but the king gave the preference to the reigning object of his idolatry, and from that hour the hatred between lady Castlemaine and her became irreconcilable.¹

The meekness and forbearance of the ill-treated queen afforded a strong contrast to the violence of the proud, contentious woman whom Charles had the folly to prefer to her. Catharine even hesitated to enter her own dressing-room, without giving some intimation of her approach, lest she should have the mortification of surprising the king in the midst of a love scene with one or other of her ladies. Then, too, she was unjustly wronged out of a considerable part of the crown lands, in which she had been jointured, the king having let them, at merely nominal rents, to one of his worthless favourites, lord Fitzharding, who was a creature of lady Castlemaine's. The king had already exhausted all his resources, and involved himself considerably in debt. The precarious nature of the queen's income, and the frequent defaults she had to bear from the exchequer, taught her habits of economy from necessity, and this at length degenerated into avarice, or, at any rate, over-strictness in requiring her dues. She suspected all her officers of the same want of honesty that she experienced from their royal master, which obtained for her the unpopular character of a "hard woman to deal with." William Prynne, who had been pilloried in the reign of Charles I. for his contemptuous writing against queen Henrietta Maria, held Catharine of Braganza in such high esteem, that he endeavoured to put her in the way of improving her revenue, by a revival of the ancient claims of the queens of England to the *aurum reginæ*, or queen's gold. He even exerted his antiquarian talents and research in writing a book on the subject, which he dedicated to her majesty. Charles II. was highly amused at the devotion manifested by the stern old roundhead to his popish consort, and his zeal for her pecuniary interests; but he judged it unadvisable to moot the point of the obsolete queenly privilege, to which Prynne set forth her right,—a right which had merged in the crown, ever since the offices of sovereign and queen had been vested in the person of Mary Tudor, and more completely so in that of Elizabeth.²

¹ Count Hamilton.

² When Charles II. was asked what course ought to be pursued with Prynne, who was beginning to get very troublesome to his government—"Odds fish!" replied the king, "he wants something to do; I'll make him keeper of the Tower records, and set him to put them in order, which will keep him in employment for the next twenty years." The restless activity of the antiquarian republican exerted itself to good purpose, in reforming the chaos that was committed to his

Queen Catharine went with her royal husband, on the 21st of March, to see him open the sessions of parliament in person, on which occasion his majesty delivered a long speech from the throne, on the subject of the many plots which were said at that time to be in agitation against his person and the peace of the realm. He also spoke against triennial parliaments. Charles had been greatly annoyed by the publication of various caricatures against his royal person by the Dutch republican party. In one of these he was represented with all his pockets turned inside out, begging for money of his parliament. In another, he appears led by two ladies, and threatened by a third.

The queen's master of the horse, Edward Montague, was dismissed by the king in May. His offence was supposed to be his great attachment to the service of his royal mistress, whose cause he always upheld with more warmth than discretion. The profligate companions of the king endeavoured to excite his majesty's jealousy against Montague, by saying he was in love with the queen, and that his majesty ought to have a care of his wife. It was reported that Charles one day forgot his own dignity and the respect due to his virtuous consort so far as to ask Montague, in a bantering tone, "How his mistress did?"¹ Catharine submitted to the loss of her faithful attendant as a matter of course, but would not accept any one else in his place till after his death.

Catharine was a princess of very simple tastes and inclinations, of which the furniture and arrangements of her private apartments in Whitehall afford convincing proof. "Mr. Pierce," says Pepys, "showed me the queen's bed-chamber and her closet, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures and books of devotion, and her holy water at her head as she sleeps. She had an illuminated clock near her bed, in order to see what the hour was in the night. She had also a curiously inlaid cabinet of ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and silver, which contained a small altar and relics, with all things necessary for her private devotions."

The king's closet, at this time, was so richly and elaborately adorned with paintings and other costly ornaments and furniture, that our author declared himself to be absolutely dazzled and bewildered with the abundance of objects of attraction. As for the apartments of his mistresses, they were decorated with everything that luxury could devise or extravagance supply, rivalling the descriptions in the Arabian and Persian tales in their splendour. Evelyn was disgusted with the magnificence he saw displayed by these women.

Queen Catharine sat for her picture twice to Huysman, the Dutch artist, this year. She was painted once in the character of St. Catha-

care. The value he felt for the muniments of history imbued him with a veneration for regality itself; and the man who had refused either to drink king Charles's health, or to doff his hat while others drank it, became a stickler for the right divine of kings, and an advocate for the restoration of the privileges and immunities accorded in the good old times to their consorts. He even went so far as to justify the severity of the star-chamber sentence that had been inflicted on his own person, by declaring, "that if they had taken his head when they deprived him of his ears, he had been only given his deserts."

¹ Pepys.

rine, and once as a shepherdess. This artist chose her for the model of his Madonnas. Her best portraits are by Lely, and her most becoming costume is black velvet.

This summer, however, she and her maids of honour affected silver lace gowns. They all walked from Whitehall in procession to the chapel of St. James's palace, through the park, in this glittering costume, in the bright morning sunshine. Parasols being unknown in England at that era, the courtly belles used the gigantic green shading fans, which had been introduced by the queen and her Portuguese ladies, to shield their complexions from the sun, when they did not wish wholly to obscure their charms by putting on their masks. Both were in general use in this reign. The green shading fan is of Moorish origin, and, for more than a century after the marriage of Catharine of Braganza, was considered an indispensable luxury by our fair and stately ancestral dames, who used them in open carriages, in the promenade, and at prayers, where they ostentatiously screened their devotions from public view, by spreading them before their faces while they knelt. The India trade opened by Catharine's marriage treaty soon supplied the ladies of England with fans better adapted, by their lightness and elegance, to be used as weapons of coquetry at balls and plays. Addison has devoted several papers in the *Spectator* to playful satire on these toys, from whence the now general terms of flirt and flirtation have been derived. The pastoral genius of Watteau and other French and Flemish artists was first brought into notice by the employment of painting shepherdesses in hoop-petticoats, and swains in full-bottomed wigs, with cupids, nymphs, and the usual machinery of antiquated courtships, on the mounts of fans.

The hostile relations between Holland and England rendered it expedient for the king to commence his naval preparations to maintain the honour of the country. Lord Sandwich was ordered to put to sea early in July, 1664, and the queen was promised the pleasure of accompanying her royal husband to see the fleet go down to the Hope. King Charles himself thus notices her desire to witness this noble spectacle.¹ "My wife is so afraid that she shall not see the fleet before it goes out, that she intends to set out from this place (Whitehall) on Monday next, with the afternoon tide; therefore, let all the yachts, except that which the French ambassador has, be ready at Gravesend by that time."

Catharine enjoyed the gratification of her wish, for Charles took both her and his royal mother on board the fleet at Chatham, before it left the port, the last week in May. A few days afterwards, they went down to Chatham again, when, in consequence of the great heat of the sun, Charles took off both his periwig and waistcoat to cool himself, and got a violent cold, which brought on a fever, and he was obliged to be bled and to keep his room for two or three days.²

This year some attention was excited at court by the statements of Mr. Mompesson, of the nocturnal disturbances of his house at Tedworth,

¹ Inedited autograph letter of Charles II., without date. Brit. Mus. MS., Lansdowne, 120, folio 202.

² Despatches of Lionne.

Wiltshire, by the freaks of an invisible drummer, who had alarmed his family every night for more than a year.¹ This story Mr. Mompesson repeated to the king and queen, on which Charles despatched his favourite, lord Falmouth, and the queen, her chamberlain, lord Chesterfield, to examine into the truth of it; but neither of them could see or hear anything that was extraordinary. About a twelvemonth afterwards, his majesty told lord Chesterfield that he had discovered the cheat, which Mr. Mompesson had confessed to him: the king's statement was, however, incorrect.

Catharine's passionate love for her own country betrayed her into a very unladylike breach of that stately courtesy, with which the science of royalty teaches princes to conceal their private feelings on all public occasions. Her dignity as queen of England ought to have compelled her to forget the national animosity of a daughter of Braganza towards Spain, but the manner in which she permitted it to break forth, at the first audience of the new Spanish ambassador, at Whitehall, September 19th, 1664, is related, with evident vexation, by sir Henry Bennet to sir Richard Fanshawe, the English minister at the court of Madrid.

"Three days ago, don Patricio Omeledio had his audience of entry, in the quality of resident, of his majesty, and having finished that, asked to receive the same honour from the queen, who, being discomposed a little more than could have been wished, and forbidding him in his harangue to speak to her in Spanish, he submitted to her pleasure herein, and continued it in French, acquitting himself therein with all fitting respect on his part; which I say to your excellency, that the story that will certainly be made thereof may not altogether surprise you."²

Spanish was, however, Catharine's mother's native language, and, a few weeks after this weak manifestation of her hostility to that nation, she made her court put on mourning for her Spanish cousin, the duke of Medina Sidonia.³ One cause of her intemperate burst of temper was of course the recent demand of the Spanish government, that Tangier should be given up to them. Charles II. replied to this requisition, "that they had no more to do with it than they had with Plymouth; that Tangier was an ancient acquisition of the crown of Portugal; that he had received it as a part of his queen's dowry, and if they would not allow that to give him a lawful right to the place, they had better tell him at once that they would come to a quarrel with him for it, in which case he should know how to proceed."

Catharine went with her ladies in her state-barge to see a ship-launch at Woolwich, October 26. The wind and waves were so rough that day, that the duchess of Buckingham, and the fair mistress Boynton, one

¹ This incident furnished the plot for Addison's elegant comedy, "The Drummer, or, the Haunted House;" but it would have added to the interest and humour of the play, if the author had introduced, among the *dramatis personæ*, the characters of queen Catharine's courtly lord chamberlain and the brave earl of Falmouth, who, soon after, was killed by the side of his royal commander, the duke of York, in the triumphant naval engagement between the fleets of England and Holland.

² Letters of the earl of Arlington, vol. ii., p. 44.

³ Ibid., p. 64.

of her maids of honour, were as much indisposed as if they had been at sea. The queen alone felt no inconvenience.¹

The king, the duke of York, and the French ambassador came in the royal carriages by land. The ship, which was built by Pett, was successfully launched, and much admired by the king, who said, "she had the finest bow that ever he saw; and the French ambassador gives a lively description of the grandeur and beauty of this vessel, which carried 70 guns. Charles behaved very graciously, on this occasion, to the veteran naval commanders of the commonwealth, who were present. He told the French ambassador, in his jocose way, before them, "that they had all had the plague, but were now perfectly cured of the malady, and were less likely to have it again than others." They then went down to the Nore in the newly-launched vessel, and returned in the royal yacht, where they partook of a noble banquet. The king's carriages were to meet them again at Woolwich. Meantime a very rough swell came on; the hail and rain descended in torrents; every lady but the queen was sea-sick, and she, who had come with her ladies from Whitehall to Woolwich in the royal yacht, and was expected to return the same way, played his majesty and the gentlemen a sly trick, by stealing on shore with her ladies, and taking possession of the coaches which had been sent for the king and the ambassador, "making it," complains his excellency,² "her pleasure to see the other unfortunates suffering from the effects of the tempest, and not caring what became of us. It was impossible for us to get to London in the barge, and we were obliged to get horses and carriages at Greenwich to take us to Whitehall." Lionne, in this letter, expresses his admiration of the grandeur of the British ships.

On the 3rd of June, 1665, the greatest naval victory that had yet been gained by England was won by the fleet under the duke of York's command, between Southwold and Harwich.

The rejoicings for this mighty victory were damped by the consternation that had seized all hearts, on account of the breaking out of the plague, the most terrible visitation of the kind ever known in England. Although many houses were marked with the red cross, and the work of desolation was rapidly increasing in the vicinity of the palace, the king and queen did not abandon Whitehall till the 29th of June, when they, with the duke of York, accompanied the queen-mother, who was leaving England, on her journey. Catharine returned that night to Hampton Court, but the royal brothers attended Henrietta as far as the Downs. The plague speedily breaking out at Hampton Court, their majesties and the court left on the 27th, for Salisbury.³

The queen and her ladies exhibited a new-fashioned travelling costume on this occasion, which Pepys, who saw them set off, thus describes: "It was pretty to see the pretty young ladies, dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps, with ribbons, and laced bands, just like men, only the duchess herself it did not become." The duchess of York having grown

¹ Pepys. Letter of M. de Lionne to Louis XIV.

² M. de Lionne

³ Earl of Arlington's Letters. Pepys.

very fat, had lost all pretensions to that elegance of contour which was requisite to set off dresses fitting close to the shape.

It was agreed on the spot that the duke and duchess, with their retinue, should set off direct for York, much to their satisfaction, for the court was in so uncomfortable a state just then, through the rival parties of the queen and lady Castlemaine, that they were glad to escape from being implicated in any of the quarrels and intrigues that were going on.¹ If anything could have recalled the king and his evil companions to a sense of the wickedness of their lives, it would have been the awful reflection that the sword of the destroying angel was even then suspended over them, and sweeping thousands daily to the tomb.² To the excited fancies of many of those who remained in the metropolis, the vision of a flaming sword, reaching from Westminster to the Tower, seemed nightly present, like the meteor sword that hung over Jerusalem during the siege. The appearance of a comet some months before had caused superstitious feelings of alarm to the weak-minded, by whom it was regarded with scarcely less terror than that with which the Anglo-Saxons had beheld the comet which visited our hemisphere in the year 1066, on the eve of the Norman invasion. Charles II., who had a peculiar taste for scientific pursuits, and was the founder of the Observatory at Greenwich, watched, with great interest, several nights for the appearance of the new comet, and the queen sat up with him twice, at different times, to obtain a sight of it. The second time, she saw it.³

The first day the king and queen left Hampton Court they slept at Farnham, and proceeded to Salisbury the next. They were followed by the French and Spanish ambassadors, and a great many of the nobility; but the air did not agree with the king, who was indisposed all the time he was there, which caused him to leave it sooner than he had intended. While they yet remained, the news arrived of the unsuccessful action of the earl of Sandwich, before Bergen, in which Edward Montague, the queen's faithful master of the horse, was slain, having volunteered on board the fleet in a fit of indignation at the injurious manner in which he had been driven from her majesty's service; no sooner was the news of his death received, than the duke and duchess of York wrote both to the king and queen, entreating them to bestow his place on his younger brother, who was the duchess's equerry. Clarendon, at the request of his daughter, the duchess of York, waited on the queen to back their suit.⁴ Catharine was of course well-disposed to bestow the appointment on the younger Montague, whose brother had attended her home from Lisbon, and had suffered in every way from his devotion to her service; but she prudently replied, "that she would make no choice herself of any servant, without being first informed of

¹ Clarendon.

² The limits of this work are too circumscribed to permit of entering into the details of this melancholy period, which will be found in the journals of Evelyn and Pepys, and the narratives of Defoe and other eye-witnesses of the horrors of the great plague of 1665, in which 100,000 persons perished within the bills of mortality.

³ Pepys.

⁴ Life of Clarendon.

his majesty's pleasure;" adding, "that she had heard that the lord Montague was very angry with his son, who was unfortunately slain, for having taken that charge in her family, and never allowed him anything towards his support, and that she would not receive his younger son into her service unless she were assured that his lordship desired it." She concluded by requesting Clarendon, if that were the case, to speak to the king as dexterously as he could, to dispose him to recommend young Montague to her, which she considered only just, since his brother had lost his life in his majesty's service. The chancellor preferred the request to the king, in the name of the duchess of York, and said, "the queen referred it entirely to his majesty." The king declared, "he would never recommend any one to the queen but what should be very agreeable to her, and that it would seem hard to deny one brother to succeed another who had been killed in his service," but owned that lord Crofts had solicited him in favour of Mr. Robert Spencer.¹ This was the lord treasurer Southampton's nephew, in whose behalf a series of intrigues were set on foot. Southampton quarrelled with Clarendon for having recommended another to the queen; Clarendon, to conciliate his colleague, endeavoured secretly to countermine his former recommendation, though well aware it was the queen's wish to give the place to the brother of her faithful servant, and she would certainly have been circumvented, but for the arrival of the duke of York, who took young Montague's part with so high a hand, that the king, who had begun to waver to the new candidate, decided in his favour.

How difficult must be the position of a queen, when so many rival interests beset her, regarding every appointment in her own household! Catharine had learned to manifest a political indifference and perfect submission to her royal husband's pleasure on these subjects, which enabled her, as in this instance, occasionally to get her own way. If she had openly espoused the part of Montague, he would assuredly have lost the place, for then lady Castlemaine would have insisted on its being given to Robert Spencer.

It was unlucky for Catharine, that not only her husband, but her lord chamberlain, was in love with the countess of Castlemaine. Lord Chesterfield found himself so awkwardly situated between the reverence he owed to her majesty, and the recollection of the terms on which he had been, while a widower, with her insolent rival, that, to avoid the disputes in which he occasionally found himself involved, he resigned his place in her majesty's household. Catharine was pleased, when he took his leave, to express her sense of his character and services in handsome terms, commanding him to continue a member of her council.² This was in 1665.

The king opened his parliament on the 10th of October, in the great hall of Christ Church, when they voted him supplies for carrying on the Dutch war, which he had been compelled to commence with no better supply than 100,000*l.* lent him, in his utmost need, by the city of Lon-

¹ Life of Clarendon.

² Introductory memoir to the letters of lord Chesterfield.

don, and at this very time he was subscribing out of his privy purse the sum of 1000*l.* weekly, for the relief of the sufferers with the plague.

While the court remained at Oxford, the queen was once more flattered with deceptive hopes of bringing an heir to the crown; and, while that hope lasted, the king reformed his conduct visibly, and made a laudable resolution of endeavouring to make himself worthy of receiving the blessing of legitimate offspring. So careful was he of Catharine at this period, that he would by no means permit her to return to Hampton Court with him in January, lest her safety and that of the anticipated infant should be endangered by an approach towards the infected metropolis. She was, however, so anxious to be with him, that she commenced preparations for the journey, in order to follow him, when, unfortunately, as she was on the eve of setting off, a disappointment occurred, which detained her at Oxford till the 16th of February.¹

The earl of Arlington, after communicating this ill-news to sir William Temple, adds, "but we comfort ourselves with the hopes that the next time she may succeed better." Charles behaved almost as ill as Henry VIII. on the occasion, and lady Castlemaine, who was in the same situation as the queen, and was brought to bed of a fine boy, was full of exultation, and failed not to depreciate his luckless consort to her royal paramour, as a person who never would or could bring him an heir.

The next grief that befel Catharine was the death of her beloved mother, the queen-regent of Portugal.² The news of this event arrived in London on the 28th of March, 1666, but, as the queen was then in a delicate state of health, and under a course of physic, it was several days before any one ventured to communicate the affecting tidings to her.³ The court wore the deepest mourning on this occasion; the ladies were directed "to wear their hair plain, and to appear without spots on their faces," the disfiguring fashion of patching having just been introduced. Lady Castlemaine was considered to appear to great disadvantage without her patches. One day, in the course of this spring, the queen told lady Castlemaine, "that she feared the king took cold by staying so late at her house," on which she boldly replied, before all the ladies, "that he left her house betimes, and must stay with some one else." The king, entering unawares while she was thus endeavouring to turn the current of the queen's jealousy to one of her rivals, came behind her, and whispered in her ear, "that she was a bold impertinent woman, and bade her begone out of the court, and not come again till he sent for her." For a wonder she obeyed, but said, in her rage, "she would be even with the king, and print his letters,"⁴ a threat which always ren-

¹ Clarendon.

² This princess had been removed from the helm of government soon after her daughter's marriage with Charles II., through the intrigues of the conde de Castelmelbor; and the imbecile king Alphonso VI. assumed the royal authority. He proved himself incapable of the office, and was deposed in the year 1668, and his brother, don Pedro, was placed on the throne of Portugal. Not contented with the throne, Pedro chose to have the wife of his brother also, and succeeded, for the lady obtained a sentence of nullity on her first marriage, and gave her hand to don Pedro.—Colbatch's Account of Portugal.

Pepys.

⁴ *Ibid.*

dered Charles submissive, so completely was he in her power; so that he who, as Clarendon observes, could not endure the imputation of being governed by his wife or prime minister, permitted himself to be called "fool," or any other degrading epithet this woman chose to bestow on him. It was vainly hoped that this quarrel was definitive, but in a day or two lady Castlemaine sent to inquire if she might send for her furniture from the palace to her new lodging. The king replied, "that she must come and fetch them herself," which she did; a reconciliation took place, and Charles was more estranged from his wife than ever.

In July, the queen and her ladies visited Tunbridge Wells again, and spent some weeks there. This place, which the patronage of Catharine of Braganza had rendered the resort of the *beau monde* of the 17th century, is described by a contemporary, who made one of the gay throng by whom it was frequented at that season, as the place of all Europe the most rural and simple, and at the same time the most lively and agreeable. "The company are all accommodated with lodgings," says he, "in little clean convenient habitations, that lie scattered from each other a mile and a half round the wells, where the company meet in the morning. This place consists of a long walk shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with toys and ornamental goods, where there is raffling. On the other side is the market. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his or her little palace, to assemble on the bowling green, where, in the open air, those who choose dance on a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world."

Such was Tunbridge Wells, and the manner of life led there in the days when the amiable and neglected queen of Charles II. sought to beguile her cares and griefs by mingling in the diversions of her subjects, and endeavouring to increase the enjoyment of those around her by dispensing with the ceremonies that were due to her rank. There was dancing every night at her house, because the physicians recommended it to those who drank the waters, and poor Catharine took excessive delight in this exercise, although her figure by no means fitted her to enter the lists to advantage in such exhibitions with the graceful Frances Stuart, the stately Castlemaine, and the other beauties of the court. She had learned, however, the difficult lesson of concealing any uneasy emotion she might feel when she saw her royal husband devoting all his time and attention to one or other of her rivals.

Apparently, she entered into the frolic tone of the place with hearty good humour, and made it her chief study to divert the king from dwelling too long on any object of attraction, by the perpetual round of amusements she devised. Unfortunately, she sent for the players to Tunbridge Wells, which led to disgraceful intimacies between his majesty and two of the actresses, Mrs. Davies and the celebrated Nell Gwynne. Ere long Charles outraged all decency by appointing the latter, whom Evelyn justly terms "an impudent comedian," as one of the bed-chamber women to his royal consort,—an office for which her

low-breeding, ribald language, and shameless way of life, rendered her notoriously unfit.¹

The aspect of public affairs was peculiarly gloomy at this crisis. The commerce of England had for the last year been wholly destroyed by the plague; death and sorrow and poverty had rendered all homes desolate. The distress which followed this national visitation had caused a complete failure in the supplies voted by the parliament, it having been found impossible to collect the taxes, and the country was involved in a war both with Holland and France—a war that was unfairly carried on by attempts, not only on the part of the republic of Holland, but of Louis XIV., to excite an insurrectionary spirit in England. The agents employed as spies and emissaries for the diffusion of sedition were no other than the exiled roundheads and their connexions in England and Scotland, pretended patriots, but in reality the hireling agitators employed by the enemies of their own country to work out their dishonourable intrigues.

The following passage, quoted by the present accomplished premier of France, M. Guizot, in his noble work, the *Course of Civilization*, from the notes kept by Louis XIV., of the personal transactions of the year 1666, will show the principles of the all but deified Algernon Sidney, in their true colours.

"I had this morning," says Louis, "a conversation with M. de Sidney, an English gentleman, who has made me understand the possibility of re-animating the republican party in England. M. de Sidney demands of me for that purpose, 400,000 livres. I have told him that I could not give him more than 200,000. He has engaged me to draw from Switzerland another English gentleman of the name of Ludlow, and to confer with him on the same design."²

The fire of London, which broke out on the 2d of September, at the corner of Thames-street, in a baker's shop, full of faggots, near a row of wooden store-houses, filled with pitch, tar, oakum, and other combustibles, was so clearly the effect of accident, that it would be unfair to impute it to the evil devices of a foreign power, or to the frenzy of fanatics of either of the non-conforming creeds, who were accused by vulgar prejudice of having caused this dreadful calamity, which was predicted by the puritans ten years before it happened.³

¹ Mr. Pegge, in his *Curialia*, thus notices this disgraceful fact: "I am ashamed to confess that I find Nell Gwynne among the ladies of the privy-chamber to queen Catharine, under the name of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne."

² Ludlow, in his *Memoirs*, briefly notices the overture that was made to him, in these words: "I have received from the French government an invitation to come to Paris, to discuss the affairs of my country; but I distrust the French government."

³ It is a fact, no less strange than true, that a plot for the seizure of the Tower and the burning of London, was discovered by Monk during the very height of the pestilence, in the autumn of 1665, for which several conspirators, all officers or soldiers in the late rebellion, were tried, convicted, and executed in April, 1666; and that the time fixed for carrying this diabolical project into execution was the 3d of September, on which day that terrible conflagration was at its height. More remarkable still is the coincidence, that a treatise was advertised

"The conflagration," says Evelyn, "was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I knew not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, and running about like distracted creatures." * All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round for many nights. God grant that mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking, and thunder, of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of the women and children, the hurry of the people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that, at the last, one was not able to approach it. The fire raged for four days, and all that time the king and the duke of York exerted themselves in the most energetic manner, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, and encourage the workmen. It was through the personal activity and presence of mind of the duke of York, in causing the houses to be blown up, that the beautiful old Temple church was saved, and the fire stopped."† The Tower and Westminster Abbey were saved by the same precautions on the part of the king; but it was not till the 7th of September that the conflagration was extinguished. The king, who only appeared to advantage in seasons of danger and difficulty, displayed the most paternal care for the homeless sufferers, and exerted himself to obtain for them a temporary shelter in the villages round London, and causing tents and huts to be erected for them. They were also provided with bread and coals, at the expense of the government. The extensive charities of the crown, during the two unprecedented seasons of public misery—the plague, and the general destitution that succeeded the fire, ought not to be forgotten, when the extravagant expenditure of Charles II. is so frequently repeated. His great forbearance, with regard to the collection of the supplies that had been voted by parliament in those disastrous years, ought also to be remembered. The sums were voted, undoubtedly, in large figures; but the moneys received were quite another thing. The want of means to pay the seamen led the king to the fatal economy of laying up his ships, against the earnest advice of his brother, the duke of York, who told him that he would incur the danger of losing, by that means, the sovereignty of the seas. The attack of the Dutch on the ships at Chatham too well verified the prediction of the royal admiral.

Evelyn presented the king, on the 13th of September, with a survey of the ruins of London, and a plan for a new city, with a discourse upon it. "Whereupon," says he, "his majesty sent for me into the queen's bed-chamber, her majesty and the duke only being present. They examined each particular, and discoursed on them for near an hour, seeming to be extremely pleased with what I had so early thought upon. The queen was now in her cavalier riding habit, hat and feather, and

in a number of the *Mercurius Politicus*, for 1656, purporting to show, from the Apocalypse, that in 1666 the Romish Babylon would be destroyed by fire—See marginal note in Pepys, vol. iii., p. 106.

† Evelyn, Pepys, Clarendon. Journal of James II.

horseman's coat, to take the air." This fashion was not introduced by Catharine of Braganza, but by two of her pretty maids of honour, some months before, of whose appearance, in this equestrian garb, Pepys thus quaintly speaks: "I saw the fine ladies in the long gallery, at Whitehall, in coats and doublets, just for all the world like mine, buttoned up at the breast, and they wore periwigs and hats, so that only for a long petticoat, draggling under their men's coats, no one would take them for women, which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me: it was Mrs. Welles and another fine lady I saw thus attired."

The queen herself had a great wish to introduce a very different style for the skirts of dresses, liking mightily, as lady Carteret told Pepys, "to have the feet seen," which leads to the conclusion that, like most of her countrywomen, Catharine of Braganza had small well-turned feet; but it was in vain that she occasionally exhibited herself in short petticoats, she found few imitators. It is not royalty but beauty that sets the fashion; the reigning belles of the court were tall, graceful women, and, as long as they wore flowing draperies, all other ladies did the same, in the hope of looking like them. About the same time Charles II., at the suggestion of Evelyn, endeavoured to change the theatrical style of dress, worn by his courtiers, for a more sober costume. He assumed it himself, and so did a few of those who wished to please him; but his fashion was soon abandoned for the all-prevailing modes of France.

"It was a comely and manly habit," says Evelyn, "too good to hold, it being impossible for us, in good earnest, to leave the *monsieur's* vanities long."

The court wore black many months for queen Catharine's mother, only having leave to wear silver and white lace for one day, on which a splendid ball was given at Whitehall, to celebrate her majesty's birthday. Pepys, who enjoyed the satisfaction of climbing up to a loft, where, with much trouble, he contrived to look down on the gay scene, gives the following particulars:—"Anon, the house grew full, and the candles light, and the king and queen and ladies sat. It was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stuart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, only the queen none,¹ and the king in his rich vest of some rich silk, and silver trimming, the duke of York and all the other dancers wore cloth of silver. Presently, after the king was come in, he took the queen, and about fourteen more couple there were, and began the *branle*." After enumerating many of the courtly dancers, he says, "they were all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats, and gowns, and diamonds, and pearls. After the *branles* a *corant*, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the *corants* grew tiresome, and I wished it done, only Mrs. Stuart danced mighty fine; and many French dances, especially one the king called the New Dance, which was very pretty. But, upon the whole matter

¹ The reader will of course remember the satirical description in the *Spectator*, thirty years after this period, of the fair lady whom he met going to the chase in one of those riding-habits, which were then considered too near an approach to masculine habiliments.

Because she was in mourning for her mother.

the business of the dancing itself was not extraordinary pleasing. About twelve at night it broke up."

The commencement of the year 1667 found the queen ill at ease. The king's passion for the fair Stuart increasing with its hopelessness, he became restless, melancholy, and thoughtful, and was supposed to meditate making a desperate attempt to obtain her in the way of marriage. Dark hints and rumours of a divorce from queen Catharine, on the plea of barrenness, began to be whispered in the court and city. That political busybody, the earl of Bristol, sent two friars to Portugal, after the death of the queen-mother, donna Luiza, to endeavour to collect something that might be construed into presumptive evidence of her incapacity for children, although the king honestly said, "that it was impossible to proceed on those grounds, as, to his certain knowledge, her majesty had more than once been in the way to be a mother."¹ The enemies of Clarendon were more determined than ever to raise a popular cry against him, on account of the childless marriage of the sovereign, since his eldest son, lord Cornbury, had been appointed lord chamberlain to the queen. Catharine considering herself bound in honour to befriend, as far as her little power went, the family of a minister whom she supposed to be persecuted on her account, the ribald wittings of the court introduced her name into the doggrel pasquinades with which the chancellor was now assailed. On one occasion they painted a gibbet on his gate, with the following couplet:—

"Three sights to be seen,
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren queen."

Another epigram, the acknowledged composition of one of Charles's profligate companions, ran thus:—

"God bless queen Kate, Our sovereign's mate, Of the royal house of Lisbon;	But the devil take Hyde, And the bishop beside, Who made her bone of his bone."
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These ribald rhymes were naturally associated with the supposed wish of the king to obtain a release from his nuptial plight to Catharine of Braganza, for the purpose of wedding a lady more agreeable to his present inclination. All the world said this was his lovely and fascinating kinswoman, Frances Stuart. His tempters, knowing his weakness, daily urged him to imitate the example of Henry VIII., and contract a more agreeable marriage. If we may believe the assertion of Burnet, Charles actually consulted Dr. Sheldon, the archbishop of Canterbury, on the possibility of obtaining a divorce from the queen. Sheldon requested time to consider of the matter; and having ascertained that the king contemplated a second marriage with Frances Stuart, he informed Clarendon. It is said, the enamoured monarch's project was traversed by his premier encouraging the duke of Richmond, who was desperately in love with the fair object of his sovereign's preference, to marry her clandestinely, and carry her off from the court. The fair Stuart had, it seems, perceived the impropriety of which she had been guilty, in permitting the homage of the king; and in the hope of putting an end to the perilous

¹ Clarendon.

terms on which they then stood, she had declared that she would marry any honourable gentleman who was worth 1500*l.* per annum. The courtiers, however, stood aloof, none venturing to enter the lists in rivalry to the king. At length, her cousin Charles, duke of Richmond and Lennox, came forward as a candidate for her hand. The king showed the most decided anger, and forbade either party to think of such presumption. The fair Stuart then threw herself at the feet of the queen, and with many tears implored her forgiveness for the uneasiness her past folly and thoughtlessness had cost her, and implored her protection.¹ Catharine was too amiable to reproach her; she had the goodness to permit her to be constantly in her presence; and it is supposed she lent her and the duke of Richmond facilities for their marriage and escapade.² The whole blame was, however, charged on Clarendon by the infuriated king, who, from that moment, pursued him with vindictive hatred; nor could the luckless minister's most earnest protestations that he knew nothing of the intention of the lovers to act in defiance of the royal prohibition, satisfy his majesty of his innocence.

After the marriage of the fair Stuart, nothing more was said, for a considerable time, of a divorce between the king and queen. They danced together, with their great nobles and ladies, at a splendid masked ball in the theatre of the palace, April 18th, 1667.³ The king celebrated the festival of the garter on St. George's day, that spring, with a solemnity of observance worthy of the age of chivalry, and the illustrious founder of the order. This commemoration was attended with all the religious ceremonies of the institution, even that of the sovereign and his knights offering at the altar; they then proceeded to the banqueting hall at the palace of Whitehall, where they dined in their robes and insignia. "The king sat on an elevated throne at the end, at a table alone, the knights at a table at the right hand, all the length of the room; over against them a cupboard of rich gilded plate; at the lower end the music; on the balusters above, wind music, trumpets, and kettle-drums. The king was served by the lords and pensioners, who brought up the dishes. About the middle of the feast the knights drank the king's health, and the king drank theirs, the trumpets sounded, and the Tower guns were

¹ Count Hamilton.

² Frances Stuart had never accepted anything from the king beyond a few jewels, and these she returned to him after her marriage. The duke of York presented her with a jewel, worth about 800*l.*, when he drew her for his valentine. Her husband unfortunately had a bad habit of drinking, which, perhaps, shortened his life; he died in 1672, at the court of Denmark, where he was sent as ambassador. The small-pox, that disease so fatal to the life or beauty of the royal house of Stuart, destroyed the matchless charms of the face of the duchess of Richmond and Lennox, two years after her wedlock: she bore the infliction with philosophy. Although the duke of Richmond and Lennox had impaired his property, his widow was enabled, by economy, to save a fortune from her dower: she purchased with it the estate of Lethington, and bequeathed it to her impoverished nephew, Alexander, earl of Blantyre, with a request that it might be called Lennox's Love to Blantyre. It is called Lennox Love to this day. She seems to have valued the title of her Scottish duchy more than that of Richmond. The duchess died in 1702. Her wax statue is to be seen in Westminster Abbey.

³ Evelyn.

fired. The queen came in at the banquet, but only as a spectator, for she did not sit, but stood at the king's left hand all the time. 'The cheer was extraordinary, each knight having forty dishes to his mess. The room was hung with the richest tapestry. In conclusion, the banqueting stuff was flung about the room profusely," says our author, who confesses that he made a hasty retreat when that sport began, which appears to have been showers of cakes, sweetmeats, comfits, and fruit, for the benefit of the spectators, and to make a scramble among them.

Such merry conclusions to the royal banquets were among the usages of the good old times, when the kings and queens of England lived in public, and any of their loyal lieges of decent appearance and behaviour, who could squeeze through the ever-open doors of the palace, were free to enter the banqueting hall, and see them take their meals—a custom which ended with the expulsion of the Stuart dynasty. Evelyn records frequent instances of Charles II.'s familiar converse with him on literary and scientific subjects on these occasions, and mentions, with some satisfaction, that the first time he tasted pine-apple was a piece which the king cut for him from his own plate, with that peculiar graciousness of manner which won all hearts, and made even moralists and philosophers forget the many faults which tarnished his endearing qualities. One day the witty Tom Killigrew told the king "that matters were in a bad state, but there was a way to mend all. There is," pursued he, "an honest able man I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time as if he had no employment, but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it."

On another occasion, the king, speaking of the duke of York being mastered by his wife, compared him to the character of the henpecked husband, in the play of "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," and said to some of his boon companions, "that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter." "Sir," asked Killigrew, drily, "which is the best for a man to be—a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?"

There was no hitting off this home thrust, for the manner in which the king was rated and reviled by the imperious lady Castlemaine, rendered him the laughing-stock of the whole court. They had lately had a fierce quarrel, about the king sending the duke of Buckingham to the Tower for sundry misdemeanors, when she used such violent language, that the king was at last provoked so far as to tell her "she was a jade, that meddled with things she had nothing to do with." She retorted, by calling him a fool; telling him "that if he were not a fool, he would not suffer his business to be carried on by fools that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be imprisoned." In consequence of her importunity and his submissive behaviour, the king released Buckingham, and took him into favour. One of Buckingham's offences was having employed a man to cast the king's nativity; this he contrived to lay on his sister, the duchess

¹ Pepys.

dowager of Richmond, who had been one of the king's playmates in infancy, and for whom he knew Charles ever entertained a brotherly regard. Buckingham employed his powers as a buffoon for the king's diversion, and successfully laughed away the last spark of better feeling that had lingered round his heart.

As the unprincipled leader of the corrupt ministry, that rose into power on the fall of Clarendon, through the patronage of lady Castlemaine, Buckingham was the avowed enemy of the queen, of whom he was perpetually urging the king to rid himself, if not by divorce, by means still more questionable. If we may credit the assertions of so notoriously false a witness as bishop Burnet, Buckingham proposed to the king, "that if he would give him leave, he would steal the queen away, and send her to a plantation, where she should be well and carefully looked to, and never heard of any more, but it should be given out that she had deserted, and that it would fall in with some principles to carry on an act for a divorce grounded upon the pretence of a wilful desertion."¹

It required no very remarkable exercise of conscientiousness to induce the king, unprincipled as he was, to revolt from a project of which the atrocity was only equalled by its absurdity. "Sir Robert Murray told me," pursues Burnet, "that the king himself rejected this with horror. He said it was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers."

Buckingham next suggested that her majesty's confessor should be dealt with, to persuade her to retire into a convent, on which grounds the parliament would readily grant the king a divorce. Charles gave in to this scheme, but Catharine loved him too fondly to part from him voluntarily; she said "she had no vocation for a religious life."

The evil counsellors, by whom the sovereign's bad passions were flattered and cherished, did not scruple to whisper the possibility of persuading his parliament to make it lawful for him to marry a new wife before he had got rid of his first; and a reverend divine, no other than the far-famed Gilbert Burnet, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, was found capable of using his pen in vindication of this iniquitous doctrine. He wrote successively two treatises, entitled, "Dr. Gilbert Burnet's Solution of two Cases of Conscience, one touching Polygamy, the other Divorce and what Scripture allows in those Cases."

It is needless to comment on the base hypocrisy of affecting to search

¹ This tale appears absurdly improbable, but it is certain that the narrator had the best opportunities of information on the subject, as he was the creature of Buckingham, and the confidant of his unprincipled schemes. In fact, he crept into court favour under the auspices of this profligate politician and bad man, to whose patronage he was introduced by his first patron, Lauderdale, who had found him useful as an understrapper, and thought his peculiar talents might be employed in a more extensive field. Buckingham presented Burnet to the king, and he had the honour of preaching before his majesty, and the good fortune of pleasing the royal libertine in his sermon, who appointed him as one of his chaplains.

Burnet.

Scripture as an excuse for vice. These polluted shafts were aimed at the innocent queen, at the suggestion, it is presumed, of Buckingham and Lauderdale. It was expected that they would have obtained the reward of a rich bishopric for the writer; but Charles despised both the adviser and the advice, and when Burnet, some years afterwards, having joined the opponents of the court, in consequence of being deprived of his office in the chapel royal, wrote him a letter of remonstrance on his immoral way of life, he treated him with the most cutting contempt.

Charles endured reproof patiently from men whose principles he respected. When the excellent and consistent bishop Kenn gave him a severe exhortation on his wicked life, he did not treat that upright man with the contumely he offered to the author of the "*Two Cases of Conscience*."¹

While all these dark plots were in agitation against the queen, she astonished every one by entering into some of the giddy revelries of the madcaps of the court. Masquerading was then the rage, not merely masqued balls in palaces and theatres, but that sport which prevails during carnivals and other seasons of public licence. The king and queen, and all the courtiers, went about masked, in separate parties, in quest of adventures, so disguised, that, without being in the secret, no one could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs, entered houses where lights and music gave indications that merry-makings were going on, and danced about with the wildest frolic. Once the queen got separated from her party, and her chairmen, not knowing her, went away and left her alone. She was much alarmed, and returned to Whitehall in a hackney coach, or, according to others, in a cart.² The earl of Manchester, Charles's lord chamberlain, being

¹ These papers, with much other disgraceful matter, have been expunged from Burnet's works; but they were printed as literary curiosities by one of his admirers, and are to be seen in the Appendix of John Macky's "Court of Great Britain," a scarce, but by no means an unattainable book. The two infamous tracts are printed by Macky, with the will of the bishop, to which John Macky was one of the witnesses, and had much to do in the settlement of the will. He is very reproachful to the bishop's son for suppressing these papers, and publishes them with utter moral ignorance of their turpitude. They were written for the assistance of a man equally unprincipled with Burnet, the corrupt Lauderdale, who was a great promoter of the plan of divorcing Catharine from Charles II. Macky declares the originals are in possession of the Hon. Archibald Campbell, in the handwriting of Burnet himself, and were copied at Ham, from the Lauderdale Papers; and he gives them, to use his own words, "as noble precedents of *just freethinking, showing the integrity of the writer*." Burnet's peculiar style stamps these documents as his own, without any trouble of attestation.

² A similar story is related by madame Campan, of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France. This errant masquerading was, however, a remnant of the sports and pastimes of the olden times, and has been practised by the royal family of France from remote antiquity. It is well known that Anne of Austria, with her son, Louis XIV., his cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, and two or three of the courtiers, went out incognito one fine summer night, in masks and fancy costumes, and entered, uninvited, a merchant's house, where they were celebrating a wedding. The strange masks were welcomed by the bridal party with much glee, and the spice plate was immediately handed to them, according

well aware that her majesty was surrounded by spies and enemies, who were eagerly watching to take advantage of the slightest indiscretion into which she might be betrayed, to form accusations against her, as a pretence for a divorce, honestly told her, "that it was neither decent nor safe for her to go about as she had done of late." Burnet says, "he had been alarmed by the reports of Buckingham's evil designs against her, which had got abroad, and wished to warn her of her danger."¹

Early in the year 1668 the news arrived in England, that the Cortes had sworn fealty to don Pedro, Catharine's younger brother, and that there was every appearance of his being quietly established on the throne, from which his party had deposed the imbecile king Alphonso. Queen Catharine was so passionately interested in all that concerned her country and family, that she took possession of the ambassador's report to the British cabinet of these affairs, and the earl of Arlington, when he communicates the event to sir William Temple, says, "There are other particulars in my letter, which shall be transcribed for you to-night, if I can get the letter out of the queen's hands."

A last effort to obtain the arrears of Catharine's portion had been made by Arlington in the preceding year, but apparently as fruitlessly as those that had preceded it. The long struggle with Spain, and subsequent civil war between the rival brothers, Alphonso and Pedro, had deprived Portugal of the power to make good the pecuniary engagements of the queen-mother in Catharine's behalf.

The re-appearance of the beautiful duchess of Richmond in the court as a bride, was one of the events of the season. She had steadily refused to hold any communication with the king, or to receive his visits, but expressed a wish to be permitted to kiss the hand of her royal mistress, on her elevation by marriage to so high a rank in the British nobility. All eyes were of course on her and the king, whose passion was apparently unsubdued, but she conducted herself with the dignified decorum of a virtuous matron. Rumour was, nevertheless, busy on the subject, as we find by the following mysterious passage in one of Charles's letters to his beloved sister, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, who had alluded to something she had heard on the subject:—

"You were misinformed in your intelligence concerning the duchess of Richmond. If you were as well acquainted with a little fantastical gentleman called Cupid as I am, you would neither wonder nor take ill any sudden changes which do happen in the affairs of his conducting, but in this matter there is nothing done in it."²

The duchess of Richmond and her lord were then living in great splendour at Somerset House, the dower palace of the queen-mother.

to the custom on such occasions, when the *grande mademoiselle* was guilty of the levity of putting her foot under the salver on which the dishes of comfits were placed, and scattered all its contents in the air. This wild prank induced so much laughter and inconvenient familiarity, that the royal party were fain to make a hasty retreat. They were followed by some of the guests, who tracked them to the Louvre, which led to a discovery of their quality.

¹ Burnet's History of his Own Times.

² Sir John Dalrymple's Appendix.

The duchess fell ill of the small-pox, the king's anxiety about her conquered all fears of infection, and he paid her several visits,¹ which, as she was the wife of a nobleman so nearly allied to the throne, he had the pretext of a royal etiquette for doing, nor could either she or the duke refuse to admit him into her sick chamber. That such a prince as Charles II. should wish to come at such a time would appear a proof of the strength of his attachment to his fair kinswoman. She recovered, but one of her eyes was injured, and she looked ill for a long time. The queen, who knew she could rely on her virtue, appointed her one of the ladies of her bed-chamber. The king was, nevertheless, so transported by his passion for her, that one Sunday, when he had ordered his guards and coach to be ready to take him into the park, he suddenly got into a private boat, with a single pair of oars, all alone, and went by water to Somerset House, where, the garden door not being open, he climbed over the wall to visit her,² apparently with the intention of taking her by surprise. The particulars of the reception given him by the fair duchess are not recorded, yet her general conduct was so chastely correct as a wife, that there can be no doubt of its being a spirited repulse.

Charles was more than usually complaisant at this time to his queen, with whom he supped every night with apparent pleasure, and appearing otherwise mightily reformed,³ from which an inference may be drawn that the influence of the duchess of Richmond was very differently exercised from that of the infamous Castlemaine.

All talk of a divorce had been suddenly stopped by the delusive hopes, which had again flattered the queen, of bringing an heir to England; and these, although destined to end as before, probably assisted this ill-treated princess to retain her position as queen-consort, in spite of the intrigues of Buckingham and Burnet to have her supplanted. It was also said that lady Castlemaine unexpectedly, but prudently, declared against the divorce, recollecting that it was impossible for the king to marry her, and dreading the probable influence of a young queen over his mind. Buckingham revenged himself on her for crossing his policy, by playing off the two comic actresses, Nell Gwynne and Moll Davies, against her.⁴ The king had presented the latter with a diamond ring worth 700*l.*, in token of his approbation of her dancing, and it was noticed that when she came on after the play in the theatre at Whitehall, to dance her jig, the queen would not stay to see it.⁵ Evelyn mentions seeing lady Castlemaine at one of the masques at court, a few months before, blazing with diamonds to the value at least of 40,000*l.*, far outshining the queen.

This rapacious woman is said to have devoured the almost incredible sum of 500,000*l.* Charles finally gratified her pride by creating her

Reports of M. de Rouvigny, in Dalrymple's Appendix. Pepys.

¹ Pepys.

² Ibid.

⁴ Burnet

⁵ Pepys. Moll Davies was chiefly celebrated as a dancer. She had a daughter by the king, to whom he gave the name of Tudor, and married her to sir Francis Ratcliffe. From this marriage descended the two unfortunate earls of Derwentwater.

duchess of Cleveland, with reversion to her eldest son by him, to whom he gave the name of Fitzroy. The neglect with which the queen was treated on her account was not confined to the courtiers. Goodman, the player and theatrical manager at the king's house, who, for some of his evil exploits, had very recently escaped the gallows, refused to have the stage curtain drawn up or to allow the play to commence, because the duchess of Cleveland, who bestowed on him some of her infamous patronage, had not arrived. "Is my duchess come?" asked he, when told that the queen was waiting for the performance. Fortunately his duchess made her appearance, and her royal mistress no longer sat waiting her leisure.

Queen Catharine delighted in music, and appears to have been the first patroness of the Italian school of singing. She had a concert of these vocalists on the Thames under her balcony at Whitehall palace, September 30th, when, "it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening," says Pepys, "the Italians came in a barge under the leads before the queen's drawing-room, and so the queen and ladies went out, and heard them for more than an hour, and the singing was very good together; but yet there was but one voice that did appear considerable, and that was signor Joanni. And here," pursues he, "I saw Mr. Sidney Montague kiss the queen's hand, who was mighty kind to him." This gentleman was one of lord Sandwich's family, and to all of that name Catharine, as far as her power went, continued to show her friendship.

Their majesties spent the month of October at Audley End, Euston, and Newmarket, this year. The foreign ambassadors, the privy council, and all the court, accompanied them on their autumnal progress. They returned to Whitehall, for the celebration of the queen's birth-day, in November; this was the usual commencement of the gay season in London, which closed a few days after the 29th of May, the anniversary of king Charles's birth and restoration.

Confident expectations were entertained, in the spring of 1669, that the queen was about to give an heir to England. Pepys records that he saw her, on the 19th of May, at dinner with the king, in her own apartment at Whitehall, in her white *pinner*, a loose wrapping gown, such as is now termed a *peignoir*; in which simple garb, he says, "she looked handsomer than in full dress," and adds, "that her appearance was such as to confirm the general report, and the hopes that were entertained at that period. She was taken, however, so suddenly ill on the 26th, as to send for Mrs. Nun and another of her women, in great haste, from a dinner party at Chiffinch's apartments, and considerable alarm prevailed on her account. In a few hours she was better, and lord Arlington writes to sir William Temple, on the 1st of June, "I cannot end this letter without telling you that the queen is very well, and gives us every day cause to rejoice more and more. God grant that it have its effect accordingly, to make us all happy." Six days afterwards the king communicates his disappointment to his sister, the duchess of Orleans, with the remark "that there had been no accident to cause it."¹

¹ See the letter in Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 2*l*. vol. ii.

Charles, now despairing of a family by Catharine, listened with more complacency than ever to the project of obtaining the liberty of seeking a younger and more fruitful wife, by means of a parliamentary divorce. About this time lord Roos, having convicted his wife of adultery, moved a bill in the house of peers for dissolving the tie, including leave to marry another wife. The duke of Buckingham supported the bill with all the interest of his faction; the duke of York opposed it, having all the bishops on his side, except Cosins and Wilkin. The controversy was carried on with great heat, and the king took the opportunity of entering the house in his ordinary dress, and, seating himself on the throne, listened to the proceedings with eager interest, declaring, "that it was as good as a play." The bill passed, and his majesty was urged by the base junta by whom he was surrounded, to make it the precedent for a bill to dissolve his marriage with the queen, as regarded the legality of marrying another wife, for the rectitude of Catharine's conduct had been such, that no one dared even to breathe an insinuation of disloyalty against her. But either Charles had never seriously entered into this iniquitous design, or his conscience would not permit him to carry it through, for when the time came within three days of that appointed by the confederates for bringing it before the house, he told the infamous Bab May, who was the tool chosen by Buckingham to conduct the business, "that he must let that matter alone, as it would not do," to the extreme annoyance of the person, who had taken infinite pains in preparing those who were to manage the debate.¹ In other words, he thought he had offered sufficient bribes to secure a majority for the divisions on the anticipated readings of the bill.

There was one point on which a close confidence and a sympathy of opinion, little suspected by the world, subsisted between Charles and Catharine; this was on the subject of religion. Charles, although the companion of scoffers, and openly applauding the profane language, the ribald jests of Buckingham, Rochester, and all the godless crew, male and female, by whom he was surrounded, was secretly impressed with respect for the principles of his queen. Bigoted and narrow-minded as Catharine undoubtedly was, and in practice superstitious over-much, there was an atmosphere of holiness about her, a purity and innocence in her conversation, and an integrity in her conduct, which showed that all she did was from motives of conscience and as matters of duty. Charles had received from his mother, in the tender season of infancy, the first and only impressions of a religious nature that were ever made on him. Those impressions, without producing any of the fruits of Christian convictions, piety and purity of life, gave him a strong bias in favour of catholicism, which haunted him to the tomb. He struggled against it, for it militated no less against his self-indulgence and habitual love of ease, than his interest, and succeeded in deceiving the world into the idea that he was an infidel. His brother was for a time deterred by his persuasions and commands from avowing his conversion to the Romish creed; but Charles, though he, on one occasion, lamented with

¹ Burnet.

tears that he could not enjoy his religion, did not love it sufficiently to make the slightest self-sacrifice to prove his sincerity. It was in reality merely a matter of opinion with him, and not of faith. The queen kept up a correspondence with Rome, and this served to cover the clandestine intercourse of others, though the suspicions it created were most assuredly the cause of her name being subsequently implicated in the accusations connected with the popish plot. The re-establishment of the Roman-catholic worship in England was one of the leading articles of the secret treaty¹ which was negotiated by Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, between Louis XIV. and Charles II. After a long correspondence, that princess came to Dover for the purpose of concluding it. Charles and Catharine met her there, and the deep state intrigues that were discussed between the royal brother and sister, were veiled beneath a succession of fêtes and rejoicings, which took place in honour of her arrival. It was the first time Catharine and this princess had met, and when the latter returned to France, she spoke in the most friendly manner of her royal sister-in-law. She told her cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, "that the queen was a thorough good woman, not beautiful, but virtuous, and full of piety, and that she commanded the respect of every one."

This friendly testimony to the merits of Catharine was borne by the best loved sister of her lord, almost with her dying breath, for in three weeks after her return to France, this beautiful young princess expired, after a few hours of agonizing illness.²

The ratification of this secret treaty placed Charles in the degrading position of a pensioner of France. Louis XIV. had previously bribed the wives and mistresses of such of his ministers as had declined receiving money or jewels with their own hands, and the despatches of Rouvigny and Barillon contain sufficient evidence of monies paid by that sovereign to Algernon Sidney, and others of the republican party, who, under the pretence of patriotism, were the hireling tools of a foreign power, to stir up civil strife in their own country.

Charles II. was aware of the corruption of friend and foe, and, with a laxity of principle scarcely more disgraceful, preferred a peaceful appropriation of the gold of France to his own use, to its being lavished on his subjects in the shape of bribes for his injury. His extravagance rendered him needy, and his indolence inclined him to avail himself of supplies that cost no sufferings to his people. The cruel imposts of Cromwell's government had afforded the precedent of collecting an enormous revenue, by taxing articles of general consumption, but a revenue torn from the necessities of the people could never have been collected without the aid of military despotism. Charles II. liked bet-

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

² When this startling news reached king Charles, he gave way to the most passionate grief; and, in the first transports of his affliction, made use of an expression which implied that he suspected her husband of having been the author of her death. But, although this has been very generally asserted, there are no real grounds for believing that it was the case. James II. censures her conduct in this treaty as unworthy of a daughter of England.

ter to draw on the exchequer of his wealthier neighbour of France. There were times when the spirit of a British monarch stirred within him, and he would fain have broken from the chain; but Louis threatened to publish the secret correspondence, with a plain statement of the transactions that had taken place between them, and rather than endure the disgraceful exposure, Charles submitted to follow the line of policy dictated by him implicitly.

A few weeks after the death of the duchess of Orleans, Charles II. sent out a yacht, with a confidential person, to bring to England the beautiful mademoiselle de Queroualle, whom he had seen in attendance on her when at Dover. She came, and he compelled queen Catharine, out of respect, as it was pretended, for his sister's memory, to receive her into the number of her maids of honour. She soon became the acknowledged mistress of Charles, and was the most troublesome of the unprincipled intrigantes of that reign, and one of the most extravagant.¹

There was a great ball on the 9th of February, 1671, at the theatre in Whitehall palace, in which the queen and all the ladies of the court danced.

"The greatest fault of Catharine of Braganza," observes sir Walter Scott,² "was her being educated a catholic, her greatest misfortune bearing the king no children, and her greatest foible an excessive love of dancing. It might have occurred to the good people of those times that loving a ball was not a capital sin, even in a person whose figure excluded her from all hopes of gracing it—that a princess of Portugal must be a catholic if she had any religion at all, and that children—here we take leave to finish the sentence in the words of holy writ—"are a gift and heritage that cometh of the Lord." Yet these obvious considerations did not prevent her from being assailed with the most scurrilous lampoons on every occasion. How a man, making pretences to high moral feeling and sanctity, like Andrew Marvel, could have found it in his heart to address lines like the following to so amiable and unoffending a princess, it is difficult to imagine:—

"Reform, great queen, the errors of your youth,
And hear a thing you never heard, called truth;
Poor private balls content the fairy queen,
You must dance (and dance damnably) to be seen.
Ill-natured little goblin, and designed
For nothing but to dance, and vex mankind.
What wiser thing could our great monarch do,
Than root ambition out, by showing you?

¹ After the birth of a son, she was created duchess of Portsmouth. Though most rapacious in her requisitions for money from her royal lover, she was constantly impoverished by her gambling propensities. She retained her beauty to a great age, and died at the ducal seat of her son Richmond, at Aubigny, in France, so lately as 1734, at the age of ninety. Evelyn declares that her apartments at Whitehall were splendid, and luxuriously furnished, "with ten times the richness and glory of the queen's; with massive services of plate, whose tables and stands of incredible value."

² In his notes to Dryden's works.

You can the most aspiring thoughts pull down,
For who would have his wife, to have his crown?"

Our pious bard brings his coarse series of personal insults on his royal mistress to this climax in conclusion :—

"What will be next, unless you please to go
And dance among your fellow fiends below?
There, as upon the Stygian lake you float,
You may o'erset, and sink the laden boat;
While we the funeral rites devoutly pay,
And dance for joy that you are danced away."

As a further instance of the unprovoked malice of Andrew Marvel, against poor Catharine, is the injurious manner in which her name is needlessly dragged by him into another of his pasquinades, on the impunity with which the duke of Monmouth and his guilty associates appeared at court, after their barbarous murder of the unfortunate parish beadle, on the night of February 28th, 1671, in a drunken frolic. There was to have been a grand ball the same night at the palace, which was prevented in consequence of the confusion and horror caused by the news of this outrage, which gave occasion for the following observation :—

"See what mishaps dare e'en invade Whitehall,
The silly fellow's death puts off the ball!
And disappoints the queen—poor little chuck!
Who doubtless would have danced it like a duck.

• • • • •
Yet shall Whitehall, the innocent, the good,
See these men dance all daubed with lace and blood."

The severest castigation which satire could inflict had been richly deserved by Monmouth, but what had the ill-treated wife of his profligate father done that her name should be mixed up with his crimes?"

The failings of Catharine of Braganza—and there are fewer recorded of her than of many a princess who bears a brighter name in the historic page—appear at all times to have proceeded from want of judgment, rather than from a wilful desire to act amiss. They certainly were not of the class that could warrant any one in chastising her with scorpions in the shape of ribald rhymes.

¹This was the second atrocity in which the spoiled darling of Charles had been a principal instigator within two months. The first was an attack on sir John Coventry, who had incurred the king's displeasure, during a debate on the proposal of taxing theatres, by a sarcastic *bon-mot*, glancing at his majesty's affection for actresses. Monmouth undertook to punish Coventry for this presumption, which, in spite of the duke of York's earnest remonstrance, he performed, in the cowardly fashion of employing thirteen of his troop, with Sandys, their lieutenant, and O'Brien, the son of lord Inchiquin, to waylay him as he was returning from the House of Commons, Dec. 23, 1670. These ruffians threw him on the ground, beat him, and slit his nose to the bone with a pen-knife, and would have finished by taking his life, but were interrupted. Parliament took cognizance of the outrage, and punished four of the miscreants with banishment; but Monmouth was screened. The Coventry act against cutting and maiming was passed on this occasion, for the protection of individuals from such treatment for the future. Charles pardoned all the parties concerned in the death of the beadle, though the poor creature had begged his life on his knees. — Maxwell. Macpherson. Lingard.

Evelyn was certainly greatly annoyed with her on one occasion, but there her offence only amounted to a want of taste in the fine arts, and a deficiency of that generous patronage of which the princes of the royal house of Stuart afforded so noble an example.

Evelyn, it seems, was deeply interested in the success of Grinling Gibbon, afterwards so celebrated for his exquisite carving in wood, whom he had by accident discovered by looking through the window of a poor solitary thatched house in the fields, near Say's-court, and seeing him engaged in carving the large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoret, containing more than 100 figures, exquisitely executed, with a frame wrought in festoons of flowers, the most delicate and lovely that could be imagined. Evelyn asked if he might enter. The artist civilly opened the door, and permitted him to examine the work, which that accomplished virtuoso considered more beautiful than anything of the kind he had seen in all his travels. He asked the price, which was 100*l*. Evelyn considered the frame alone well worth the money; and the next time he saw the king he mentioned the young artist, and the manner in which he had found him out, and begged his majesty would allow him to bring his work to Whitehall. Charles graciously replied, "that he would himself go and see the artist," but probably thought no more of it till the first of March, when Evelyn told him "that Gibbon and his work had both arrived at Whitehall, and were in sir Richard Brown's chamber; and if his majesty would appoint any place whither it should be brought, he would take care for it." "'No,' says the king, 'show me the way; I'll go to sir Richard's chamber;'" which he immediately did," continues Evelyn, "walking along the entries after me as far as the ewry, till he came up into the room. No sooner was he entered, and cast his eye on the work, than he was astonished at the curiosity of it, and having considered it a long time and discoursed with Mr. Gibbon, whom I brought to kiss his hand, he commanded that it should be immediately carried to the queen's side¹ to show her. It was carried up into her bed-chamber, where she and the king looked on and admired it again. The king being called away, left us with the queen, believing she would have bought it, it being a crucifix; but, when his majesty was gone, a French peddling woman, one Madame de Boord, who used to bring petticoats, and fans, and baubles, out of France, to the ladies, began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than a monkey; so, in a kind of indignation, I caused the person who brought it to carry it back to the chamber, finding the queen so much governed by an ignorant Frenchwoman, and this incomparable artist had his labour only for his pains, which not a little displeased me, and was fain to send it down to his cottage again, where he sold it for 80*l*., though well worth 100*l*. without the frame."

How much more there is in the manner of doing a thing than in the thing itself! The king was the person for whose inspection the carving was brought to Whitehall, not without hope, on the part both of the

¹ That range of the palace where the queen-consort's apartments were situated, was always called, for the sake of brevity, "the queen's side."

artist and his friend, that he would be the purchaser. Charles was in pecuniary straits at that time, for he was almost without linen; he had only three cravats in the world, very few stockings, and no credit at the linendraper's, to procure more of these absolute necessities;¹ consequently he could not readily command the money to buy Gibbon's carving, but he gratified the pride of the artist by extolling it, and shifted the expectation of purchasing from himself to his wife. He adroitly causes it to be carried to her apartment, whither he conducts Evelyn and the artist, and leaves them with her, for her to settle the matter her own way. Catharine's income was unpunctually paid, and she was probably as much at a loss for an extra hundred pounds as his majesty; the women who are about her have reason to know it, and one of them comes to her aid by depreciating the work, and this affords an excuse for not buying it.

Catharine, not being skilled in the delicate art of declining an inconvenient purchase with a compliment, is regarded as a person destitute of taste and liberality, and gets chronicled by the wisest man of the age as a simpleton, while Charles escapes uncensured. It is, however, to be regretted that no traits of her generosity, or encouragement of literature or the fine arts, have been recorded.

Charles II., with all his follies and all his sins, was so frank and gracious in his manners, and so perfect in all the minor arts which form an important part of king-craft, that he won the hearts of all who came within the sphere of his fascinations. He seldom resented the sarcasms with which he was occasionally assailed, because he possessed more wit than those who satirized him, and generally retorted with a repartee. The earl of Rochester one day took the liberty of writing the following impromptu epigram on his majesty's chamber door:—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

"It is very true," replied Charles, after he had read the lines, "my doings are those of my ministers, but my sayings are my own." Addison has given a pleasant account, in one of the papers in the "Spectator," of the good-humour with which his majesty yielded to the lord-mayor's over-affectionate request for him to come back and finish the carouse, when he had been feasting with his loving citizens in the Mansion House. Certain it is that he knew how to be everything to every man. "The king came to me in the queen's withdrawing-room, from the circle of ladies, to talk with me as to what advance I had made in the Dutch history," says Evelyn; and who can wonder that he loves him, and passes lightly over his faults, startling as they must have been to so pure a moralist? He easily induced the king to employ Gibbon for the decorations in the new buildings at Windsor. "I had a fair opportunity of talking to his majesty about it," pursues he, "in the lobby next the queen's side, where I presented him with some sheets of my history. I thence walked with him through St. James's Park to the garden, where

¹ Pepys.

I both saw and heard a familiar discourse between * *” (his majesty, of course) “and Mrs. Nelly, an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and * * (his majesty) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the duchess of Cleveland,¹ another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.”

From an entry in a loose sheet of the salaries paid to the ladies and officers of queen Catharine’s household, while sir Thomas Strickland was the keeper of the privy purse,² we find that thirty-six pounds a year was disbursed to her majesty’s parrot-keeper, a large sum in comparison to the ridiculously low salaries of the fair and noble damsels who attended on her in the capacity of maids of honour, who received but ten pounds per annum each, and the mother of the maids twenty. It is scarcely credible that any gentlewomen could have been found to undertake such a charge as the superintendence of maids of honour to the queen of Charles II. for so paltry a remuneration.³

A few items of the payments in the royal household list of Catharine of Braganza, from this sheet, may be amusing to some of our readers, as illustrating the increased amount of the salaries in the present times; but the difference of the queen-consort’s revenue, the relative value of money, and, above all, the manner in which she was too often left in arrear by the crown, must be taken into the calculation; also, the enormous amount of fees and perquisites attached to every office in the court in those days.

¹ The magnificent mansion of this woman occupied the site of Cleveland-row and its vicinity.

² This curious document, I found among the Strickland papers at Sizergh Castle between the leaves of one of the books of household expenses of the years 1666 to 1674, kept by Thomas Shepherd, the steward of sir Thomas Strickland, knight banneret, keeper of the privy purse to the queen of Charles II., till the operation of the Test Act compelled him, and many other honest gentlemen of the Roman catholic persuasion, to relinquish his place. He vacated his seat in parliament as knight of the shire for Westmoreland, at the time of the Popish plot. The privy-purse, the badge of his office, is still preserved among the heir-looms of the family at Sizergh. It is of crimson velvet, the size and shape of a large reticule, richly embroidered with the royal arms, and the initials C. R. in gold and silver twist and coloured silk twist.

³ The abstract from the salary list of queen Catharine’s household, in which these entries appear, is in the hand-writing of sir Thomas Strickland’s steward, Tom Shepherd, and seems to be a rough transcript made by him for the instruction of the worthy cavalier-banneret, on his entering upon the duties of his office. It is endorsed “List of her majesty’s servants’ wages.” It has no date, but the period to which it belongs is verified by the circumstance of its being found between the leaves of the book where the items of expenses incurred by sir Thomas Strickland, on his entering into his office of privy purse to her majesty, are noted June, 1671:—

	£	s.	d.
“Fees at the Signet-office	0	3	4
The bill for the privy purse	6	2	c
The king’s silver at the privy seal	2	0	0
The furnishing of the outer apartment at Whitehall	13	10	0”

The next entry is indicative of the foppery of the gallants of the court of Charles II.—“Three pair of jessamy gloves, seven shillings.”

According to this account, then, Catharine's lord chamberlain received a yearly salary of 160*l.*; her master of the horse, 50*l.*; her secretary the same—only fourteen pounds more than that important functionary, her parrot-keeper; her cup-bearers, two in number, had 33*l.* yearly; her carvers the same.

"Her eight grooms of the privy-chamber had each 60*l.*; her apothecaries, twelve in number, 50*l.*; her surgeon the same; Hugh Aston, clerk, 37*l.*; Edward Hill, *brusher*, 30*l.*; a lady of her majesty's robes for her entertainment, 300*l.*; maids of honour, being six in number, a-piece, 10*l.*; chamberers, eight in number, 50*l.*; keeper of her majesty's sweet-coffers, 26*l.* Her laundresses are rated much higher, so are her starchers."

Her musicians, or *mushioners*, according to honest Tom Shepherd's orthography, were the best off of all, for twelve of them are paid 120*l.* a-piece; and the master of the music, for himself and eight boys, is allowed 440*l.* per annum; her tailor is paid a yearly salary of 60*l.*, and the shoemaker, 36*l.*; the cook, 30*l.*; the master of her majesty's games, 50*l.*

The hunting establishment of Catharine of Braganza savours of that of a queen of England in the days of the Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns; for there is "the master of her majesty's bows," with a salary of 61*l.* attached to his office; "a yeoman of her majesty's bows," and "a groom of her majesty's bows;" "a master of her majesty's bucks," who receives 50*l.* per annum; and "two yeomen of her harriers," at 25*l.* each.

Her clock-keeper's wages are 45*l.* yearly.

The countess of Penalva figures in this list, as "madame nurse," with a yearly pension of 120*l.* Four foreign ladies in queen Catharine's service are quaintly designated by Tom Shepherd, as "four other of the madames, at 60*l.*"

There are also some brief statements relative to her majesty's income, and the sums due to her from the exchequer, and from fines, &c., which, together with the amount received, makes up precisely the revenue of 30,000*l.* per annum, secured to her by her marriage articles. While the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, lived, Catharine's income was paid with difficulty by a necessitous government, burdened with the maintenance of two queens;¹ and even at the death of that princess, the queen-consort's case was not at first improved, as, from lord Arlington's statements, it appears that two years of Henrietta's income, after her death, was mortgaged to pay her debts,² after which time the whole was to revert to Catharine.

Queen Catharine was present at the death of her sister-in-law, Anne Hyde, duchess of York. She came to her as soon as she heard of the sudden fatal turn her sickness had taken, and remained with her till she died. She was present when Blanford, bishop of Oxford, visited the

¹ Lord Arlington's Letters, vol. i., p. 400.

² What these debts amounted to was best known to king Charles and Arlington; they are in complete contradiction to the testimony of her chaplain, Père Cyprian Gamañe, and to her French biographers, who were witnesses of her conduct. It is possible they might pertain to repairs and improvements at Somerset House, in progress at her death. See p. 183 of this volume, *Life of Henrietta Maria*.

duchess; and Burnet, who never omits an opportunity of attacking Catharine, pretends "that the bishop intended to administer the sacrament, and read the service for the sick to the duchess of York, but when he saw the queen sitting by her bedside, his modesty deterred him from reading prayers which would, probably, have driven her majesty out of the room; but, that not being done, she, pretending kindness, would not leave her." Now it is certain that the bishop, after the conversation he had just had with the duke of York in the drawing-room, had no such intention. The duchess had charged her husband to inform Blanford, or any other bishop who might come to speak to her, "that she was reconciled to the church of Rome, and had accordingly received its sacraments; but if, when so told, they still insisted on seeing her, they might come in, provided they did not disturb her with controversy." The duke repeated this to Dr. Blanford, with further particulars, who replied, "that he made no doubt she would do well, as she had not been influenced by worldly motives;" and afterwards went into the room and made her a short Christian exhortation, and so departed.¹

Queen Catharine, according to Burnet, remained while the bishop delivered this exhortation, and never left the bedside till the duchess breathed her last; but James II. takes no notice of this, nor does he mention her visit to his dying consort.

A few months previously to this event, there had been a coolness between queen Catharine and the duke of York, which had manifested itself on the following occasion. The duke of York had asked, as a favour of the king, that his regiment of guards might not lose its rank, when the Coldstream, on the death of Monk, was given to lord Craven, and called the queen's troop. The king gave him his word that it should not; but the queen, who, James says, "was not of herself very kind to him, was induced, by some about her, who were very glad to put any underhand mortification on him, to ask the king that her troop of guards might have the rank next to his majesty's guards." She and others, who had perhaps more influence than herself, pressed the king so hard on this point, that he was a little embarrassed between their solicitations and the promise he had given his brother. When this was told to James, he came to the king and said, "he saw that his majesty was teased by the women and others on that account, and though he must consider it a hardship, he would voluntarily release him from his promise; for, whatever others did, he was resolved never to make him uneasy for any concern of his." It was, in consequence, settled that the queen's guards should be called the second troop of guards, with precedence over the duke's regiment, an arrangement only consistent with her rank as queen-consort, a point she appears to have contested with all the stiffness which her Portuguese and Spanish descent was likely to inspire in a matter of etiquette.²

Like all very proud persons, Catharine of Braganza occasionally committed herself by a more than ordinary departure from the stately ceremonies by which her movements were generally regulated. It was,

¹ Journal of James II. in Stanier Clark.

² Ibid.

however, only when her spirits were excited in the quest of amusement that she forgot the stiffness of the *infanta* and the dignity of the queen. The most notable of her frolics occurred towards the end of September, 1671, when the court was at Audley End,¹ the palatial residence of the earl and countess of Suffolk,² where she and the king were entertained for several days with great magnificence. While there, her majesty, Frances, duchess of Richmond, and the duchess of Buckingham, took into their heads to go *incognito* to see the fair, which was held at the neighbouring town of Saffron Walden. They arrayed themselves for this foolish expedition in short red petticoats, with waistcoats and other articles of what they imagined to be the costume of country lasses, and in this disguise set forth. The queen, mounted on a sorry cart jade, rode on a pillion behind the brave old cavalier, sir Bernard Gascoigne,³ the duchess of Richmond behind Mr. Roper, and the duchess of Buckingham behind another gentleman of the court. But they had all so overdone their disguises, in consequence, we may presume, of copying the representation of peasants at the theatres and court masques, instead of taking their models from reality, that they looked more like antics than rustics, and the country people, as soon as they entered the fair, began to follow them, in the expectation, no doubt, that they were a strolling company of comedians, who were about to contribute to their amusement by their droll performances; but the queen going into a booth to buy "a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart," and sir Bernard asking for "a pair of gloves, stitched with blue, for his sweetheart," "they were soon found out," says our author, "by their glibberish, to be strangers,"⁴ meaning foreigners. Doubtless the queen's Portuguese, and sir Bernard Gascoigne's Italian attempts at imitating what they supposed to be the manners and language of Essex and Suffolk peasants at a fair, must have had an irresistibly ludicrous effect, independently of the queer dress and appearance of the party.

¹ This princely mansion, situated on the borders of Essex and Suffolk, passed by inheritance to the late lord Braybrooke, and is the family seat of his son, the present peer, the noble editor of Pepys' Diary and Correspondence.

² Young James Howard, the grandson of this noble pair, was married to the lady Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Fitzroy, king Charles's natural daughter by Elizabeth, viscountess Shannon, daughter to sir Henry Killigrew. The countess of Suffolk was queen Catharine's principal lady in waiting.

³ Sir Bernard Gascoigne was a Florentine gentleman, who, in the beginning of the great rebellion, entered the service of Charles I., and so greatly distinguished himself by his valour, that he incurred the peculiar ill-will of the parliament, and, on the surrender of Colchester, was selected by Fairfax and his council as a fellow-victim with the heroic Lisle and Lucas, to expiate the crime of having defended that town to the last extremity for the king. Sir Bernard was led out with those loyal gentlemen into the castle-yard to share the same deadly volley, and had thrown off his doublet that he might die airily, when it was recollected by an officer of the parliament, that he was a subject of the duke of Tuscany, who might possibly make reprisals for his murder on all the English in Florence, and he was therefore reprieved. He was a very old man when performing the part of equerry extraordinary to Catharine of Braganza at Saffron Walden fair.

⁴ Letter from Mr. Henshaw to sir Robert Paston of Oxnead. Ives' Select Papers

The queen and the duchess of Buckingham were both little dumpy women. Her majesty, with her dark hair, olive complexion, and large black eyes, might, perhaps, have borne some likeness, in her short red petticoat, to a foreign gipsy; but then the graceful figure and fair face of Frances, duchess of Richmond, she who, as "*la belle Stuart*" had been the star of the court, must ill have sorted with such a gaberdine. The mystery was, however, presently unravelled. A person in the crowd, who had seen the queen at a public state dinner, recognised her, and was proud of proclaiming his knowledge. This soon brought all the fair in crowds to stare at the queen. The court party, finding themselves discovered, got to their horses as fast as the eager throng of gazers, who pressed to see her majesty, would permit; "but as many of the country people as had horses straightway mounted, with their wives or sweethearts behind them, to get as much gape as they could," and so attended the queen and her company to the gates of Audley End, greatly to her confusion.¹ It would have made an agreeable sequel to this pleasant tale, if Pepys or Evelyn had been there to record the sayings of the merry monarch and his good-for-nothing witty premier, Buckingham, when they saw their luckless wives return in such unwonted guise at the head of the rabble rout, by whom they had been detected in their vain attempt to personate wenches of a low degree. It was well for queen Catharine that her cavalier was an ancient gentleman, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, respected in the court, and personally endeared to the king by his sufferings and perils in the royal cause. The duchess of Buckingham was the daughter of Fairfax, and bred in all the strictness of the puritan school, yet both she and the Catholic queen enjoyed a harmless frolic, no less than the beautiful mad-cap, Frances Stuart, who was the soul of whim and fun, and most probably had led those discreet matrons into this scrape.

Charles must have been pretty well convinced by this adventure that there were small hopes of persuading Catharine to take the veil. Their majesties left Audley End the next day, for Euston hall, the seat of the earl of Arlington, Charles's lord chamberlain, and from thence went in progress to Norwich. The king, queen Catharine, with all her ladies, the dukes of York, Monmouth, and Buckingham, and many other nobles, entered that city on Thursday, Sept. 28. Their majesties were met at Trowse-bridge, the utmost limits of the city, by the mayor and corporation in their robes, with the civic regalia, and the militia newly clothed in red, and by them conducted to the duke's palace,² as the mansion of the representative of the house of Howard was still called, though there had been no duke of Norfolk for a century. Lord Henry Howard, the great-grandson of the unfortunate ducal peer who was beheaded by queen Elizabeth, received king Charles II. and queen Catharine as his guests in this palace, where he entertained them with great magnificence.³

¹ Ives' Select Papers.

² The duke's palace was in so dilapidated a state, that lord Howard contrived, with great ingenuity, a temporary building of boards for the banqueting-room, in which he entertained their majesties and the whole court.—Evelyn.

³ In 1672, king Charles created this hospitable nobleman earl of Norwich, re-

The next day the king went to the cathedral, where he was sung in with an anthem, and when he had ended his devotion at the east end, where he kneeled on the hard stone, he went to the bishop's palace, and was there nobly entertained, and, returning through the cathedral, took coach at the west door, came up to the Guildhall in the market-place, and there showed himself to the people from the balcony, and viewed the trained bands drawn up in the market-place, whence he rode to the New Hall, as St. Andrew's Hall was then called, when he and the queen, with the ladies and nobles in attendance, were feasted by the city, and the expenses are stated to have amounted to 900*l*. Those two loyal Norfolk knights, sir John Hobart, of Blickling, and sir Robert Paston, performed a feudal service on this occasion, by placing the first dishes on the table before his majesty. Charles was earnest to have knighted the mayor at this feast, who as earnestly begged to be excused. His majesty, however, conferred that honour on that deserving physician, sir Thomas Browne, the author of "*Religio Medici*," one of the most learned and accomplished men of Norwich.¹

From Norwich their majesties proceeded to Blickling hall, according to all the existing records, the same day, being a distance of fifteen miles. The register-book of Blickling church contains the following notice of this visit:—"King Charles II., with queen Catharine, James, duke of York, accompanied by the dukes of Monmouth, Richmond, and Buckingham, with divers lords, arrived and dined at sir John Hobart's, at Blickling hall, the king, queen, duke of York, duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, &c., in the great dining-room, the others in the great parlour beneath it, upon Michaelmas-day, 1671. From whence they went, the queen to Norwich, the king to Oxnead, and lodged there, and came through Blickling the next day about one of the clock, going to Rainham, to the lord Townsend's."

Here the events of four days, at least, are crowded into one. The king and queen had already dined at St. Andrew's hall, in Norwich, on Michaelmas-day, after his majesty had attended divine service in the cathedral, and lunched at the bishop's palace, which proves that the dinner was not in the early part of the day. After his collation at the bishop's palace, he goes through other ceremonials in the Guildhall, and inspects the trained bands in the market-place, which would make the civic dinner hour as late as four o'clock. Their majesties, with all the ceremonies pertaining to a royal state banquet and departure, could scarcely leave Norwich before six o'clock, neither could they reach Blickling much before eight in the evening, consequently it must have been supper of which they partook on Michaelmas-day in Blickling hall, and dined there the following day; for it is absolutely impossible that, after so many hours of excitement and fatiguing ceremonials, they should go on to Oxnead the same night, a distance of upwards of seven miles, and afterwards partake of supper there. They, of course, arriving

stored to him the forfeited dukedom of Norfolk, and constituted him hereditary earl marshal of England.

¹ Blometfield's Norwich, and the corporation records of that city.

late at Blickling, supped and passed the night there.¹ The state bed in which Charles and his queen slept at that stately hall is still shown. The canopy and hangings are of rich white satin, fringed and ornamented with gold. It has the initials C. R., with the crown of England, wrought in bullion on the satin that covers the head-board. The counterpane under which the royal pair are said to have reposed, is also of white satin, tamboured most exquisitely with natural flowers and butterflies in coloured silks. It would therefore be the day after their arrival, that the king, queen, and court dined at Blickling hall,² and rode, in the evening, to Oxnead. While at Blickling, his majesty knighted the youthful heir of the house, Henry Hobart, who was about thirteen years of age.

No such fair and splendid cavalcade, as that which attended Charles II. and his queen will ever again sweep through the green bowery lanes and rural villages, through which sir Robert Paston proudly conducted his royal and noble guests to his manorial house. Oxnead hall was large enough to feast and lodge them all, and well did Paston play the host on the occasion, if we may trust the pleasant rhymes of the Norfolk poet, who has thus commemorated the attentions paid by him and sir John Hobart to the sovereign.

STEPHENSON'S POEM ON THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

"Paston and Hobart did bring up the meat,
Who, the next day, at their own houses treat,
Paston to Oxnead did his sovereign bring,
And, like Arannah, offered as a king.
Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen ;³
One king fetched thence—another brought a queen.
Great Townsend, of the treats brought up the rear,
And doubly was my lord-lieutenant there."⁴

The glories of Oxnead have departed with the ancient family of the Pastons ; for the princely mansion where sir Robert Paston feasted the merry monarch and queen Catharine, and the bevy of beauties who attended their royal mistress in the capacity of maids of honour and ladies of the bed-chamber, has been levelled for nearly a century, but the ground-plan of the building may be distinctly traced.⁵ The garden terraces of the old hall remain, descending one below the other to the banks of the pastoral Bure, which still glides in peaceful course through woods and velvet meads, that once formed the park and chase.

¹ The discrepancy of the time with the events may possibly have arisen from the confusion in the computation between new and old style—the difference of ten days. From the letters of the earl of Arlington, there is no evidence of the arrival of the royal party at his house earlier than the 8th of October. In his letter of the 9th, he says, "The king will go to Newmarket the next day." There can be little doubt but the Norfolk progress occupied ten days.

² Blickling Hall is the seat of Caroline, baroness Suffield, the representative of the Hobart family.

³ Anne Boleyn and Catharine of Braganza.

⁴ Lord-lieutenant of the county and of his own house.

⁵ The ancient grange has been rendered, by the taste of the late Edward Repton, Esq., a charming residence, combining the comforts of a modern dwelling with the picturesque interest attached to a relic of the olden time.

A gigantic oak, the last of the stately threefold avenue that once led up to the mansion, was, within the memory of man, pointed out, beneath which, according to the traditions of the place, king Charles and his queen stood when they shot at the butts, and it was added that his majesty hit the mark. The fact that Catharine of Braganza was the patroness of the honourable fraternity of bowmen in London, and greatly delighted in witnessing feats of archery, gives a strong confirmation to the village tradition, that she and her lord exercised their skill in shooting with bows and arrows, during their brief visit at Oxnead hall. For, in the year 1676, a silver badge for the marshal of the fraternity was made, weighing twenty-five ounces, with the figure of an archer, drawing the long English bow to his ear, bearing the inscription, "REGINÆ CATHARINÆ SAGITARIÆ," having also the arms of England and Portugal, with two bowmen for supporters.¹

King Charles's eldest natural daughter, Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Fitzroy, after the death of her first husband, lord James Howard, married the eldest son of sir Robert Paston, who was created earl of Yarmouth. She was most probably in attendance on the queen during the visit to Oxnead.

The king and queen parted company at Oxnead; he went on with his retinue to Rainham, and she returned with her train to Norwich where she was a second time entertained at the duke's palace, by lord Henry Howard.² Catharine must have been quite at home, and on terms of intimacy with all of that name and lineage, as cardinal Howard was her grand almoner, the countess of Suffolk her mistress of the robes, and the beautiful mistress Dorothy Howard, one of her maids of honour. She had other members of the Howard family in her household.

She remained at Norwich till ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, and then rode to Euston hall in Suffolk, the seat of the earl of Arlington, then lord chamberlain, where she was rejoined by the king. It was then Newmarket races, in which his majesty took much interest. On the 9th of October, the great match was run between two celebrated horses, named Woodcock and Flatfoot, one of which belonged to the king, the other to Mr. Elliot of the bed-chamber. King Charles had just rebuilt his palace at Newmarket, a mean building, situated in a dirty street, without either court or avenue. He was there all day, or on the heath, attending the sports, but often rode over to Euston in the evening, to sup and sleep.³

When the week's sports ended, the king came to spend the Sunday at Euston hall, whither he was followed by all the company from Newmarket. The nobility and gentry of Norfolk and Suffolk came thither to pay their court to him and the queen, and the whole house was filled with lords, ladies, and gallants. The French ambassador, Colbert, and his suite, were there, and more than two hundred persons were entertained

¹ Encyclo. Britannica; article Archery. A few years afterwards, there was a procession and fête given by the Finsbury archers, at which his majesty Charles II. was present, when the titles of duke of Shoreditch and marquis of Islington were conferred, according to ancient custom, on the most skilful marksmen.

² Blomefield's Norwich.

³ Evelyn.

in the most princely manner for fifteen days. The queen, her ladies, and the more refined portion of the noble guests, passed their mornings in hunting, or riding out to take the air. The French ambassador and that courtly philosopher, John Evelyn, generally joined this gentle company, to escape the gambling that was going on all day long among the gentlemen. This, however, was nothing in comparison to the riotous proceedings which took place during the next week's races at Newmarket.

Queen Catharine remained, with the virtuous portion of her ladies, quietly at Euston, while the king and his profligate associates pursued their orgies at Newmarket. The earl of Arlington was, in secret, a professor of the same religion with herself; he was a man of learning, of elegant tastes and polished manners, but specious and unprincipled.¹

Catharine's name has never been involved in any of the intrigues and unconstitutional measures of her royal husband and his profligate ministers. They were one and all unfriendly to her, and persevering in their machinations against her. Shaftesbury, the new lord-chancellor, when the negotiations for the marriage of the duke of York with a catholic princess became public in the spring of 1673, took occasion to moot the question of a divorce between their majesties once more; and, without so much as consulting the king, had engaged Vaughan, one of his creatures, to move in the House of Commons, "that there would be no security for the established religion without a protestant queen," and "that parliament should allow the king to divorce queen Catharine, and vote him a dower of 500,000*l.*, with a consort of the reformed religion." There was even a day appointed for bringing this proposition before parliament, but Charles, when it was named to him, had the good feeling to put a decided negative upon it;² he had, on a former occasion, used this strong expression, when tempted by Buckingham and Lauderdale to follow the unprincipled example of Henry VIII. in ridding himself of his innocent wife on a false pretence. "If my conscience," said he, "would allow me to divorce the queen, it would suffer me to despatch her out of the world."³

After this repulse, the enemies of the queen permitted her to remain unmolested for nearly five years. Little of interest occurs in her history during that time. The arrival of the duchess of Mazarine in England, who, when Hortense Mancini, had inspired the king with a passion so romantic, that he had offered to make her his wife, must have been an alarming event to the queen, who naturally apprehended a formidable rival in one whom he had thus regarded. The lapse of fifteen years

¹ He was one of the secret council of Charles II., called the Cabal, because the initial letters of their names could be arranged so as to form an acrostic spelling that word. His only daughter, the most lovely and promising child in the world, was betrothed at five years old, and afterwards married at twelve, to the duke of Grafton, the eldest son of Charles II. by the countess of Castlemaine. Evelyn grieved to see this charming young creature married, at that tender age, to a rudely bred, ill-mannered boy, who, he feared, was incapable of appreciating the value of such a prize. It is a remarkable fact, that of the numerous illegitimate offspring of Charles II., not one possessed the slightest talent or worth of character.

² Macpherson's Original Papers.

³ King James II.'s Autograph Journal.

had, however, banished every particle of romance from the heart of Charles; love was with him no longer a sentiment. He gave Hortense a residence at Chelsea, and a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, and visited her occasionally, but her influence never equalled that of the duchess of Portsmouth.¹

None of our monarchs, with the exception of James II., and our late patriotic and beloved sovereign, William IV., appear to have taken a more lively interest in naval affairs than Charles II. Catharine of Braganza entered very fully into his tastes as regarded aquatic excursions, going to ship-launches, and down to Chatham to inspect the vessels building there, and was happier still if permitted to see the fleet go out of port and drop down to the Nore. Charles did not always gratify his poor little queen by making her his companion on his voyages, which were sometimes suddenly and privately undertaken by him. The earl of Arlington gives the following account of one of these impromptu expeditions. "On this day seven-night,² his majesty left Windsor, with a pretence only to see the New Forest, and Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, where, as soon as he arrived, he put himself on board a squadron of ships, posted there on purpose to take him to Plymouth, to see the new fort there, where he arrived on Monday night, which is the last news we had of him. If the wind were fair for it, we should quickly expect him again, and by *long sea*,³ where twenty leagues are more pleasing to him than two by land. It is a new exploit for kings, but I hope God will bless him in it, according to those happy constellations which have yet appeared for him."

The same minister, when the fleet under the command of the duke of York was preparing for sea in April, 1672, tells lord Sunderland, "that his majesty had gone down that evening to make them weigh anchor as fast as they could for the Downs," adding, "and I am to follow him by break of day to-morrow." The reason of this haste was the report that the Dutch fleet had come out, and Charles was determined that no want of vigilance on his part should cause a second surprise. "I was ordered," says Evelyn, May 10, "by letter from the council to repair forthwith to his majesty, whom I found in the pall-mall in St. James's Park, where his majesty, coming to me from the company, commanded me to go immediately to the sea-coast, and to observe the motion of the Dutch fleet and ours, the duke and so many of the flower of our nation being now under sail coming from Portsmouth through the Downs, where 'twas believed there might be an encounter." A glorious victory was won by the English fleet, under the command of the duke of York, over the Dutch, May 28th, off Southwold Bay.

¹ Waller celebrates the quarrels between the three duchesses, Mazarine, Portsmouth, and Cleveland, in a poem, entitled the "Triple Combat;" it commences with these lines:—

"Now through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes."

² This letter is dated July 20th, 1671.

³ So written; probably, *open sea*.

King Charles went down to the Nore, with all the great men of his court, to meet and welcome his victorious brother on his return. He went on board the shattered fleet, and ordered particular care to be taken of the wounded seamen. On the 17th of June, when all the stains of battle, and everything that might shock the heart and eye of woman, had been removed, queen Catharine accompanied his majesty on his second visit to the fleet, which was then refitting for sea.¹

The first Italian opera ever performed in England, was produced January 5th, 1674, under the auspices of Catharine of Braganza, whose devotion to that style of music, and exclusive patronage of foreign musicians, did not increase her popularity in England. The divine compositions of Purcell were then considered the perfection of melody, and were more in unison with national taste than the artificial and elaborate style which has since been permitted to supersede the inspirations of native talent. It was, however, long ere an English audience learned to relish the Italian opera, much less to give it the preference over the masques of Ben Jonson and Milton and the operas of Dryden, combining, as they did, the simple sublimity of the Greek tragedy with the enchantment of vocal poetry and instrumental music. It was not easy to persuade the public in those days that a combination of incomprehensible sounds, however harmonious they might be, were capable of exciting feelings of admiration and delight, like those with which they listened to the national opera of Arthur, where Dryden's numbers are wedded to Purcell's melodies, compelling British hearts to thrill impulsively when the stormy defiance of the battle chorus of the Saxons is answered by the spirit-stirring air of "Britons, strike home."

Catharine of Braganza, as a foreign princess, could not be expected to share in the enthusiasm which was awakened by the historical traditions connected with the subject of "Arthur," neither could she enter fully into the beauties of English poetry; but Purcell's music had in it a poetry independent of language, which every ear might comprehend, and every heart appreciate.

The angelic voice of Mrs. Knight was considered by Evelyn and other of the cognoscenti of that era to excel those of the queen's Italian vocalists, and her singing was regarded as a greater attraction than the wonderful violin playing of signor Nicholao at musical meetings, where, also, the lute of Dr. Wallgrave rivalled the harpsichord of signor Francesco.

The king's excessive admiration for Mrs. Knight excited Catharine's jealousy, although she was first introduced at court, to sing Waller's complimentary verses on her majesty's recovery from sickness, in 1663. Eleven years after that period, another novelty was introduced in the way of royal amusements, which was the performance of a celebrated Italian scaramouch at Whitehall; and it is noticed that money was paid by the public for the first time on that occasion, for admittance to the theatre at that palace. This was regarded as a disgraceful innovation in the customs of the good old times.

¹ Arlington's Letters.

The maids of honour, and even the two princesses, Anne and Mary, were accustomed to perform in the masques at the royal theatre. Crowne wrote the celebrated masque of Calisto, for the use of the two princesses and ladies of Charles's court, at the express desire of queen Catharine.¹ Several of Dryden's tragedies were brought out there by the public actors.

Among the few memorials that have been preserved of queen Catharine's doings in the year 1676, is Evelyn's record of the 28th of April: "My wife entertained her majesty at Deptford, for which the queen gave me thanks, in the withdrawing-room at Whitehall." It is to be regretted that he did not indulge us with the particulars of her majesty's visit, and the manner of her reception at his little paradise, Say's-court, where everything that could interest persons of elegant tastes and cultivated minds had been collected and arranged by that accomplished virtuoso, whose memory renders even despised and deserted Deptford classic ground.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA,

QUEEN OF CHARLES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Queen presides over the marriage festivities of the princess Mary—Receives her farewell visit—Estrangement of the king from queen Catharine—Persevering malice of Shaftesbury against Catharine—Her servants accused of the murder of sir Edmundbury Godfrey—Oates accuses the queen of conspiring against the king's life—Contradictions in his statement against her—Bedloe's perjuries—Execution of her servants—Oates accuses the queen of high treason—Proposal to remove her from Whitehall—the king protects her—Malice of her enemies—The king's affectionate demeanour to her—His dangerous illness—The queen with the king at Newmarket—Her letter to the duke of Ormond—Shaftesbury's last struggle to effect the queen's divorce—Queen present at lord Stafford's trial—Fresh attempts against her—Queen goes with the king to Oxford—His kindness to her—Temporary disgrace of the duchess of Portsmouth—Queen's pecuniary difficulties—Ryehouse plot—Queen intercedes for Monmouth—Her birthday fête—Splendid illuminations on the Thames—The king attacked with apoplexy—Queen's attendance on him—They exchange forgiveness—Death of Charles II.—Respect paid to Catharine as queen-dowager—Her manner of mourning—Retires to Somerset House—Debt owed her by the crown—Pleads for the duke of Monmouth to James II.—Her suit against lord Clarendon—She wishes to go to Portugal—Puts off her voyage—She is present at the birth of the prince of Wales (son of James II.)—Stands godmother to him—Attests the verity of his birth—Revolution of 1688—Arrest of queen Catharine's lord chamberlain—She is visited by the prince of Orange—Queen

¹ Warton's History of English Poetry.

Catharine experiences hostility from Mary II.—Harassed and unkindly treated—She leaves England—Her journey to Portugal—Reception—Respect paid her there—Her English ladies—Visited by the king of Spain—Governs Portugal during the illness of her brother—Her popular administration—Constituted queen-regent of Portugal—Her brilliant successes—Her death—Obsequies—Burial.

THE arrival of the king's nephew, William, prince of Orange, caused more than ordinary festivities in the court, in the autumn of 1677. Queen Catharine was present at the marriage of that prince with the princess Mary, eldest daughter of the duke of York, which was celebrated at Whitehall on the 4th of November. The queen's birth-day was kept that year on the 15th,¹ instead of the 25th of that month, because the departure of the newly-wedded pair was appointed for the 21st. A very splendid ball was given on that occasion, both on account of her majesty's anniversary commemoration, and in honour of the recent nuptials of the royal cousins. They both danced; but the ill-humour and ungracious deportment of the bridegroom, and the evident distress of the youthful bride, cast an unwonted gloom over the entertainment.

Catharine, who had known the princess Mary almost from the day of her birth, and regarded her with the affection of an aunt, felt great compassion for her when she came bathed in tears to take leave of her, previously to her embarkation for Holland. The sight of her grief doubtless recalled to the queen's mind her own feelings on bidding a long adieu to her own country and friends; and she reminded the weeping bride, "that such was the lot of royalty, and that she had herself experienced a similar trial when she came to England, where she was a stranger to every one, and had not even seen the king her husband."

Mary, who thought no sorrow like her sorrow, petulantly replied, "But, madam, you came into England, and I am leaving England."²

Catharine of Braganza had had little reason to rejoice in the destiny that had conducted her to this country, for never had any queen, with the exception of Anne of Cleves, been treated more injuriously both by the sovereign and his ministers. Her case was, at this period, worse than it had ever been before, for the king had for the last five years wholly withdrawn himself from her company, so that they rarely met except in public, and had ceased to occupy the same apartment. The cause of this virtual separation may doubtless be traced to the increasing infatuation of the king for the duchess of Portsmouth, and the machinations of Shaftesbury, who, although he had been unable to obtain Charles's sanction for a parliamentary divorce, was pertinacious in his determination to effect the ruin of the queen. He had injured Catharine too deeply to allow her to remain in peaceful possession of the name of queen-consort and the few privileges she retained. His hatred of the duke of York was a still more active principle, and his desire of depriv-

¹ The 15th was, according to the new style, the 25th in Portugal, and the day on which Catharine had been accustomed, before her marriage, to celebrate St. Catharine's anniversary and her own fête.

² Dr. Lake's *Private Journal*, quoted from the inedited MS., by R. Blencowe. Esq., in his *Diary of the Times of Charles II.*

ing that prince of the succession to the crown, urged him into incessant attempts either to dissolve or invalidate the marriage of the king with the childless Catharine. Relying on Charles's parental fondness for his illegitimate offspring, which on many occasions betrayed him into the most inconsistent acts of folly, he one day had the audacity to tell his majesty "that if he would but say he had been married to the mother of the duke of Monmouth, he would find those that should swear it."¹

The last lingering spark of honour, and all the pride of Charles's nature, revolted at the idea, not only of being considered the husband of so abandoned a woman as Lucy Walters, but of avowing himself an unprincipled bigamist; nay, suborning false witnesses to establish him as such, by a series of perjuries, for the purpose of depriving his brother of his rightful place in the regal succession, invalidating his own marriage with his lawful wife, and imposing a surreptitious heir on his people.

"I would rather see James hanged up at Tyburn than entertain such a thought," was his indignant reply to the insulting proposal.²

Charles proved his sincerity, by taking the earliest opportunity of ridding himself of his subtle tempter. In this he acted on the advice of holy writ—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you;" but it was not in his power to fight manfully against evil. His own paths were crooked, and of course those persons who had once been in his councils, became the most dangerous of his enemies. Shaftesbury, who, on account of his frequent changes of party, bore the nickname of "my lord *Shiftsbury*,"³ was speedily transformed, by his loss of office, from the master-fiend of the cabinet into the master-fiend of the opposition. He was a man, alike devoid of honour and religion; his ruling passions were ambition and revenge. Little doubt now exists that the bugbear called the popish plot was got up by his emissaries,⁴ for the purpose of effecting the destruction of the queen and the duke of York, he having vainly laboured for nearly ten years to annul the marriage of the one and to rob the other of his rightful place in the succession. The details of this complicated tissue of iniquity would occupy a folio, and can only be briefly sketched. The infamy of the characters of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and, in fact, of every person who came forward, in the shape of informers and witnesses, to swear away the lives of a great number of innocent victims, has been acknowledged by every historian of integrity, and stands forth so palpably in the State Trials and Journals of the House of Lords, that it is needless to dwell on them further than as connected with the audacious attempts to fix the charges of high treason and murder on queen Catharine and her servants.

On the 13th of August, 1678, Charles II. was about to take a walk in the Park, when a person of the name of Kirby stepped forward, and begged his majesty not to separate from the company, as his life was in

¹ Journal of James II.; Macpherson; Lingard.

² Ibid.

³ Aubrey's Lives and Letters of Celebrated Men.

⁴ "Some papers I have seen convince me he contrived it," says that profound documentarian, sir John Dalrymple, "though the persons he made use of as informers ran beyond their instructions."—Memoirs of Great Britain, vol. I, p. 43.

danger. Charles, being a stranger to personal fear, took no notice of this warning. He had, however, some personal knowledge of Kirby, who had been employed to work in his laboratory, for, among his various pursuits, Charles II. had a taste for experimental chemistry. Kirby was a ruined speculator, of plausible manners, engaged with Oates and Tong.¹

Titus Oates was the son of an anabaptist weaver and preacher, but, on the Restoration, was ordained a minister of the church of England, from which he was expelled for his crimes. He took refuge in the church of Ronne, and studied at Valladolid; his misdoings caused his expulsion from that college; but, on professions of great penitence, he was admitted into the seminary of St. Omer, whence he was, however, finally driven with disgrace for his bad conduct. He returned to England, and applied for relief to one of his old companions, Dr. Tong, the rector of St. Michael, Wood-street, the editor of a quarterly polemical periodical. Tong, who had been accustomed to appeal, by many marvellous tales of blood and terror, to the passions of the vulgar, found Oates a valuable ally; for his powers of invention were singular, and he had acquired a knowledge of conventual habits and many other technicalities connected with the Romish church, which gave a tone of reality to his fictions. While at St. Omer, Oates had discovered that a private meeting of the jesuits was held in London in April; this was the triennial convocation of the order; but, with the aid of Tong, he on this slight foundation, built a story of a secret meeting of the Roman-catholics, at which a conspiracy was organized for the murder of the king, a second conflagration of London, and the destruction of the protestant religion. Tong, having written and prepared a narrative, setting this forth in a business-like form, directed Kirby to accost the king, as related, and refer his majesty to him for further information. In the evening he obtained an audience, and presented his narrative. Charles regarded it as a fabrication, and, being mightily bored with its details, to save himself from further trouble, referred the matter to the lord treasurer Danby, and went off the next day to Windsor,² to hold his court for the first time since the new alterations and improvements in the castle, being impatient to witness the effect of the fresco paintings of Verrio and the wood carvings of Grinling Gibbon, with which it was decorated.

Danby was at that time under the apprehension of being impeached of high treason, at the approaching meeting of parliament, for his ministerial conduct; and, being well aware that his proceedings would not bear the stern investigation of the leaders of the opposition, he was eager to divert the attention of the house to some other object of attack than his own peccadilloes.³ Nothing could be more pat to his purpose than the popular bugbear of a popish plot, certain as it was to influence vulgar prejudice against the duke of York, of whom he was a concealed foe. Accordingly, with all the selfish cunning of his nature, he made

¹ Lingard; Macpherson.

² North's Examen of the Plot, J'Estrange; Journal of the Lords; Lingard, State Trials.

³ Ibid.

the most of the wild tales of the informers, and insisted on their importance with a vehemence that excited the laughter of the king; but, when he proposed to lay the matter before the council, Charles hastily exclaimed:—"No; not even before my brother! It would only create alarm, and may, perhaps, put the design of murdering me into the head of some individual, who would not otherwise have thought of it."¹

Oates did not intend the matter to drop thus: he took means to compel public attention to his pretended discoveries, by going to a city magistrate, sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and making a deposition, on oath, of the particulars which the king had received so coolly, and added a list of persons, whom he denounced as conspirators. Among the rest was a person of the name of Coleman, lately secretary to the duchess of York. Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was Coleman's friend, and kindly wrote to give him warning of what was in agitation against him—a proceeding not very likely to incur the ill-will of the Roman catholics. Coleman told the duke, who immediately perceived that some deep-laid scheme was in agitation against himself, and urged the king to investigate the matter to the bottom. Oates was now summoned before the council, who repeated the depositions he had made before Godfrey, with the addition, "that the jesuits were determined to kill, not only the king, but the duke of York, if he should prove unwilling to join the plot;" and "that they had received from Père la Chaise, the French king's confessor, a donation of 10,000*l.*, and from De Corduba, the provincial of New Castile, the promise of a similar sum, to be expended on this undertaking."²

The duke of York pronounced the whole to be an impudent and absurd fabrication. The king desired Oates to describe the person of don John of Austria, with whom he pretended to have conferred at Madrid: he replied, "that he was a tall, spare, and swarthy man." The royal brothers looked at each other, and smiled, for both were acquainted with don John, and knew him to be a little, fat, fair man, with blue eyes.³ Charles asked him next, "Where he saw La Chaise pay down the 10,000*l.*?" "In the house of the jesuits, close to the Louvre," replied Oates, forgetting the intimate acquaintance of the monarch with the localities of Paris and its palaces. "Man!" exclaimed the king, "the jesuits have no house within a mile of the Louvre."⁴

Oates had now committed himself sufficiently to destroy his own credit in any court of justice; but the guilty practices of Coleman, who had been for years a secret spy and pensioner of France, were brought to light by his arrest and the investigation of his papers. Coleman was actually in correspondence with La Chaise, from whom a letter was found, offering for his master to furnish him with 20,000*l.*, to be employed by him and his friends for the service of France and the interests of the Roman church.⁵ While Coleman was thus receiving the wages of France, he had been discharged from the service of the duchess of York, for writing seditious letters and newspapers, attacking the jesuits

¹ L'Estrange's Brief History; Echard; Lingard.

² Memoirs of James II.

³ Lingard.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Commons' Journals; State Trials.

and the French, for all which he was highly caressed by the Whigs, who considered him as one of their party.¹ He appears to have been one of those persons, of whom there were too many at that time, who made a trade of agitation, and sold himself to all parties in turn. He was tried, convicted, and executed for his misdemeanors, on the 3d of the December following. In the mean time, the king chose to go to Newmarket and pursue his pleasures there, in spite of the entreaties of his brother and every person of common sense, for him to remain at Whitehall, and sift the matter thoroughly to the bottom before parliament met. Danby persuaded the indolent Sardanapalus, his master, to leave it to his management, and go and recreate himself with the autumnal sports. Charles went, and, during his absence, sir Edmundbury Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had made his depositions, left his house one morning, and his body was found, after five days, in a dry ditch on Primrose-hill, transfixed with his own sword. The duke of York, little foreseeing that this circumstance was hereafter to form the foundation of a most absurd accusation against himself, gives the following brief outline of the occurrence, in a letter to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, on the subject of the plot:—

“There is another thing happened, which is, that a justice of peace, one sir Edmundbury Godfrey, was missing some days, suspected by several circumstances, very probable ones, to design the making himself away. Yesterday his body was found in a bye place in the fields, some two or three miles off, with his own sword run through him. This makes a great noise, and is laid on the catholics also, but without any reason for it, for he was known to be far from an enemy to them.”²

The death of sir Edmundbury Godfrey has generally been attributed to his own act, from constitutional and hereditary melancholy, his father having destroyed himself, during a fit of mental despondency; but, considering the use that was made of it by the incendiaries engaged in the fabrication of the popish plot, that it was the hinge on which the whole of their machinery turned, there is every reason to believe that the murder was perpetrated by themselves, for the purpose of charging it upon those who were marked out for their victims. There is a passage in the note-book of an eminent civilian, the lord keeper North, who was an acute observer of the proceedings of Oates and his supporters, which leaves no doubt as to his opinion of the matter. “Godfrey’s murder,” says he, “they shall contrive as a stratagem of mischief.”

The funeral of the unfortunate magistrate was conducted more like a theatrical pageant than a Christian rite; nothing was omitted that could create tragic excitement, and kindle the indignation of the populace against his alleged murderers, the Roman catholics; no one pausing to inquire what persons of that persuasion had to gain by so useless a crime, a vague suspicion of which drew upon them one of those terrible outbursts of popular fury, such as, in former ages, was occasionally excited against the Jews, when a pretence was required to plunder and annoy them.

¹ MS. Memorandums of lord keeper North.

² Quoted by sir John Dalrymple, in his Appendix, vol. ii., p. 322.

The absurd statements of Oates were received with eager credulity by all ranks, and those who presumed to question them were regarded in the light of accomplices. "The business of life was interrupted by confusion, panic, clamour, and dreadful rumours."¹

The king offered a reward of 500*l.* for the discovery of the murderer of Godfrey, and, notwithstanding his own conviction that the whole was a monstrous fabrication, had not the moral courage to stem the torrent of popular delusion. At the opening of the session of parliament, he called the attention of the house to the alleged popish plot. Danby had now gained his point; his impeachment was averted by the astute policy with which he had substituted this new and marvellous affair for the discussion of parliament. It was seized on with avidity. Oates was sent for, his impudent falsehoods were listened to, and things possible and impossible received as gospel. The hired tools of the king of France, on the one hand, were there rejoicing in the destruction which they were paid for fomenting, and the creatures of the prince of Orange, on the other, working to effect the exclusion of the duke of York, by means of the "no popery" cry, that was now so successfully ringing from one end of England to the other.²

Danby now fancied that he should weather out the storm, and that by crying out against popery he should pass for a pillar of the church, and ward off the blow which he foresaw was falling on his shoulders; but my lord Shaftesbury, who soon found out his drift, said, "Let the treasurer cry as loud as he pleases against popery, and think to put himself at the head of the plot, I will cry a note louder, and soon take his place."³ Shaftesbury had hitherto been felt but not seen in the business, his proceedings resembling those of the spider that lurks *perdue* in some dark chink of the wall, over which she has stealthily woven her web, and never permits herself to be visible till she can dart on her prey. Before the parliament had sat a week, he got a committee appointed for the investigation of the plot, and made himself the directing power by which everything was managed. Oates was then rewarded with a pension of 1200*l.* a year for his information, and encouraged to denounce every catholic peer, whose abilities or influence would be likely to oppose his designs against the queen and the duke of York, as concerned in the plot. It was in consequence of these denunciations that all Roman-catholic peers were deprived of their seats in parliament.

The first week in November saw a new actor in the farce, now fast progressing to a tragedy of the most extensive and bloody character.

An oft-convicted and punished felon, of the name of Bedloe, newly discharged from Newgate, tempted by the idea of obtaining the reward of 500*l.*, offered by the royal proclamation for the discovery of the murderers of sir Edmundbury Godfrey, swore "that the murder was committed by the queen's popish servants, at Somerset House; that he was stifled between two pillows by the jesuits, Walsh and Le Fevre, with the aid of lord Bellasys's gentleman, and one of the waiters in the queen's chapel." He added, "that he saw the body there, lying on the

¹ Macpherson.

² D'Avaux's Despatches.

³ Journal of James II.

queen's back stairs; that it lay there two days; and he was offered two thousand guineas to assist in removing it, and that at last it was removed at nine o'clock on the Monday night, by some of the queen's people. Four days afterwards he deposed, "that in the beginning of October he had been offered 4000*l.* to commit a murder; that Godfrey was inveigled into the court at Somerset House, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the murder was committed," not, as he had at first sworn, by stifling him with pillows, but by strangling with a linen cravat. The king was indignant at these impudent statements, which were aimed against the queen's life, as she was then residing at Somerset House; but, luckily, he was himself a witness of her innocence, and of the falsehood of the tale, as he visited her majesty that day, and was with her at the very hour named by the perjurer as that when the murder was perpetrated, and which must have been instantly discovered, because a company of foot guards were drawn out, and sentinels placed at every door.¹

Bedloe pointed out the room to the duke of Monmouth, where he pretended the corpse of the murdered man was carried, and that he saw standing round it the four murderers, and Atkins, clerk to Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty;² but this was, as it happened, the waiting-room appropriated to the use of the queen's footmen, who were there in waiting all day long, and all her majesty's meals were brought through by no other way. Yet even these self-evident contradictions did not convince the public of the falsehood and wickedness of the impostor. Grave legislators listened with apparent credulity to tales of invading armies of pilgrims and friars coming over from Spain to cut all protestant throats, and even of armies of papists underground, that were all ready, under arms, to break forth at the proper moment, and kill every one who would not conform to their dogmas.

It was now evident that the death of sir Edmundbury Godfrey was to be charged upon the queen, though the first attack was made on her priests and servants. Her birth-day was, however, celebrated with more than ordinary splendour this year. "I never saw the court more brave," says Evelyn, "nor the nation in more apprehension and consternation." The gaols were crowded with prisoners, who were arrested on the informations of Oates, as accomplices in the plot. A feverish excitement pervaded all ranks of the people, in the expectation of fresh discoveries, and their thirst for the marvellous was duly fed by pamphlets and an-

¹ Burnet; Macpherson; Lingard; James II.'s Journal.

² The arrest of Atkins was followed by that of his principal in the Navy Office, the worthy Pepys, a man to whom this country was, and is at this day, under important obligations. He was a zealous member of the church of England; but was marked out for an early victim, in the hope of involving his royal master the duke of York, whose affection for him was well known. Fortunately for Pepys, his butler, who had been suborned against him, was suddenly taken ill, and on his death-bed made confession of the false witness he had borne against his good master, who, more in sorrow than in anger, observes, in one of his letters from the Tower, where he was long imprisoned on this false charge, "To my grief must I charge some eminent pretending protestants with dealings, as unbecoming Christians, as the worst of them with which we reproach papists"

nouncements in the newspapers, calculated to increase the delusion and inflame the national mania.

The supporters of Oates, who were chiefly to be found among the republican party, held councils for carrying on their designs at the King's Head, in Fleet Street, and other places. "They also had their dark cabals and associations in city and country, where they invented news and libels, and with that success, that in twenty-four hours they could entirely possess the city with what reports they pleased, and in less than a week spread them over the kingdom."¹ At this perilous crisis, when the lives of the queen, the duke of York, and all their servants, hung on the same fragile thread, which the next breath might sever, a coolness arose between them on the following grounds.

The king had been compelled to issue a proclamation for banishing priests, on which it was moved in council that those attached to the household of the duchess of York might be excepted, as well as those belonging to the queen. This was negatived, it being too dangerous to make such an exception, but it was suggested that those ecclesiastics might be added to her majesty's list. Catharine, who knew she had more priests of her own than was at all safe at that juncture, refused to sanction this subterfuge, although both the king and duke requested her to consent to the arrangement.²

The duke and duchess were offended at her non-compliance, but she acted with far greater friendship, in refusing to aid them in evading the mandate published in the king's proclamation, than if she had obliged them by a compliance, which would doubtless have involved both herself and the duchess in the most imminent danger. Surrounded as Catharine was at this time by spies and bloodhounds, one false or even doubtful step would have thrown her into their toils, but the truthfulness and simplicity of her character was her best defence against their malice. She had no guilt to conceal, and, by walking in the broad light of day, she avoided all cause of suspicion; so that, when she was charged with practising against the life of her royal husband, there was a witness in her favour, in the heart of every honest man who knew her, that attested her innocence.

"Oates grew so presumptuous," says Evelyn, "as to accuse the queen of a design to poison the king, which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thoughts of, and Oates's circumstances made it utterly unlikely, in my opinion. He probably thought to gratify some who would have been glad his majesty should have married a fruitful lady; however, the king was too kind a husband to let any of these make impression on him." Evelyn, when he made this observation in his private diary, was probably unconscious of the manner in which his opinion was verified by the following fact. Dr. Tong, on the 23d of October, sent one of his confederates, Mrs. Elliot, the wife of a gambling gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, to solicit a private audience for Oates, on the grounds, "that he wished to communicate some important secret information against the queen, tending to implicate her in the

¹ MS. Memorandums of lord keeper North.

² King James's Journal.

plot." Perceiving that this intimation was received by the king with tokens of impatience and displeasure, she had the boldness to tell him "that she thought his majesty would have been glad to have parted with the queen on any terms."¹

"I will never suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed,"² was Charles's indignant reply to the base emissary of those who, presuming on his ill-conduct as a husband, had dared to insult him with a proposal of assisting in a conspiracy against the life of his ill-treated consort.

Catharine's unpopular religion, her numerous ecclesiastical establishment, her chapels at St. James's and Somerset House, and her endeavours to reserve all the preferments in her own household for persons of her own faith, had always been displeasing to the people, and therefore any attack on her, it was supposed, would expose her to their fury at a moment when their passions and prejudices had been excited to a degree of blind ferocity, by the marvellous fictions of the originators of the plot. The avowed devotion of the duke of York to the tenets of the church of Rome had alarmed the timorous, and offended the bold of the reformed faith. Those who venerated his father as a martyr, were disposed to look upon him as an apostate, and to consider that the evil communications of the popish queen had been the cause of seducing him from his former attachment to the church of England. In Portugal, the whole credit of his conversion was given to Catharine of Braganza; and it is to this day blazoned as one of her good deeds in the chronicles of that country,³ in such different lights do national feelings and the strong prejudices inculcated by education teach persons to look upon the same thing. Catharine had, however, nothing to do with the change in the duke of York's creed; she never possessed the slightest influence over his mind, neither does it appear that there was any increase of friendship between her and him in consequence of his catholicism. She would not relinquish her chapel at St. James's palace to his young duchess, Mary of Modena, and she passionately resented the attentions which a mistaken and unworthy policy induced the duke to allow his innocent consort to pay to the duchess of Portsmouth. Yet the faction that was bent on excluding that prince from the regal succession treated the queen as if her want of children were a crime on her part, and had been actually contrived between her and Clarendon, to secure the throne to the duke of York and his progeny.

The secluded manner in which Catharine had been living apart from the king in her dower palace at Somerset House, while the duchess of Portsmouth was queening it at Whitehall, and her apparently neglected and defenceless condition, had encouraged Oates and Bedloe to mark her out as an easy victim, on the supposition that Charles would be glad of an opportunity of playing Henry VIII., and would give her up to the vengeance of that party whose malice she had excited by refusing to become their tool in political agitation.

Oates now deposed on oath, before the king and council, "that, in the

¹ King James's Journal.

² Life of James II., by Stanier Clark; Lingard; Journals of the Lords.

³ Hist. Casa Real. Portuguesa.

preceding July, he saw a letter, in which it was affirmed by sir George Wakeman, the queen's catholic physician, that her majesty had been brought to give her assent to the murder of the king; that, subsequently, one sir Richard, or sir Robert, of Somerset House, evidently pointing at sir Richard Bellings, the queen's secretary, came with a message from her majesty for certain jesuits to attend her, with whom, one day in August, he went to Somerset House,"¹ for no other purpose, as it should appear, than to be made an unnecessary witness of their high and horrible designs. "They went into her majesty's closet, leaving him in the antechamber, the door of which these clever plotters were so obliging as to leave ajar, in order to enable him to hear the discourse which, he pretended, passed between them and the queen." He said "he heard a female voice exclaim, 'I will no longer suffer such indignities to my bed. I am content to join in procuring his death and the propagation of the catholic faith,' and that 'she would assist sir George Wakeman in poisoning the king.'" He added, "that when the jesuits came out, he requested to see the queen, and had, as he believed, a gracious smile of her majesty; and while he was within, he heard the queen ask father Harcourt 'whether he had received the last 10,000*l*.' and, as far as he could judge, it was the same voice which he had heard when he was in the ante-room, and he saw no other woman there but the queen."²

Charles, who knew that every tittle of this tale was false, insisted on his describing the room and ante-chamber, where he pretended he had overheard the queen hold this discourse with the priests. Oates, who was not acquainted with the private apartments of her majesty in Somerset House, merely described one of the public reception rooms. Those who knew the relative situation of the queen's closet and privy chamber were aware that it was impossible for him to have heard anything the queen had spoken there, unless she had exerted the utmost power of her lungs, to make her treasons audible to the whole palace, or, to use Burnet's elegant phraseology, "had strained for it, for the queen," says he, "was a low-voiced woman;"—a point in her favour, as contributing to exonerate her from this murderous aspersion, and also as being a feminine charm commended by Shakspeare, as "an excellent thing in woman."

The king considered that Oates had entirely committed himself by this local blunder; but then came Bedloe to confirm the slander, by swearing "that he too had been witness of a conference between the queen and two French priests, in the presence of lord Belasyse, Coleman, and some jesuits, in the gallery of her chapel at Somerset House, while he stood below. He was informed by Coleman, that at this conference the project of murdering the king was first propounded to the queen, and that at the first mention of it she burst into tears, but that her objections had been overcome by the arguments of the French jesuits, and she had reluctantly signified her consent."³ He was asked "why he had not disclosed such a perilous matter, in conjunction with his previous infor-

¹ Lords' Journals; North's Examen of the Plot; Lingard; James II.'s Autobiography, &c., &c.

² Ibid.

³ Lords' Journals.

mation touching the murder of sir E. Godfrey?" to which he coolly replied, "that it had escaped his memory."

In pursuance of his determined attack on the life of the queen, Oates proceeded to depose "that at first 10,000*l.* was offered to sir George Wakeman, in his presence, to bribe him to the murder of the king, which he refused, saying it was too little for so great a work; then 5000*l.* more was offered, and accepted, and he signed a receipt to father Harcourt for 5000*l.* paid in advance." It was pretended "that Wakeman was to prepare the poison, and Catharine to administer it to the king."

This murderous calumny on the innocent queen is thus indignantly noticed by Dryden, in his famous political poem, "Absalom and Achitophel," in which she is designated by the name of Michal:—

"Such was the charge on pious Michal brought,
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought.
The best of queens, the most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of cursed designs on David's life,
His life the theme of her eternal prayer—
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily and the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high;
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes, to bless the world below;
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile and orphans sing."

Catharine's devotion to her own religion had prompted her to bestow a part of her royal manor at Hammersmith to found a convent for nuns—but secretly, because of the penal statutes, which prohibited every institution of the kind. The tradition of the present Benedictine ladies of the convent at Hammersmith is, that Catharine of Braganza first sent for a sisterhood of nuns from Munich, whom she established in that house, which was supposed to be a boarding-school for the education of young ladies of the Roman-catholic persuasion. They did not venture to wear the conventual dress and veil, or any distinctive costume, but contented themselves with a strict observance of their vows and the rules of their order. They were in some peril and considerable alarm during the persecution caused by the perjuries of Titus Oates and Bedloe, but escaped attack. If the queen had been suspected of founding a convent in England, there is no telling to what extent popular prejudice would have been excited against her and her protégées. They were the first nuns who settled in England after the accession of queen Elizabeth.

Catharine's principal adviser at this alarming crisis was count Castelmelhor, a noble Portuguese exile, who had taken refuge in England after incurring the ill-will of the reigning sovereign of Portugal, don Pedro, by his fidelity to his old master, don Alphonso. His prudent councils were so salutary to the queen at the time of her great danger, that she bestowed such substantial proofs of her gratitude on him, as

enabled him to retrieve his ruined fortunes by the purchase of a new estate, to which, out of compliment of her, he gave the name of Santa Catarina.¹ She sent an express to her royal brother, don Pedro, telling him of the predicament in which she stood; and entreating his protection, in case of her life being put in jeopardy. Catharine at that time anticipated nothing less than that the parliament would bring her to the block, like king Charles I., and this fear she expressed in her letters to the king her brother, who is said to have exerted himself in her behalf; but it was not till 1680 that he sent a special envoy, the marquez de Arrouches, to assure her of his brotherly affection and support, under any troubles that might befall her, and with instructions to interpose for her protection, if required.² Her persecutors showed themselves more in earnest. On the 28th of November, Bedloe delivered his depositions against her majesty, in writing, to the House of Commons; then Oates advanced to the bar, and, raising his voice, exclaimed, "I, Titus Oates, accuse Catharine, queen of England, of high treason;" or, rather, according to his way of pronouncing the words, "*Aye, Taitus Oates, accuse Caatharine, queen of England, of haigh treason.*"³

The members, not in the secret, were paralyzed with astonishment, and remained speechless; while those under whose encouragement the meaner villain played so bold a part, took advantage of their consternation to vote an address to the king for the immediate removal of the queen and her household from Whitehall, and some proposed that she should be forthwith committed to the Tower. The peers refused to concur in the unconstitutional resolution of the Commons, to treat their queen as a convicted traitress, till they found more conclusive evidence of her guilt than the incredible depositions of such men as Oates and Bedloe, and contented themselves with appointing a committee to investigate the charges, and to state their reasons for opposing the precipitate vote of the Commons. Shaftesbury, with two of his creatures, in defiance of common decency, protested against this equitable and prudent mode of treating the question.⁴

From the moment that Bedloe had denounced the queen's servants as the murderers of sir E. Godfrey, and named her majesty's palace of Somerset House as the scene of the tragedy, the king had perceived there was a conspiracy in agitation against her—a conspiracy proceeding from no ordinary cabal. He could not but remember the pertinacity of Shaftesbury in urging the divorce question, even against his express declaration that "it was against his conscience;" and as every fresh coil in this volume of iniquity unfolded, he significantly repeated, "I believe they think I have a mind for a new wife, but I will not suffer an innocent woman to be wronged."

In the commencement of the business, he made the queen return to

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Ibid.

³ Sir Walter Scott has noticed this drawling intonation as an affectation peculiar to this false witness; but lord keeper North has proved that the wretch aped it from the original affectation of one of his suborners, the treble renegade Sunderland.

⁴ Lords' Journals.

Whitehall, and, by treating her with the most decided marks of attention and respect, demonstrated his intention of acting as her protector. "The king told me," says Burnet, "that, considering his great faultiness towards her, he thought it would be a horrid thing to abandon her."

"If the king had given way in the least," observes the historian of the plot,¹ "queen Catharine had been very ill used, for the plotters had reckoned on his weakness in regard to women, and flattered him with hopes of having an heir to inherit his dominions."

Charles disappointed these calculations by the indignation with which he met their calumnies against his wife. He ordered Oates into confinement, and placed a guard about him, to prevent his receiving fresh lessons from abler villains than himself; but their clamours compelled him to withdraw this wholesome restraint, and restore him to his former liberty and power of disturbing the public peace. Five of the principal catholic lords were sent to the Tower on his impeachment. Thirty thousand persons of the same denomination were driven out of London, and every day witnessed fresh arrests, and at length fresh executions, of innocent persons, whose lives were remorselessly sacrificed against all law and justice, merely to serve as preludes to the fall of the queen and the duke of York, for whose especial ruin this storm had been conjured up.

"I dined," says sir John Reresby, "with that excellent man, Dr. Ganning, bishop of Ely. The *famous* Dr. Oates was at table,"—no very high proof of the excellence of the bishop. "This man, flushed with the thoughts of running down the duke of York, expressed himself of the duke and royal family in terms that bespoke him a fool or something worse, and, not content with that, he must rail at the queen-mother and her present majesty; in this strain did he hurry on, and not a soul dared oppose him, lest he should be made out a party to the plot—but, unable to bear with the insolence of the man, I took him to task to such purpose, that he flung out of the room with some heat. The bishop told me 'that such was the general drift of his discourse, and that he had sometimes checked him for the indecency of his talk, but to no purpose.'"²

Religious zealots, with heated imaginations, and polemic passions, always in a state of excitement, might possibly give implicit credit to the depositions of Oates and Bedloe. That the credulity of the simple unreflecting classes was thoroughly imposed on, is certain; but who can suppose that men of strong intellect, sound judgment, and habitual caution, like lord William Russell, and the other leaders of the exclusion faction, could for one moment believe such palpable absurdities? They could not, and they did not, but they made use of them as powerful political weapons against the queen and the duke, and they remorselessly hallooed the bloodhound on his prey. They assisted him with all the strength of their party, in hunting a succession of innocent persons to the scaffold, and voted him rewards for crimes which have left an indelible stain on the annals of their country. Several of these

¹ Roger North's *Examen* of the Plot.

² Reresby's *Memoirs*, p. 111.

pretended patriots, such as Algernon Sidney,¹ and Hambden, had the bribes of France, or of Holland, in their pockets at this very time;—for very deeply implicated were both Louis XIV. and William of Orange in this iniquity, as the documents of the times will prove.

Although the king had foiled the attempt to brand the queen with treason, by raising the shield of his prerogative before her, and had refused to compromise her dignity as his consort, by permitting any investigation of her conduct to take place, Bedloe persevered in his attempts to fix the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey on her servants. He now pointed out Miles Prance, a silversmith, who was employed to clean the plate belonging to her majesty's chapel in Somerset House, as one of the murderers. This wretched creature was hurried to Newgate, terrified and cajoled alternately, till he was induced, on promise of pardon, to confess the charge, and give up his accomplices. He named three of the inferior domestics in her majesty's service, who protested their innocence in vain; they were tried, and condemned to death. Struck with remorse, he demanded to be brought before the king and council, and, throwing himself on his knees, he protested "that he had accused them falsely, for he knew nothing of the murder."² He was hurried back to Newgate, chained to the floor of the condemned cell, and driven to partial madness by terror and the practices of his keeper, Boyce, who told him constantly "that, unless he agreed with Bedloe's evidence, he should be hanged;" and at last got him to confess a conspiracy for the assassination of lord Shaftesbury, and many other things, which he afterwards disowned; but finally became a thorough-going witness against all those accused by Qates. The unfortunate men, Hill, Green, and Berry, the last of whom was a protestant, were all executed, protesting their innocence. The horror of the queen at the treatment of her poor servants

¹ Algernon Sidney actually sold himself to France for 500 guineas, half the sum that was paid to the worthless Buckingham, who received 1000 guineas. Harbord, Hambden, Littleton, Baber, Colonel Titus, and Algernon Sidney each received 500 guineas from the French ambassador, Barillon. "Depuis le dix jour, 22 Decembre, jusque 14 Decembre, 1679, j'ai donné savoir à M. le duc de Bouquinharn, 1000 guinées, qui font 1087*l.* dix schelings sterling; à M. de Sidney, 500 guinées, qui font 543*l.* quinze schelings sterling."—*Etat de l'Argent employé par M. de Barillon, ambassadeur du Roi en Angleterre, depuis le 22 Decembre, 1680, in Dalrymple's Appendix, copied by him from the dépôt of State Papers.*

Barillon, in a letter to Louis XIV., dated December 14, 1679, says of Algernon Sidney:—"Mr. Sidney has been of great use to me on many occasions. He is a man who was in the first wars, and who is naturally an enemy to the court. He has for some time been suspected of being gained by lord Sunderland; but he always appeared to me to have the same sentiments, and not to have changed maxims. He has a great deal of credit among the independents, and is also intimate with those who are most opposite to the court in parliament. He was elected for the present one. I gave him only what your majesty permitted me (500 guineas). He would willingly have had more; and if a new gratification were given him, it would be easy to engage him entirely. However, he is very favourably disposed to what your majesty may desire, and is not willing that England and the States General should make a league. I believe he is a man who would be very useful, if the affairs of England should be brought to extremities."

² Macpherson; Journals of Lords; State Trials; Lingard.

may be imagined; but, though assured by the duke of York that the parliament intended her and himself for the next victims, she preserved a courageous calmness, and was satisfied that the king believed her incapable of the crimes with which she was charged. Charles would not suffer her to be driven from the sanctuary of his palace, and treated her with greater kindness than he had done for many years. It was probably in compliance with his desire that Catharine, on being permitted to choose nine ladies out of her household, who should be exempted from taking the test enforced on all the rest, after causing eight of those who were of the Roman church to be chosen by lot, named the duchess of Portsmouth as the ninth, without subjecting her to the chance of being excluded, although her dislike to this woman was deservedly great. The duchess had been appointed as one of the ladies of her bed-chamber, with an implied understanding that she was not to intrude her services on the queen. One day, however, she insisted on waiting on her majesty at dinner, and conducted herself so impertinently that the queen was greatly discomposed, and at last, unable to control her feelings, burst into tears. Her audacious rival, with the insolence common among persons of her calling, uttered some audible ejaculation of contempt, and laughed behind her fan, which provoked a reproof from the king.¹

Among the many painful apprehensions with which Catharine was assailed during the inauspicious year of 1679 was the renewal of attempts to dispute the lawfulness of her marriage, by Shaftesbury's old project of establishing the pretence that the duke of Monmouth was the legitimate son of the king. The health of the duke was publicly drunk several times by the title of prince of Wales; and it was reported that four witnesses could be brought forward to prove the king's marriage with Lucy Walters. The king, to satisfy the queen and his brother, called the council together for the purpose of contradicting this, and made a solemn protest, that he had never been married to any other woman than to her present majesty, queen Catharine. He subsequently published a proclamation to the same effect.²

Catharine was not permitted to enjoy much repose. "I believe," writes the duke of York to his treacherous son-in-law, the prince of Orange, "you will very soon see the queen fallen upon, with intent to take her life."³ A few days before the date of this letter, the duke of Monmouth's cook, a man of the name of Buss, deposed before the secret committee, at the head of which was Shaftesbury, that, "being at Windsor in September last, he heard one Hankinson, who had belonged to the queen's chapel, desire Antonio, the queen's confessor's servant, to have

¹ The duchess of Portsmouth, though at first threatened by the supporters of Oates and his plot, and greatly terrified at the idea of an impeachment, became ultimately one of their confederates. They flattered her with the hope of her son being appointed for the successor to the crown, in case of the bill for the exclusion of the duke of York being carried. It was through her influence that the earl of Danby prevailed on the king to command his brother to leave England. She subsequently induced the infatuated monarch to agree to the appointment of Shaftesbury as the president of the council of thirty.

² See James II.'s Journal; London Gazette; Macpherson's History of England.

³ Dated July 9th, 1679.—Dalrymple's Appendix.

a care of the four Irishmen he had brought along with him, who, he said, would do the business for them." This business was, of course, the king's murder. The committee, with consummate art, affected to treat this matter lightly, in order to induce the informer to make it public, as Oates had formerly done his deposition, by going and swearing it before a city magistrate, the recorder. Then Antonio was examined; and though he denied having used such words, or knowing anything of the Irishmen, or the business for which they were conjured up, he was committed for high treason.¹ Nothing came of the charge; for, on one point, the king, so indolent and pliant on everything besides, was positive; he would not permit the queen to be compromised in any way, by sanctioning inquiries on charges that were ostensibly fabricated as pretexts to swear away her life.

"The king," observes James, in his Journal, "seemed highly sensible of so injurious an aspersion on so virtuous a princess; however, nothing was done to vindicate her, in such awe did his majesty stand of the popular rage, whose drift being to disappoint the duke's succession, there was no way of compassing it but either ruining him or the queen." It was moved, in the extraordinary meeting of the privy-council, on the 24th of June, "that it would be best for the queen to stand her trial,"² but the king, who knew it would not be a fair one, would not permit it. The murderous design of the party against the queen is plainly indicated by this now-forgotten rhyme of the lampoon-writer, Marvel:—

"With one consent let all her death desire,
Who durst her husband's and her king's conspire."

The acquittal of sir George Wakeman and the jesuits who were indicted with him, on the charge of uniting with the queen to poison the king, by exposing the shameless perjuries of Oates and Bedloe, acted as the first check to the current of the successful villanies of these infamous men. They were nowise daunted, but daringly accused lord chief justice Scroggs to his face of partiality, because, departing from his usual practice of browbeating and intimidating the accused, he had given a charge to the jury in their favour.³

The affectionate attention with which Charles now treated his persecuted consort is thus sneeringly noticed by the countess of Sunderland, in a letter to her brother-in-law at the Hague: "The king and queen—who is now a mistress, the passion her spouse has for her is so great—go both to Newmarket, the 18th of September, together with their whole court."⁴

Charles had become thoughtful and melancholy, and passed his time a good deal alone at Windsor, amusing himself with fishing and solitary walks. It was suggested to him by his council that his life was in danger, but he treated the notion with contempt. He had much to render him miserable in the reflection of what he was, and what he might

¹ Journal of James II. Buss was brought as a witness at the trial of Langhorne, where he deposed the same thing, which was by no means relevant to the charges against Langhorne.

² Blencowe's Sidney Diary; Times of Charles II.

³ State Trials

⁴ Blencowe's Sidney Diary.

have been, had he not wasted the glorious opportunities that had been given him. He had disappointed the expectations of all who loved him, and who had risked their lives and expended their fortunes in his cause. He had lavished that wealth on the associates of his vices, that might now have placed him in a position to enforce the administration of justice; but, like a ruined spendthrift, he was ready to barter all the advantages that were his right for temporary supplies of money. To propitiate an unprincipled faction, he had permitted a number of innocent persons to be executed for impossible crimes; and to please one bad woman, (Nell Gwynne,) he had restored Buckingham to his confidence, and at the persuasions of another, (duchess of Portsmouth,) he had admitted Shaftesbury and his creatures into places, which enabled them to abuse the regal power to the furtherance of their own ambitious purposes, and to degrade himself into the office of their accredited instrument. "I never saw," says sir William Temple, "any man more sensible of the miserable condition of his affairs than I found his majesty; but nothing moved me more than when he told me 'he had none left with whom he could so much as speak of them in confidence, since my lord treasurer's being gone.'"¹ This was Danby, a man every whit as false as the rest.

A few days before his intended journey to Newmarket with the queen, Charles was seized with an intermittent fever, of so malignant a character that his life was in danger. Great excitement was caused by this illness of the king, which was, according to the monomania of the period, attributed to poison. "I believe yet," writes lady Sunderland,² "that there is scarce anybody beyond Temple-bar that believes his distemper proceeded from anything but poison, though as little like it as if he had fallen from a horse. * * * If the privy-councillors," pursues she, "had not used their authority to keep the crowds out of the king's chamber, he had been smothered; the bed-chamber men could do nothing to prevent it."³

On the first alarming symptoms of his malady, Charles ordered Sunderland to summon the duke of York privately from Brussels; but before his arrival at Windsor, the danger was over. As a grateful tribute to the skill of his physician, Dr. Micklethwaite, Charles, on the first symptoms of convalescence, honoured him with the accolade of knighthood. At the time originally appointed, his majesty went to Newmarket, accompanied by the queen and all the court. His way of life there was little to the credit of a man over whom the shadow of death had so recently impended. His proceedings are thus described by a contemporary:—"He walked in the morning till ten o'clock; then he went to the cock-pit till dinner-time; about three, he went to the horse-races; at six, he returned to the cock-pit for an hour only; then he went to the play, though the actors were but of a terrible sort; from thence to supper; then to the duchess of Portsmouth's till bed-time; and so to his own apartment to take his rest."⁴

¹ Temple's Works, vol. ii., p. 492.

² The dowager countess, Dorothy Sidney, the far-famed Sacharissa of Waller.

³ Blencowe's Diary, and Correspondence of the Times of Charles II.

⁴ Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

During the king's illness, the famous astrologer, Gadbury, was applied to by the noted Mrs. Cellier, to cast his majesty's nativity, which he not only declined to do, but informed against his customer; yet he afterwards, in conjunction with an amateur wizard, sir Edward Deering, volunteered three political predictions, on the fulfilment of which he was willing to stake all his professional skill. They were as follows: "That Charles II., after the burial of queen Catharine, would have a son by another wife, who should be born after his death;" that Louis XIV. would die in 1682; and lastly, that the earl of Shaftesbury would be beheaded." Three worse guesses were certainly never hazarded.

The death of the brave and virtuous earl of Ossory, who at that time held the office of lord chamberlain to the queen, was much lamented by her majesty, especially at an epoch when she required the support of every man of honour in her service. She wrote with her own hand the following gracious letter of condolence to his afflicted father on his irreparable loss:—

"My lord duke of Ormond,

"I do not think any thing I can say will lessen your trouble for the death of my lord Ossory, who is so great a loss to the king and the public, as well as to my own particular service, that I know not how to express it; but every day will teach me, by showing me the want I shall find of so true a friend. But I must have so much pity upon you as to say little on so sad a subject, conjuring you to believe that I am,

"My lord duke of Ormond,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"CATHARINE REGINA."

In addressing these unaffected expressions of sympathy to the afflicted parent of her chivalric chamberlain, queen Catharine departed from her established rule of never putting pen to paper except on matters of indispensable necessity. When Henry Sidney, some months previously to this event, took leave of her majesty, on his appointment as ambassador to the Hague, she desired him to tell the prince and princess of Orange, "that she never writ any letters, but she hoped he would make the best compliments he could for her."

This may appear somewhat cool, considering the nearness of the connexion; but Catharine was no dissembler, and she had little reason to feel kindness for those, who had encouraged the fabricators of the murderous false witness, that had so recently been aimed against her life, in the business of the popish plot. Catharine had probably pretty correct information of the share the prince of Orange had in that great iniquity, which he afterwards proclaimed to the whole world, by pensioning the notorious tool of the exclusionists, Titus Oates.

In August, death delivered Catharine from one of her false accusers, Bedloe. He endeavoured to support his part in the tragic farce, in which he had been so prominent an actor, to the last, by sending for lord chief-justice North, and making oath, "that all he had deposed of the popish plot was true;" but, as the judge was leaving the room, he detained him, and said, "he had somewhat to disclose to him in private,"

¹ Blencowe's Sidney Diary.

and then, in presence only of his wife and North's clerk, he swore, "that the duke of York was guiltless of any design on the king's life, though otherwise connected with the plot;" and of the queen, against whom he had previously sworn point blank, he now said, "that, as far as he knew, she was ignorant of any design against the king, nor any way concerned in his murder, nor otherwise, than by her letters, in the plot, by consenting and promising what money she could to the introduction of the catholic religion—nay, it was a great while, and made her weep before she could be brought to that."¹

This statement, although "even the dying words," as Echard wisely observes, "of one hardened by many years of villainies must be cautiously mentioned," was probably the real state of the case as regarded Catharine. She was a very cautious person, and though passionately devoted, even to bigotry, to her own religion, she was unlikely to rush into so many crimes and dangers for the furtherance of any visionary scheme. Her great object was to obtain acts of toleration for English catholics; and she had good reason to know that the king was perfectly willing to oblige her in that particular; he having a strong personal bias in favour of catholicism. She loved him with the most unbounded affection, and always cherished the hope of his reconciliation with the church of Rome, which she lived to see accomplished. If her correspondence with the pope and the members of her own family could be laid open, it would be found full of her hopes and prayers for his conversion to that creed. Her almoner, cardinal Howard, and her secretary, sir Richard Bellings, through whom these correspondences were carried on, were both involved in the accusations of Oates as accomplices in the popish plot; and, doubtless, there was a secret pact of association in which all these persons were united for the support of their own religion, attended with some mysteries, which gave rise to suspicions and misconstruction.

A converted Jew, named Francisco de Feria, the interpreter of the late Portuguese ambassador, next pretended to take up the profitable business of informer, and accused that nobleman of having offered to employ him to assassinate Oates, Bedloe, and Shaftesbury. The enemies of the queen failed to make a case against her out of this improbable fiction.²

With all the excitement and anxiety she had suffered, it is not wonderful that Catharine was attacked with illness this autumn; yet she bore up under her trials, with a quiet resolution and moral courage worthy of the daughter of the liberator of Portugal.

A daring blow was struck at her by Shaftesbury, Nov. 17th, in the House of Lords, when, the bill for the exclusion of the duke of York being thrown out, this profligate politician moved—"as the sole remaining chance of security, liberty, and religion, a bill of divorce, which, by separating the king from queen Catharine, might enable him to marry a protestant consort, and thus to leave the crown to his legitimate issue."³ The earls of Essex and Salisbury and the base lord How-

¹ Rapin, from North's Deposition. Lingard.

² Journal of James II

³ Lords' Journals.

ard of Escrick immediately seconded this motion; but the king, however faithless he had been to Catharine, would not submit to have her torn from him by the murderous faction who pursued her with such unrelenting malice;—nay, he showed such horror of the design, that he went himself from man to man, to solicit the peers to vote against the measure, that he might, if possible, stifle this wicked design in its birth.¹ The honourable feelings of British nobles were in truth against offering so great an injury to their innocent queen, and the project of dissolving her marriage with the king was once more abandoned, and for ever.

Catharine was so little intimidated by the avowed hostility of those who had caused the lives of so many of her servants to be taken away, under pretexts too absurd for credibility, that she was present with her ladies at the trial of the venerable viscount Stafford, in Westminster Hall, where a private box had been prepared for her accommodation.

It was no common tragedy that Catharine witnessed when she saw this aged nobleman, who was involved in the same accusation with herself, of a design to overthrow the protestant religion and poison the king, brought to the bar, on his sixty-ninth birthday, after a rigorous imprisonment of two years. He and the four other catholic peers had, in the boldness of conscious innocence, demanded the benefit of the *habeas corpus* act—namely, to be either brought to trial or discharged. Lord Stafford was selected for trial by the committee of prosecution, because, from age and infirmity, and the nervous excitability of his temperament, he was less capable of defending himself. The unfortunate prisoner was assailed, on his way from the Tower to Westminster Hall, by the pitiless rabble with yells and execrations. A spirit equally ferocious was exhibited by many of the members of the House of Commons within the hall, so that the lord high-steward was compelled to remind them that they were not at a theatre. Sergeant Maynard, who opened the case against him, began, with great unfairness, by appealing to the polemic prejudices of those by whom his fate was to be decided, by observing, “that there was no improbability that the catholics should have devised this plot in order to propagate their religion, because the histories of all times and all countries, particularly our own, afforded many instances of such plots carried on by them, as in the reign of Elizabeth, when they expected a popish successor, and afterwards the powder plot.”²

Queen Catharine must have been a woman of some firmness, to listen calmly to this orainous commencement, which showed how little justice might be expected by the accused. She, doubtless, sat with a painfully-throbbing heart, while her own name was from time to time introduced by the perjured witnesses. The very first that was called, Smith, deposed, “that when at home, he read in Coleman’s letters how the duke of York, the queen, and the chief of the nobility, were in the plot.” Oates repeated the tale of sir George Wakeman’s undertaking to poison the king, with as much audacity as if that gentleman had not been honourably acquitted of the charge. Her majesty’s almoner, cardinal

¹ Journal of James II.

² State Trials.

Howard, was also frequently named as implicated actively in the plot. Lord Stafford convicted the witness Dugdale of a slight mistake of three years in his statement, on which the lord high-steward sternly checked the noble prisoner, by saying, "he must not make a strain." "Is three years a strain?" exclaimed the unfortunate peer, with passionate emotion.¹

Turbeville, another of the witnesses against him, swore "that he proposed to him, when in France, to kill the king," and "that he returned to England by Calais." Lord Stafford proved that it was by Dieppe. This discrepancy was treated as a matter of no moment. Plato has said, that "geography and chronology are the two eyes of history," yet the judicial victims of the popish plot persecutions were not permitted to controvert the perjuries of Oates and his accomplices by those important tests. Lord Stafford's counsel were not allowed to stand near enough to him to allow of a word being exchanged that was not audible to those who, in pleading against him, took the most unfair advantages. The trial lasted seven days, and the unfortunate old man complained sorely of his utter want of sleep during that period of agonizing excitement, and also of the cruel insults of the rabble, who had pressed upon him. The lieutenant of the Tower, on one occasion, called on Oates to keep them off. Oates replied, "they were witnesses." The lieutenant said, "Not half of them were," and bade him "keep them down," on which Oates told him "he was only a jailor," and called him "a rascal." The lieutenant retorted, "that if it were not for his cloth he would break his head." This being reported in court, sergeant Maynard said, "It did not become the lieutenant for a word to tell Mr. Oates he would break his head." "I should not deserve to be the king's lieutenant," responded the undaunted officer, stoutly, "if a man in another habit out of the court, should call me rascal, and I not break his head."²

Lord Stafford, in invalidating the testimony of Oates, laid great stress upon the fact, that when he was asked, before the privy council, at the time he made his first depositions, if he had any one else in England to accuse, he replied "he had not," yet he afterwards accused the queen. Sir W. Jones, the attorney-general, endeavoured to extricate Oates out of that dilemma, by saying, that "his accusation against the queen was not positive, and indeed he did not know, at that time, whether she were a person whom he might venture to accuse."³

The knowledge that her majesty had sufficient courage and strength of mind to sit by and hear everything that was said about herself, had no doubt a very restraining influence on the tongues of some of the false witnesses who were confederated against her. Most agonizing it must have been to her to see that aged man fighting against such fearful disadvantages for the brief span of life that yet remained to him. The filial piety of the marchioness of Winchester, who was seen seated near the axe-bearer, assisting her aged parent by taking notes for his defence,⁴ added to the tragic interest of the scene, and afforded the first example of an English lady rendering that service to a prisoner under such cir-

¹ State Trials.² Ibid.³ Ibid.⁴ Evelyn; State Trials.

cumstances. Similar heroism, when practised by lady Russell, was deservedly applauded by the world; that admirable lady, however, incurred no peril by her conjugal devotion, while the marchioness of Winchester was a marked person, having been previously attacked by Oates, for taking notes in the gallery, at sir George Wakeman's trial, for the information of her captive father, and she was grossly insulted by sir W. Jones for her evidence, proving the discrepancies between Oates's depositions at that trial and at her father's, on the subject of dates. Lord Stafford vainly solicited the indulgence of a single day to prepare his defence: worn out as he was, he was compelled to answer then or never. A verdict of guilty was returned against him, and he was doomed to die the horrible and ignominious death decreed to traitors. A majority of the peers interceded with the king to commute this sentence into decapitation. The pitiless city sheriffs, Cornish and Bethel, presented a petition to the House of Commons, intimating that the king had no right to mitigate the sentence. Lord William Russell was also so inhuman as to desire that all the unspeakable horrors of a traitor's death should be inflicted on the venerable victim, who had, to use Evelyn's expression, been condemned "on testimony that ought not to be taken on the life of a dog."

To his eternal disgrace, Charles signed the warrant for the execution of this unfortunate nobleman. A reaction of popular feeling had taken place in his favour, and when he made a protestation of his innocence on the scaffold, the spectators unanimously exclaimed, "We believe you, my lord! God bless you, my lord!" The executioner performed his office with hesitation and reluctance, and the descent of the fatal axe was echoed with an universal groan.

The dismal year of 1680 closed with this tragedy. Early in 1681, a fresh cause of disquiet to queen Catharine presented itself. A new performer in the popish plot-information scheme appeared on the scene, of the name of Fitzharris, who, after accusing the duke of York of various absurdities, pretended that don Francisco de Mello had told him "that her majesty was engaged in the design of poisoning the king."¹ Fitzharris was a pensioner of the duchess of Portsmouth, who was deeply enleagued with Shaftesbury, Sunderland, and that faction, who, playing on her boundless ambition, continued to feed her with hopes of making her son the king's successor. The king, however, perceiving that Fitzharris was to be employed for the destruction of both his consort and his brother, took some pains to circumvent the party who were confederated to bring him before the parliament, as a pretence for the attack on those exalted persons. Charles summoned the parliament to meet at Oxford, on the 21st of March, and, accompanied by queen Catharine, left Windsor on the 14th, escorted by a troop of horse-guards. They travelled with all the pomp befitting royalty, and were received by the high-sheriff on the confines of the county, and, at Wheatley, by lord Norris, the lord-lieutenant of Oxfordshire, and so conducted with every mark of honourable respect to Oxford. There they were greeted with

¹ Autobiography of James II.

loyal enthusiasm by the university, and welcomed with addresses, rejoicings, and feasts. No one knew how to act the part of a popular sovereign with a better grace than Charles II. He manifested his grateful sense of the affection testified for his person on this occasion, with all the heartiness which the momentous crisis of his fortunes required. It seemed, indeed, as if the struggle between him and his parliament was about to be fought, not with sharp wits but drawn swords; for Shaftesbury and the popular party came into Oxford in rival pomp, and more than equal force, as regarded the crowds of armed retainers who followed them, wearing round their hats ribbons with the inscription, "No popery! no slavery!"¹

The rival epithets of whigs and tories had just been devised for each other, as terms of vituperation, by the court party and the opposition. They were pretty nearly synonymous to those of cavalier and round-head, in the preceding reign, though many words might be wasted in explaining the shades of difference, if the limits of this work would permit. The king opened the parliament in person on the 21st. His first parliament sat eighteen years, and was called the long parliament, having exceeded in duration any that ever sat before, or since. This parliament was even yet more remarkable for its brevity, and was with equal propriety named the short parliament, for it lasted only six days. Charles wanted money—this parliament wanted more blood. He had made up his mind to proceed against Fitzharris as a libeller of royalty, and a disturber of the public peace—they were determined to use him and his falsehoods for the purpose of keeping the passions and prejudices of the multitude in a state of murderous effervescence.

In a word, the exclusion of the heir-presumptive of the throne, and the fall of the queen, were to be attempted once more by means of this new tool, who, to outward appearance at any rate, bore a less revolting aspect than the train of apostates, felons, and convicts whom they had arrayed against the royal wife and brother, since Fitzharris, though himself an unprincipled adventurer, was the son of a brave and loyal cavalier. He was, withal, a member of the church of Rome, and, doubtless, great results were anticipated from his depositions. The commons determined that the judges of the Court of King's Bench should not try him, but that he should be impeached, when they would have the opportunity of giving his disclosures any colour they pleased for the crimination of others. The lords opposed them—a furious altercation ensued, and the commons postponed that question, and revived the exclusion bill. That bill was introduced on Saturday, March 26th. On Monday, the 28th, the king, who had taken his resolution, put on his robes, and was conveyed in his sedan chair to the house, drawing the curtains close to conceal his crown, which he carried on his knee, or between his feet, according to Burnet. He entered the House of Lords unattended, almost unannounced, took his seat on the throne, placed the crown on his head, and bade the usher of the black rod, summon the commons, and, the moment they entered, told them "that proceedings"

¹ Macpherson; James II.; Lingard.

which began so ill could not end in good," and commanded the lord chancellor to declare the parliament dissolved. Before they had time to recover from their consternation, the king and queen had entered their travelling carriage, and, escorted by their guards, were on the road to Windsor. The next day they returned to Whitehall.¹

If Charles had used equal courage and energy at the beginning of the pretended disclosures of the popish plot, instead of weakly sailing with the stream, and permitting his name to be used to sanction proceedings from which both his judgment and conscience revolted, a sea of innocent blood might have been saved, and all the miseries which were inflicted on the relatives of Oates's victims. He now followed up his victory by bringing Fitzharris to trial for high treason, who was convicted and condemned. When under sentence of death, this person offered to discover those who had induced him to accuse the queen, the duke of York, and the earl of Danby, if his sentence might be changed into perpetual imprisonment.² He was examined before the council, and affirmed that the sheriffs, Cornish and Bethel, with Treby, the recorder, had persuaded him to invent the fictions touching the popish plot, and that lord Howard of Escrick had written the libel for which he stood condemned. The king would not pardon him, and he was executed.

The same day the unfortunate Plunket, the Roman-catholic titular primate of Ireland, was brought to the scaffold. He was the last victim of the party who had shed so much innocent blood under the pretence of the popish plot. The earl of Essex, who had been lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was touched with remorse at the idea of the judicial murder of this harmless old man, and solicited the king to pardon him, assuring him that, "from his own knowledge, the charge against him could not be true." The king indignantly replied, "Then, my lord, be his blood on your own conscience; you might have saved him if you would; I cannot pardon him, because I dare not." A bitter truth, but degrading to the lips of majesty. A little moral courage ennobles both the monarch and the man a thousand fold more than the mere physical firmness of temperament which enables him to stand the fire of a battery unmoved in the front of battle.

Charles II. and the earl of Essex were both the sons of good men—men who had both testified on the scaffold that they preferred death, to acting in violation of their consciences. How deeply would it have added to the sufferings of Charles I., and his devoted friend, the virtuous lord Capel, could they have imagined that such communings could ever take place between their sons, and on such a subject! Charles II. stifled the upbraidings of self-reproach in the society of his profligate associates; yet the deeply indented lines of misanthropic melancholy with which his saturnine countenance is marked, but ill accord with his popular title of "the merry monarch." The man's face tells another tale. The earl of Essex, a person of virtuous inclinations but weak intellect, an irritable temper, and feeble constitution, had been made the tool of a remorseless party, and having consented to things which conscience could not in

¹ Macpherson: *Ingard*; James II.; *Journals of Parliament*.

² *Lingard*

cooler moments justify, he became, when left in solitary hours, a prey to his own reflections—and finally a victim to constitutional despondency and sinful despair. Henry, earl of Clarendon, when speaking of the number of lives that had been taken away on the pretence of the popish plot, said, "All honest men trembled when they reflected how much innocent blood had been spilt upon it."

Six Irish witnesses, five of whom were protestants, now gave evidence of Shaftesbury having suborned them to accuse the queen and the duke of York falsely, together with the duke of Ormond and the chancellor of Ireland. A tissue of villany was unveiled by their disclosures in a happy hour for the queen, for this unprincipled politician, her relentless and really unprovoked enemy, was now disarmed of the power of offering her further injury. His boldness forsook him when the warrant for his committal was signed; and the rabble, who had before hooted his victims on their way to trial and execution, and beaten their witnesses, now, shifting with the tide of fortune, pursued him to the Tower with yells of execration.¹

The duchess of Portsmouth had disgusted all the world, but her political allies, Shaftesbury, Russell, and Sunderland, and the minor members of their party, by her intrigues with Fitzharris, at whose trial she and her maid, Mrs. Wall, figured as witnesses. She had deeply offended the king, and was fain to retire with her friends, the earl and countess of Sunderland, to their seat at Althorpe; while the queen enjoyed the satisfaction of going with her royal husband to Chatham and Sheerness, without the bitter alloy of this insolent woman's company.² Charles appeared desirous at this time of making some atonement to Catharine for his former neglect, by the affectionate attention and kindness with which he treated her. This change, which ought to have been regarded with pleasure by all true friends of their king and country, was contemplated with uneasiness by men whose hearts the demon of party had hardened against every good feeling and virtuous sympathy. Mr. Sidney, in a letter to the prince of Orange, dated June 28th, says, "I delivered a compliment from your highness to the duchess of Portsmouth, which she took extremely well; but it will do you little good, for she hath no more credit with the king, and these ministers are persuading the king to send her away, and think by it to reconcile themselves to the people."

Thus we see the decline of this vile woman's political influence, which had been no less disgraceful to the king than pernicious to the realm, is regretted by the tool and spy of William, who adds, "but which is most extraordinary is the favour the queen is in." If the king had persevered in the resolution he had formed at that time, of seeing the duchess of Portsmouth no more, and devoting himself to his virtu-

¹ He did not meet with the punishment his crimes had merited; the grand jury, who had been returned by his creatures, the new sheriffs, Shute and Pilkington, ignored the bill against him, on which a fresh reaction of popular feeling took place. The bells rang, bonfires were kindled, and the city resounded with shouts of "A Monmouth, a Buckingham, and a Shaftesbury!"—Lingard.

² Diary of the Times of Charles II., edited by Blencowe.

ous consort, there would have been an end of buying and selling places in the cabinet, or bartering state secrets and measures to foreign powers. Unfortunately, Charles's evil habits were too deeply rooted to be lightly shaken off. He was capable of virtuous impulses, but they were unsupported by sound principles, and therefore of an evanescent nature. He had sternly recommended the duchess of Portsmouth, on her reappearance at court, to try the Bourbon waters for the benefit of her health. This advice, and the tone in which it was given, amounted to a sentence of banishment. Her absence was, however, only temporary; she had friends about the royal person, who effected a reconciliation in evil hour between this national nuisance and the king, and, in the course of a few months, her influence was as great as ever. Her cupidity wrought on Charles to permit the return of his brother to court,¹ whence she had been the means of persuading his majesty to banish him, at the desire of her colleagues in the opposition. The presence of the heir presumptive to the throne gave, however, a greater air of comfort and union to the royal family. "The king, queen, and duke, go on Monday," writes lord Arlington, "to see the Britannia launched at Chatham, and return to sleep at Windsor on Wednesday. These days they have made a shift to pass at Whitehall, notwithstanding the buildings there."² Charles II. was never so happy as when superintending the labours of architects or shipwrights. Under his auspices the metropolis rose, like a phoenix, in improved glory, from the funereal flames of old London, in an inconceivably short space of time, to the admiration of all Europe.

Charles II. was desirous of restoring the ancient splendour to the once royal city of Winchester, by building a palace on the site of the old castle, in order to reside there with his court a part of the year, as the Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns had formerly done, the neighbourhood of Southampton and Portsmouth rendering it very agreeable to his love of maritime and naval matters, and for field sports its contiguity to the New Forest gave it peculiar advantages. A plan of this projected palace was made, with an estimate of the probable expense, which was calculated at 35,000*l*. It was commenced, but left unfinished. When the narrow revenue of Charles II. is considered, it appears scarcely credible how many stately buildings were erected, and noble national institutions founded and endowed during his reign, which may truly be regarded as an Augustan era for the encouragement of science, literature, the arts, and architecture. At his restoration, he found the nation exhausted by a long civil war and the oppressive taxation of the protectorate, in debt, and those branches of trade allied to ornamental art, which bring employment to the higher classes of artisans and mechanics, wholly extinguished by the semi-barbarism into which the state of society had retrograded during the absence of a settled monarchical government. Civilization had gone back many degrees between the years 1640 and 1660.

The next twenty years saw the foundation of the Royal Society and

¹ Autobiography of James II.

² In a letter to the earl of Chesterfield, dated June 28th, 1682.

the Observatory at Greenwich, an institution for the honourable maintenance of military veterans in their old age at Chelsea College, the regular organization of the navy, the establishment of the most lucrative commercial relations between England and all parts of the world, and the East India Company rising into a mighty power, which owes the commencement of its territorial importance to the marriage treaty between Charles and Catharine of Braganza. Religious toleration, though treated by the bigots of that age as a crime, was an object which Charles II. was desirous of effecting. The horrible statute for burning heretics was abolished by him. Had he but imitated the conjugal virtues and purity of conduct which adorned his father, the name of this prince might have been classed with some of the ablest of our royal legislators, but as he was incapable of self-government, history has of course told a different tale.

The queen's pecuniary straits, in consequence of the want of punctuality of the officers of the revenue in paying her income, are noticed by the earl of Arlington, in a letter to her former lord chamberlain, Chesterfield, June 28th, 1682. "Our receivers," says he, "promise to accommodate themselves in some measure to our propositions for bringing part of the money in sooner, in order to her making the present yearly income answer the yearly charge. Yet my lord Clarendon, her treasurer, is not well satisfied with it; and though all their accounts be declared, yet he says he is not ready with his, but will quickly be so, which augments the queen's displeasure towards him."

Catharine was so unreasonable as to consider her treasurer accountable for the deficiencies of her receipts, and she commenced a long and vexatious suit against him for the arrears in which she was soon after left at the demise of the crown. Her income had been considerably augmented since the death of the queen-mother, and at this time amounted to 50,000*l.* per annum,—when she could get it.¹

The following elegant little poem was addressed to her majesty by Waller, on New Year's day, 1683. She had then been married nearly one-and-twenty years, and if we may rely on the assertions of the courtly bard, time had dealt very gently with her. Waller is however, the most complimentary of poets.

What revolutions in the world have been!
How are we changed since first we saw the queen!
She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as she was at her arrival here.

¹ From a contemporary statement among the inedited Lansdowne MSS., made in the succeeding reign, we find that Catharine of Braganza's revenue was derived from the following sources:—

	£	s.	d.
The late queen-consort's joynture out of y ^e Excise	18,000	0	0
Post Office	19,328	13	7
More by letters patents, during life, out of y ^e Exchequer rent	10,000	0	2
	47,328	13	7

She had also the dower lands and immunities.

Time has commission mortals to impair,
 But things celestial is obliged to spare.
 May every new year find her still the same,
 In health and beauty as she hither came,
 When lords and commons, with united voice,
 The infanta named—approved the royal choice.
 First of our queens, whom not the king alone,
 But the whole nation lifted to the throne.
 With like consent and like desert was crowned,
 The glorious prince that does the Turk confound;
 Victorious—both his conduct wins the day,¹
 And her example chases vice away,—
 Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age."

Poor Catharine! her example, as far as it went, was good; but small, it must be confessed, was its effect in reforming a court where virtue was so much out of fashion that it was regarded as a reproach rather than a merit.

From a passage in Evelyn's Diary, we find that Catharine of Braganza occasionally walked with her ladies on fine summer nights. "It happened once," he says, "when he was spending the evening with lady Arlington, at the time she was mistress of the robes—an office which gave the noble lady by whom it was filled, the odd title of groom of the stole. Just as her ladyship and her guests had sat down to supper, word was brought that the queen was going to walk in the park, it being then near eleven o'clock; on which the countess rose up in haste, leaving her guests to sup without her, as the duties of her place required her to be in attendance on her royal mistress."

It was on the 18th of June, 1683, when Catharine and her ladies took this nocturnal promenade, just four days after the discovery of the Rye-house plot, so called from the ancient mansion at the Rye, in Hertfordshire, belonging to the conspirator Rumbold, where seditious meetings had been held, and a project devised to shoot the king and the duke of York, on their return from Newmarket, they being very slenderly attended. The king's house at Newmarket accidentally taking fire, great part of it was destroyed, which caused the royal brothers to return unexpectedly to London two days before the appointed time: they thus escaped the danger which impended over them. The conspirators were wont to designate the king as the blackbird, and the duke as the goldfinch, when discussing this scheme for their assassination.² Charles, on account of his swarthy complexion, was signified by the blackbird. There was also a plot for a general rising throughout England and Scotland, in which many of the popular leaders were involved, especially the duke of Monmouth, who purchased his pardon by betraying his confederates, but as soon as he had got his pardon, he denied what he had disclosed.

It was for this plot that Russell and Sidney were brought to the block. It is doubtful whether they had anything to do with the assassination scheme, but certain that it was their intention to involve the kingdom in

¹ John Schieski, king of Poland.

² State Trials.

a civil war. Charles took prompt and deadly vengeance on some of those who had compelled him to shed the blood of the venerable lord Stafford and the other victims of the late conspiracy against his queen and brother.

It has been finely observed by Macpherson, with regard to the proceedings of Charles, when the opportunity of retaliation was given him—"Those who have accused him of too much severity, have done him more honour than his character deserved, by expecting from him that moderation which is sought in vain in the most virtuous of his political opponents."¹ Charles was deeply incensed against Monmouth for having enleagued himself with his enemies, and also for his conduct during the business of the popish plot, in which his servant had been brought forward with a false deposition, tending to involve the queen's name once more. Yet Catharine, acting the part of a good Christian, not only forgave him herself, but interceded for him with his father, and also with the duke and duchess of York. Monmouth, in a private diary found in his pocket, after his defeat at Sedgemoor, acknowledged that his pardon was obtained by the good offices of the queen, the king having told him so in a private interview, and that he had taken it very kindly of her majesty, and had expressed himself very thankfully to her on the subject.²

In October, died Catharine's eldest brother, the deposed king of Portugal, and the whole court and city put on the deepest mourning out of respect to her majesty.

The year 1684 commenced with the severest frost ever known. The king and queen both went to see the fair that was held on the frozen Thames, on which occasion an ox was roasted whole at a fire made on the ice. It was a winter of intense misery to the people, on account of the dearth of food and firing, and the interruption to trade, from the navigation being entirely stopped.

In the following November, the queen's birth-day was commemorated with unwonted splendour. "There were fireworks on the Thames before Whitehall, with pageants of castles, forts, and other devices, especially the king and queen's arms,³ and mottoes, all represented in fire,

¹ Charles, in remitting the ignominious part of Lord Russell's sentence, accompanied the favour with a sarcasm full of bitterness. "The Lord Russell," said he, "shall find that I am possessed of the prerogative which he denied to me in the case of the viscount Stafford." Alluding to the pitiless manner in which Russell had insisted that the king could not remit any part of the horrible punishment appointed, by a law disgraceful to a Christian nation, for traitors.

² Mr. Jesse has edited this paper in his "Courts of the Stuarts," vol. iv., p. 26.

³ "Queen Catharine bore on her great seal the arms of England and those of Portugal impaled, supported on the dexter side by the lion of England, and on the sinister by a dragon, taken from the achievement of Portugal. The coat of Portugal is with an azure field on five escutcheons, cross, azure, as many plates in saltire, all within a bordure, gules, charged with eight castles, or. The plates were (according to tradition) adopted by Catharine's royal ancestor, Alphonso I. of Portugal, in honour of the five wounds of our Saviour, and to have been used as his device at the battle of Ourigne, in 1139, where he defeated five Moorish kings. He is said to have, in consequence, repeated the charge on the five escutcheons of the conquered monarchs. The bordure was added by Alphonso V.,

such as never had before been seen in England. There were besides several fights and skirmishes, both in and on the water, which actually moved a long way burning under the water, and now and then appearing above it, giving reports like muskets and cannon, with granadoes, and innumerable other devices. This grand display is said to have cost 1500*l*. The evening concluded with a ball, where all the young ladies and gallants danced in the great hall. The court had not been so brave and richly apparelled since his majesty's restoration."¹ It was one of the last bright days of his life and reign, now fast hastening to a close.

Excessive gambling had become, through the evil influence of the duchesses of Portsmouth and Mazarine, one of the prevailing vices of the court; not that Charles or his brother were addicted to deep playing, or pursued cards otherwise than as an amusement.² Queen Catharine was fond of ombre and quadrille, the latter game, with its matadores and spadas, bearing a quaint analogy to the chivalric struggle of her ancestors with the Moors, as well as to the bull-fights of modern times, carrying her back in fancy to the land of her birth, and its national associations. If she played, it was for the sake of the pastime rather than the stake; but the duchess of Portsmouth had been known to lose 5000 guineas at a sitting,³ and the countess of Sunderland complains in one of her letters, that her husband had lost much greater sums than that. No wonder that the bribes of France and Holland were alternately accepted by persons with propensities of so ruinous a nature.

The evening of February 1st, 1685, the last Sunday that Charles II. was permitted to spend on earth, the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were playing at basset, round a large table, with a bank of at least 2000*l*. in gold before them. The king, though not engaged in the game, was to the full as scandalously occupied, "sitting in open dalliance with three of the shameless wantons of his court, the duchesses of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, and others of the same stamp, while a French boy was singing love songs in that glorious gallery." "Six days after," pursues our author, "all was in the dust."⁴ The queen is not mentioned as being present on that occasion; she was probably engaged with her ladies, in attending one of the services in her chapel, or performing her private devotions in her own apartment, while this scene "of inexpressible luxury, profaneness, dissoluteness, and all forgetfulness of God," was acting in the presence chamber, unchecked by the restraining influence of so virtuous a princess as Catharine, for there is an involuntary respect which even the most profligate of persons are compelled to pay to the pure in heart.

The king, who was far from well, had scarcely tasted food all that day; at night he went to the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth,

after his marriage with the daughter of Alphonso the Wise, king of Castile, the arms of which were gules, and a castle, or."—Williment's Royal Heraldry, where a print of Catharine of Braganza's achievement may be seen.

¹ Evelyn.

² Sheffield, duke of Buckingham's Works. Character of Charles II. He affirms that the king himself never either won or lost five pounds at a sitting.

³ Jameson's Beauties of the Court of Charles II.

⁴ Evelyn.

where he called for *spoon-meat*. A porringer of some kind of soup was prepared for him, but not liking the taste of it, he said "it was too strong for his stomach," and eat very little of it,¹ a circumstance that might very easily have fixed on the duchess the suspicion of having poisoned the king—an imputation which she and some of her confederates afterwards, shamelessly, and without a shadow of evidence, endeavoured to cast on his brother the duke of York.

The king—who can wonder at it, after such orgies?—passed a feverish and restless night. He rose at an early hour, and occupied himself some time in his closet before he dressed. To his attendants he appeared drowsy and absent, his gait was unsteady, and his speech imperfect.² He often stopped in his discourse, as if he had forgotten what he intended to say, of which he himself became sensible at last.³ About eight o'clock, having finished dressing, he was attacked with a violent fit of apoplexy, as he came out of his closet into his bed-chamber. The earl of Aylesbury caught him as he fell, suggested that he should be bled, and went to fetch the duke of York.

Dr. King, a skilful physician and surgeon, was in the drawing-room, and hastened to his assistance. Perceiving the urgency of the case, he took upon himself the responsibility of bleeding the king, well knowing that if he waited for the preliminary ceremonies, the royal patient would be past hope. Not having a lancet with him, he opened a vein in his majesty's arm with a penknife, declaring at the same time, "that he cheerfully put his own life in peril, in the hope of saving that of the king."⁴ The blood flowed freely, but the blackness and distortion of the features continued till a cautery was applied to the patient's head.

On the first alarm of the king's illness, the queen flew to his apartment, and when lord Aylesbury returned with the duke of York, they found her there.⁵ Catharine was soon followed by her sister-in-law, the duchess of York, whose verbal narrative of the agitating scene furnishes some curious facts. "I hastened to the chamber,"⁶ said she, "as soon as I was informed of his majesty's state. I found there, the queen, the duke of York (who is now king), the chancellor, and the first gentleman of the bed-chamber. It was a frightful spectacle, and startled me at first. The king was in a chair—they had placed a hot iron on his head, and they held his teeth open by force. When I had been there some time, the queen, who had hitherto remained speechless, came to me, and

¹ Burnet.

² In effect, he had all the symptoms of a person labouring under a brain affection. About four months before, he had insisted on having an issue in his leg dried up; and at the same time, instead of taking his usual active exercise, he had occupied himself very much in his laboratory, in an experimental process of trying to fix mercury.—Wellwood.

³ Letter of lord Chesterfield to the earl of Arran.

⁴ Recital of the death of Charles II., by the queen of James II.—Chaillot MS. *Archives au Royaume de France*. Dr. King alluded to the law which made it high treason to bleed the king without a warrant from the council.

⁵ Letter of the earl of Aylesbury to Mr. Leigh, of Addlestrop, cited by Jesse.

⁶ Recital of the death of Charles II., by the queen of James II.—Chaillot MS., in the *Archives au Royaume de France*.

said, 'My sister, I beseech you to tell the duke, who knows the king's sentiments with regard to the catholic religion as well as I do, to endeavour to take advantage of some good moments.'" Overpowered by her feelings, Catharine gave way to such paroxysms of grief that she was seized with convulsion fits, and was carried out of the room.¹ The duchess of York remained for the purpose of speaking to the duke, her husband; but he was so completely engrossed by the state of his royal brother, that it was more than an hour before she succeeded in catching his eye. She then made a sign that she wished to speak to him. He came to her; and she communicated the message with which the queen, her sister-in-law, had charged her.² "I know it," he replied, "and I think of nothing else." Thus we see that the first hint on the subject of Charles's reconciliation with the church of Rome proceeded from queen Catharine. The earl of Aylesbury indignantly refutes Burnet's fiction, "that the duchess of Portsmouth sat in the king's bed, and waited on him as a wife would on her husband." "My king and master," says the earl, "falling on me, in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and went and fetched the duke of York; when we came to the bed-side, we found the queen there; and the impostor (Burnet) says it was the duchess of Portsmouth was there."³

The strong remedies that were used, acting as stimulants, caused a temporary rally in the royal patient. After the fit had lasted two hours all but seven minutes, he recovered his faculties, and the first word he uttered was to ask for the queen.⁴ She was incapable of attending his summons at that moment, and sent a message to excuse her absence, and to beg his pardon, if she had ever offended him in her life. "Alas, poor lady!" exclaimed Charles, "she beg my pardon! I beg hers, with all my heart."⁵ After he was placed in his bed, Catharine was permitted to come to him, but she was unable to articulate a word. Prayers were solemnly made in all the churches for his recovery, especially in the royal chapels. "I never," writes the earl of Chesterfield, "saw sorrow better expressed than it was yesterday in the looks of all the common people, whose hearts, unlike to courtiers, might be read in their faces." A deceptive amendment took place that day, and it was hoped the king was out of danger. This favourable report was received with great joy; the bells rang, and innumerable bonfires were kindled. A fatal change, however, succeeded, and a general gloom prevailed. The archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of London, of Durham, and Bath and Wells, were in constant attendance to offer their spiritual aid. On Thursday morning that holy prelate, Dr. Kenn, took upon himself the solemn duty of warning his royal master of his danger, and reminded him of the necessity of penitence and prayer. Charles received the intimation with firmness and resignation, and the bishop proceeded to read the office for the sick and dying, from the liturgy. He paused, and then asked the king, "if he repented of his sins?" Charles declaring his contrition, Kenn pronounced the absolution from the service for the

¹ Letter to the Rey. Francis Roper, in Ellis, vol. iii., p. 337.

² *Craillot MS.*

³ Ellis, vol. iii., p. 337.

⁴ Letter of the earl of Aylesbury to Mr. Leigh.

⁵ *Ibid.*

sick, and inquired if he might proceed to the administration of the Lord's supper? Charles did not answer. Kenn, in a louder voice, repeated the question, and the dying man replied, "There will be time enough for that." The elements were placed on a table in readiness for the solemn rite, but when the king was entreated to communicate, he merely said, "he would think of it."¹

Meantime his brother, the duke of York, was urged from two very opposite quarters, the queen and the duchess of Portsmouth, to obtain for the king the last offices prescribed by the church of Rome. The duke was greatly perplexed, naturally expecting that the king would, in that awful hour, lay aside his habitual dissimulation, and proclaim the real state of his mind. It was, withal, a perilous thing to bring any priest to the royal chamber on such a mission; for, by the laws of England, it was death for any one to reconcile a person to the Romish church.

Time fled; the king gave no other intimation of his preparation for eternity than an evident disinclination to die in communion with that church of which he had been a nominal member all his life, and of which he was recognised as the Head. The queen, exhausted by her long attendance by his bedside, and overpowered by her feelings, had been removed from his chamber in convulsions. She lay in a long and death-like swoon, in her own apartment, and her physicians judged it necessary to bleed her, and keep her as quiet as the violence of her grief would permit. The duchess of Portsmouth was in a state of restless excitement. Her intriguing disposition prompted her to interfere, but she was not permitted to approach the king. At five o'clock the French ambassador visited her, and she immediately took him into a little closet, and said, "I am going to entrust you with a secret, which, if divulged, may cost me my head. The king is, in his heart, a catholic, but he is surrounded by protestant bishops; no one speaks to him of his danger, or of God."² This observation, while it proves how little the duchess of Portsmouth knew of what had passed between the king and Dr. Kenn, is of itself a refutation of Burnet's fiction, that she was in the royal chamber, attending on her dying paramour; and no less so to his calumny on that holy prelate, of whom, he says, "Kenn was also censured for another piece of indecency. He presented the duke of Richmond, lady Portsmouth's son, to be blessed by the king."³ Well may an honest eye-witness of the death-bed of Charles call an historian, who could deliberately pen such falsehoods, an impostor. The heavenly-minded, the courageous, the conscientious Kenn, who never scrupled to withstand kings in the day of their wrath, when their wills interfered with his Christian duties,⁴ was not a very likely person to act the odious

¹ Memoirs of James II.; Lingard.

² Report of the death of Charles II., by Barillon.

³ Burnet's History of his Own Times.

⁴ Kenn, in the height of Charles's infatuation for Nell Gwynne, when she, presuming on the office she held in the queen's household and the favour of the king, had taken up her abode in his house at Winchester, (where lodgings had been appointed for her by the lord chamberlain,) while the court was in progress, sternly bade her "begone, for a bad woman should not remain under his roof." He was one of the prebends of Winchester at that time. Nell could not

part assigned to him by his slanderer. The duchess of Portsmouth, shameless as she was, did not venture to cross the threshold of the chamber of death, where he, as even Burnet acknowledges, "laboured much to awaken the king's conscience, and spake like a man inspired." "I cannot, with propriety, enter the room," said she; "besides which, the queen is almost constantly there. The duke of York is too much occupied with business to take the care he ought of the king's conscience. Tell him that I conjure him to look to the safety of the king's soul.¹ He commands the room, and can turn out whom he will. Lose no time, or it will be too late."

What mockery, what presumptuous hypocrisy, was such a speech from a woman who had lived with the king for upwards of twelve years, in open violation of the laws of God! No wonder that she considered his soul in danger; but that she should think so much of his creed, and so little of his sins—the gross and deadly sins of which she had been partaker with him—appears passing strange; and that her conscience should not have been in the slightest degree awakened to a sense of her own guilt and responsibility, affords a startling instance of spiritual insensibility, self-delusion, and hardness of heart. It may be argued that she placed a superstitious reliance on the mere outward forms and ceremonies of the church of which she was a nominal member; but those who saw her dealing out her encouraging smiles and *bonbons* to the perjured witnesses who swore away the life of the venerable lord Stafford, and knew that in the prosecutions for the popish plot she acted as the tool of Shaftesbury and Sunderland, and the accomplice of Oates and Fitzharris, must have regarded her professions as nothing but grimace. She knew that the duke of York would be on the throne in a few hours, and she played on his weak point. James was the very person to cajole on the subject of religion. He who could believe in the conversion of Sunderland, was not likely to refuse his credence to the solicitude expressed even by the duchess of Portsmouth for his brother's salvation.

The king's chamber was crowded with people day and night—five bishops, twenty-five peers and privy-councillors, besides foreign ambassadors, his doctors, and attendants. What chance, poor man, had he of sleep or quiet? The air must have been exhausted, and recovery rendered impossible by the fatal restraints that were imposed by the rigour of state etiquette. He appeared fatigued by the number of ladies who claimed the privilege of following the queen whenever she came into his chamber.² He often apologized to this courtly company that he was so long in dying, regretted the trouble he caused, and expressed his weariness of life. The duke of York, who loved him better than anything on earth, was almost always on his knees by his bedside, and in tears; yet the constant presence of the privileged spectators of the ex-

admitted that he was in the right; and the king, with that blunt frankness which characterized his manners, said to him, "Odds fish, man! I am not virtuous myself, but I can respect those who are;" and soon after elevated him to the *see* of Bath and Wells.—See the life of this apostolic prelate.

¹ Barillon's Report to Louis XIV. of the death of Charles II.

² Recital of the death of Charles II., by the queen of James II.—Chailiot MS.

piring monarch's sufferings, prevented them from speaking in confidence to each other on any subject. Barillon, in order to deliver the message of the duchess of Portsmouth to the heir-presumptive of the realm, was obliged to request him to go with him into the queen's chamber, which opened into that of the king. Their entrance into Catharine's apartment must have been at a most unseasonable time, for she was fainting, and her medical attendants had come to bleed her.¹ Barillon made his communication, nevertheless. The duke seemed to recover himself from a deep reverie. "You are right," said he, "there is no time to lose, and I will hazard every peril rather than not do my duty on this occasion." He returned to the dying monarch, and stood by his bedside, when the bishops once more entreated the king to receive the sacrament. Charles, in a faint voice, replied, "I will consider about it." James then, requesting the company to stand a little from the bed, knelt down, and putting his mouth to his majesty's ear, said, in a low voice, "Sir, you have just refused the sacrament of the protestant church, will you receive those of the catholic?"² "Ah!" said the dying prince, "I would give everything in the world to have a priest." "I will bring you one," said the duke. "For God's sake, brother, do!" exclaimed the king; "but," added he, "will you not expose yourself to danger by doing it?" "Sir, though it cost me my life, I will bring you one," returned the duke. He re-entered the queen's chamber, where Barillon still lingered, having waited for him nearly an hour. He told the ambassador that he had been compelled to repeat his words many times over to the king before he could make him understand, for his hearing had begun to fail. He entreated Barillon to bring a priest, as those of the duchess were too well known. The wary diplomatist replied, "that he would do so with pleasure, only it would consume too much time," adding, "that as he came in he saw all the queen's priests in a closet near her chamber." James despatched count Castelmello to fetch one of them. "Though I should venture my head for it," said the count, "I would do it, but I know there is not one of her majesty's priests speaks English."³ James begged him to go to the Venetian minister, and entreat him to send an English priest. At that moment, father Huddleston appeared, an aged ecclesiastic, who had preserved the king's life five-and-thirty years ago, by concealing him after the retreat from Worcester. He was, in consequence of that loyal service, exempted from all the penalties attached to the exercise of his function as a catholic priest, and apparently the only person, of all that had been sent for, who ventured to obey the summons. He arrived between seven and eight o'clock, but came in such haste, that he had not brought the host. As soon as he learned the state of the case, he despatched one of the queen's Portuguese priests, to fetch all that was required for the administration of the last rites of the church of Rome, from St. James's chapel.⁴ The necessary preliminary of clearing the chamber for his introduction ap-

¹ Report of Barillon.

² Recital of the death of Charles II.—Chaillot MS. Journal of James II. Despatches of Barillon.

³ James's Memoirs. Barillon's Despatches.

⁴ Huddleston's Brief Account.

peared to puzzle the duke of York. He and the French ambassador considered over many schemes for that purpose, all of which seemed objectionable. Among the rest, the duke suggested the feasibility of leading the queen in once more to take her last farewell of her dying lord,¹ which might afford a proper reason for asking the company to withdraw, but Catharine was not sufficiently recovered to be brought forward. The duke at last ventured to act on his own authority. Kneeling down by the pillow of his dying brother, he told him, in a whisper, "that all things were ready, and father Huddleston in attendance, and asked if he would see him?" The king replied, in a loud voice, "Yes, with all my heart." And the duke, turning to the company, said, "Gentlemen, his majesty wishes every one to withdraw but the earls of Bath and Feversham." Then father Huddleston, being disguised in a wig and cassock, the usual costume of the clergy of the church of England, was brought by a secret staircase through the queen's chamber, and introduced through the door of the *ruelle* near the bed's head, into the alcove in which his majesty's bed stood. The duke of York presented him to the king, with these words, "Sir, I bring you a man who once saved your life: he now comes to save your soul." Charles, in a faint voice, replied, "He is welcome."²

The king having made his confession, Huddleston bade him repeat the following prayer, which is called by him an act of contrition:—³

"O, my Lord God, with my whole heart and soul I detest all the sins of my life past, for the love of Thee, whom I love above all things; and I firmly purpose, by thy holy grace, never to offend Thee more. Amen, sweet Jesus, amen! Into thy hands, sweet Jesus, I commend my soul. Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy!"

Huddleston then gave him absolution, and administered extreme unction and the sacrament according to the rites of the church of Rome.

In half an hour the company was re-admitted into the royal chamber, and then the king prayed heartily with Kenn; but when that prelate again asked him to receive the sacrament, he replied, "that he hoped he had already made his peace with God."⁴ According to Barillon, the excitement produced a temporary rally in the royal patient, so that the enthusiastic began to hope God was about to work a miracle by his cure.⁵ The physicians judged differently, and pronounced that he would not outlive the night.

It is, however, certain that he appeared much revived, and spoke more

¹ Barillon.

² It seems that Charles, while concealed in this ecclesiastic's chamber at Moseley, five-and-thirty years ago, had, to divert the tedium of his solitary hours, amused himself by reading a controversial book in favour of the doctrines of the Romish church, which made at the time a powerful impression on his mind—an impression which was probably strengthened by the persuasive manners and eloquence of Huddleston, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was then placed.

³ For full particulars of the Roman-catholic ceremonies, see Huddleston's Brief Account, dedicated to queen Catharine.

⁴ The earl of Chesterfield's Diary. He was among the company present on this occasion.

⁵ Letter to Louis XIV.

distinctly and cheerfully than he had yet done. He addressed the duke of York in terms so full of affection, that he and all present melted into tears.¹ The physicians now permitted the queen to come to him. He was in his perfect senses when she entered. James declares, "that he spoke most tenderly to her."² She threw herself on her knees, and once more repeated her request, "that he would forgive her for all her offences," and Charles again replied, "that she had offended in nothing, but that he had been guilty of many offences against her, and he asked her pardon."³ The violence of her grief prevented her from being a witness of his last agony; her physicians forbade her to quit her chamber again."⁴ A last message of mutual forgiveness was, however, exchanged between the royal pair. Burnet's false statement, "that the king never mentioned the queen," is thus entirely contradicted by the evidence of those who were present on that melancholy occasion. Burnet also affirms "that the king recommended the duchess of Portsmouth, over and over again, to his brother, saying, 'he had always loved her, and now loved her to the last.'" Now, Barillon, the only person present who mentions the name of this woman at all, merely says, "that the king twice recommended the duchess of Portsmouth and her son, the duke of Richmond, to his brother, and also his other children." He never spoke of Monmouth.⁵

During the night, the king occasionally slumbered, but from time to time awoke in mortal agony. He bore all with manly firmness and resignation. About two in the morning, he cast his eyes on the duke of York, who was kneeling by his bed, kissing his hand, and with a burst of fraternal tenderness, called him "the best of friends and brothers," begged him to forgive the harshness with which he had sometimes treated him, especially in sending him into exile. He told him, "that he now willingly left all he had for his sake, and prayed God to send him a long and prosperous reign; and entreated him, for his sake, to be kind to his children, and not to let poor Nelly starve."⁶ He preserved his patience and composure during the long weary night. His royal sister-in-law declared "that it was impossible for any one to face death with greater composure." At six in the morning, he asked "what o'clock it was?" and when they told him, he said, "Draw up the curtain, and open the window, that I may behold the light of the sun for the last time."⁷ There was a time-piece in his chamber, which was only wound up once in eight days, and he reminded his attendants, "that it must be wound up that morning, or the works would be deranged." He was seized soon after with acute pain in the right side, attended with difficulty of breathing, on which they took eight ounces of blood from his arm. It caused a temporary relief; but at eight o'clock his speech failed; he lost con-

¹ James II.'s papers, relating to Charles's death.

² Ibid.

³ Macpherson.

⁴ Lingard

⁵ Barillon's Report to Louis XIV.

⁶ James endowed her with a pension of 1500*l.* per annum. (Clarendon's Diary.)

⁷ The author uses the words of the duchess of York, in preference to those of Barillon—she was a much honest person.

sciousness at ten; and at twelve he ceased to breathe. "He died," says the earl of Chesterfield, who was with him for the last eight-and-forty hours, "as a good Christian, praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, never repining at the loss of life and three kingdoms and as a good-natured man, in a thousand particulars. He asked his subjects' pardon for anything that had been neglected or acted contrary to the rules of good government."

Charles died in the 54th year of his age, and the 36th of his reign; but he can only be reckoned a sovereign *de facto* from the date of his restoration. He had been married to Catharine of Braganza two-and-twenty years, eight months, and twenty days. The Portuguese historians impute Charles's conversion to the Roman-catholic faith entirely to the influence of his queen; and by them it is recorded,¹ that she had many masses sung in Lisbon, for the repose of his soul, on the anniversary of his death, as long as she lived. It is certain that she loved him passionately, and cherished his memory with devoted tenderness.

The same day on which Charles II. died, the privy-council, after the proclamation of his brother was over, and their homage paid, waited on the royal widow with an address of condolence.² King James also paid her a brotherly visit, and offered her every mark of affectionate sympathy and respect. Catharine received all visitors on a bed of mourning, the walls, the floor, and even the ceiling, of her chamber being covered with black, the light of day excluded, and tapers burning,³ having to the full as lugubrious an appearance as the apartment in which the remains of her royal consort lay in state under his canopied hearse. Charles was buried on the 14th of February, in Westminster Abbey, at midnight. His funeral was comparatively private, on account of the proscribed rites of the creed he had adopted on his death-bed. Prince George of Denmark was chief mourner. The privy-council, the members of the royal household, and most of the nobility, however, attended their royal master to the grave. His effigy in wax, clothed in black velvet, with point lace collar and ruffles, according to the costume worn by him at the time of his death, is preserved in Westminster Abbey.

Notwithstanding the many errors of Charles II., both as a sovereign and a man, he was greatly beloved in life, and passionately lamented in death, by the great body of the people. The faction who had laboured to exclude James II. from the regal succession, endeavoured to excite the popular fury against him, by circulating reports that the death of Charles had been caused by poison. This cruel calumny on the new sovereign was ushered in by mysterious whispers that the ghost of king Charles had been seen, like the buried majesty of Denmark, in Hamlet, to revisit the glimpses of the moon, not armed cap-à-pie, but attired in a full suit of deep mourning for himself. The following minutely circumstantial account of this alleged apparition, from a contemporary periodical, affords an amusing picture of the superstition or the knavery of the times:—

¹ Hist Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Barillon.

³ Evelyn.

"A gentleman and lady, persons of very good note and credit, belonging to the court, gave the following relation:—In the reign of the late king James, presently after the death of king Charles II., as they were walking in the long gallery at Whitehall, in the evening about candle-light, at the further end of the gallery there seemed, as it were, an arched door, and in the middle a tall black man standing bolt upright, and through the door there appeared a light, as of many flambeaux burning; whereupon they stood still, thinking it to be king James or some great courtier in mourning; but not seeing him stir, they began to be amazed, and had not the power to speak to one another. However, the gentleman took such a full view of him, as to see he had plain white muslin ruffles and cravat, quilled very neat; and they both saw his face, and were satisfied it was that of king Charles II., if ever they had seen him in their lives, having taken such a particular view as they thought they could not be mistaken; whereupon the gentleman calling to the sentinel to bring a light, he took the candle in his hand, and searched for the door, but in the place where it appeared he could see nothing but the bare wainscot; he then asked the sentinel whether there was no door thereabouts? who replied, there was none within a stone's-cast; and, seeing him disturbed, asked if he had seen anything, which the gentleman would not acknowledge. The gentleman likewise charged the lady with him not to reveal what she had seen, lest they might both come into trouble; but they are now both ready to make an affidavit of it, or give a fuller account, if required."¹

Queen Catharine was treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by James II. and his queen, after the death of her royal husband. She even continued to occupy the same apartments in Whitehall which had pertained to her while queen-consort, for upwards of two months after she became queen-dowager. It was not till the 8th of April, that she removed to her own palace, Somerset House, where she held her dowager-court² with suitable splendour. Before she left Whitehall, she received autograph letters of condolence from all the sovereigns in Europe.³ Whenever she was weary of the fatigues and pomp of royalty, she sought repose in her country residence at Hammersmith, where she enjoyed, in privacy, the society of the nuns who lived under her protection in the adjoining convent. Her lord chamberlain, the earl of Feversham, had the entire control of her household and the management of her affairs. The favour with which she was suspected of regarding him, obtained for him the nickname of "king-dowager."⁴

Some years after Catharine of Braganza's death, the princess Louisa, James II.'s youngest daughter,⁵ asked the exiled queen, her mother, "if there were any foundation for what the world had said of the partiality of Catharine, the dowager of England, for the earl of Feversham." Mary Beatrice, herself the most correct of women, replied, "there was none."⁶ The testimony of so virtuous a queen is certainly quite suffi-

¹ This story was published in a periodical which preceded the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. The tale was evidently devised to fix a suspicion of the death of king Charles on his brother, as the editor's comment is. "We see no reason to deny it was a real apparition, though the reason of his disturbance and appearance God only knows. Who knows how princes come by their ends?"

² Evelyn.

³ Barillon.

⁴ Granger

⁵ Who was born at St. Germain's, after the deposition of James II. Full particulars will be given in vol. ix. of the *Lives of the Queens*.

⁶ Inedited MS. diary of some years of the life of the queen of James II., in the secret *Archives au Royaume de France*.

cient to acquit her royal sister-in-law of one of those unsupported scandals, which vulgar malignity occasionally endeavours to fix on persons of exalted station.

The goodness of Catharine's heart was shown by her kindness to the unfortunate duke of Monmouth, to whom she had always proved herself a friend in the time of trouble, although he had perpetually endeavoured to invalidate her marriage with his father, and had made himself an active accomplice with those who had combined against her life at the time of the popish plot. After he was condemned to death, he wrote the following earnest letter of supplication to his royal stepmother, imploring her good offices with his uncle, James II. :—

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH TO CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA.

“From Ringwood, the 9th of July, 1685.

“Madam,

“Being in this unfortunate condition, and having none left but your majesty, that I think may have some compassion of me; and that, for the last king's sake, makes me take this boldness to beg of you to *interced* for me. I would not desire your majesty to do it, if I *wear* not, from the *bottom* of my hart, convinced how I have bine disceaved into it, and how angry God Almighty is with me for it; but I hope, madam, your *intercession* will give me life to repent of it, and to show the king (James II.) how *realy* and truly I will serve him hereafter; and I hope, madam, your majesty will be convinced that the life you save will ever be devoted to your service, for I have been, and ever shall be, your majesty's most dutiful and obedient servant.

MONMOUTH.”¹

Catharine made the most earnest entreaties for the life of this rash and misguided man; and it was in consequence of her passionate solicitations that James was induced to grant him an interview.² That he did not receive mercy, was no fault of hers.

During her residence at Somerset House, Catharine amused herself with giving regular concerts. Her love of music equalled her passion for dancing, in which she no longer indulged, nor in any other kind of gaiety. Soon after the death of Charles II., Catharine wrote to her brother, don Pedro, for permission to return to her native land, where she earnestly desired to finish her days. Leave was instantly accorded, and her old attached friend, count Castelmelhor, now in the service of her royal brother, was despatched from the court of Lisbon to England, to make the proper arrangements for her removal.³ Catharine then changed her mind. The reason was supposed to be, that the crown was indebted to her six-and-thirty thousand pounds, for the arrears of her unpunctually paid income, and she determined not to leave England without the money.⁴

In January, 1688, she commenced a suit against the earl of Clarendon, who had successively filled the offices of secretary, chamberlain, and

¹ Lansdowne Papers. It has been folded, in a small square, and sealed with an antique head; is addressed merely to the queen-dowager, endorsed July 9th, 1685.

² Memoirs of James II.

³ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

⁴ Evelyn. The following particulars connected with Catharine of Braganza's dower revenue is in the MS. Lansdowne, 1054, fol. 97.—Extract from a statement of the revenue for the year 1687:—

lord treasurer to her majesty, for certain monies in which she considered him indebted to her; but, whether the dispute was connected with any irregularities in his own accounts, or that she held him responsible for the deficiencies of her income when it was left in arrear, does not by any means appear in the diary of that nobleman.

The earl of Halifax, who had at that time the management of Catharine's pecuniary affairs, prosecuted the suit with great vigour; and the unfortunate Clarendon, in great distress of mind, solicited the interference of his royal brother-in-law and sovereign, James II. He gives the following account of his conversation with that prince, January 31st, 1688:—"I was," says he, "at the king's levee, and when he was dressed, I desired to speak with him, and he took me into an inner room. I told his majesty of my law affairs with the queen-dowager, and that his solicitor-general was my counsel, and had even taken several fees of me, but that he was now forbid to appear for me. The king declared, 'It was indeed considered wholly contrary to etiquette that any counsel of his should plead against the queen-dowager, and that it was impossible for him to seem to disoblige her. But,' continued king James, 'I wonder extremely that queen Catharine should sue you for such a kind of debt, which will not be to her honour when opened in a public court. I have told lord Feversham, (Catharine's chamberlain,) my mind on it, and I will, if it comes in my way, speak to the queen-dowager myself.' He asked 'if I knew that the queen-dowager was going to Portugal?' I said 'No, truly, this was the first word I heard of it.' His majesty said 'that she had sent him word yesterday, by his own confessor, father Warner, to acquaint him that she intended to go to her own country—that she had acquainted her brother with it, and that an ambassador would speedily come for her.' The king expressed himself hurt that queen Catharine should send to the king of Portugal before she had communicated her resolution to himself, and he observed, 'that he deserved to be better treated by her.' It must be indeed confessed," subjoins lord Clarendon, "that king James has been exceedingly kind to her, treating her with the same respect as when the late king was living."²

James II. told Clarendon "that he would speak to queen Catharine that very afternoon, and he would have done so on the previous day, only it was well known that he never went abroad on the 30th of January, out of respect to the memory of his father."

This law-suit with the queen-dowager alarmed and aroused all the lawyers in the service of her sister-in-law, the queen-consort, Mary Beatrice, whose attorney-general was on the alert to know whether the

	£	s.	d.
Queen-dowager bath out of y ^e Exchequer annually, during			
her life	10,972	19	3
Ditto more	1,236	16	1
Ditto out of y ^e Exchequer in generall	6,000	0	0
	18,209	15	4

¹ Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii., p. 158.

Ibid

interests of his royal mistress would not be compromised by the trial; then the king's solicitor-general began to question whether the prerogative of his royal master was not invaded; till the unfortunate ex-treasurer began to surmise that the whole legal swarm meant to rise and devour him.

King James granted his afflicted brother-in-law another audience, in which he affirmed, "that he was ashamed of the queen-dowager's proceedings, but he could not interfere with the law, which he understood not, or control his law officers in what they deemed proper for his interests. As to the queen-dowager, she was a hard woman to deal with, and that she already knew his opinion of this suit."¹

There is the difficulty in this dispute of only possessing the opinion of the opponent of Catharine of Braganza; and if he is to be credited wholly, she was dealing very hardly with him, because she had allowed his predecessor in her service, Mr. Harvey, who had died as her treasurer, more fees than Clarendon claimed. The case seems to have been, that Catharine, in whom love of money increased with years, was grasping all that was possible, to add to the large capital of her savings, which she intended to carry off with her to Portugal. It is possible that lord Halifax had alarmed her into the project of departure from England, by some hints of the approaching revolution.

She had again written to her brother, don Pedro, appointing a time for her return, and he had despatched the count de Pontével and his nephew to Paris, to meet her there.² Early in May she signified her intentions to king James, who went himself to Chatham, to select a ship to convey her to Portugal. He made choice of one of the new vessels which he had lately added to his fine navy, and ordered it to be fitted out for the voyage. Before the end of the month, however, she changed her mind once more, and told her secretary, sir Richard Bellings, "that she had wholly given up her intention of going to Portugal," to the great joy of her household, and no less so of the king, who, on the 29th of May, writes to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange—"The queen-dowager being resolved not to go to Portugal, will save me the charge of the great third-rate I was fitting out for her."³

Twelve days after this, Catharine was present at the accouchement of her royal sister-in-law, the queen of James II. June 10th, Trinity Sunday, she came soon after eight o'clock in the morning, attended by her lord chamberlain, and the married ladies of her household, and took her seat in a chair of state, under a canopy that had been prepared for her near the queen's bed, and never left the room till the little prince was born.⁴ She stood godmother to the royal infant,⁵ and on the 22d of October, seven days after she had performed that office, she, at the request of king James, attended at the extraordinary meeting of the privy council at Whitehall, to afford her important testimony in the verification of his birth.

A chair was placed for queen Catharine at the king's right hand; as

¹ Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii., p. 178.

² Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

³ Report of the privy council.

⁴ Dalrymple's Appendix.

⁵ Sandford.

soon as she was seated, king James explained the cause for which he had convened this meeting, and said "that he had given her majesty, the queen-dowager, and the other ladies and lords who were present, the trouble of coming thither to declare what they knew of the birth of his son." Then Catharine, with that grave and dignified simplicity, which is far more characteristic of true modesty than an overstrained affectation of delicacy when the cause of truth requires a statement of important facts, gave her evidence in these words:—"The king sent for me to the queen's labour. I came as soon as I could, and never left her till she was delivered of the prince of Wales."¹ This deposition was taken down in writing, and then handed to her majesty to attest with her signature, which she did by writing under it,

Catharina R

The married ladies who attended her, confirmed her evidence, by deposing, on oath, to many circumstantial particulars, verifying the birth of the infant prince. King James very properly laid great stress on the testimony of his royal brother's widow, as she was, next to his own consort, the lady of the highest rank in the realm, and could have no motive for favouring an imposition, even if she had not been a person of the most unimpeachable integrity, in word and deed. The very circumstance of Catharine of Braganza performing the office of godmother to the babe, was of itself a sufficient refutation of the aspersions that party had endeavoured to cast on his birth.

At the landing of the prince of Orange, Catharine conducted herself with great prudence and dignity. The passions of the rabble had been excited against persons of her religion; the catholic chapels were demolished, the houses of the ambassadors attacked and plundered, and papists were accused of the most horrible designs; but she calmly bided the storm, remaining quietly at Somerset House, while her lord chamberlain, Feversham, was exerting himself in the cause of his unfortunate king. When that nobleman was arrested by the prince of Orange, for the simple performance of his duty, in delivering a letter to him from king James, Catharine, of course, felt some uneasiness, but betrayed no sort of alarm. Her royal brother-in-law was so well convinced of her honourable and conscientious conduct in the time of his sore perplexity and distress, when abandoned by his own children and the creatures of his bounty, that, on his return to London, after his first retreat, he stopped at Somerset House, and conferred with her before he proceeded to Whitehall. Probably he required intelligence of the state of the metropolis, and he well knew that he might depend on her sincerity, or he might expect to learn the fate of lord Feversham from her. This interview, which was their last, was on the 18th of December—James retired to Rochester on the 30th. The prince of Orange paid a visit to queen Catharine the same evening. He found her pensive and unoccu-

¹ Report of the privy council.

pied, and asked "why she was not playing at basset that night?" The queen, who was very anxious to plead the cause of the earl of Feversham, said, "she had not played at basset since the absence of her chamberlain, who always kept the bank." The prince replied, "he would no longer interrupt her majesty's diversions," and ordered Feversham to be liberated.¹

It is pleasing to be able to record so agreeable an instance of good-nature, in a prince whose manners were little characterized by courtesy; but William was himself excessively fond of cards, and could therefore sympathize with the *ennui* which he concluded the royal widow felt in being compelled to pass her evenings without that amusement. Rough and ungracious as his general deportment was, Catharine experienced more kindness and consideration from William than from his queen, although Mary had been accustomed from infancy to receive the affectionate endearments of an aunt from her, Catharine having always lived on the best possible terms with Mary's deceased mother, and was with her when she breathed her last.

A difficult course remained for poor Catharine after the expatriation of James II. and his queen, when she was left alone and friendless in a land where she was the only tolerated professor of a faith which she had seen bring imprisonment, death, or exile, on most of her dearest friends and faithful servants. She had her anxiety, too, on the score of her dowry, having seen that of her royal sister-in-law, Mary Beatrice, find its way into the pockets of the new sovereigns, though it had been settled on that queen by an act of parliament, not less binding than that by which her own had been secured to herself.

If she had fled to Portugal on the first alarm of the revolution, small would have been her chance of receiving her annual revenue, but, like a wise woman, she courageously weathered the storm. It was well for Catharine that William was the master power at the first settlement of the finances of the realm, and that he respected the rights of the widow of the uncle to whom he was indebted for a wife who had made him king of England.

The royal widow was not, however, without her mortifications. A bill against the papists passed in the House of Commons July 19th, 1689, by which the queen-dowager's popish servants were limited to eighteen in number, which the lords refused to sanction. "This insult," observes sir John Dalrymple, "induced the unfortunate princess to quit for ever a kingdom, in which all knees had once bowed to her." More than two years elapsed before she was permitted to put her design into execution, and in the mean time she was subjected to some bitter annoyances.

Two days before William^{III.} left London to embark for Ireland, he sent lord Nottingham (his queen's lord chamberlain) to tell Catharine of Braganza, "that it was observed there were great meetings and caballings against his government at her residence of Somerset House, he therefore desired that her majesty would please to leave town, and take up her abode at either Windsor or Audley End."

¹ Ralph's History, and many contemporary works—Roger Coke, Anderson, &c

Queen Catharine testified the utmost astonishment at this message, but she was not in the least intimidated. She replied, "that her earnest desire was to quit his territories altogether for Portugal, if he would but have appointed ships for her voyage; as it was, she did not intend to go out of her house, which was her own by treaty." The next day she sent lord Halifax and lord Feversham to represent to the king on what frivolous ground she had been disquieted by Nottingham's message. On which king William sent queen Catharine "many profuse compliments, and bade her not think of removing."¹ From the extreme enmity expressed by queen Mary in her letters against the queen-dowager, it would seem that the annoyance came from her. Before William had left England a week, Mary endeavoured to force a serious quarrel with her royal aunt, on the following pretext. She had ordered a prayer for her husband's success in the contest between him and her father, to be used in all the churches. This it seems was omitted in the Savoy chapel, a protestant place of worship attached to Somerset House. Catharine never entered it herself, but it was retained by her for the use of her protestant servants, and was subject to the regulations of her lord chamberlain. Whether Catharine did not choose her friend and brother-in-law, James II., to be prayed against in her palace-chapel, or the omission was contrived by Feversham, who was a thorough-paced Jacobite, is not known. But it is certain that some of her servants ran with the tale to queen Mary, who ordered the clergyman of the Savoy to be taken up for the omission of the prayer, and to be subjected to something like a star-chamber questioning, by her privy council. The clergyman in a great fright, said, "that the queen's chamberlain had forbidden the prayer, for he feared that if this prayer were said, queen Catharine might put a stop to the protestant service altogether in that chapel."² Queen Mary was by no means conciliated by the explanation, and went so far as to tell her privy council, "that she thought no more measures ought to be kept with the queen-dowager after this, if it were her order, which no doubt it was."

Whatsoever malice was meant against Catharine by these words, was averted from her by the manly self-devotion of Feversham, who when he received a personal rating from queen Mary, took the entire blame and responsibility on himself, by affirming "that the queen-dowager was in utter ignorance of the whole transaction." Queen Mary evidently expected that the royal widow would come to her next levee, and make a humble apology for the whole affair.

Catharine, however, with more tact than the world has given her credit for, acted on lord Feversham's hint, and conducted herself as if utterly ignorant of the transaction; and it appears that Mary, bound by the rigorous chains of courtly etiquette, found no convenient opportunity

¹ Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. iv., p. 316.

² Queen Mary, from whose letter this incident is narrated, not being very perspicuous in her diction, the facts are not easy to define; but it seems to imply that in the Savoy chapel mass was alternately celebrated for Catharine of Braganza, and the protestant service for her protestant attendants; a liberal arrangement, seen in Germany in some of the places of worship at this day.

of publicly attacking her on the subject. Yet the ill-will and hatred she cherished against her uncle's widow is apparent in most of the letters she wrote to king William. It is, moreover, wholly from Mary's pen that the incidents above are gleaned: how they would have appeared if related by the royal widow herself, is another question.

In the course of a few days after this discussion, Catharine of Braganza resolved to quit England, and gave notice to queen Mary's ministry that she was preparing to embark for Hamburgh. The French fleet were at that instant hovering off the southern coast of England, and the government needed the whole of their ill-appointed and neglected naval power to oppose the invading enemy; the escort for the queen-dowager could not be spared, and lord Feversham was entreated to persuade her to stay where she was. The result of her decisions was communicated to king William in a letter from queen Mary, who informs him "that lord Feversham told her lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham, 'that he had put the queen-dowager off of the Hamburgh voyage, but she chose to go to Bath.'" This, it seems, was no less inconvenient, because it would embarrass government to have guards there. Catharine then said "she would go to Islington." Where she was to sojourn at Islington, unless at Canonbury-house, would be an enigma to the curious in topography. Lord Marlborough, however, advised queen Mary to give no answer till something was known of the success of the fleet. Two days afterwards, on the 6th of July, Catharine visited queen Mary to take leave before her retirement to Hammersmith, "where she meant," she said, "to stay till she could go to Windsor;" by which, it would seem, Catharine retained some right of residence, either at the castle or the royal demesnes in its environs.

In queen Mary's letter to king William, dated July 12, O. S., she mentions "that the queen-dowager had sent lady Arlington to compliment her on his wonderful deliverance from death, when he was wounded just before his victory of the Boyne."

Again queen Mary mentions Catharine in her letter to king William on his return to England, September 1st, 1690. He had been beaten before Limerick by Sarsfield, and obliged to raise the siege at his departure from Ireland. Queen Mary tells her husband, "that she had a compliment last night from the queen-dowager, who came to town on Friday. She sent it," adds her majesty, "I believe, with the better heart, because Limerick is not taken." In another letter, Mary notices that the queen-dowager "had sent her a compliment on her swelled face." This, in the affected phraseology of the times, signified a message of condolence.

It is certain that Catharine, long before her departure from England, was heartily weary of her residence in London, and the restraints and espionage to which she was subjected through the jealous enmity of queen Mary. Once she entered into a treaty with the earl of Devonshire for the purchase of Chatsworth; at another time, she wished to remove with her diminished dowager-court to Knowle; but the great wish of her heart was to return to the land of her birth. It was not till the spring of the year 1692 that she was enabled to accomplish her

desire. She bade a final adieu to England on the 30th of March, having lived there upwards of seven years from the date of her widowhood, and in the whole thirty, all but seven weeks. Evelyn makes the following notation on her departure :—"The queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, went out of England, as pretended, against the advice of all her friends." She took several English ladies of rank in her suite, among whom were the countess of Fingall and her daughters, and lady Tuke; and she made a point of always retaining some English ladies in her service, and most honourably paid a large sum in pensions to those who were in her household at the time she left England, and this munificence she persevered in as long as she lived.¹ She had amassed a considerable capital out of her savings during her seven years of widowhood, when she lived almost in retirement. This money she carried with her to her own country.

Louis XIV. no sooner received intelligence of her landing in France, than he sent a deputation to meet and welcome her, and an escort of honour to attend her on her journey, and invited her to his court;² but the royal widow, who pined for her own country, could not be tempted to deviate from the direct route for all the pleasures Versailles could offer. She travelled through Spain, and was met on the road by a splendid train of Portuguese grandees of the highest rank, who had been appointed by her royal brother to conduct her into his dominions. At the head of this noble cortège was don Henriquez de Sousa, councillor of state, who, having been ambassador to the court of London, was well known to queen Catharine, and very agreeable to her. The marquez de Arrouches, who had also been on a mission to England at the time of her distress and peril, during the persecutions for the popish plot, accompanied by seven other nobles, had previously awaited her approach at Almeida, with a numerous company of attendants. The marquez de Arrouches had notice of each day's journey made by her majesty. Catharine was attacked with a dangerous illness on her homeward progress; she fell sick of the erysipelas at Mataposaelos, a place belonging to the crown of Castile. When the marquez Arrouches learned this, he sent to the university of Coimbra for Dr. Antonio Mendes, first professor of medicine and physician to the king, one of the most skilful persons in the profession, and brought him to her assistance. Queen Catharine was very grateful to the marquez for this kind attention; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, proceeded to Almeida, and from thence continued her journey to Lisbon.³

Catharine was received with signal honours and the most enthusiastic welcome in her native land. She entered Lisbon, Jan. 20th, 1693, amidst the *vivas* and acclamations of the people. As early as nine o'clock on the morning of that day, the king, her brother, attended by all his court, left his palace, and went in state to meet her on the road. They had not seen each other for upwards of thirty years, a period replete with eventful changes to both. The two cavalcades met in the

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Dangeau.

³ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa. Memoirs, MS. de duque de Cadaval.

street of Lumlar, in a place too narrow for the coaches to turn. Don Pedro paid his sister the compliment of alighting from his to welcome her: his lord chamberlain, chief equerry, and gentleman of the bed chamber, having previously descended, he came to the door of her coach, and, with many tender and affectionate words, expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing her. Catharine alighted also, and with equal warmth responded to her royal brother's kindness. After these loving greetings had been exchanged between their majesties on the pavement, they both entered the king of Portugal's coach, queen Catharine took her seat at his right hand, and the procession advanced in the usual order.¹

Don Pedro conducted Catharine to the Quinta de Alcantara, one of his country palaces, which he had had prepared for her residence there; his queen, donna Maria Sophia, who was waiting, received her at the top of the staircase with great demonstrations of pleasure. After the usual courtly ceremonial had taken place, the queen of Portugal took her leave; her lord chamberlain, gentlemen of honour, and the ladies and officers of the household who attended her, kissed the hand of their widowed princess, the royal dowager of England. The king returned with his consort to his own palace, leaving Catharine to take some repose in that which he had resigned to her use. Entertainments on the most magnificent scale were given in honour of her return, and these lasted for many days. The two queens, when they became better acquainted, formed a close friendship, in consequence of which they agreed to dispense with all the rigid ceremonials of state, so that, if they met, neither should deem it necessary to leave the place, and in their private intercourse, to treat each other with the endearing familiarity of sisters, and dropping the formal titles of majesty—to address each other "*per vos*," which in Portuguese is tantamount to the you and I of the English, and the affectionate *tutoyer* of the French.² The friendship of these royal ladies was never interrupted by any of the petty jealousies and intrigues which too often create a fever of hatred among the nearest connexions in royal families.

Catharine, after residing some time in the quinta de Alcantara, removed, on account of her health, to that of the conde de Redonda, near Santa Martha, and afterwards to that of the conde de Aveiras, at Belem. In the month of February, 1699, she visited Villa Viçosa, the place of her birth, with which she was much delighted. From thence she proceeded to the city of Evora, into which she made a public entry, on the 4th of May.³ She was received there with all the ceremonies due to majesty, and more especially due to a princess to whom Portugal might be said to owe her existence as an independent nation, for such had really been the result of her marriage with Charles II., and the good offices she had ever laboured to perform for her beloved fatherland. Nor

¹ MS. Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval de Nuno.—Tom. xi., p. 69.

² These curious and interesting particulars, which might be sought in vain in English history, or any previous biography of Catharine of Braganza, are derived from inedited Portuguese records, for which I am indebted to the learning and liberality of J. Adamson, Esq., of Newcastle.

³ MS. Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval.

were her countrymen unmindful of the obligations they owed to her. Although a new generation had sprung up since Catharine of Braganza became the bride of England, and the terror of the fleet which came to bear her to her royal husband drove back the invading navy of Spain from the mouth of the Tagus, yet they were the sons of the men who had fought the battles of freedom under the banner of her father, and knew that the English alliance had secured to them the fruits of their victories. Wherever she came, triumphal arches were reared for her to pass under, and she was regarded as the guardian angel of Portugal. Nor was she wholly forgotten by the loyal and kind of heart in England. Pepys, in the year 1700, makes the following affectionate and respectful mention of the widow of his deceased sovereign, in a letter to his nephew when in Portugal:—

"If this should find you in Lisbon," says he, "I give you in charge to wait upon my lady Tuke, one of the ladies attending my once royal mistress, our queen dowager, a lady for whom I bear great honour; nor if she should offer you the honour of kissing the queen's hand would I have you to omit, if lady Tuke thinks it proper, the presenting her majesty with my profoundest duty, as becomes a most faithful subject."¹

It would have been pleasant to have been able to give the particulars of the presentation of one of her former subjects to queen Catharine in Lisbon. It is to be hoped that the dutiful and reverential message of the worthy Pepys duly reached her, and was appreciated as it deserved. She had seen enough of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of courtiers to value genuine affection, though in homely guise. Catharine came to Lisbon on the 8th of May, 1700. The countess of Fingall and her daughters, who had been in her service ever since she left England, now desired to return to their own country, after the long absence of eight years. Catharine supplied their places with Portuguese ladies of the highest rank, and some of them of her own lineage, but they were all widows like herself. About the same time, she built a new palace chapel and quinta, at Bemposta, where she principally resided, except when her presence was desired by the king, her brother, in his palace.

On the death of her unfortunate brother-in-law, James II., Catharine, as a tribute of respect to his memory, ordered her palace of Somerset House, which she retained, to be hung with black, and all her servants there to wear deep mourning for a year.

Catharine was again attacked with erysipelas in April, 1704, which confined her for a long time to her bed. It was unfortunately at the time when the archduke Charles, who had assumed the title of Charles III. of Spain, as a rival candidate with the grandson of Louis XIV. for the crown of that realm, in which he was supported by England and Portugal, came to Lisbon. His majesty often sent to inquire after her health by one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, who delivered his message to her lady-in-waiting for the week, to whom he one day communicated the great desire felt by his royal master to see her majesty. Though nothing could be more unseasonable to a lady suffering under so painful, dangerous, and disfiguring a malady, than being required to

¹ Pepys' Correspondence, edited by lord Braybrooke

receive a visit from any gentleman for a first introduction, especially one claiming to be considered as the sovereign of a country so proverbially elaborate in its ceremonials as Spain, Catharine courteously commanded the duke de Cadaval to inform his majesty, "that she waited with equal desire to see him, and that she left the day and hour to be fixed by his majesty."¹

Two days afterwards, the admiral of Castile advised the duke that on Sunday, April 15th, the catholic king would come to pay his respects to the queen of Great Britain. Orders were then given by the secretary of state to the grandees and officers of the king of Portugal's household, that they should all assemble in the palace of queen Catharine. The queen of Portugal directed her ladies to repair thither also, so that the appearance of a full and splendid court was effected by this arrangement, for the royal widow of England, in her own palace. The ceremonial of the meeting between Catharine of Braganza and the titular monarch of Spain is very quaint, and will be perfectly new to the English reader, as the details are from inedited Portuguese records, affording a curious picture of the minute solemnities which attended an apposition between crowned heads of the royal houses of Spain and Portugal. Be it remembered, withal, that don Charles of Austria, who is here styled his most catholic majesty, was a youth not yet emancipated from the control of his tutor. He was, however, treated with the same formal ceremonials as if he were the reigning sovereign of the Spanish dominions and a gentleman of mature years. The king of Portugal's personal coach was sent for his use. What manner of vehicle, we cannot say; but the arrangement of the noble persons who had the honour of accompanying his majesty is thus described:—"In the front seat, on the right hand, was the prince de Lichtenstein, his tutor and grand-chamberlain; on the left, the admiral of Castile; and in the left step or boot of the carriage, the prince of Darmstadt. The suite followed in other coaches, and the royal carriage was attended by the body-guard. Rodrigo de Almeida, the gentleman-usher of the ladies of the queen of Portugal's household, was at the door of the hall passing the first and second apartments, in which the whole court were assembled. Andrea Mendez, porter to the queen's chamber, was at the door of the third, with orders not to let any *fidalgo* enter. All the ladies were in this third apartment, which was the reason that an etiquette, derived, no doubt, from the customs of the Moors, excluded gentlemen. As soon as the king of Spain arrived, all the court went below to receive him, and accompanied him from the coach. The king came uncovered, and on that account all the grandees of Portugal were bareheaded also. No one accompanied him to the chamber of the queen-dowager of England, save his tutor, who, having placed a chair of black velvet, which had been provided purposely for his use, at a convenient distance from the bed, withdrew, to wait at the door of the chamber, in the same apartment wherein all the ladies were assembled. Queen Catharine, in consequence of her severe indisposition, was in her bed. One lady only, donna Inez Antonia de Tavora, the lady-in-waiting for

¹ MS. Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval.

the week, was with her, serving at the foot of the bed, when the king of Spain entered, and as soon as he prepared to sit down, she withdrew to the hall. The interview of their majesties being strictly private, nothing is known of what passed, beyond the elaborate compliments with which they met, and the formal courtesies that were exchanged when the royal visitor took his leave of the sick queen; but as an instance of the ludicrous stress which was at that time placed on the most trivial observances in the Spanish and Portuguese courts, it is recorded by our authority, that his most catholic majesty departed without waiting to have his chair removed. His tutor, the prince of Lichtenstein, committed in the mean time a breach of etiquette, for which his beardless pupil doubtless blushed, if it was ever permitted to reach his royal ear. While he was waiting for the return of the king of Spain from the chamber of the queen of England, he found himself—privileged man!—the only cavalier in an ante-room full of ladies. Perceiving, however, that the admiral of Castile was outside the door, his serene highness, feeling for the forlorn position of his friend, took upon himself to tell the porter of queen Catharine's chamber, Joas Carneiro, "that he ought either to allow the admiral to enter, or let him go out;" but that functionary, observant of the order he had received, and too zealous for the honour of his own court to submit to be schooled by the tutor of a king of Spain, gravely replied, "that his excellency had to be there, and the admiral not; that if he wished to go, he could do so, but that the admiral could not enter, because that apartment was reserved for the ladies, and the admiral had no business there:" "proper order being observed in that palace," our author adds, "which showed that it was the habitation of a queen, possessed of such prudence and virtues as was her majesty donna Catharina."¹ What would he have thought of her visit to Saffron Walden fair, could he have seen her majesty in her short red petticoat and waistcoat, and the rest of her masquerading gear, exalted on the sorry cart-jade, behind sir Bernard Gascoigne, and witnessed the dilemma in which she and her two duchesses were involved in consequence of the discovery of her quality? But in Portugal, perhaps, the tale was never repeated; or if it reached the court of Lisbon, through the medium of some gossiping ambassador's secret report of the daily doings of the king and queen of England, it would have been difficult to induce any one to believe that their discreet infanta could have thus committed herself. So highly, indeed, was the wisdom of Catharine of Braganza rated in her own country, and by her own family, that when her brother, don Pedro, in consequence of alarming symptoms in his constitution, deemed it necessary to withdraw for a time from the cares of government and the fatiguing parade of regal state, he confided the reins of empire to her guidance, and, retiring into the province of Beira for repose and change of air, he left the charge of his dominions entirely to her, and issued decrees to all the tribunals to give effect to her authority. He sent a paper to her from his retreat by his confessor, with his directions, recommending her that, in all things relating to the government, she

¹ MS. *Memoirs of the duke de Cadaval*.

should avail herself of the long experience of the duke de Cadaval, and enlarging on the zeal and fidelity of that nobleman for the royal service. He also appointed a council of state, and other ministers, for her assistance.¹

It sometimes happens that persons of modest and unassuming manners are endowed with shining qualities, for which the world gives them little credit, till they are brought into public notice by the force of circumstances. Catharine of Braganza, who had been lampooned by Andrew Marvel, Buckingham, and other evil wits, while queen-consort of England, till it became the fashion in her own court to regard her as a simpleton, was, in reality, possessed of considerable regnal talents, and so popular and successful was her government, while she swayed the delegated sceptre of her brother, don Pedro, that in the following year, 1705, during the dangerous illness of that prince, she was solemnly constituted queen-regent of Portugal.²

The country was at that time engaged in a war with the French king of Spain, Philip of Anjou, which she conducted with such skill and energy, that the campaign was most brilliantly successful. Valença de Alcantara, Albuquerque, Salvaterra, and Carça, all yielded, in the course of a few months, to the victorious armies of donna Catharina, who proved one of the most fortunate and popular of female sovereigns.³

Catharine died of a sudden attack of cholic, at ten'clock on the night of Dec. 31, 1705, the last day of the brightest year of her life, having attained to the age of 67 years, one month, and six days.⁴ Who would have ventured to calculate, after all the blighted hopes, the bitter disappointments and mortifications which had darkened the meridian horizon of Catharine of Braganza's existence, that the evening of her days would be cloudless and serene, and her sunset glorious?

The king, her brother, as soon as he heard of her illness, hastened to attend her; he arrived an hour before she breathed her last, and ordered a council of state to assemble at her palace of Bemposta, to make the expedient arrangements in the event of her death, which rendered it necessary for him to resume the regal functions. Catharine had made her will as far back as the 14th of February, 1699, by which she had constituted her brother, don Pedro, her universal heir; but, dying very rich, she left ample legacies to all her relations, liberal alms to the poor, and bequests to various monasteries in Lisbon and Villa Viçosa. She also endowed a house for the jesuits to bring up missionaries for India.⁵

She was attended by an English physician, "to whom," it is affirmed by Oldmixon, "she declared, on her death-bed, that she had never intrigued for the restoration of popery in England, and that she had never desired or demanded any greater favour for those of her own faith than was authorized by her marriage articles."⁶

Either Oldmixon and his informant were not to be trusted, or Catharine must have given some latitude to her words more than their common meaning allows.

¹ Provas, or State Records of Portugal, No. 42.

² Provas. Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

³ Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts, p. 618.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

Catharine had chosen the royal monastery of Belem for the place of her interment, near the remains of one of her brothers, who had died in early youth, the infante don Theodosio. She had evidently retained a tender memory of this companion of her childhood, with whom she wished to repose in death, for she provided that in case his bones should be removed to the convent of St. Vincente de Fora, as the king, her father, had arranged in his will, her own should be removed with them, and have sepulture in the principal chapel of that monastery.

The obsequies of Catharine of Braganza commenced in the palace of Bemposta, where she died, with the office of *do corpo presente*, or the dirge, in which don Antonio de Salvanha, bishop of Portalegre, performed pontifically, assisted by six other bishops, who sang the responses.¹

In the afternoon, all the clergy and religious communities, even the attendants on the monks and those not privileged to attend, were ranged in order from the palace of Bemposta, extending by the street of Santo Antonio dos Capuchos to the Rocis, even to Esperança, to await the removal of the deceased queen's body, for the commencement of the funeral procession from Bemposta to Belem.² The corpse of Catharine of Braganza was placed in an open coffin, or bier, according to the custom of her country, and when all was ready for the commencement of the rites, Manuel de Vasconcellos e Sousa, who performed the office of chief groom of the chamber, in the absence of his brother, the conde de Castelmelhor, Catharine's old and faithful friend, removed the pall which covered the bier, so that the face of the royal dead was exposed to view. The bier was then raised with great solemnity, and borne by eight grandees of the highest rank, all of them councillors of state, to the litter, and so conveyed, with great pomp, to Belem, attended by all her retinue, and the whole court of the king, her brother. The same noble persons who had placed the bier on the litter, took it off at Belem, in the churchyard. The brotherhood of Misericordia met it there, according to the practice of the interment of the sovereigns of Portugal.³ The funeral rites of Catharine of Braganza were performed with no less grandeur and solemnity than if she had been a reigning monarch. The king, her brother, was prevented, by a violent attack of his constitutional malady, from assisting at her obsequies, but his eldest son, the prince of Brazil, and the infantes, don Francisco and don Antonio, attended at the palace of Bemposta, to sprinkle the holy water before the bier was lifted, and accompanied it till it was placed on the litter; the rigour of royal etiquette in Portugal permitted no more. As a testimony of respect, all public business and amusements were suspended for eight days; the court and its attendants mourned a year, and the ministers and their families were ordered to do the same.

Catharine was greatly lamented in Portugal, where her name is held in the highest veneration to the present day. Her virtues and the events of her life were celebrated by the learned poet, Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, in an heroic poem of twelve cantos, entitled, "*Carlos Reduzido Inglatera illustrada*."

¹ Hist. Casa Real Portuguesa.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

Catharine survived her faithless consort, Charles II., nearly one-and-twenty years; she was devoted to his memory, in spite of his faults. It has been said that she allowed one of his natural sons, the duke of St. Albans, 2000*l.* a year out of her own income; perhaps he held an office in her household,¹ for she continued the salaries of all her servants in England to the day of her death. She was well able to do this out of her royal jointure, having considerable demesnes in Portugal.

The earl of Feversham was the accredited manager of Catharine's affairs in England; he did not accompany her to Portugal. She also appointed her old lord chamberlain, the earl of Chesterfield, one of her trustees. So great was her respect for that tried and faithful servant, that she named him as the principal executor of her will, after the king, her brother; but he did not act.

Lord Chesterfield, in his autograph notes for 1706, thus notices the death of his royal mistress:—

"This year queen Catharine, widow to king Charles II., died in Portugal, and did me the honour to make me her first, or chief, executor, which, in Portugal, is distinguished from the other executors; and the king of Portugal commanded his ambassador to come to my house and acquaint me with the honour that her majesty had done me, as also to let me know his majesty's approbation of her choice; and to show me a letter from his majesty, full of compliments and acknowledgments for the service that I had formerly done her majesty, during the time that I had the honour of being lord chamberlain to her majesty."

His lordship wrote to the ambassador a complimentary letter in French, stating "that he was very sensible of the honour his majesty had done him in approving of the choice the queen had made in naming him as one of her executors, and that it would have been to him the greatest pleasure in life, had he been able to perform the duty of principal executor to one of the greatest and most illustrious princesses in the world; but the gout, and the other infirmities of old age, would prevent him from acting in that capacity."²

Catharine of Braganza was prayed for in the liturgy of the church of England, as queen-dowager, in the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and queen Anne.

¹ Dangeau.

² Introductory memoir to lord Chesterfield's letters.

LIVES
OF THE
QUEENS OF ENGLAND,
FROM
THE NORMAN CONQUEST;
WITH
ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM
OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,
PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

NEW EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

BY
AGNES STRICKLAND.

The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rooms, & opened.
BEAUMONT.

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OF THE

NINTH VOLUME.



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Great Britain, &c.—

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PREFACE.

SOME indulgence, it is hoped, will be accorded by the gentle readers of the "Lives of the Queens of England," for the tardy appearance of the present volume, when it is explained that the materials for the biography of the consort of James II. are chiefly derived from the unpublished letters, journals, and documents of the period. Many of these, and indeed the most important, are locked up in the Secret Archives of France; papers that are guarded with such extreme jealousy from the curiosity of foreigners, that nothing less than the powerful influence of M. Guizot himself could have procured access to those collections. Through the kindness and liberality of that accomplished statesman-historian, every facility for research and transcription was granted during my residence in Paris, in the spring and summer of 1844. The result was fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations, in the discovery of inedited letters, records, and documents, connected with the personal history of the beautiful and unfortunate princess whose memoir occupies the present volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Not the least curious of those records is part of a MS. diary, kept, apparently, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, of the sayings and doings of the exiled queen during her occasional retreats to that convent, after the death of James II., full of characteristic traits and anecdotes. It is quaintly, but pleasantly written, though somewhat wearisome, at times, from the frequent allusions to the devotional exercises, the fasts, and other observances practised by the sisters of Chaillot and their royal guest. It admits us, however, most fully within

the grate, and puts us in possession of things that were never intended to be whispered beyond the walls of that little world.

Much additional light is thrown on the personal history of the exiled royal family, by the incidents that have been there chronicled from the queen's own lips. The fidelity of the statements is verified by their strict agreement, in many instances, with other inedited documents, of the existence of which the sister of Chaillot could not have been aware. Besides these treasures, I was permitted to take transcripts of upwards of two hundred original autograph letters of this queen, being her confidential correspondence, for the last thirty years of her life, with her friend Françoise Angelique Priolo, and others of the nuns of Chaillot. To this correspondence I am indebted for many touching pictures of the domestic life of the fallen queen and her children, during their residence at the château of St. Germain. It is impossible to read her unaffected descriptions of her feelings without emotion. Some of the letters have been literally steeped in the tears of the royal writer, especially those which she wrote after the battle of la Hogue, during the absence of king James, when she was in hourly expectation of the birth of her youngest child, and, finally, in her last utter desolation.

The friendly assistance rendered by M. Michelet, in the prosecution of my researches, in the Archives au Royaume de France, demands the most grateful acknowledgments. I am also indebted, through the favour of M. Guizot, and the courtesy of M. Mignet and M. Dumont, for inedited documents and royal letters from the Archives des Affaires Etrangères; nor must the great kindness of M. Champollion be forgotten, or the service rendered by him, in the discovery of a large portfolio of inedited State Papers and secret Jacobite correspondence, from the Archives of St. Germain, tending to throw much light on the regency, as it was called, of Mary Beatrice, during the minority of the prince her son, better known by the soubriquet of "the Pretender."

The life of every queen of England whose name has been involved with the conflicting parties and passions excited by revo-

lutions, or differences of religious opinions, has always been a task of extreme difficulty. With regard to the consort of James II. it has been peculiarly so; since, for upwards of a century after the revolution of 1688, it was considered a test of loyalty to the reigning family, and attachment to the church of England, to revile the sovereigns of the house of Stuart, root and branch, and to consign them, their wives and children, their friends and servants, and all who would not unite in desecrating their tombs, to the reprobation of all posterity. Every one who attempted to write history at that period was, to use the metaphor of the witty author of *Eöthen*, "subjected to the immutable law which compels a man with a pen in his hand to be uttering, now and then, some sentiment not his own, as though, like a French peasant under the old regime, he were bound to perform a certain amount of work on the public highways." Happily the necessity, if it ever existed, of warping the web of truth to fit the exigencies of a political crisis, exists no longer. The title of the present illustrious occupant of the throne of Great Britain to the crown she wears, is founded on the soundest principles, both of constitutional freedom of choice in the people, and legitimate descent from the ancient monarchs of the realm. The tombs of the last princes of the male line of the royal house of Stuart, were erected at the expense of their august kinsman, George IV. That generous prince set a noble example of liberal feeling in the sympathy which he was the first to accord to that unfortunate family. He did more; he checked the hackneyed system of basing modern history on the abuse of James II. and his family, by authorizing the publication of a portion of the Stuart papers, and employing his librarian and historiographer to arrange the life of that prince from his journal and correspondence.

The biography of Mary Beatrice of Modena has never before been written, though abounding in circumstances of touching interest. There are epochs in her life, when she comes before us in her beauty, her misfortunes, her conjugal tenderness, and passionate maternity, like one of the distressed queens of tragedy, or romance, struggling against the decrees of adverse destiny. The

slight mention of her that appears on the surface of English history, has been penned by chroniclers of a different spirit from "Griffith"—men whose hearts were either hardened by strong political and polemic animosities, or who, as a matter of business or expediency, did their utmost to defame her, because she was the wife of James II., and the mother of his unfortunate son. The bitterest of her unprovoked enemies, Burnet, was reduced to the paltry weapons of vituperation and calumny, in the attacks he constantly makes on her. The first, like swearing, is only an imbecile use of words, and the last vanishes before the slightest examination. History is happily written on different principles in the present age. "We have now," says Guizot, "to control our assertions by the facts;" in plain English, to say nothing, either in the way of praise or censure, which cannot be substantiated by sound evidence.

Mary Beatrice of Modena played an important rather than a conspicuous part in the historic drama of the stirring times in which her lot was cast. The tender age at which she was reluctantly torn from a convent to become the wife of a prince, whose years nearly trebled hers, and the feminine tone of her mind, deterred her from interfering in affairs of state, during the sixteen years of her residence in England. The ascetic habits, and premature superannuation of her unfortunate consort, compelled her, for the sake of her son, to emerge at length from the sanctuary of the domestic altar, and to enter upon the stormy arena of public life; and she became, and continued for many years after, the rallying point of the Jacobites. All the plots and secret correspondence of that party, were carried on under her auspices.

It was her personal influence with Louis XIV., the dauphin, and the duke of Burgundy, that led to the infraction of the peace of Ryswick, by the courts of France and Spain, through their recognition of her son's claims to an empty title: to please her, Louis XIV. allowed the dependant on his bounty to be proclaimed, at the gates of one of his own royal palaces, as James III., king not only of Great Britain and Ireland, but even of France, and

to quarter the fleur-de-lys unmolested. The situation of the royal widow and her son, when abandoned by their protector, Louis XIV., at the peace of Utrecht, closely resembles that of Constance of Bretagne, and her son Arthur, after the recognition of the title of king John by their allies; but Mary Beatrice exhibits none of the fierce maternity attributed by Shakspeare to the mother of the rejected claimant of the English throne; her feelings were subdued by a long acquaintance with adversity and the fever of disappointed hope. The present volume brings her biography down to the period of her widowhood. The events of the last sixteen years of her life will be comprised in the first and second chapters of Volume X., which is in the press, and will be immediately forthcoming.

In conclusion, I beg to offer my best thanks to the distinguished persons who have facilitated my labours by affording me access, for the purpose of personal research, to the State Paper Offices of England, Scotland, and France. My obligations have already been acknowledged to M. Guizot, and the other gentlemen of the French Archives. I have now to return thanks to sir James Graham for his frank renewal of the orders of admission to the State Paper Office in Duke-street, originally granted to my sister and myself by the marquess of Normanby; to W. Pitt Dundass, Esq., the keeper of the royal records of Scotland, for the facilities afforded me for transcription, as well as personal investigation of those documents; and to Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of the Register Office, whose kindness I have had frequent occasion to acknowledge. My thanks are also due to the lord-provost of Edinburgh, Adam Black, Esq., for his introduction to the civic records of that town; and T. Sinclair, Esq., of the City Chamber, for their liberal communication of documents illustrative of the residence of the consort of James II., at Holyrood, when duchess of York, and the attentions paid to her and her husband, by the good town of Edinburgh. Sincere acknowledgments are also due to J. Lang, Esq., librarian to the signet; and to Francis Home, Esq., of Avontoun, and his amiable sisters, for much friendly aid in the prosecution of my researches in the Scotch archives and

libraries. I am much indebted to the Hon. lady Bedingfeld for the communication of a most interesting original letter of the exiled queen, addressed to the countess of Lichfield; and to his grace the duke of Devonshire, for his signal courtesy in granting to my sister and myself the great privilege of reference to the rich collection of historical letters preserved in the archives of his noble family. Nor must the liberality of C. P. Elliot, Esq., in favouring us with the loan of the MS. Diary of the Rev. Dr. Lake, tutor to queen Mary II. and queen Anne, remain unnoticed; for not only is the life of Mary Beatrice enriched with some curious facts from that source, but the obligation will appear more important in the elucidation of the early personal history of the two female sovereigns of great Britain, in the succeeding volume of the *Lives of the Queens of England*

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA, QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Lely's portraits of Mary Beatrice—Her ancestry, parentage, birth—Death of her father—Educated by her mother—Anecdotes of her infancy—Brought up with her brother—Her mother's stern rule—Mary wishes to be a nun—Goes to the Carmelite convent—Her aunt—Her future husband—James duke of York—He commissions the earl of Peterborough to choose a new consort for him—Four ladies named—The earl sees a portrait of Mary d'Esté—Wishes to obtain her for the duke—Obstacles stated—He goes to look at the other ladies—Intrigues about the marriage at home—Mysterious letters from the court of Modena—Perplexity of the earl—His premature communication to the princess of Wirtemberg—The duke's marriage with Mary of Modena determined—Disappointment of Mary Anne of Wirtemberg—The earl goes incognito to Modena—Reluctance of the princess—Her innocence—Begs her aunt to marry the duke of York—First interview between Mary d'Esté and the ambassador—Her petulant behaviour—The pope refuses his dispensation to the marriage—The duchess of Modena's determination—Reluctant consent of the princess—Bishop of Modena refuses to solemnize the marriage—An English priest agrees to officiate—The espousals celebrated—The earl of Peterborough marries the princess as the proxy of the duke of York—Honours paid to him in that capacity—The bridal dinner and ball—Public rejoicings at Modena for the marriage of their princess—The duke of York receives the news and announces it to his brother's court.

THE pencil of Lely has rendered every one familiar with the languishing dark eyes, classic features, and graceful form, of the Italian consort of James II.; that painter was never weary of multiplying portraits of a princess who completely realized his *beau idéal* of female loveliness, and who so well became the rich and picturesque costume which his exquisite taste had rendered the prevailing mode of the court of the second Charles. She appears to no less advantage, however, when depicted by him in the character of Innocence, without a single ornament to enhance her natural charms, such as she was when she came to England in the early ripeness of sweet fifteen, as the reluctant bride of the duke of York.

We recognise her, in her youthful matron dignity, among "the 'light-o-love' beauties," in the Hampton Court gallery, but distinguished from them by the vestal-like expression of her face. Her portraits, at a more

advanced period of life, as queen of England, are among the finest specimens of sir Godfrey Kneller's art. Every one of these transcripts of the royal beauty, tells its progressive tale of melancholy interest, to the few who are intimately acquainted with the events of her life. Little, however, is now remembered in England of this queen, beyond the bare outline facts, that she was a princess of Modena, the consort of a dethroned and most unpopular sovereign, and the mother of the disinherited prince to whom the world applied the contemptuous epithet of "the Pretender."

The conjugal tenderness of Matilda of Boulogne, of Eleanor of Castile, and of Philippa, is deservedly appreciated; the maternal devotion of Margaret of Anjou, the patience of the long-suffering Catharine of Arragon, have received their due meed of praise, for they have become matter of history; but the history of Mary of Modena, for obvious reasons, has never been given to the world. Bold, indeed, would have been any writer of the last century, who should have ventured to call attention to the virtues and the sufferings of the faithful consort of the last and most unfortunate of the Stuart kings.

Among the princesses, who have worn the crown matrimonial of England, many have been born in a more elevated rank than Mary Beatrice of Modena; but few could boast of a more illustrious descent than she claimed as the daughter of the house of Esté. That family, so famous in the page of history, derives its name from the city of Esté, near the Euganean hills, between Verona and Padua; and surely no name is associated with nobler themes of interest, than the line of heroes, of whom Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante have sung: more than once did they repel the progress of the ferocious hordes of barbarians, who came prepared to ravage the fair fields of Italy. Forestus of Esté, the immediate ancestor of Mary Beatrice of Modena, was, in the year 452, entrusted with the command of the forces sent to relieve Aquileia. He met, and put to flight, 16,000 of Attila's terrible Huns, and he continued to defy and hold the mighty barbarian at bay, till, by the treachery of some of his soldiers, he was drawn into an ambush, where, it is believed, he was slain by Attila's own hand. His son Acarinus, more than equalled his father's fame, and with better fortune maintained the freedom of his country for a much longer period, till he too sealed his patriotism with his blood.¹

Poetry and romance have perhaps scattered their flowers among the traditionary glories of the ancient heroes of the line, but those garlands were the votive offerings of the grateful chroniclers and immortal bards of Italy, who, in every age from remote antiquity, found their noblest patrons in the chivalric and munificent princes of the house of Esté. No family in Europe has, indeed, contributed more to the progress of civilization, by liberal encouragement of literature and the fine arts.

Our sovereign lady queen Victoria is the representative of the elder branch of this illustrious stock, which in the year 1000, divided into two distinct houses, in consequence of the marriage of the reigning

¹ History of the House of Esté, dedicated to Mary Beatrice, duchess of York.

prince Azo, marquess of Tuscany and Liguria, with the heiress of the wealthy Bavarian family of Wolf or Guelph, when the eldest of his two sons, by this alliance, took the name and estates of his German mother; the younger became the representative of the house of Esté in Italy, and his descendants reigned over the united duchies of Ferrara and Modena. Alphonso II. dying in the year 1598, without issue, bequeathed his dominions to his kinsman, Cæsar d'Esté, but pope Clement VIII., under the pretence that Ferrara was a fief of the papal empire, seized on that territory and annexed it to his dominions.¹

After the loss of this fairest jewel in the ducal bonnet, the representative of the Italian line of Esté was only recognised in Europe as duke of Modena. This territory is bounded on the south by Tuscany and Lucca, on the north by the duchy of Mantua, on the east by Bologna and the papal dominions, and on the west by Parma; it is about fifty-six English miles in length, and thirty-six in breadth.² It is a fair and fruitful district, abounding in corn and wine. The duke, though a vassal of the Germanic empire, is absolute in his own dominions.

The father of Mary Beatrice, was Alphonso d'Esté duke of Modena, son of Francisco the Great and Maria Farnese. Her mother, Laura Martinozzi, claimed no higher rank than that of a Roman lady, being the daughter of Count Hieronimo Martinozzi da Fano, a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and Margaret, fourth sister of the famous minister of France, cardinal Mazarine. Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Esté was the first fruit of this marriage; she was a seven months' child, born prematurely in the ducal palace, October 5th, 1658.³ The name of Beatrice was given her in honour of St. Beatrice, a princess of the house of Esté, whose spiritual patroness she is, of course, supposed to be. According to the legendary superstitions of Modena, this royal saint was accustomed to knock at the palace gate three days before the death of every member of the ducal family.⁴ A runaway knock from some mischief-loving urchin may probably have frightened more than one of the princely race of Esté out of several years of life, from having been construed into one of the ominous warnings of holy St. Beatrice.

The city of Modena claims the honour of the birth of Tasso, of Correggio, and of the imperial general Montecuculi. A daughter of that house was educated with the young Mary Beatrice, and remained through life unalterably attached to her fortunes through good and ill.

"The father of Mary Beatrice," says a contemporary historian,⁵ "was a prince who would have been without doubt an ornament among the sovereigns of his age, if hard fortune had not fettered his talents in

¹ History of the House of Esté.

² The city of Modena was the ancient *Mutina* of the Romans, so much extolled by the ancient writers for its wealth and grandeur before the injuries it received while Decius Brutus was besieged there by Marc Antony. During the long and obstinate defence of the place, carrier pigeons were used by the consul Hertius, to convey intelligence; and to this day there is a famous breed of pigeons in Modena, trained to convey letters.—Keyler.

³ Leti Teatro Britannica.

⁴ Encyclopædia Britannica.

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the cruel chains of the gout, which circumscribed his reign to four years of continued pain, during which 'his greatest consolation' as he himself affirmed, 'was that of having married a lady who appeared born to bring comfort to his afflictions.'"¹

It was, indeed, fortunate for duke Alphonso, that he had chosen a consort from a rank not too much elevated, to prevent her from being skilled in one of the most valuable attributes of woman in domestic life—the sweet and tender office of a nurse. The duchess Laura manifested so much compassion and affectionate consideration for her suffering lord, that he never heard from her lips a word that could lead him to suppose that she was displeased at being the wife of a prince who was generally confined to his bed. Worn out with the acuteness of his agonizing malady, he died in the flower of his age, leaving his two infant children, Francis II., his successor, and Mary Beatrice, the subject of the present biography, to the guardianship of his duchess, on whom he conferred the regency of Modena, during the long minority of his infant successor, Francisco, who was two years younger than Mary Beatrice.

Prince Rinaldo d'Esté, afterwards cardinal d'Esté, the younger brother of Alphonso, was appointed as the state guardian of the children; and associated with the widowed duchess in the care of their education; but all the power was in her hands.² The princely orphans were early trained to habits of virtue and religion by their mother; so fearful was she of injuring their characters by pernicious indulgence, that she rather erred on the opposite side, by exercising too stern a rule of discipline in their tender infancy. She loved them passionately, but she never excused their faults. Both were delicate in constitution, but she never allowed them to relax their studies or the fasts enjoined by the church of which they were members on that account. The little princess had an insuperable aversion to *soupe maigre*, but her mother, who was always present when the children took their meals, compelled her to eat it, notwithstanding her reluctance and her tears.³

Mary Beatrice, from whose lips these little traits of her childhood were recorded after she was herself a parent, was wont to say, "that the duchess her mother, considered this severity as her duty, but for her own part she would not imitate it, for on fast days, when she was compelled to eat of the *maigre*, she always left the table in tears, and she wished not for her children to regard any observance connected with their religion in so painful a light, but rather to perform those little sacrifices of inclination, as voluntary acts of obedience."⁴

Her mother forbade sweetmeats and cakes to be given to her and the little duke her brother, lest such indulgences should create a propensity to gluttony; but that these orders were frequently broken there can be no doubt, for Mary Beatrice, when discussing this matter, also in after-

¹ Leti Teatro Britannica.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the *Secret Archives au Royaume de France*.

³ Ibid.

⁴ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., by a nun of Chaillot, in the *Archives au Royaume de France*.

years, said, "I recommended my son and daughter not to eat sweet-meats and cakes, but I did not forbid them, well knowing that these things would then have been given them by stealth, which it is not always possible to prevent; and this would have accustomed them to early habits of concealment and petty artifice, perhaps of falsehood."¹

The duchess of Modena discouraged every symptom of weakness and pusillanimity in her children, considering such propensities very derogatory to persons who are born to move in an elevated station. Those who conduct the education of princes, can never place too much importance on rendering them, habitually, insensible to fear. Intrepidity and self-possession in seasons of peril, are always expected from royalty. The greatest regnal talents, and the most exalted virtue, will not atone to the multitude for the absence of physical courage in a king or queen. When Mary Beatrice was a little child, she was frightened at the chimney-sweepers who came to draw the chimney of her nursery; her mother made them come quite close to her, to convince her there was no cause for alarm.² The young duke was compelled to study so hard, that it was represented to the duchess-regent, that his health was injured by such close application, and that his delicate constitution required more recreation and relaxation. Her reply was that of a Roman mother—"Better that I should have no son than a son without wit and merit!"³

One day, when the little princess was repeating her daily devotional exercise, she missed one of the verses in the Benedicite, and as she continued to do so every time she was made to repeat that psalm, the duchess gave her a box on the ears.⁴ Their uncle, Prince Rinaldo d'Esté, asked the two children whether they liked best to command or to obey? the young duke said boldly, "he should like best to command;" the princess replied meekly, "that she liked better to obey." Their uncle told them, "it was well that each preferred doing that which was most suitable to their respective vocations;" alluding to the duke's position as a reigning prince, and probably not anticipating, for Mary Beatrice, a loftier destiny than wedding one of the nobles of his court. Her own desire was to embrace a religious life. Her governess, to whom she was passionately attached, quitted her when she was only nine years old, to enter a convent. Mary bewailed her loss with bitter tears, till she was sent to the same convent to finish her education. She found herself much happier under the guidance of the Carmelite sisters, than she had been in the ducal palace, where nothing less than absolute perfection was expected by her mother, in everything she said and did. There is, withal, in the heart of every young female of sensibility, a natural craving for that sympathy and affectionate intercourse, which ought ever to subsist between a mother and her daughter. The duchess of Modena loved her children devotedly, but she never caressed them,

¹ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., by a nun of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Inedited Memorials, Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ Ibid.

or treated them with those endearments which tender parents delight to lavish on their offspring.¹

Mary Beatrice often spoke in after-years, of the stern discipline to which she had been subjected in childhood, with the observation, "that she liked not to keep her children at so awful a distance from her, as she had been kept by her mother, as she wished her daughter to regard her as a friend and companion, one to whom she could confide every thought of her heart." The spirit of maternal wisdom shone far more benignantly in Mary d'Esté, than in her mother, who had been elevated from private life.

The mode of life pursued by Mary Beatrice in the convent; the peculiar style of reading, and the enthusiastic interest that was excited among the cloistered votaresses by dwelling on the lives of female saints and royal virgins, who consecrated themselves in the morning flower of life, to the service of God, had the natural effect of imbuing her youthful mind with mysticism and spiritual romance. There was an aunt of Mary Beatrice, scarcely fifteen years older than herself, in the same convent, to whom she was very tenderly attached. This princess, who was her father's youngest sister by a second marriage, was preparing herself to take the veil, and Mary Beatrice was desirous of professing herself at the same time. Very rarely, however, does it happen, that a princess is privileged to choose her own path in life; the death of Anne Hyde duchess of York, proved the leading cause of linking the destiny of this young innocent recluse, who thought of nothing but veils and rosaries, with that of the most ill-fated prince of the luckless house of Stuart, James duke of York, afterwards the second king of Great Britain of that name.

The youthful career of this prince, though by no means so familiar to the general reader as that of his brother, Charles II., is scarcely less replete with events and situations of stirring interest.² He was born at St. James's Palace, October 14, 1633, at midnight. When only nine years old, he marched by his royal father's side in the front of the line at Edgehill, and stood the opening volley of the rebels' cannon as boldly as any gentleman there. He was not thirteen when he fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces at the surrender of Oxford in June, 1646. The next day, sir Thomas Fairfax, the commander of the rebel army, came with the other leaders to pay him a visit. Cromwell, who was among them, thought proper to kneel and kiss his hand; and this was the more remarkable, as he was the only person by whom this mark of homage was offered to the captive prince. James was conducted to London under a strong guard.

Within four miles of the metropolis, he was met by the earl of Northumberland, and committed to his custody. All his old attached servants were then dismissed by the order of parliament, not even

¹ Inedited Memorials, Archives au Royaume de France.

² As it is perfectly impossible to compress these within the limits of the few pages that could be devoted to a closely abridged summary of the leading events of his life, before he became the husband of Mary of Modena, I have decided on publishing a separate volume, to be entitled "The Early Days of James II."

excepting a little dwarf, of whom he was very fond, and begged to be permitted to retain; after this preliminary, he was conducted to St. James's Palace, where he found his sister, the princess Elizabeth, and his little brother Gloucester. His adventures while a prisoner in his natal palace, and the manner in which he effected his escape to Holland, are like the progressive scenes in a stirring drama.

While in France, James withstood the attempts of his mother, to compel him to forsake the communion of the church of England, with unswerving firmness. In the year 1652, he offered to serve as a volunteer in the royalist army, under the banner of Turenne, during the civil war in France which succeeded the outbreak of the *Fronde*. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in borrowing three hundred pistoles for his outfit.

James fought by the side of Turenne on the terrible day of the barricades de St. Antoine, and was exposed to great peril in the assault.¹ On this and other occasions of peculiar danger, the princely volunteer gave proofs of such daring intrepidity and coolness, that his illustrious commander was wont to say, "That if any man in the world were born without fear, it was the duke of York." His keen sight and quick powers of observation were of signal service to Turenne, who was accustomed to call him "*his eyes*;" and so high an opinion did that experienced chief form of his military talents, that one day, pointing to him with his finger, he said to the other officers of his staff, "That young prince will one day make one of the greatest captains of the age." A bond of more powerful interest than the friendships of this world united the princely volunteer and his accomplished master in the art of war,—they were of the same religion. Turenne and the duke of York were perhaps the only protestants of high rank in the royalist army. History would probably have told a fairer tale of both, if they had adhered to their early opinions.

James was in his twenty-first year when he commenced his second campaign as a lieutenant-general; he was the youngest officer of that rank in the French service, and the most distinguished. His great talent was as an engineer.

At the siege of Mousson, where he was at work with his company in the ditch of the envelope, under the great tower, a storm blew away their blinds, and left them exposed to the view of those on the ramparts. "Yet all of us," says he, "were so busily employed picking our way, the ditch being full of dirt and water, that not one single man observed that the blind was ruined, and we consequently in open view, till we were gotten half our way, and then one of our company proposed that we should return, to which I well remember I would not consent, urging that since we were got so far onward, the danger was equal; so we continued going on, but in all the way we were thus exposed, not one shot was fired at us, at which we were much surprised. After the town surrendered, the governor informed us, that being himself on the wall, and knowing me by my star, he forbade his men to fire upon the company."²

¹ James's History of his Campaigns.

² Journal of James II

A very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this prince, in the royal gallery at Versailles, represents him such as he was at that time, and certainly he must have been one of the handsomest young cavaliers of the age. He is dressed in the light, graceful armour of the period, with a Vandyke falling collar, bareheaded, and his fine forehead is seen to great advantage with the natural adornment of rich flowing ringlets of beautiful chestnut hair, a little dishevelled, as if blown by the wind, instead of the formal disguising periwig with which we are familiar in his more mature portraits and medals. In the Versailles portrait James is in the first glory of manhood, full of spirit and grace: his features, at that time uninjured by the ravages of the small-pox, are bold, but retain the softness of youth; the eyes are large, dark, and expressive, the lips full and red, and the natural fairness of his complexion embrowned with a warm healthful tint. This portrait bears a strong likeness to his daughter Mary at the same period of life.

When the royal English brothers were, in 1655, in consequence of the treaty between Mazarine and Cromwell, excluded by name from France, James resigned his command, having served four hard campaigns under Turenne. He was offered the post of captain-general in the army in Piedmont, of which the duke of Modena, the grandfather of Mary Beatrice, was the generalissimo, but his brother Charles forbade him to accept it. It was in obedience to the commands of Charles, that James reluctantly entered the Spanish service, in which he also distinguished himself, especially in the dreadful battle among the sand-hills before Dunkirk, where he and his British brigade of exiled cavaliers were opposed to the Cromwellian English troops.¹

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.”

James performed prodigies of unavailing valour that day; and finally, at the head of twenty men, the sole survivors of the two regiments he commanded, cut his way through the French battalions to the village of Zudcote.² How incredible would it have appeared to those who fought under the banner of the princely knight-errant, and witnessed his fearless exposure of his person on so many occasions, that day, as well as during his four campaigns under Turenne, if any one had predicted that the injustice of a faction in his own country would ever succeed in throwing a stigma on his courage! The ardent love which he bore to his native land, and the lingering hope entertained by him that he might one day be able to devote his talents to her service, prevented James from accepting the brilliant offers that were made to him by the court of Spain in the commencement of the year 1660. These hopes were soon afterwards realized, when England called home her banished princes at the Restoration, and he shared in the rapturous welcome with which all ranks of people united in hailing the public entrance of his royal brother into London on the 29th of May.

James's marriage with Anne Hyde³ was unfortunate in every respect.

¹ Journal of James's Campaigns.

² Life of James II.

³ The particulars of James's marriage with the daughter of Clarendon have been related in the memoir of his royal mother, Henrietta Maria.—*Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. viii., pp. 165—174

It had the effect of involving him in the unpopularity of her father, Clarendon, and of entailing upon him the enmity of Buckingham, Bristol, Shaftesbury, and the rest of that party, who, fancying that James would one day avenge his father-in-law's injuries on them, were unremitting in their efforts to deprive him of the royal succession. Clarendon appears perfectly satisfied with James's conduct to his daughter, and always speaks of the domestic happiness of the duke and duchess, as a contrast to the conjugal infelicity of the king and queen. James was an unfaithful, but not an unkind husband, and the duchess was too wise to weary him with jealousy. How merrily they lived may be inferred from some little circumstances recorded by Pepys, who notices in his diary, "that he came one day into a room at Whitehall, whence the chairs and tables had been removed, and surprised the duke of York sitting with his duchess and her ladies on the hearth-rug, playing at the old Christmas game, 'I love my love with an A,' &c., with great glee and spirit."¹

While James occupied the post of lord admiral of England, his attention was bestowed not only on every branch of naval science, but in the foundation and encouragement of colonies in three different quarters of the globe—namely, in Hindostan, at Long Island in America, which was called in honour of him New York, and others on the coast of Africa. These all became sources of wealth and national prosperity to England. The jealousy of the Dutch was excited. They had hitherto endeavoured to exclude the British merchants from the trade both of the East and West Indies, as well as to usurp to themselves the sovereignty of the seas. They committed aggressions on the infant colonies founded by the duke of York, and he prevailed on his brother to allow him to do battle with them in person on the seas. His skill and valour achieved the most signal triumph over the fleets of Holland that had ever been attained by those of England. This memorable battle was fought on the 3d of June, 1665, off the coast of Suffolk, and the brilliant success was considered mainly attributable to the adoption of the naval signals and the line of battle at sea, which had been discovered by the naval genius of the duke of York. Eighteen great ships of the Dutch were taken or burnt, and but one ship lost of the British navy. The chief slaughter was on board the duke's own ship, especially around his person, for the friends he loved best were slain by his side, and he was covered with their blood. These were lord Muskerrey and Charles Berkeley (lord Falmouth). They were well avenged, for James instantly ordered all his guns to fire into the hull of Opdam, the Dutch admiral's ship. At the third shot, she blew up. The parliament voted James a present of £60,000, as a testimonial for the great service he had performed.

The maternal anxiety of the queen-mother, Henrietta, on account of the peril to which the duke of York had been exposed in the late fight,

¹ This childish game merely consists in a series of droll alliterations. as, I love my love with an A, because he is amiable; I hate him with an A, because he is avaricious; he took me to the sign of the Angel, and treated me with apples; his name is Alfred Arnold, and he lives at Aldborough. The next person takes the letter B, and all in turn to the end of the alphabet.

wrung from Charles a promise that he should not go into battle again. The nation united in this feeling, for James was then the idol of his country. If his earnest representations had been heeded by Charles and his short-sighted ministers, the insult that was offered to England by the Dutch aggression on the ships at Chatham in the year 1667, would never have taken place.¹

The events of the next five years, cast a blight over the rest of James's life. All his children died but the two daughters who were subsequently to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. His wife, Anne Hyde, on her death-bed, declared herself a Roman catholic, and he soon after withdrew himself from the communion of the church of England, nor could any representations of the impolicy of his conduct, or his royal brother's entreaties, induce him to appear again in the chapel royal. It is a remarkable but well-authenticated fact, that about this time he became honourably attached to a lady who was a firm member of the church of England, Susanna Arncliffe, the widow of sir Henry Bellasis, whom he was most anxious to marry, although she had not only resisted all his attempts to convert her to his new creed, but was even supposed to have shaken some of his recently imbibed opinions by the force of her arguments. Lady Bellasis was by no means beautiful; her great charm consisted in her fine understanding and captivating manners. James, who was aware that his attentions might be misconstrued by the world, gave her a written promise of marriage, lest her reputation should suffer from the frequency of his visits;² few alliances, however, could have been less suitable for the heir of the realm, than this, for she was the mother of the heir of a catholic house, and her late husband had been killed in a duel while in a state of inebriation.

When the king heard of his brother's romantic attachment to this lady, he was extremely provoked, and after expostulating roughly with him on the subject, told him "it was intolerable that he should think of playing the fool again at his age," in allusion to his impolitic marriage with Anne Hyde. James, like a true lover, thought no sacrifice too great to make to the woman whom he esteemed for her virtues, and adored for her mental endowments, rather than for her external graces, and would not give her up. Lady Bellasis proved herself worthy of the attachment she had inspired, for when she found that the interests of the duke of York were likely to suffer on account of his engagement with her, she voluntarily resigned him, conditioning only that she might be permitted to retain a copy of his solemn promise of marriage properly

¹ The poverty of the crown led to paltry expedients in the way of retrenchments. The large ships were laid up. James vehemently protested against the measure, as an abandonment of the sovereignty of the seas; and he predicted that the Dutch would insult the coast and plunder the maritime counties. His objections were overruled; the distresses caused by the plague and the fire, prevented the merchants from lending money to the government to pay the seamen's wages; the crown was paralysed by a debt of 900,000*l.*, and for want of natural supplies, the measure deprecated by the heir presumptive of the crown was adopted. The result left a stain on the annals of Charles II.'s government.

² Count Hamilton; Burnet; Jameson.

attested.¹ This she owed to her reputation, having no mind to be classed with Arabella Churchill, or any other court mistress.

King Charles, perceiving that his brother's desire of domestic happiness would lead him into a second marriage, incompatible with his position as the heir of the crown, engaged him in a matrimonial treaty with the archduchess of Inspruck, although as a catholic princess the idea of such an alliance for the duke of York was highly unpopular.

Immediately after James's second victory over the Dutch fleets at Sole bay, and while the royal admiral was yet on the sea, came the news from sir Bernard Gascoigne, the British ambassador at Vienna, that the treaty of marriage with the archduchess of Inspruck was concluded, and nothing more was required than for his royal highness to send an ambassador extraordinary, to marry her as his proxy, and bring her home. James made choice of his faithful friend and servant, Henry Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough. That gallant old cavalier has left a copious and very amusing account of his proceedings, and the difficulties and perplexities with which he found himself beset in the execution of his delicate commission, of obtaining a second consort for his royal friend, the heir-presumptive of the realm.²

"The earl of Peterborough did at that time attend the duke in his own ship; he had been with him the whole expedition, and was particularly participant in all the honours and hazards of that bloody battle (of Solebay), wherein the noble earl of Sandwich lost his life, and so many brave gentlemen of either party. And from this fleet it was he commanded the earl of Peterborough to repair to the king and entreat his orders to the ministers for preparing monies, instructions, and instruments, that might enable him to proceed on his journey, in order to bring home the princess."

So many intrigues, however, crossed the appointment at home, that it was not till March, 1673, that the earl of Peterborough was allowed to embark with his suite on this errand. He was entrusted with jewels from his royal highness's cabinet, to the value of 20,000*l.*, intended as a present for the princess. These jewels were worn by a different bride from her for whom they were destined by the sailor prince, when he selected them.

The empress of Germany had fallen sick in the mean time, and even before she breathed her last, the emperor Leopold I. determined to marry

¹ Jameson.

² In the genealogies of the Mordaunt family, written by himself: a book of which four-and-twenty copies only were printed for private use. Of these, the only one that I have been able to trace is in the Herald's College. Through the courtesy of sir Charles G. Young, garter king of arms, I have been enabled to gather from this precious tome much valuable information relating to the second marriage of James II., then duke of York, with Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Esté of Modena, which, together with the minute, but still more interesting anecdotes that were recorded from her own verbal communications to the nuns of Chaillot, from the inedited fragments in the Archives au Royaume de France, enables me to bring the fullest particulars of this royal wooing and wedding, which have never appeared in any history, but are from sources, the authenticity of which cannot be impugned.

the affianced consort of the duke of York, and she decided on accepting him. Sir Bernard Gascoigne succeeded in discovering this arrangement in time to prevent the further mortification of the arrival of the duke's proxy at Vienna. The faithless archduchess had intimated, by way of consoling James, that the emperor had an unmarried sister whom he might perhaps be induced to bestow in marriage on his royal highness.¹ James took no notice of this hint, but wrote to his friend, the earl of Peterborough, to choose a wife for him from four other princesses who had been proposed to him, and that as it was impossible for him to see or become acquainted with either of these ladies himself, he entreated his lordship to use his utmost diligence to obtain a sight of them, or at least of their pictures; with a full and impartial account of their manners and dispositions.²

The first on the list was the duchess of Guise, a widow, and cousin-german to the duke of York, being the youngest daughter of his maternal uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans, by his second marriage. She was most particularly favoured, and recommended by the court of France. The next was the subject of the present biography, the young princess of Modena, only sister to the duke of that country. It is said by Charles the Second's historiographer, Gregorio Leti, that this princess was first mentioned by the queen, Catharine of Braganza, as a suitable consort for her brother-in-law, the duke of York; but other writers of the same period declare, that she was proposed by Louis XIV. as his adopted daughter. The extreme admiration of both Charles and James for the person of her beautiful cousin, Hortense Mancini, whom she greatly resembled, might have had some influence in directing attention to her. The third lady in James's list, the earl of Peterborough calls *Mademoiselle de Rais*³—probably some very great heiress, for her name is neither allied with royal nor historical associations. The fourth was the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

All this being perfectly new to the public, demands a few additional pages descriptive of the rival claims of the *quartette*; for certainly, since the sultan-like requisitions of Henry VIII. to Francis I. and his ambassadors for a princess worthy of the honour of becoming his fourth consort, no chapter of royal wife-hunting has been half so rich. No chance was there of the shrewd old cavalier whom the duke of York had entrusted with the disposal of the future happiness or misery of his life, making a blunder in the choice of the lady; so excellent a judge was he of beauty, and so deeply impressed with the importance of the commission he had undertaken. "This was a great trust," says he, "to the performance whereof, were requisite both honour and discretion. The first, to render *unconsidered* all the advantages which might be proposed to bias the person trusted, against the interest and satisfaction of his master; and the latter to find out and judge what might be most expedient and agreeable to his true humour and circumstances."

"Of the ladies named by the duke of York, the first and the last—

¹ Letters of the earl of Arlington and sir Bernard Gascoigne.

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ Perhaps a princess of the house of Reuss

namely, the duchess of Guise and the Wirtemberg princess, both resided at Paris—the duchess of Guise at her own house, the princess at a convent in Paris, where she was a boarder. The duchess of Guise the earl saw at court, but was convinced that the duke could have no inclination for her, as she was low and ill-shaped; and though she had much reputation for innocence and virtue, her constitution was too feeble for there to be much probability of her bringing the duke heirs, which he knew to be the chief object of his wishing to enter into a second marriage. All the favour of France, therefore, which the earl might have won by permitting this alliance, would not tempt him to recommend anything that appeared contrary to the trust which the duke had reposed in him.”¹

The princess of Modena the earl could not see, as she was in her own country; but, by means of Mr. Conn, a Scotch gentleman, he was introduced into the Conti palace, where he saw her picture, which had been recently painted in Italy and sent thither; the princess de Conti,² being nearly related to her. The sight of this portrait seems to have almost turned the head of our discreet envoy, and must be described in his own eloquent words.

“It bore the appearance of a young creature about fourteen years of age; but such a light of beauty—such characters of ingenuity and goodness—as it surprised the earl, and fixed upon his fancy, that he had found his mistress and the fortune of England.”³

“An ill picture,” which his excellency goes on to say, “he saw of *Mademoiselle de Rais*,” the third lady in the duke of York’s catalogue, was not, of course, calculated to efface the impression which had been made on his imagination, by this living representation of the fair young flower of Esté; in fact, it placed the lady at such discount, that he did not consider it worth his while to make any further inquiries about her. His whole thoughts were turned upon the princess of Modena; and, in order to gain some information touching her character, he employed his friend, Mr. Conn, to arrange such a meeting and introduction as might appear accidental, with the Abbé Riccini, a person who was employed in negotiating the interests of the house of Esté, in Paris. This interview took place in the cloisters of the great Charter-house, in Paris. After the usual compliments had passed, the three diplomatists led the discourse from the indifferent topics with which they began their conversation, to the affairs of England; the duke of York being a widower, and the necessity of his marrying again. Then they discussed the various princesses that the world judged proper for so illustrious a match, and the earl took occasion to inquire “what children there were in the house of Esté?” “Only two,” replied Riccini; “a son, who is the reigning duke, as yet a minor, and a daughter of about fourteen years of age.” After enlarging on the many excellences of this princess, pursues the earl, “he endeavoured to render them useless to us, by saying, ‘that the duchess, her mother, but more strongly her own inclinations,

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² This lady was also a Mancini, sister to the duchess of Modena’s mother.

³ Earl of Peterborough’s Mordaunt Genealogies.

did design her for a religious life, and that she seemed resolved not to marry.¹

This intimation, which the trusty envoy was reluctantly compelled to convey to the duke, at the same time that he informed him of her great beauty and the high character which, from all quarters, he had received of the young princess, appeared for the present to put all hopes of obtaining her out of the question. Then the duke directed him to obtain access to the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg, who was the daughter of a brother of the reigning duke. Her father had been slain in the wars, and her mother having retired into Flanders, she remained, under the protection of the crown of France, in a convent in Paris, in company with several ladies of quality. In consequence of the great services her late father had performed for France, it was supposed that, next to the duchess of Guise and the young princess of Modena, she stood the best chance of being recommended by that court as a consort for the duke of York.

Through the good offices of father Gilbert Talbot, an English ecclesiastic of high rank, and an acquaintance of her confessor, the earl of Peterborough obtained an introduction to this lady, who was persuaded to receive a visit from him at the grate of a parlour, according to the usual etiquette of convents. Notwithstanding the vivid impression which the pictured charms of the young lovely d'Esté had made on the old cavalier, he gives a highly favourable report of the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

"She was," says he, "of middle stature, fair complexion, with brown hair; the figure of her face turned very agreeably, her eyes grey, her looks grave but sweet, and in her person she had the motions of a person of quality and well bred; but, above all, she had the appearance of a maid in the bloom of youth, and of a healthful constitution, likely to bring strong children, such as might live and prosper. Although there was much modesty in her behaviour, yet she was not scarce of her discourse, and spoke well and pertinently to everything." In short, our prudent ambassador, believing that, excepting the princess of Modena, he had neither seen nor heard of anything more suitable for the personal object of his mission than this lady, began to inquire what fortune might be expected with her; but although some persons, inclined for her, did give out that, one way or other, fifty or three-score thousand pounds might be expected, he could not find any reasonable ground on which to build such an assurance.

Wisely considering, however, that money ought not to be regarded as a matter of the slightest importance in a marriage, where so much depended on the qualifications of the lady, he made such representations to the duke, that his royal highness, being well satisfied with the reports that he had heard from other quarters of this princess, charged him to proceed in his visits to her, and even to give hopes to her friends that he might soon be authorized to demand her in marriage. The earl obeyed, and found every day fresh contentments in the conversation of the

¹ The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

princess; but all of a sudden a change of purpose took place in the matrimonial views of the duke of York, or rather in the policy of king Charles and his cabinet; for orders came to the earl by express, directing him to leave Paris privately, with as little company as possible, and proceed incognito to Dusseldorf, the court of the duke of Newburgh, and there try to get a sight of the princess, his daughter, who had been earnestly recommended to the duke as a princess the fittest of any for his alliance.¹ The duke of York took the precaution of privately charging his friend, to give him a faithful character of this new candidate for his hand, in all particulars, telling him "that if he did not feel satisfied that she was in person, mind, and manners, calculated to make him happy, he should have immediate orders to return and bring home the princess of Wirtemberg."

The earl, who was nothing but duty and faithfulness to the duke, obeyed his new orders with all diligence. He took post, accompanied only by signor Varasani, his gentleman of the horse, and one that served him in his chamber, and arrived in three days at Metz, whence he came by water to Cologne. There, when he was walking about in the street, he was recognised by Sir John Williamson, one of the English resident ministers, who greatly offended his *secretiveness*, by alighting from his coach, and complimenting him in the street, of which unseasonable respect his lordship delivered himself, by desiring "that he would forbear it any further;" and, though he privately visited both him and his colleague, Sir Lionel Jenkins, he did not communicate his business to them: business of which they were, doubtless, to the full as well aware as himself.

At the inn, our cautious envoy, whose proceedings are too amusing to be omitted, told the host "he wanted to see the city and court of Dusseldorf," and got him to provide him with a guide well acquainted with the place, embarked with his companion Varasani and two servants, one morning, in an ordinary boat on the Rhine, and in due time arrived at the gates of Dusseldorf. There being examined, and giving out that they were strangers, brought by curiosity to see the place, they were admitted, and conducted by a soldier to an inn. They next sent their guide to inquire the method of approaching the palace and the prince, and were informed, "that there would be a greater opportunity that day than usual; for the prince and court were to be present at an anniversary contest among the citizens, and other persons of that place, which could soonest shoot down the *papejay*,² or parrot (a thing made in similitude of such a bird), from a very high pole, which was to be performed with much ceremony, and the victor to receive the reward of his address." But before the commencement of this spectacle, the prince was to be entertained with very rare music at afternoon service in the Jesuits' church, at which also the duchess and the princess were to be present; and the guide added that he could conduct him to a station proper for obtaining a view of them. This was readily accepted by his lordship, who, with

¹ The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² The reader will remember the *fête* of the popinjay in Old Mortality.

his companion, was placed in a fair passage of the cloister, through which the prince and his court were to pass. After some expectation, the duke arrived, preceded by the state and ceremony befitting his rank. He led his consort by the hand; the princess followed, and a considerable train of ladies and gentlemen, well dressed and in goodly order; but the princess was not well to be discerned, by reason of the hoods that were over her face. Passing after into the body of the church, the earl had a farther view into the gallery above, where the duke sat to hear the service. The office and music being ended, the court retired in the same order as it entered; and all went to see the shooting, except the earl, who did not desire to appear publicly abroad.

Meantime, the guide, having acquainted some under-officer of the court that two gentlemen belonging to the train of the English ambassador at Cologne, were come to see that town, and were desirous to have a sight of the court, and to do reverence to the duke, was told that he might bring them. Under his conduct they proceeded to the palace, where they were met by a gentleman of the inner court, who led them up into a large room, where, after some attendance, they were led into another, where the prince came to them.¹ Mysterious as the earl of Peterborough thought himself, there can be little doubt but that his business was shrewdly suspected in that court, otherwise he would scarcely have obtained access to the sovereign's presence, without letters, passport, or, in fact, the slightest warrant of his respectability.

The duke of Newburgh received his lordship's compliments with much courtesy, and of himself began to ask questions about the journey, the English ambassadors, and proceedings of the treaty of Cologne; and afterwards insensibly turned the conversation on the court of England and the royal family. He inquired about the duke of York and his marriage; and asked where was Monsieur de Peterborough, and if he continued at Paris after the treaty of Inspruck? Discreet answers having been returned by lord Peterborough to all these queries, the duke went on to say "that he heard the duke of York was like to be married to an English lady;" to which the earl replied, "that he had heard of no such thing." At last he took his leave with much civility. After his departure, Peterborough and his friend asked the gentleman by whom they had been presented to the duke, "if they might not have the further favour of seeing the duchess and the young princess." He said, "he would inquire," and left them; and after some stay, returned to let them know they would be admitted. He then ushered them into an upper room, where they found the duchess of Newburgh and the princess, her eldest daughter, in evident expectation of their visit. The earl made his compliments, with the greatest possible respect, to which her highness in her own tongue made all suitable returns; but said, "that, not being versed in the French language, she desired her daughter the princess might interpret between them." On which the princess, nothing loth, as it should appear, approached and helped to carry on the conversation, with intention, as he thought, of showing her capacity in that language.

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

'They all, by that time, as he had reason afterwards to believe, suspecting him to be some other person, and having more design in this little voyage than was pretended.'¹

From this hint, it should appear, that the naval envoy of the duke of York was mistaken for the royal admiral himself, going about the world in disguise to choose a second consort for himself; the romantic circumstances attending his first marriage, and secondly, his disinterested attachment to lady Bellasis, indicating that he was not likely to enter into a cold state alliance with a stranger. James acted much more wisely, however, in trusting to the good taste and sound sense of his trusty friend, than if he had relied on his own judgment, since no man was more easy to be deceived than himself.

The princess of Newburgh was supposed to be about eighteen years of age, of middle stature; she had very light hair, and was of an exceedingly fair complexion. Her eyes were of a light bluish grey, the turn of her face more round than oval; that part of her neck which his lordship could see, was white as snow; but, on the whole, she was inclined to be fat. In discourse, she interpreted readily her mother's sense to him, and spake her own aptly enough; "but there did not appear that great genius for business and conversation for which," observes our noble author, "she has been praised, since she was called to sit on the greatest throne in Europe."²

The earl of Peterborough took his leave of the duchess and her daughter, with all the respect due to ladies of their quality. At his departure, he found himself attended much more by gentlemen, and with greater respect, than at his arrival; and he was pressed to stay supper by the chief officers of the house, even to a degree of importunity. The punctilious caution with which his lordship avoided committing himself, by accepting the slightest hospitality from the duke of Newburgh, proves that he did not consider the fat, fair *fraulein*, his daughter, by any means worthy of the preferment of becoming duchess of York.

After he had, with some trouble, backed out of all the civilities that were pressed upon him, and withdrawn to his inn, where he made an "ill supper,"³ there came to call upon him, under pretence of a visit from a countryman, a young gentleman, one Hamilton, who wore a gold key by his side, and was said to be of the duke's bedchamber, and much in his favour. This Mr. Hamilton seemed every way to try what he could get out of the earl; and by his discourse, his lordship perceived that he had puzzled the court, and that his declining to receive further attentions, made them suspect that he was dissatisfied. The earl, finding himself rather in a dilemma, was impatient to be gone; and having

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² The name of this princess was Eleanor Magdalen. She married James's former rival, the emperor Leopold I., on the death of his second wife, the beautiful archduchess of Inspruck, in 1676. She was the mother of the emperors Joseph I. and Charles VI. The great enmity of the imperial family to James may, perhaps, be traced to the influence of this princess, and the offence she took at the earl of Peterborough coming to look at her for his master, and then making no proposal for her hand.

³ Mordaunt Genealogies.

a wagon ready, the usual mode of travelling in that country then, he made a precipitate retreat the next morning to Cologne, whence he wrote by express to England, an account of his visit to the court of Dusseldorf. In answer, he received immediate orders to return to Paris, where he was assured he should meet directions to marry and bring home the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

The earl obeyed with much satisfaction, esteeming this, next to the Modenese alliance, the most suitable of any that had been proposed; so with all the haste he could, and not doubting of the performance of what he had been assured, he returned to Paris, and alighting at the monastery where the princess Mary Anne lived, he acquainted her with the news of the preferment, which he had every reason to believe, awaited her. The princess had not self-command enough to conceal her joy on this occasion; "and," pursues his excellency, "she was not to be blamed, considering the provision it would have been for an orphan maid to marry a prince so great, both in the circumstances of fortune and merit."¹

The result should be a warning to all diplomatists engaged in the delicate and responsible business of royal marriages, not to advance a single step beyond the precise warrantry of their instructions; brief as had been the interval between the letters the earl had received at Cologne, and his arrival at Paris, a total change of purpose had taken place in the secret councils of the British court; and the luckless envoy found that he had committed an irretrievable blunder, by his communication to the princess; for the orders that awaited him at his own house were, not to marry and bring her home, as the consort of the duke of York, but to break off all negotiations for her hand. His consternation and vexation may be imagined, especially as this sudden and provoking caprice proceeded not from any fickleness on the part of the duke of York, but from the impertinent interference of that restless intrigante, the duchess of Portsmouth, whose insolence led her to aspire at nothing less than marrying the heir-presumptive of the British crown to a bride of her selecting. The lady whom she had chosen for him was the daughter of the duc d'Elbœuf, a cadet prince of the house of Lorraine; her mother was the sister of Mareschal Turenne—a connexion to which his royal highness would have had no objection, because of his affection to his old commander, had the lady been of a suitable age; but when the earl of Peterborough came to see her, after king Charles had consented to the marriage, he found that she was a little girl under thirteen, and so very childish for that age, that he would not for a moment encourage the idea of bringing home a bride of her fashion for his royal friend.² The duchess of Portsmouth, however, who thought to carry her point in time, if she could only succeed in breaking off the promising negotiation with Mary Anne of Wirtemberg, continued, by means of her emissaries, so to disparage that princess that the duke was induced to give her up.

Much ado was there to pacify the poor princess on so great a dis-

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies

appointment; especially as there were those to whom she seemed a rival, who forbore not to rejoice, if not to insult her, on this change of fortune. As for the earl of Peterborough, he frankly confessed that he durst not see her again.¹ In fact, after having committed himself by his premature communication, he felt to the full as deeply mortified as herself.

An effort had been made by the British resident at Paris, by sending an express to meet him on the road with news of this change, to prevent the earl of Peterborough from committing himself, by complimenting the princess of Wirtemberg on the imaginary preferment that his first letters had given him reason to believe awaited her; but the messenger, having taken a different route, missed him. Mortified and annoyed as the earl was with the capricious conduct of his own court, he was in a manner consoled when he found that he was required by his majesty to proceed with all speed to Modena, to demand, according to the proper forms, the original of that beautiful portrait which had never ceased to haunt his imagination since he first got a stealthy view of it in the Conti palace.

It is a little amusing that king Charles, in his instructions to "Our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin, Henry, earl of Peterborough, our ambassador extraordinary at the court of Modena," commences with noticing "the failure of the occasion" on which he had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary at the court of Vienna—"viz., for effecting a marriage between our most dear brother, James, duke of York, and the young archduchess of Inspruck," but passes over in silence the other five ladies—viz., the duchess of Guise, Mesdemoiselles Rais and d'Elbœuf, and the princesses of Newburgh and Wirtemberg, whose conjugal qualifications his excellency had subsequently been employed to report for his royal highness's consideration, and proceeds with laudable brevity to the object of his present mission, in these words:—

"Our said dear brother desiring us much to consent to his marriage with the young princess of Modena, Mary d'Esté, sister to the present duke of Modena, we have thought fit hereby to enjoin and direct you to make what convenient speed you possibly can to the court of the said prince, and introducing yourself there by your letters of credence, which we herewith send you, to an audience of the duchess-regent, after the performance of such compliments to her on our part, as will best occur to you on the subject, open unto her our brother's earnest desire to espouse the young princess, her daughter;"² &c. &c.

A polite hint on the subject of the young lady's portion is delicately introduced in his majesty's statement:—

"That our said dearest brother seems to be willing to settle a jointure of fifteen thousand pounds per annum sterling money of England, and even to enlarge himself farther therein, if the value of her portion (hitherto not certainly known to us) shall require a better."

The time for the payment of the portion, and all arrangements con-

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in *Mordaunt Genealogies*.

² "Official instructions to the earl of Peterborough for the marriage treaty of James, duke of York, and Mary of Modena."—Appendix of *Mordaunt Genealogies*.

nected with it, are in this document referred to the friendly arbitration of the king of France, Louis XIV. :—

"These capitulations being thus finished, proceeds his majesty, you shall proceed to espouse the princess in our brother's name, according to the deputation and proxy he will send you to that effect, and when that ceremony is over adjust with the duchess-regent, or her ministers, the manner of bringing the young princess hither, which we suspect, for the avoiding of many troublesome and chargeable ceremonies, she will choose to be *incognita*."

A very adroit method this of intimating to the princess the plan it was intended she should adopt in her bridal progress. A prudential clause follows, requiring that the expenses of the bride's journey, as far as Paris or Calais, should be defrayed by her own court.

The document concludes with this observation :—

"Now, although it be unusual to send extraordinary ambassadors to a single prince of Italy of that sphere, yet we have condescended to do it, to honour our most dear brother's choice of this princess for his wife, but that on the other side our own dignity may not suffer thereby, you must be careful to stipulate and adjust the manner of your appearance there, to the full extent of such ceremonies as have been given to the ambassadors of France and Spain, who have ever appeared there."

These instructions, signed by king Charles, and countersigned by the earl of Arlington, are dated July 31, 1673. The same express brought a similar document, only somewhat amplified, from the duke of York, directing the earl of Peterborough, after delivering the king's credential letters and his own to the duke and duchess-regent of Modena, to profess to them his earnest desire of marrying the young princess, and the great affection he had conceived for her person and virtues, repeating what has been mentioned in the king's letter touching her portion, and the jointure of 15,000*l.* that he was willing to settle on her, in case she should survive him, and his willingness to augment it in proportion to the amount of her portion :—

"When you shall have contracted the princess in my name," continues the duke, "you are to present to her as a token of my esteem, such part of my jewels in your custody as you shall judge convenient, and the morning of the day of performing the solemnity of the marriage you shall present her with the remainder of my said jewels, as a further pledge of my affections and of my satisfaction of what you have done for me."¹

The expediency of the princess travelling *incognita* is also repeated by the duke, and he especially recommends his trusty proxy to adopt the same plan for himself on his way to Modena, taking with him only such servants as were absolutely necessary.

Two days after the date of this instrument, James announced his intended nuptials in the following laconic seaman-like epistle to his cousin, prince Rupert, who had succeeded him in the command of the British fleet :—

"St. James's, Aug. 3, 1673."²

"I have received yours by Dowcett, and, by the account he gave of what passed when you were near the Schonvelt, see plainly de Ruyter will hardly

¹ Printed for Lord Peterborough in the appendix to the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² MS. Lansdowne, 1236, article 99, fol. 160.

come out to fight you. I have also seen yours to Ld. Arlington, from whom you will receive his majesty's pleasure, so that there remains nothing more for me to say but that now my marriage is agreed on with the yonge princess of Modena, and to wish you faire weather and good successe if you undertake anything.

"JAMES.

"For my deare cousen,

"Prince Rupert."

Like most men, who find themselves in a position to choose a wife from among the fairest, the noblest, and the wealthiest ladies on earth, James, who had hitherto been embarrassed with the agreeable perplexity of selecting for his consort her who should be esteemed the most unexceptionable of all the princesses who had been offered to his consideration, fancied that after he had once made up his mind on that point, no further difficulty could be apprehended—at least, not on the part of the lady to whom the prospect of sharing the crown of Great Britain was offered with his hand. His plenipotentiary very soon had occasion to undeceive him in this notion. The wooing of Mary Beatrice of Modena, which these pages for the first time unfold to the world,¹ is indeed a curious chapter in the personal history of royalty, demonstrating that princesses—ay, and very youthful ones—occasionally endeavour to exert a will of their own, and that ladies sometimes prefer a maiden life of tranquil happiness to the cares and trials of the conjugal state, even when it offers the glittering perspective of a crown.

James urged the earl of Peterborough to use all possible diligence to marry and bring home his Italian bride, before the approaching session of parliament, being well aware that attempts would be made to prevent his union with a Roman-catholic princess. The earl then receiving wings from the commands and interests of his master, set off post for Lyons incognito. He arrived there at the end of three days, fancying, from the care he had taken to send his equipage and baggage away, under the care of his officers, that he should be entirely unknown; but scarcely had he entered his inn to repose and refresh himself a little, when the waiter brought him word there were two gentlemen below, who desired admittance to speak with him on the part of the duchess of Modena. He could not possibly refuse to see them, and they delivered a letter to him, signed by one Nardi, who styled himself a secretary, acquainting his excellency,² that the duchess of Modena had heard of his intention to come into these parts to treat of a marriage with the young princess, but knowing her daughter's inclinations to be entirely against any obligations of that kind, and that she was perfectly settled in the resolution to take upon her a religious life, she thought it reasonable to give him timely information thereof, that the king, his master, and his lordship might avoid committing themselves by pursuing a design which, though very honourable and advantageous to her daughter and the house of Esté, was yet impracticable, and could never be brought about."

¹ From the inedited Narrative of the earl of Peterborough, and the MS. Memoirs of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume, related by herself to the nuns of Chaillot.

² Lord Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

The surprise of the incognito ambassador, on finding his secret had already transpired, was extreme. However, he thought it prudent to appear greatly amazed at the contents of the letter, and to disown to the bearers any concern in the matter, or having any orders to proceed in the business they did surmise. He told them further, "that he was a private traveller, who came to satisfy his own curiosity, and his desire of seeing Italy, so there was no occasion for her highness or any others to concern themselves in his motions."

The gentlemen having departed, the earl immediately gave an account of this strange incident to the king and the duke of York. Then, reflecting that this marriage, after the failure of the attempts to engage the duke of York in a matrimonial alliance with either the duchess of Guise, mademoiselle d'Elbœuf, or the princesses of Newburgh or Wirtemberg, had been strenuously recommended by the king of France, he determined to proceed to Turin, and confer with the French ambassador there, who was supposed to direct the affairs of Italy, on the subject, and hear from him what probability there was of ultimate success if he persevered in the pursuit. When he came to have a private conference with that minister, he found that he had received no orders from France to interfere, but to his infinite surprise he had had a letter from the duchess of Modena, wherein she prayed him—"that if his lordship came to Turin, and did confer or advise with him on that matter, he would signify to him the impossibility of accomplishing it, which had before been expressed in the letter which his lordship had received at Lyons from Nardi." "This second appearance of an adverse proceeding much discouraged the earl, who was in great doubt whether he should make any further advances, but the French ambassador, who believed the king, his master, to be much concerned in bringing it about, advised him to have a little patience, and that, continuing the pretence of a casual traveller, he should advance his journey down the Po to an agreeable city, called *Plaisance* (Placentia), where he might remain and amuse himself till he had further orders."¹

The earl took his advice, and repairing to Placentia, lodged himself there as conveniently as he could, under the character of a private traveller. But with all this caution, his person and movements were perfectly known; and the second or third morning after his arrival, the servants informed him that there was a gentleman desired the favour of admittance to him, who came from the duchess of Modena. This gentleman proved no other than Nardi himself, the writer of the mysterious letters for preventing the offer of the duke of York being formally made to the young princess.² He had the appearance of an ingenious man, who spoke well, and was practised in all Italian civilities. His errand was to deliver a letter from the duchess herself, wherein she wrote, "that having heard of his journey in these parts, she thought it incumbent on her, before a great king and his minister should expose themselves by demanding that which could not be accomplished, to manifest

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the *Mordaunt Genealogies*.

² *Ibid*.

her reasons. She then recapitulated the substance of Nardi's previous letter to him, and the French ambassador, but added in conclusion, that there were other princesses in her family besides her daughter, to one of whom, if the duke his master thought fit, it was possible that he might be admitted to address himself, and in the mean time, if his lordship would come and divert himself in her court, she should esteem it an honour to receive him, and he should be very welcome." The earl of Peterborough, who was anything but flattered at the anxiety of the duchess, to forestal with a refusal, an offer which he, at any rate, had given her no reason to believe would be made, drily apologized to her highness "for the trouble which his coming into those parts seemed to cause her, and thanked her for the honour she did him, for which, however, he assured her there was no cause, seeing he was but a private traveller, without design or orders to disquiet any persons with pretences that were not agreeable to them."¹

If the duchess of Modena had really been averse to having the heir of a mighty realm for her son-in-law, she would not have taken the pains she did to watch the notions of the matrimonial agent of the duke of York. She had been accurately informed of the predilection entertained in favour of her daughter, and in a very early stage of the business, took occasion to discuss the matter with the young princess. Mary Beatrice wanted rather better than two months of completing her fifteenth year; she was tall and womanly in figure, but perfectly unconscious of her charms. For her acquirements, she read and wrote Latin and French; she possessed some taste in painting, and was a proficient in music, which she passionately loved; but of those royal sciences, history and geography, which ought to form the most important part of the education of princes, she knew so little, that when her mother announced to her that she was sought in marriage by the duke of York, she asked, with great simplicity, "who the duke of York was?" Her mother told her, "that he was the brother of the king of England, and heir-presumptive to that realm;" but the princess was not a whit the wiser for this information. "She had been so innocently bred," observes James, in his journal, "that she did not know of such a place as England, nor such a person as the duke of York."

When the duchess of Modena had sufficiently enlightened the ignorance of the fair young devotee on the subject, by making her fully acquainted with the nature of the matrimonial prospects that awaited her, not concealing the fact that the duke of York was in his fortieth year, Mary Beatrice burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and implored her aunt to marry this royal suitor instead of her, observing with some naïveté, "that the age of the elder princess of Modena, who was thirty years old, was more suitable to that of a bridegroom of forty than her own, as she was only in her fifteenth year." Mary Beatrice was assured in reply, "that the fancied objection of too great juvenility in a girl of her age, would be very soon obviated by time, while every day would

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

render a lady of thirty less agreeable to a prince like the duke of York."¹

This reasoning, however cogent, did not reconcile the youthful beauty to the idea of being consigned to a consort five-and-twenty years her senior; she wept, and protested her determination to profess herself a nun; and continued to urge the propriety of bestowing her aunt on the duke of York instead of herself, so perseveringly, that at last she convinced some of the most influential persons in the court of Modena that she was right. These were her uncle Rinaldo d'Esté, who, like the princess her aunt, was the offspring of her grandfather's second marriage with a princess of the house of Parma, and the padre Garimbert, her mother the duchess-regent's confessor, and in reality her prime minister. This ecclesiastic had been born a subject of Parma, and was exceedingly desirous of obliging that family by promoting the interests of their kinswoman.²

Garimbert, who is called by the earl of Peterborough a cunning Jesuit, was suspected by those of the cabinet who wished to promote the marriage of the duke of York with Mary Beatrice, of encouraging her in her determined negation of that alliance.

The effects of this under-current had appeared in the duchess being wrought upon by her spiritual director, first, to plead her daughter's predilection for the vocation of a nun, in order to deter the envoy of the duke of York from addressing his master's suit to her; and in the next place, to suggest his transferring it to the elder princess. In order to favour this change of persons, sufficient interest had been made with the ruling powers in the court of France to induce them to use their influence in favour of the aunt instead of the niece. In the mean time, an express was sent from England to apprise the earl of Peterborough that the king of France had despatched the marquis of Dangeau, with orders to assist in concluding the matrimonial alliance between England and Modena, but that it was suspected that instead of the young princess, from whom it was supposed all the difficulty arose, it was intended to substitute an aunt of hers, who in all manner of circumstances was inferior to her, and for divers considerations unsuitable for the duke of York. "This sudden change in the affair greatly mortified the earl, whose head turned round under this variety of circumstances."³

A few days after, came Nardi again, with more compliments from the duchess, and open declarations "of the pleasure it would give her and her court, if the honour, which it was supposed was intended for her daughter, could be transferred to another princess in the family." The earl of Peterborough, who was determined, if he could not have the youngest and fairest, he would take neither, stood to his first pretence, "That he came to Italy for his own pleasure; that he had no orders on the subject her highness mentioned; and that his sojourn in that neighbourhood was only caused by a little indisposition; and con-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Mordaunt Genealogies

³ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

cluded with his duty and humble thanks to the duchess for the honour she did him."

A fresh express from England informed the earl of the approach of the marquis of Dangeau, empowered by the king of France to use his utmost influence to obtain the young Mary Beatrice for the duke of York, and none other; and if his mediation failed, then he was to return to Paris without further delay. A week after this, the marquis arrived, and undertook to reason with the duchess on the subject, having formerly had some acquaintance with her, when, as one of cardinal Mazarine's nieces, she resided in France. He was a clever, eloquent man, well versed in the arts of courts, and so clearly demonstrated to the princes of Esté their true interests in obliging the king, his master, and contracting, at the same time, the powerful alliance of England, that all the court and council were persuaded, with the single exception of father Garimbert, who did all he could to encourage the young princess in her aversion, and to dissuade the duchess from yielding her consent. However, the advantage of the connexion having been once clearly represented to the duchess, all objections were presently overruled. The marquis of Dangeau then wrote to the earl of Peterborough that he might now advance to Modena, where his addresses would be honourably received. The duchess also wrote to the same effect, and gave him a most respectful invitation to her court, assuring him that the only difficulty that now remained, was to obtain a dispensation from the pope, for the celebration of the marriage of a catholic princess with a prince not openly declared of that religion.¹

The duke of York had afforded sufficient proof of his devotion to the church of Rome, by the sacrifice of his power, his influence in the state, together with the vast income which he had hitherto derived from the high offices he held, rather than do violence to his conscience, by taking the test which had been devised by the republican party in parliament to deprive the country of his services. Yet, as he had made no public profession of reconciliation to the church of Rome, the pope took the present opportunity of giving him every annoyance.

The earl of Peterborough, suspecting that the marriage might be prevented by an opposition to it from such a quarter, would not make a public entrance into Modena in the first instance, but, preserving his incognito, travelled thither as a private person. About a mile from the town, however, he was met by Nardi, the under-secretary of state, with a coach and six, and was conveyed to the palace of one of the chief nobles, brother to the bishop of Modena, of which he was put in possession in the name of the duchess of Modena. Here, finding he was to be splendidly lodged and entertained at her highness's expense, he protested against it, as being contrary to his desire of keeping up his incognito; but Nardi told him that although the duchess, in compliance with his request, omitted offering him in public the respect that was his due, she was not tied from serving him her own way in all things necessary for his comfort and accommodation.

¹ Mordaunt Genealogia.

The abbé Dangeau, the marquis's brother, having been despatched to Rome to endeavour to negotiate the dispensation for the marriage, with the pope and his favourite nephew, cardinal Altieri, the earl of Peterborough was in the mean time admitted to the presence of the duchess of Modena. He was brought in a private coach to the palace by Nardi, who, by a back way, introduced him into an apartment, where he found the duchess standing with her back to a table. The earl approached her with the respect due to a sovereign princess in her own house. She received him with much courtesy; and chairs being set, his lordship entered at once upon the true cause of his coming, observing, "that he was surprised at finding a difficulty in a thing which the world judged to be so advantageous to all parties."¹

The duchess excused herself by pleading the aversion her daughter had to a married life, and the great desire she had to be a nun. She said, likewise, that the princess was young, and not of a strong constitution; and that, "besides, the Italian princes, depending much on the reputation of zeal for the catholic religion, there would be difficulties in obtaining a dispensation for an alliance with a prince who was not declared of the same church, let the opinion of his true faith be what it would." To all those objections the earl replied in such a manner as induced the duchess to declare that he had appeased the greatest difficulties of her own thoughts. She added, "that if the abbé succeeded in obtaining the dispensation, she knew not but they might proceed to a happy conclusion." This first conversation ended with the earl's requesting to be favoured with a sight of the young princess, whose possession he had so long thought necessary for his master's happiness; and the duchess having promised it for the next evening, he retired in the same manner in which he arrived.²

The next day his excellency received advice from the abbé Dangeau, that great exertions had been made by the French ambassador, and also by cardinal Barberini, and all the friends and allies of the house of Esté at Rome, to obtain the dispensation, but that the pope was very averse to it, and his governing nephew, cardinal Altieri, was violently opposed to it. Various pretences were alleged in excuse of this unfriendly proceeding; but the true cause was the jealousy of the papal government of the aggrandizement of the house of Esté; lest through an alliance, powerful as that of England, the duke of Modena should be enabled to contest the fair duchy of Ferrara, and the lands of which the princess of Esté had been wrongfully deprived by the usurpation of the Roman see, in which case it was possible he might be disposed to use other means than prayers and tears to recover his own, even from the successors of St. Peter.³

Our stout old cavalier was not a man to be lightly discouraged; he had set his heart on bringing home the fairest bride in Christendom for his royal friend. His spirit rose in proportion to the greatness of the obstacle that was likely to be opposed to the accomplishment of his

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.
Mordaunt Genealogies.

² *Ibid.*

purpose; and determining, if possible, to bring the matter to a sudden conclusion, he renewed his request of being permitted to see the princess that evening. He was conducted to the palace at the hour appointed, introduced into the duchess's apartment as before, and found the young princess with her mother.

"The princess Mary of Esté," says he, "appeared to be, at this time, about fourteen years of age; she was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness; her hair black as jet, so were her eyebrows and her eyes, but the latter so full of light and sweetness as they did dazzle and charm, too. There seemed given unto them by nature, sovereign power — power to kill and power to save; and in the whole turn of her face, which was of the most graceful oval, there were all the features, all the beauty, and all that could be great and charming in any human creature."¹

The earl approached her with the respect he thought due to his future mistress; and having made her the proper compliments, "he asked her pardon if he were the means of disturbing her tranquillity, and in some sort crossing her inclinations; but first, from the sight of her picture, and now still more so from the view of herself, he was convinced it was the only means of making happy a prince whose love, when she came to know him, would make ample amends to her for anything that she might now regard as a grievance."²

She answered with a little fierceness, "that she was obliged to the king of England and the duke of York for their good opinion; but she could not but wonder why from so many princesses of more merit, who would esteem that honour, and be ready to embrace it, they should persist in endeavouring to force the inclination of one who had vowed herself, as much as was in her power, to another sort of life, out of which she never could think she should be happy; and she desired his excellency," even, as he fancied, with tears in her eyes, "if he had an influence with his master, to oblige her by endeavouring to avert any further persecution of a maid, who had an invincible aversion to marriage. Princesses there were enow," she said, "in Italy, and even in that house, who would not be unworthy of so great an honour, and who, from the esteem they might have thereof, would deserve it much better than she could do."³

However piqued the earl might be at the lofty disdain with which the youthful beauty received his compliments, and her earnest endeavours to defend herself from the unwelcome alliance to which he was wooing her, he was too able a diplomatist to take any notice of her pointed hint. That his master's addresses would be more agreeable and suitable to her aunt than to herself. In reply to all her passionate rhetoric on the propriety of his allowing her to fulfil that vocation to which it was her desire to devote herself, his excellency told her, "that he begged her pardon if he could not obey her; he might have been induced to do so before he saw her, but now it was impossible, since he could not believe

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ *Ibid*

that she was made for other end than to give princes to the world, who should adorn it with characters of high virtue and merit; that his country had need of such, and he would now hazard the offending her by persisting in his demand; since if he did incur her displeasure by it, it would be the means of making her one of the happiest princesses in the world." The earl complains that, for all he could say, the princess appeared dissatisfied at his persistence. Well she might, when the plain meaning of his flattering speech simply amounted to this, that since she suited the object of his mission, it mattered little whether she shuddered at the thought of being torn from her own sunny clime, and the sweet familiar friends of her childhood, to be transplanted to a land of strangers, and consigned to an unknown husband five-and-twenty years older than herself; whose name she had never heard till she was required to plight her vows of conjugal love and obedience to him; and that even the alternative of a convent and a veil were not to be allowed to her. Who can wonder that a young high-spirited girl, under fifteen, broke through the conventional restraints whereby princesses are taught from their cradles to control their feelings, and endeavoured to avert the dreaded doom that awaited her, by telling the ambassador her mind with the passionate and tearful vehemence of a child of nature. Having done this, she maintained an obstinate silence, and retired with the duchess her mother.

The next day, the ambassador made a formal complaint of her highness's behaviour to Nardi; and expressed his dissatisfaction, that, having been kept on under pretence of "Dangeau's" negotiation for the dispensation, a much greater difficulty appeared in the aversion so openly expressed by the princess, of whose consent he now utterly despaired.¹

Nardi told him he need not be under the least concern on that account, since the ladies of Italy, when it came to be in earnest, were accustomed to have no will but that of their friends; and if her mother were satisfied, she would soon be brought to a much more difficult matter than that.

The earl then reminded the minister that time pressed, the meeting of parliament drew near, and therefore it was necessary to come to an immediate conclusion or to depart. The duchess, on being informed of this, sent him word, the next day, that she had greater hopes of the princess's concurrence, who had, she said, been urged by the duke her brother, and all about her, to consent; so that she trusted, on the arrival of the dispensation, he would be satisfied. In the mean time, the treaty proceeded about the portion, which was to be fourscore thousand pounds, to be paid at several times, with conditions for jointure, maintenance, and other matters; and upon those things which are the rocks and shoals on which other marriages generally split, there was no disagreement. James notices the extreme reluctance of the young princess to accept his hand, which he merely imputes to her desire of devoting herself to a religious life. "She had at any time," says he, "a great inclination to be a nun, inasmuch that the duchess, her mother, was obliged to get the pope to

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the *Mordaunt Genealogia*.

write to her, and persuade her to comply with her wish, as most conducive to the service of God and the public good."¹

There is some difficulty in reconciling this assertion with the following statement which his royal highness's representative, the earl of Peterborough, gives of the unfriendly conduct of the pope in this affair:—"But now at last came from Rome the abbot Dangeau, without the dispensation, which he could not by any means obtain, by reason that the cardinal Altieri was inflexible, and threats of excommunication were issued against any that should undertake to perform or celebrate the marriage. Thereupon," pursues his excellency, "we were all upon fears of a total rupture. The duchess herself, a zealous, if not a bigoted woman, was in great pain about the part that might seem offensive to his holiness, or neglective of his authority; and the princess took occasion from hence to support her unwillingness. But, in truth, the cardinal Barberini, on whom the duchess had great dependence, and all the other adherents and relations of the house of Esté, being every day more and more convinced of the honour and interest they were like to find in this alliance, were scandalized at the unreasonable obstinacy of the pope and his nephew, and did frankly advise the duchess of Modena to conclude the marriage at once; it being less difficult to obtain forgiveness for it after it was done, than permission for doing it."²

The next great difficulty was, to find a priest who would in that country venture to perform the ceremony of the espousals in defiance of the interdict of the pope. The bishop of Modena, who was applied to, positively refused; but, at last, a poor English Jacobite, named White, who, having nothing to lose, and upon whom the terror of excommunication did not so much prevail, undertook to do it. The princess, then, at last, gave herself up to the will of her friends; a day was appointed for the solemnity, and the earl had liberty to visit her highness in her own apartment.³ It is much to be regretted that his excellency did not enrich his curious and amusing history of this marriage, with a few particulars of his state visit to the reluctant bride-elect, and of her reception of him, and the costly offering of jewels, which he was then empowered to present to her, as a love token, from her future lord. It was not, as she herself afterwards declared, without floods of tears that she yielded to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute.⁴

When a reluctant assent had been thus wrung, by maternal authority, from poor Mary Beatrice, the earl of Peterborough assumed his official character of ambassador extraordinary from the king of England to that court; and procurator and proxy for his royal highness James duke of York and Albany's marriage with the princess, sister to the duke.

Instead, however, of making a public entrance into Modena, which in consequence of having left his servants and equipage at Lyons, the earl was not prepared to do, he was brought in the most honourable manner

¹ Life, from Stuart Papers.

² Earl of Peterborough, in the *Mordaunt Genealogies*.

³ *Mordaunt Genealogies*.

⁴ *Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.*

to his first public audience of the duchess-regent and the reigning duke her son, by the prince Rinaldo of Esté, the uncle of the duke, and all that were great and noble in that court. "And, indeed," continues the earl, "the ceremony, attendance, state guards, and other appurtenances, were in that order and magnificence as might have become a prince of far greater revenues and territories; and herein all the marks of sovereignty did appear, which are usual with princes who are dependent but of God." He delivered his credentials in the usual form to their highnesses; and after having made a speech suitable to the occasion, retired as he came; only, instead of being conducted to his coach, he was led into a very noble apartment which was appropriated to his use, in quality of his office as ambassador extraordinary for the marriage; and there he was entertained with the greatest plenty and magnificence, entirely at the expense of that generous princess, the duchess of Modena.¹

The marriage treaty was speedily completed. Some authors have asserted that the portion was furnished by Louis XIV., but it appears that he merely advanced some part of it as a loan, of which he afterwards endeavoured to extort a forcible repayment from the duke of Modena, when there was a political disagreement between them a few years afterwards. Mary Beatrice was always treated by Louis XIV. as his adopted daughter: probably from the remembrance of early friendship with her mother, who, as the niece of cardinal Mazarin, was one of the companions of his childhood.

All the preliminaries for the marriage being now arranged, and the earl of Peterborough pressing for his departure, the day for the solemnization of the nuptial contract was fixed for the 30th of September. The noble proxy having prepared his equipage and habit suitable for the occasion, he was fetched from his lodgings at about eleven o'clock on that morning, by the duke of Modena in person, accompanied by prince Rinaldo, and all the noblest cavaliers of the court; and conducted to a chamber near the chapel, where he reposed himself, till so much of the service was done as seemed obnoxious to the religion he professed,² for it is to be noticed, that James had not chosen a Roman-catholic, but a member of the church of England for his proxy, although it might have involved some inconvenience in an Italian court.

When the mass was over, the earl was led into the chapel, where the bride expected him; and there, not only without a dispensation from the pope, but in defiance of his interdict, was Mary of Modena married by a poor English priest to the catholic heir of England, represented by a proxy of the reformed faith. "The ceremony that was then performed, was designed," to use the words of the earl of Peterborough, "for a perpetual marriage between that admirable princess and the duke of York, his master." In the name of that prince, the noble proxy placed the nuptial ring on the finger of the bride. This ring she always wore; it was set with a fair diamond, which she was accustomed to call the diamond of her marriage.³

¹ Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France

It was one of the only three jewels of which she did not finally strip herself for the relief of the distressed British emigrants, who followed the adverse fortunes of her unfortunate lord; but of this hereafter.

When the spousal rites were over, the noble proxy of that unknown consort to whom Mary Beatrice had, with much reluctance, plighted her nuptial faith, led her by the hand to her apartment, where, taking his leave, he went to repose himself in his own, till he was fetched to accompany the princess at the dinner.

"This," proceeds our record,¹ "did succeed about one of the clock, and, as to the ceremony of it, it was performed at a long table, over the upper end whereof was a rich cloth of state (or canopy), under which, in representation of a bride and bridegroom, the earl of Peterborough sat with the princess, who was now given the title of her royal highness the duchess of York. The duke of Modena, her brother, the duchess-regent, and the other princes of the house of Esté, sitting on either side, according to their degrees.

"This dinner was served with all the care and curiosity that was possible for anything of that nature to be contrived. What the sea could afford, (though it was not near,) and what the rivers and the lakes, was there; what the land could produce, or the air of Italy, was not wanting; and all this was made more excellent by the courtesy and good humour of the princes; but it ended at last; and all arose, in order to a greater liberty of conversation; that also had a conclusion for a time, and the company, for their repose, retired to their respective apartments; his excellency being conducted to his with the same ceremony as he was brought to dinner. The night was dedicated to dancing, for there was a ball in honour of the nuptials, to which all the beauties of the court resorted. It was performed with the order and magnificence suitable to the rest of the entertainments, much to the satisfaction of all the guests and spectators.² The saddest heart there, being, no doubt, that of the beautiful young bride, who had made such obstinate and unexampled efforts to defend her maiden freedom. Her struggles had been fruitless; she had been led a powerless victim to the marriage altar, her reluctant lips had been compelled to pronounce the irrevocable vow; the glittering fetter was on her finger; the most solemn rites of her church had been employed to accomplish the sacrifice; and all her kindred and her people were rejoicing in festivities, which had cost her oceans of tears.

The next day the duke of Modena and the earl of Peterborough rode in state to the cathedral, where a solemn service and *Te Deum* were sung in honour of the accomplishment of the marriage. Two or three days more were spent in triumphant pageants and other testimonials of public rejoicing. The manner in which the bridegroom, to whom the virgin hand of Mary Beatrice had thus been plighted, received the announcement of the actual solemnization of his state nuptials, is thus related by lady Rachel Vaughan, in a lively, gossiping letter to lord William Russell:—"The news came on Sunday night to the duke of

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² *Ibid.*

York that he was married; he was talking in the drawing-room; when the French ambassador brought the letter, and told the news, the duke turned about to the circle, and said, 'Then I am a married man.'

"His bride proved to be the princess of Modena, but she was rather expected to be Canaples's niece.' She is to have 100,000 francs, and more. They say she has more wit than any woman had before; as much beauty, and more youth than is necessary. The duke of York sent his daughter, lady Mary, word the same night 'that he had provided a playfellow for her.'"

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Mary Beatrice duchess of York—Her childish behaviour—Grief at quitting Modena—Insists on her mother accompanying her—Duke of York's directions for her journey—Her Italian ladies—She commences her journey overland—Sorrowful parting with her brother—Gallantry of the duke of Savoy—Attentions paid to her by Louis XIV. and his queen—Opposition to the marriage in England—She leaves Paris—Her journey to the coast—Embarks at Calais—Lands at Dover with her mother—Received on the sands by the duke of York—Their nuptials—Her wedding ring—Verses on her marriage—Journey to Gravesend—Voyage to Whitehall—Flattering reception by king Charles—Her bridal medals—Her court at St. James's palace—Duchess of Modena leaves England—Mary Beatrice becomes attached to her husband—Her losses at cards—Goes to Cambridge—Learns English—Her attention to authors—Birth of her first child, the princess Catharine—Makes her confessor baptize it into the Romish church—King Charles has it re-baptized in the chapel royal—The child dies—Impertinence of the duchess of Portsmouth—Her visit to the duchess of Portsmouth—Displeasure of the queen—Birth of the princess Isabella—Birth of her first son—His christening—Created duke of Cambridge—His death—Grief of the duke and duchess—Frightful dream of the duchess—Her incognito visit to the princess of Orange with the princess Anne—Troubles of the duke of York about the Popish plot—He is banished to Flanders—Mary Beatrice resolves to accompany her lord—Compelled to leave her child—Sorrowful departure—Her passionate reproaches to the king—Embarkation—Visit to William and Mary—Her residence at Brussels—Duchess of Modena comes to see her—Arrival of the princesses Anne and Isabella—Dangerous illness of the king—The duke's incognito journey to England—Obtains leave to live in Scotland—Returns to fetch Mary Beatrice—Their visit to the Hague—Stormy passage to England—Illness of the duchess—Obtains leave to land—They arrive in London—Visited by the duchess of Monmouth—King enjoins them to retire to Scotland—Mary Beatrice resolves to share the fortunes of her lord.

¹ A daughter of the duke of Crequi, who shared the royal blood of France by distant descent.

FIVE days after the solemnization of her espousals with the duke of York, Mary Beatrice completed her fifteenth year, and it must be confessed, that she conducted herself with no more regard for her newly-acquired dignity as a bride, than if she had been ten years younger; when the time was appointed for her to commence her journey to England, she cried and screamed two whole days and nights, and it was only by force that she could be kept in bed. Nothing, in fact, would pacify her, till her mother consented to accompany her to England, and the duke, her brother, part of the way.¹ The earl of Peterborough, who does not appear to have been at all aware of these perversities on the part of the virgin duchess of York, and was by no means desirous of such additions to his travelling party as would compel him to depart entirely from the programme arranged both by the king and the duke for the homeward journey, tried vainly to dissuade the duchess of Modena from this resolution. He says, "The time for the departure being come, the duchess-mother would by all means accompany her daughter into England, and it could not be diverted by any means, although it proved chargeable to her, and of ill consequence to her concerns."²

Mary Beatrice, however, who had reason to know the real state of the case, told the nun of Chaillot, who recorded these particulars from her own lips, "that her passionate importunity prevailed over the extreme reluctance of the duchess her mother to undertake so long a journey, which was extremely inconvenient to her as regent for her son, as she was thus in a manner compelled to leave the government in other hands." Her absence was unavoidably a month longer than she had by any means anticipated, and in the mean time a party was formed against her which finally stripped her of her authority in the state, and caused an estrangement between her and the young duke her son.

"I shall never cease," would Mary Beatrice say, when adverting to these circumstances, "to reproach myself for my childish importunity, which led to such bad results for my mother."³

The duke of York, in his paper of instructions to lord Peterborough, expressly says—

"When the marriage shall be over, and you have adjusted all the manner of your coming into France, which journey will, I think, be most conveniently performed by sea to Marseilles, whither the galleys of the most Christian king will be ordered to bring her, and whither you must attend her, it will be fit that then, or before, you dismiss most of your retinue, lest their attendance may not consist with the figure the princess may probably desire to take of travelling incognito, or embarrass you in the conveniences of your journey, retaining only as many as will fill one coach, and thus follow her all the way, until she arrive at Paris or Calais, at one of which places my servants shall be appointed to attend upon her."⁴

Such was the prudent arrangement of the princely bridegroom for the journey of his bride to England; but Mary Beatrice, young as she was, having a will of her own, determined to travel overland under the pro-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² Mordaunt Genealogies.

³ MS. Memorials, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ Appendix of the Mordaunt Genealogies.

tecting care of her mother and uncle, and to leave her native city with some degree of *eclat* : her plans superseded those of her new consort. James had, with great wisdom, directed the earl's attention to a point of no small importance to his domestic comfort, and the future popularity of his bride, who, as a catholic princess, would, he was well aware, be regarded with jealous eyes, by a very considerable party in England.

"You will do your utmost," he says, "to inculcate to the princess herself, and the ministers there, the great inconvenience that would follow her being attended by a numerous train of foreigners, who are seldom so useful here as natives, and are obnoxious to censure upon any mis-carriages."

The quarrels that had threatened to destroy the conjugal happiness of his parents, in consequence of their struggle about the French attendants of Henrietta Maria, and the unhappiness of his royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine, at the dismissal of her Portuguese followers, were not forgotten by James, when he gave this order. There were, however, three Italian ladies of the highest rank, Madame Molza, Madame Montecuculi, her daughter Anna Montecuculi, and a lady of the name of Turenne, who had been attached to the service of Mary Beatrice from her cradle ; and these, in compliance with her earnest desire, she was permitted to retain among her bed-chamber appointments as duchess of York. They attended her to England, and they followed her fortunes through every vicissitude, whether for good or ill, with devoted fidelity, till death. Madame Molza was scarcely seventeen years of age at the time of her royal friend's espousals, and the duchess of Modena said, laughingly, "that she and the duchess of York, were both such young girls, that they required an experienced matron to take care of them on their journey."¹

Mary Beatrice left Modena under the protection of the earl of Peterborough and his suite, accompanied by the duchess-regent her mother, the duke of Modena her brother, her uncle prince Rinaldo d'Esté, and whatever was noble and considerable among their own people, as well as many other persons of quality from other courts, who came to show their respect to the house of Esté on this occasion. "And a very princely *corteggio* it was," says his excellency, "that went with them out of Modena."²

After two days, the young duke was persuaded to take leave of his sister and return ; he did it with all the repugnance of which an excellent nature can be capable, they having been ever bred together with all that reciprocal kindness which nearness and merit could beget. "But the princess," pursues lord Peterborough, "was near being dissolved in tears. She left her happy and delicious country, with the kind companions of her youth among whom she had been bred, and all these, perhaps, for ever ;" as indeed it proved to be. "Her youth and innocence permitted her not to know whither it was she was to go, to what kind of part, nor among whom ; so compassion was to be allowed to

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

her fears as well as to her reluctance, and it was enough we could induce her to proceed, and be comforted."

Mary Beatrice and the princely boy, whom she regarded in the two-fold light of her brother and her sovereign, were at that guileless period of life, when the links of kindred affection are more closely twined than at any other, round hearts whose sensibilities are in their first exquisite bloom, and as yet unblighted by intercourse with a selfish world. No wonder that they, who had been debarred by the restraining etiquettes imposed on children of their elevated station from forming other intimacies, felt very keenly the pangs of rending asunder the bonds of that sweet friendship which had united them from their cradles. Very frequently, no doubt, had the sorrowful bride to be reminded, during that journey, of the exhortation of the royal psalmist: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider; forget also thine own people and thy father's house."

Having passed, then, through her own country, she entered the dominions of her kinsman, the duke of Parma, who complimented the earl of Peterborough with the present of a fine painting by Parmegiano, the subject of which is described by one of the affected *cognoscenti* of the last century as "Ceres standing with a most genteel air, holding up wheat." The royal bride was not forgotten on that occasion by his highness; compliments and presents were showered upon her from all quarters, as she proceeded on her sorrowful but festive progress through Italy. Passing through Milan, they came at last into Piedmont, the dominions of the duke of Savoy, "where," says the earl of Peterborough, "these princes were almost, as it had been by spirits, invisibly lodged and provided for, after the most magnificent manner, but ever at the expense of that generous duke." Nor was this all; for having an extreme desire to see the beautiful young bride, to whom he was nearly related, his highness of Savoy carried his gallantry so far as to come on horseback incognito, to meet the fair travellers by the way, as they were passing through his dominions; and, pretending to be one of his own knights, stopped them and delivered a complimentary message, as he said, "from the duke his master." After talking with them a little while, he made himself known, and told Mary Beatrice "that he thought she spoke very well, and had answered him agreeably enough." "But," said she, when relating this adventure many years afterwards to the nuns of Chaillot, "he almost made me die with shame by telling me that he hoped my first child would be a girl, that he might marry her to his son."¹

When they left his territories, they were met by the officers of the king of France, who accompanied them, and defrayed all their expenses to Paris, bringing them to the arsenal, which was appointed for their abode. In that fortified palace, celebrated in history as the official residence of the great Sully, where he so frequently feasted his royal friend and master, Henry of Navarre, the grandfather of the prince whom Mary Beatrice now called her lord, she and the duchess her mother, and their suite, were entertained in a manner befitting their rank and his own mag-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

nificence, at the charge of the king of France.¹ There, also, the earl of Peterborough was lodged, and a noble table kept for him and his attendants, at the same king's expense.

"The necessity of our repair into England," continues his excellency, "now drew near; but her royal highness here fell sick, and her disease, for all the power of medicine, hung so upon her, that for some weeks they were not able to think of her remove." This illness was a dangerous fever, which, if not brought on by distress of mind, and the force that had been put on her inclinations, was doubtless aggravated by the change of climate and her dread of the completion of her marriage. She kept her bed a fortnight, and her convalescence was tedious. She was anxious enough then to avoid all fatigue, by maintaining a strict incognito; but as soon as she began to recover her strength, the king of France could not be persuaded from coming in state to pay her a visit, to offer her those compliments and marks of respect which universal report had assured him were due to her royal qualities. This drew on Mary Beatrice the necessity of visiting the queen of France; and she was received by their majesties at Versailles, with all imaginable circumstances of honour and high consideration, and there entertained with royal magnificence.

The queen of France returned the visit of her royal highness with all the forms prescribed by the rigour of etiquette; state calls were also exchanged with all the great princesses allied to the royal family; "wherein, was much circumspection to be used about punctilios and formalities."² Wearisome work, of course, it was; and attended with much vexation of spirit, to persons uninitiated into all the intricate minutiae of claims, privileges, and precedences, insisted upon by the numerous members of the haughty demi-royalty of France, under the ancient *regime*. And to make the matter more perplexing, it was necessary that the duchess of York should accord to each of those ladies, the full measure of attention to which she was entitled, without lessening her own dignity by undue condescensions. Happily, however, for her, she was treated with peculiar indulgence and consideration, as the adopted daughter of the king of France, and on account of her tender age and inexperience; "mediums were found, and expedients practised for satisfying all pretences, and avoiding all offences."³ Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and her half-sister Madame de Guise, the latter of whom was, as the reader

¹ But little now remains of the ancient building over which the storms of the revolution have passed, but the whole suite of Sully's apartments are still in good preservation. His strong-box, his reading-desk, and a few other things are still there, with a copious and interesting collection of the autograph letters of Henri Quatre.

The apartments occupied by Mary of Modena, and the duchess her mother, are supposed to be those which look upon the river on one side, and on the old convent of the Celestins on the other, a *locale* very interesting to the monastic tastes of the reluctant bride, who would so infinitely have preferred a cloister to a throne. The bay-window at the end of the principal salon, which must have been her state reception-room, commands the most splendid view of the whole of Paris.

² Moruaunt Genealogies.

Ibid.

will remember, an unsuccessful candidate for the hand of the duke of York, were among those who came in state to call on his Italian bride, and she returned their visits in due form.

The beauty and graceful deportment of Mary Beatrice, excited the greatest admiration in the French court; and she was complimented by the king with very royal presents.¹ The jewels which she had already received from the earl of Peterborough, as a bridal offering from her unknown consort, the duke of York, amounting in value to 20,000*l.* sterling, enabled her to appear with all the magnificence befitting the rank to which her marriage had elevated her among European princesses. Charms like hers, however, required not the aid of elaborate decorations; and her own classical taste disposed her to prefer a general simplicity of attire, except on these occasions, when the etiquette of royal ceremonies compelled her to assume the glittering trappings of a state toilette.

While Mary Beatrice was receiving all these flattering attentions at Paris and Versailles, and probably endeavouring, by every possible excuse, to delay her dreaded journey, a strong party in England was labouring to prevent her coming at all. The object of that party was, the annoyance of the duke of York, by exciting a popular ferment against his innocent young bride, under the ready pretext of religion. I say the pretext, for the person by whom it was the most vehemently urged, was the earl of Shaftesbury, a known infidel. He was, at that time, the secret counsellor, and very soon afterwards the acknowledged leader, of a faction made up of the relics of the old commonwealth, allied with a new generation, who were determined to get the executive power of government into their own hands, by establishing a republic under the shadow of a monarchy. This design, they were well aware, they never could hope to accomplish so long as the duke of York maintained his influence in his royal brother's councils, and that popularity with the people which his public services had won.

"It was he," says the earl of Peterborough, "who encouraged the king's faithful friends and his fainting ministers, and it was in him alone that the enemies of the crown found resistance. He made them desperate at last, and they saw it was impossible to accomplish their designs without his ruin. This did seem a great undertaking; to destroy a prince such as he was, in his birth, in his merits and virtues, and in the esteem of all just and reasonable men. But the zeal of those commonwealth-men, made them find nothing impossible; their resolution was great in this particular, their malice greater, and their cunning greater than either. They knew the admirable qualities of this prince; they knew his valour, justice, temperance; his love of business, his indefatigableness in all honourable undertakings; they knew, also, that against a man so qualified, no truth could prevail; they were then resolved to have recourse to falsehood, and"—pursues the honest old cavalier, warming with the remembrance of the unfounded calumnies that had been heaped on his royal friend, into a climax of uncontrollable indignation—"and to the devil, the father of liars, one of whose chic!

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies

favourites was become sir Antony Ashley Cooper, the late earl of Shaftesbury."¹

His royal highness being perfectly aware that the next contest which these political religionists were preparing to fight against him would be on the question of his marriage with the princess of Modena, had taken his measures accordingly; and, through the energetic proceedings of his faithful friend, the earl of Peterborough, the treaty for this alliance had been so promptly and quietly settled, that the party were perfectly taken by surprise, when, at the meeting of parliament on the 20th. of October, they addressed the king on the subject, by stating "that they had heard, with regret, that a marriage between the duke of York and the princess of Modena was thought of, and petitioned his majesty not to allow it to proceed."² Charles replied, briefly and drily, "that their remonstrances came too late; the alliance matter to which they alluded, was not only thought of, but done; 'the duke, his brother,' was already married to the princess of Modena, and she was on her journey to England."³ This announcement threw the commons into a flame; they immediately voted an address to the king, praying him "to send and stop the princess at Paris, in order to prevent the consummation of her marriage with the duke of York." Charles replied, "That he could not in honour dissolve a marriage that had been solemnly executed." The commons, infuriated at the royal declaration, concluded a series of angry votes, by petitioning the king "to appoint a day of general fasting, that God might avert the dangers with which the nation was threatened."⁴

Charles graciously granted them permission to fast as much as they pleased, although aware that the proposition of such an observance was not intended for a humiliation to themselves, but as an especial contempt for the Italian bride. The next day being the anniversary of the gunpowder-plot, the popular pageant of burning Guy Fawkes and the pope was played off with more than wonted vivacity by the London 'prentices, attended with various circumstances and allusions, tending to mark their displeasure at the duke of York's change of creed and his "popish marriage,"⁵ as they styled it, regardless of the fact that it had been contracted not only without the pope's licence, but positively in defiance of his authority.

The cabinet of king Charles II. took the alarm, and the earl of Arlington implored his majesty either to prevent the departure of the princess of Modena from Paris, or to insist that James, after his marriage, should withdraw from court, and lead the life of a country gentleman. The king replied, "That the first was incompatible with his honour, and the second would be an indignity to his brother."⁶

While these stormy scenes, on her account, were agitating the nation and court over which she was one day to preside as queen, the reluctant

¹ The reader must bear in mind that the earl of Peterborough never intended this work for publication. The four-and-twenty copies that were printed were only for the use of his family.

² Inedited letters of news in the Lansdowne MSS. Journals of Parliament.

³ Lansdowne MSS.

⁴ Parliamentary Journals.

⁵ Evelyn.

⁶ Lingard

bride left Paris, and commenced her journey to the sea-coast. She travelled in state, and in all the towns and provinces through which she passed, she was met and received by the governors and local authorities with the same respect as if she had been queen of France. Louis XIV.'s officers defrayed all the expenses of this pompous progress till she came to the water's edge. The vessels that had been appointed by king Charles for her passage to England were waiting for her at Calais, where, on the 21st of November, she embarked in the Katharine yacht with her mother, her uncle, and all who had attended her from Italy. The royal bride crossed the channel with a prosperous breeze, and towards evening arrived at Dover. The duke of York, with becoming gallantry, was on the sands to give his new consort a personal welcome to England, and when she came to shore, he received her in his arms.¹

The beauty, the timidity, and the innocence of the royal bride rendered such an occurrence, doubtless, a spectacle of exciting interest to the honest seafaring population of Dover, the manly squires of Kent, and the gentle ladies who thronged the strand that day to obtain a sight of the new duchess, and the ceremonial of her landing. James was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort his friend, the earl of Peterborough, had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms." Of her emotions, his lordship, for obvious reasons, does not speak.

"Mary Beatrice, in after years, acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first."² What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior? Princesses are rarely so fortunate as to be allowed the privilege of a negative in matters of the kind; but the fair d'Esté had not submitted to the hard fate of female royalty without a struggle, and now it should seem she had not sufficient self-control to conceal her feelings under deceitful smiles. She is even said to have betrayed a childish aversion to the duke at their first interview.³ Some men would have hated her, and rendered the union for ever miserable by a manifestation of evil temper on the occasion. The sailor prince knew better, well qualified as he was to play the wooer successfully to ladies of all ages, he wisely took no notice of discouraging symptoms in so young a creature, but professing himself dazzled with the beauty of her eyes, he led her with courtly attention to her lodgings, and left her with her mother to take a little repose after the discomposure of her voyage. Brief time had she for rest, and none for reflection; the fatigue and excitement of a state toilet awaited her in preparation for another agitating scene, the solemn confirmation of her espousals with the duke by the bishop of Oxford, who had attended his royal highness from London for that purpose.

The greatest difficulty, perhaps, with which historians have to contend, is the discrepancy of statements between equally credible witnesses of the same fact. The account given by the duke of York of the cere-

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

monial of his marriage with Mary d'Esté, at Dover, is very different from that recorded by his proxy, the earl of Peterborough. James says, "She landed at Dover, the 21st of November; Dr. Crew married them, declaring that by proxy a lawful marriage."¹ The compiler of James' life, from the Stuart Papers, details the manner in which this was done. "The same evening the duke and duchess of York, and the duchess of Modena, with their attendants, the earl of Peterborough being also present, being assembled together in the state drawing-room, the bishop of Oxford asked the duchess of Modena, and the earl of Peterborough, 'whether the said earl had married the duchess of York, as proxy of the duke?' which they both affirming, the bishop then declared 'it was a lawful marriage.'"²

From the above statements, which, as far as they went, were probably true, Dr. Lingard, and others, have inferred that no other ceremony took place; but it is certain, that neither James nor his biographer have related the whole of the circumstances; the latter, because he found no further record in his authorities; while James, perhaps, omitted mentioning the church of England marriage service, from a foolish repugnance to acknowledging that he resorted to the rites of that church for the confirmation of his wedlock with a princess of the Romish faith. The plain fact was, that even to Roman catholics it was a matter of expediency to legalize by such rites a marriage which the pope had forbidden; and James was perfectly alive to the necessity of taking due precautions for securing, beyond the possibility of dispute, the legitimate claims of the male issue of this alliance, to the royal succession.

"His royal highness," says the earl of Peterborough, "who had provided so to confirm this matter, as the malice of any age to come should have no pretence to call it in question, led out his duchess into his great room before his bed-chamber, and there, in presence of all the lords, who had attended him from London, of all the country gentlemen who were come to see him, and what it could contain of the citizens of Dover, he married again his wife after the forms of the church of England, by the hands of Dr. Nathaniel Crew, at this time bishop of Durham; after which, they supped together, and the marriage was lawfully completed the same night."³

James honoured the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule, by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes, in whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with a princess whom he had taken to wife, in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings. It was sound policy in him, not to make that ceremonial an exclusive show for the courtiers who had attended him from London, and the foreigners, who, notwithstanding his prudent caution to the earl of Peterborough, had accompanied his Italian consort to England. He knew the national jealousy, the national pride of his countrymen, and that their affections are easily won, but more easily lost, by those who occupy high places.

¹ Extracts from the Journal of James II., by Carte and Macpherson.

² Life of James II., by Stanier Clark.

³ Mordaunt Genealogies.

That they are terrible in their anger, but just in their feelings: their crimes being always imputable to the arts of those by whom their feelings are perverted to the purposes of faction or bigotry. The English are, moreover, a sight-loving people; and, for the most part, inclined to regard the principal actors in a royal pageant with feelings of romantic enthusiasm. It was, therefore, well calculated to increase his popularity and counteract the malice of his enemies, for the sailor prince to take so excellent an opportunity for interesting their generous sympathies in favour of the innocent young creature against whom the republican faction was endeavouring to raise a general persecution.

It is a little singular, that among the numerous spectators, gentle and simple, courtly and quaint, who witnessed the landing of Mary Beatrice that day, and, afterwards, the royal ceremonial of her marriage with the heir of the crown, not one should have left any little graphic record of the events of the day, with details of the dress and deportment of the bride, and her reception of the English ladies; the manner and order of the supper; with many other minor observances connected with the costume of those times, which his excellency of Peterborough has considered it beneath the dignity of an ambassador to chronicle, although few ambassadors have recorded so many pleasant adventures as he has done. Why was not that most minutely circumstantial of all diarists, Samuel Pepys, at the wedding of his royal master, the duke of York, to count the pearls on the bride's stomacher, and to tell us how rich and rare was the quality of her white and silver petticoat; and to marvel at the difference between her tall sylph-like figure and the obesity of her portly predecessor Anne Hyde?

The ring with which James wedded Mary of Modena, was a small ruby, set in gold; she showed it to the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her sorrowful widowhood—days of her exile and poverty, and said, "it was impossible for her to part with it, for it was her marriage ring, which was given her, when she arrived in England, by her royal husband, then duke of York; and, therefore, she valued it more than the diamond which, according to the custom of her country, she received on the day of her espousals at Modena."¹ She evidently regarded it as the pledge of a more sacred contract, though solemnized with the rites of the reformed church.

The noble proxy concludes his pithy history of the marriage of Mary Beatrice in these words: "And here the earl of Peterborough ended this great service, which, through so many difficulties, brought to the duke the fairest lady in the world, and to England a princess of the greatest example and virtue." The countess of Peterborough was appointed to the highest office in the household; and her daughter, the young duchess of Norfolk, made one of the ladies of the bed-chamber.

During the two days that James remained at Dover with his bride, one of his pretended friends, the earl of Berkshire, advised him to write to the king, his brother, requesting leave to withdraw from public life,

¹ MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

and to retire with his new duchess to Audley End, or some other country residence, where he might enjoy her society, and hunt and pray without any offence to others or disquiet to himself. James thanked him for his good meaning, but told him, "that unless his majesty should command him to the contrary, he would always wait upon him, and do him what service he could."¹ It was not his intention to gratify his foes by burying himself and his beautiful bride in the obscurity of country life. He was justly proud of her charms, and determined that she should make her public entrance into London in a manner befitting the consort of the heir-presumptive of the realm; and although the season of the year was anything but favourable for showing off an aquatic pageant, in such a climate as England, to a native of Italy, he resolved on bringing her in triumph up the Thames to Whitehall.

On the second day after the marriage, this little court set out from Dover, accompanied by the duchess of Modena and prince Rinaldo d'Esté. They performed the journey overland to Gravesend, sleeping at Canterbury the first night, at Rochester the second,² the people everywhere expressing their joy upon the arrival of her royal highness. The slow rate at which she travelled enabled every one, who wished, to gratify their curiosity, by obtaining a view of her. It has been said with truth, that a little beauty goes a great way with queens and princesses, but Mary of Modena was descended from families in which nobility of person was an hereditary gift. The royal and commanding lineaments of the princely house of Esté were in her softened and blended with the captivating graces of the more humbly-born Mancini, which had been transmitted to her by her maternal grandmother, the sister of cardinal Mazarin. The portraits of Mary Beatrice bear an improved and chastened likeness to those of Hortense Mancini, whom Charles II. loved well enough to offer to marry, and James II. has styled "the most beautiful girl in the world." The discretionary nature of the earl of Peterborough's commission in choosing a bride for his royal friend, and the surpassing charms of her whom he had selected, elicited an elegant poem from the young earl of Lansdowne, of which the following lines may serve as a fair specimen :

"The impartial judge surveys with vast delight
All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright;
Then strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Esté gives the glorious prize:
Who could deserve like her, in whom we see
United, all that Paris found in three?"

Even a grave dignitary of the church of England, the learned Dr. South, who was one of the Protestant chaplains of the duke of York was seized with a fit of poetic inspiration when the news of his royal patron's nuptials with the fair young flower of the historic line of Esté reached him. The worthy doctor being then on a journey, composed an impromptu Latin ode on this auspicious theme, and wrote it down

Life of James II.

¹ London Gazette.

while on horseback, having no other desk than the neck of his steed, which, on that occasion, proved a veritable Pegasus to his reverence.¹

The merry monarch, attended by the principal lords and ladies of the court, went down the river in state in the royal barges on the 26th of November, to meet and compliment the newly-wedded pair. Their royal highnesses having embarked at Gravesend, that morning, with the duchess of Modena and their noble attendants, came up with the early tide. When the two courts met on the broad waters of the Thames, the bridal party came on board the royal yacht. His majesty received and welcomed his new sister-in-law with every demonstration of affection, and they returned together. The duchess of Modena must have been an old acquaintance of the king and the duke of York, she having resided at Paris before her marriage, at the time when they were in exile. Many a subject connected with mutual friends must they have had to discuss together, while the strong personal resemblance of the bride to her cousin, Hortense Mancini, could scarcely fail of recalling the memory of his morning years to the king. Mary Beatrice was invariably treated with the greatest tenderness and consideration by her royal brother-in-law. "He was always kind to me," would she say, in after years, "and was so truly amiable and good-natured, that I loved him very much, even before I became attached to my lord the duke of York."²

At noon, the royal party landed at Whitehall, and Mary Beatrice was presented in due form to the queen, by whom she was received in the kindest and most obliging manner. The reception of the youthful duchess on her first appearance at Whitehall was truly flattering, as she was treated with every mark of affection and distinction by their majesties, and with much respect by the great ladies of the court and all the royal party; yet, observes lord Peterborough, "clouds hung heavy upon the brows of many others, who had a mind to punish what they could not prevent."

It was impossible for anything to be more unpopular than the marriage of the heir presumptive to the crown with a catholic princess. The disapprobation of parliament had been loudly but fruitlessly expressed. The ribald political rhymesters who had already assailed James with a variety of disgusting lampoons on the subject of his Italian alliance, were preparing to aim their coarse shafts at his bride; but, when she appeared, her youth, her innocence, and surpassing loveliness, disarmed even their malignity; they found no point for attack. From others, the young duchess received the most unbounded homage. Waller, though on the verge of seventy, wrote the following complimentary lines in her copy of Tasso:—

"Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace,
But in no one durst all perfection place;
In her alone that owns this book is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,—
Armida's charms—her beauty and her youth.

¹ See Dr. South's letter to his friend, Dr. Ralph Bathurst.—*Life and Literary Remains of Dr. Bathurst, dean of Wells*, by Thomas Warton.

² MS. Memorials, Archives au Royaume.

Our princess here, as in a glass, doth dress
 Her well-taught mind, and every grace express,—
 More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought:
 The hero's race excels the poet's thought."

King Charles ordered a silver medal to be struck in honour of his brother's marriage; in which half-length portraits of James and his bride appear, face to face, "like Philip and Mary on a shilling." The disparity in their ages is strikingly apparent, for though the royal admiral was still in the meridian pride of manhood, and reckoned, at that time, one of the finest men in his brother's court; his handsome but sternly marked lineaments are in such strong contrast to the softness of contour, delicate features, and almost infantine expression of his youthful consort, that no one would take them for husband and wife. The dress of the young duchess is arranged with classical simplicity, and her hair negligently bound up with a fillet, over which the rich profusion of ringlets fall negligently, as if with the weight of their own luxuriance, on either side her face, and shade her graceful throat and bosom. A much finer medal of her was struck soon afterwards, from one of her bridal portraits, by Lely; a whole-length, in the costume of a Grecian muse, only with more ample draperies, and the hair in flowing ringlets. The medal bears this inscription, "Maria Beatrix, Eleanora ducissa Eboracensis."¹ As this princess was of that order of beauty to which the royal taste awarded the palm, and her natural charms were unmarred by vanity or affectation; she excited boundless admiration in the court of Charles II., where it was hoped that the purity of her manners and morals would have a restraining and beneficial effect.

George Granville, earl of Lansdowne, in his poem on her marriage with the duke of York, pays her the following graceful compliment:

"Our future hopes from this blest union rise,
 Our present joy and safety from her eyes;
 Those charming eyes that shine to reconcile
 To harmony and peace this stubborn isle."

The noble young bard, at that time a student only in his thirteenth year, lived to see the lustre of those eyes, from which he caught his earliest spark of poetic inspiration, dimmed with long years of weeping, yet he always remained true to his first theme, and sang her praises as fervently in the dark days of her adversity, as when her star first rose in its glittering ascendant surrounded by so many glorious attributes and flattering hopes.

St. James's palace had always been the residence of the duke of York, and thither he conducted his new duchess. On the 6th of December, the French ambassador waited on their royal highnesses, to compliment them on their marriage. The same day, the ambassador of Portugal, the Swedish and Danish envoys, the residents of Venice and Newburgh, came to offer the congratulations of their respective courts on the same occasion, being introduced by sir Charles Cotterel, the master of the ceremonies.² The duke and duchess of York held their courts and

¹ Both these medals are preserved in the national collection in the British Museum.

² *London Gazette*.

levees at this palace as regularly as the king and queen did theirs at Whitehall, but on different days. There was not, however, the slightest rivalry either intended or suspected. King Charles always said, "that the most loyal and virtuous portion of his courtiers were to be found in his brother's circle at St. James's palace"¹ He was excessively fond of the company of his new sister-in-law, and occasionally did her the honour of presenting himself, with other company, at her *levée*, where he was wont to amuse himself, not only with the floating news of the day, but in discussing the affairs of the nation. Sir John Reresby, in his memoirs, mentions, "that on the 18th of March he entertained his majesty a long time in the duchess of York's bed-chamber, with what had been then transacting in the House of Commons." The proceedings there boded little good to the heir of the crown and his consort. Much was said of the dangers to be apprehended from this popish marriage; and sternly was the exercise of the penal laws insisted upon. It was even forbidden for any popish recusant to walk in the park, or to enter St. James's palace, under any pretence.

It had been stipulated in her marriage articles, that the duchess of York was to enjoy the use of the catholic chapel at St. James's, which had been fitted up by the queen-mother, Henrietta, for herself and her household; but Charles II., who was an attentive observer of the signs of the times, perceiving that a great excitement prevailed among the populace, at the idea of a second public establishment for the worship of the church of Rome, circumvented his brother and his young Italian bride, by setting the queen to claim it as one of her chapels.² This sly piece of diplomacy laid the foundation of a lasting coolness between Mary Beatrice and queen Catharine.

There is reason to believe that the duchess of Modena, who was still with her daughter, wrote to Louis XIV., to complain of the infraction of the treaty to which he had been a guarantee, for in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères Paris* there is an inedited letter, addressed by James to that monarch, in reply to an inquiry from him as to the manner the duchess of York was allowed to exercise her religion. An apartment in St. James's palace had been fitted up, by Charles's orders, as an oratory or private chapel, for the young duchess and her suite, so that truth compelled James, however dissatisfied with the arrangement, to reply as he does in the following letter, which, as it is derived from a source only accessible through the courtesy of Monsieur Guizot, is here inserted:—

"THE DUKE OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"Monsieur,

"London, 8 December, 1673.

"As the duchess of Modena has informed me that it will be desirable that I should give your majesty some account of the manner in which the duchess (of York) enjoys the exercise of her religion, I have her permission to inform you that she enjoys here the free exercise of the catholic, apostolic, and Roman faith, in the same manner that the queen does here at this present time for herself and her household, and that the king, my brother, will have the same care for her and all her people, in regard to the catholic religion, that he has for the queen and her suite. Your letter being confined to this sole subject, I will not

¹ Mordaunt Genealogies.

² Journal of James

trouble your majesty further at present, than to assure you that I am with all respect imaginable,

Sir,

Your majesty's very affectionate brother, cousin, and servant,

JAMES."¹

From the dry laconic style of the above letter, it may easily be perceived that James neither approved of the dictation of his mother-in-law, the duchess of Modena, nor the interference of his royal kinsman of France, yet the manner in which he has noted, in his own journal, the refusal of St. James's chapel to his duchess, shows that he regarded it as a great affront to her. Charles, however, acted more as the friend of the duchess of York in withholding the indulgence from her than if he had granted it, well knowing that the less conspicuously the ceremonials of her religion were practised, the greater would be the chance of her enjoying the affections of the people.

The duchess of Modena, who had spent six weeks with her daughter, was compelled to return to her own country, in consequence of the intrigues that had been set on foot against her during her absence. Her presence in England had not been conducive to the conjugal happiness of the newly-wedded pair; and there had been some disputes between her and the English duchesses on the subject of precedence.² She departed from England December 30. Forty years afterwards, Mary Beatrice spoke of this separation from her mother as the greatest trial she had ever known at that period of her life, "but," added she, "after her departure, I became very much attached to the late king my husband, who was then duke of York, and my affection for him increased with every year that we lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life."³ Her fondness for him at that time, she confessed amounted to an engrossing passion, which interfered with her spiritual duties, for she thought more of pleasing him than serving her God, and that it was sinful for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband, but that her fault brought its own punishment in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard.⁴

James had unhappily formed habits and connexions disgraceful to himself and inimical to the peace of his youthful consort. His conduct with several of the married ladies of the court, and even with those in her own household, afforded great cause for scandal; and, of course, there were busy tongues eager to whisper every story of the kind to his bride. If Mary Beatrice had been a few years older at the time of her marriage, she would have understood the value of her own charms, and instead of assailing her faithless lord with tears and passionate reproaches, she would have endeavoured to win him from her rivals, by the graceful arts of captivation for which she was well qualified. James was proud

¹ Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangère, Paris: communicated by monsieur Dumont, by the favour of monsieur Guizot. The original document is in French.

² *Memoirs of madame d'Adhemar.*

³ *MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

of her beauty, and flattered by her jealousy; he treated her with unbounded indulgence, as she herself acknowledged,¹ but there was so little difference, in age, between her and his eldest daughter, that he appears only to have regarded her as a full-grown child, or a plaything, till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, and he learned to look up to her with that admiration and respect which her virtues were calculated to excite. This triumph was not easily or quickly won. Many a heart-ache, and many a trial had Mary Beatrice to endure before that day arrived.

Her own path, in the mean time, was beset with difficulties; ignorant as she was of the manners and customs of England, she was compelled to submit to the guidance of those ladies whom the duke, her husband, had appointed to assist her with their advice and instruction, as he was desirous that she should conform to the usages of the English court. Basset and other gambling games were then in high vogue in the *beau monde*. Mary Beatrice disliked cards, and was terrified at the idea of high play; but her ladies told her she must do as others did, or she would become unpopular, and excite ridicule; and by their importunities, prevailed over her reluctance. Like most young people under similar circumstances, she lost her money at the card-table, without deriving the slightest pleasure from the game; and as this happened very frequently, it devoured those sums which ought to have been applied to better purposes.

"I suffered," she would say, in after years, "great pain from my losses at play, and all for the want of a little more firmness in not positively refusing to comply with a custom which those who were so much older than myself told me I was not at liberty to decline. I shall always regret my weakness, since it deprived me of the means of doing the good I ought to have done at that time."²

Such was the ingenuous acknowledgment, made nearly forty years afterwards by that princess, of an early error, which her *sensitive* conscience taught her to regard as a crime, to the end of her life. How generally blameless her conduct was at the tender age, when she was torn from her peaceful convent, to become the wife of a careless husband, whose years nearly trebled her own, and the stepmother of princesses old enough to be her sisters, may be perceived even from the unfriendly evidence of bishop Burnet himself: "She was," says he, "a very graceful person, with a good measure of beauty, and so much wit and cunning, that during all this reign she behaved herself in so obliging a manner, and seemed so innocent and good, that she gained upon all that came near her, and possessed them with such impressions of her, that it was long before her behaviour after she was a queen could make

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume.

² We are indebted for this fact to the inedited fragment of the diary of a nun of Chaillot, by whom many of the incidents in the early life of the consort of James II. were recorded as they came from the lips of that princess, very much in the way afterwards adopted by the admiring Boswell, in booking the sayings and doings of that mighty colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson.

them change their thoughts of her.¹ So artificially did this young Italian behave herself, that she deceived even the eldest and most jealous persons both in court and country. Only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler in business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved as long as she was duchess."²

Upwards of twelve years! Rather a trying period for the most practised of hypocrites to have supported the part which this candid divine attributes to an inexperienced girl, who commenced her career in public life at fifteen. If Mary Beatrice had, at that tender age, acquired not only the arts of simulation and dissimulation in such perfection, but the absolute control over every had passion which Burnet imputes to her, so as to deceive the most watchful of her foes, and to conciliate the love and esteem of all who came near her, she might assuredly have governed the whole world. Unfortunately for herself, this princess was singularly deficient in the useful power of concealing her feelings; it is impossible to refrain from smiling at the idea of any one attributing policy so profound to the unsophisticated child of nature, who, preferring the veil of a cloistered votaress to the prospect of the crown matrimonial of England, had interrupted the diplomatic courtship of a grave ambassador with passionate reproaches for his cruelty in endeavouring to marry her to his master against her inclination, and with tearful earnestness intimated how much more suitable and welcome the alliance would be to her maiden aunt than to herself, and was too little practised in deception to be able to conceal either her disinclination to her consort, in the first instance, or her too ardent affection for him after he had succeeded in winning her virgin love. If, then, so young a creature, whose greatest fault was her proneness to yield to the impulse of her feelings, conducted herself for twelve years so perfectly as not to give cause for complaint to any one, not even to her step-daughters, the natural inference is, that she acted under the influence of more conscientious motives than those which guided the pen of her calumniator.

Soon after the departure of the duchess of Modena, the duke of York made a progress with his bride, to show her several places of interest in her new country; among the rest, he conducted her to Cambridge, where she was received with signal honours by the University, and the young lord Lansdowne enjoyed the satisfaction of reciting to her royal highness a poem which he had composed on the occasion, full of compliments, both to her and the duke. When they returned to town, Burnet, who was honoured with a private interview with James, says, "that his royal highness commended his new duchess much."³

¹ What that behaviour was, Burnet does not take the trouble to explain, having neither facts nor authorities to produce against her.

² Burnet, vol. ii., p. 49.

³ Burnet was in a great deal of trouble at that time, having disobliged his old patron, Lauderdale, and incurred the displeasure of the king. His sole reliance was then on the good offices of the duke of York, who, he confesses, treated him with the greatest kindness, and interceded many times for him, both with Lau-

On the 18th of May, 1674, the Dutch ambassadors, after making their public entry and receiving audience from the king, were introduced by Sir Charles Cotterel into the presence of the duke and duchess, in their apartments in Whitehall. Two days later the king and queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses, left town for Windsor, with the intention of passing some time there.¹ Mary Beatrice applied herself to the study of the English language to such good purpose, that she soon became a perfect mistress of all its intricacies; and not only spoke, read, and wrote it with fluency, but was able to appreciate the literature of that Augustan age. She had both the good taste and the good policy to pay distinguishing attention to persons of literary talent. She took great pleasure in the conversation of the aged Waller, and playfully commanded him to write.² That he had not lost the talent for making poetry the vehicle for graceful compliments, which distinguished his early productions, may be seen by the elegant lines addressed to her royal highness, which he presented to her, with a copy of his poems. After telling her that the verses in that volume celebrated the beauties of a former age, he says :—

“ Thus we writ then ; your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher ;
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe.
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,—
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing:
Lines not composed, as heretofore, in haste,
Polished like marble, shall like marble last ;
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British muse ;
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.”

It was highly to the credit of so young a creature as Mary Beatrice, that her mind was too well regulated to be alloyed with the vanity which the flattering incense offered up at the shrine of her beauty by the greatest wits of the age, was calculated to excite in a female heart. The purity of her manners and conduct entitled her to universal respect. It was observed in that wanton licentious court, where voluptuousness stalked unmasked, and gloried in its shame, that the youthful duchess of York afforded a bright example of feminine propriety and conjugal virtue. She appeared like a wedded Dian, walking through Paphian bowers, in her calm purity.

Dryden dedicated his “*State of Innocence*” to her ; a dramatic poem, founded on Milton’s “*Paradise Lost*.” After complimenting her on her descent from the illustrious family of Esté, “*princes who were immortalized, even more by their patronage of Tasso and Ariosto than by their heroic deeds,*” he goes on to pay many personal compliments to herself,

derdale and his majesty, but in vain. Charles warned his brother that the person for whom he was interesting himself was treacherous and undeserving of his favour, and was uneasy at his countenancing him.

London Gazette.

¹ Aubrey.

assuring her "that she is never seen without being blessed, and that she blesses all who see her," adding, "that, although every one feels the power of her charms, she is adored with the deepest veneration, that of silence; for she is placed, both by her virtues and her exalted station, above all mortal wishes."

The first year of her wedded life was spent by Mary Beatrice in a gay succession of fêtes and entertainments. While the court was at Windsor, in August, 1674, the duke of York and his rival, Monmouth, amused their majesties, her royal highness, and the ladies with a representation of the siege of Maestricht—a model of that city, with all its fortifications, having been erected in one of the meadows, at the foot of the long terrace. James and Monmouth, at the head of a little army of courtiers, conducted the attack, to show their skill in tactics.¹ On Saturday night, the 21st, they made their approaches, opened trenches, and imitated the whole business of a siege. The city was defended with great spirit, prisoners were taken, mines sprung, cannonading took place, grenades were thrown, and the warlike pantomime lasted till three o'clock in the morning, affording a splendid and animating spectacle, which might be seen and heard to a considerable distance. It was the last pageant of a chivalric character, performed in the presence of royalty, or in which a British prince took a leading part. A prospect was then entertained of the duchess of York bringing an heir to England; but her first child proved a daughter, who was born at St. James's palace on Sunday, January 10th, 1675, five-and-twenty minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon. Some little disappointment, on account of the sex of the infant, is betrayed by the duke of York in announcing the event to his nephew, the prince of Orange.² He says, "I believe you will not be sorry to hear of the duchess being safely delivered; it is but a daughter, but, God be praised, they are both very well."

Mary Beatrice was, of course, desirous that her first-born should be brought up in the religion which she had been taught to venerate above all others. Her husband, though he desired it no less, knew that it was impossible, and explained to her, "that their children were the property of the nation, and that soon after their marriage, it had been moved in parliament, that they should be brought up in the established religion of the realm, like his two elder daughters the princesses Mary and Anne, or they would be taken from them and placed under the care of others. It was, besides, the pleasure of the king, to which they must submit."³ The youthful mother, like a rash, inconsiderate girl as she was, determined to have her own way in spite of king, bishops, and parliament. A few hours after the birth of her babe, she took an opportunity of sending for her confessor, father Gallis, and persuaded him to baptize it privately on her own bed according to the rites of the church of Rome.

When her royal brother-in-law, king Charles, came to discuss with her and his brother the arrangements for the christening of the new-born

¹ Evelyn's Journal.

² January 12th, 1675. Dalrymple's Appendix.

MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

princess, Mary Beatrice told him exultingly that "her daughter was already baptized." King Charles treated the communication with absolute indifference, and without paying the slightest regard to the tears and expostulations of the young mother, who was terrified at the thought of having been the means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament, he ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the chapel royal, and had her christened there by a protestant bishop according to the rites of the church of England.¹ She was given the names of Catharine Laura, out of compliment to the queen and the duchess of Modena. Her sponsors were her elder sisters the princesses Mary and Anne, and the duke of Monmouth. Her previous admission into the church of Rome by father Gallis, was kept a profound secret; if it had been known, it would probably have cost that ecclesiastic dear, and might have been very injurious to both the duke and the duchess of York. This fact was divulged by Mary Beatrice herself to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot. She said, "that she was very much terrified afterwards at what she had done, but that father Gallis had consoled her by the assurance that she had not incurred, as she feared, a deadly sin."²

Charles II. who was still greatly annoyed at the irreparable manner in which his brother had injured his prospects, and deprived both himself and his country of his services, by forsaking the communion of the church of England for that of Rome, must have regarded the catholic baptism of the new-born princess, as an especial piece of perversity on the part of his sister-in-law. He was too good-natured, however, to agitate her by any serious manifestations of displeasure. Having had a catholic mother, he was able to make allowances for the imprudent but natural zeal of a young romantic girl of sixteen, who having been educated in a convent could scarcely form an idea of the adverse feeling with which the rites of her religion were regarded by the majority of the people of England at that period.

Scarcely a fortnight after this occurrence, a council was held at Lambeth for the purpose of putting in force the statutes against recusancy, and six very severe orders against Roman catholics and dissenters were published by proclamation, one of which prohibited any British subject from officiating as a Romish priest either in the queen's chapel or elsewhere; and another forbade any papist or reputed papist from entering Whitehall or St. James's palace, under the penalty, if a peer, of imprisonment in the Tower, if of lower rank, in one of the common gaols. The latter decree placed Mary Beatrice almost in a state of isolation, and must have been regarded as a great hardship by her and the Roman-catholic ladies of her household. The duke of York remonstrated, but as this was intended for his especial annoyance, his complaints availed nothing.³

The duchess took everything quietly, happy in a mother's first sweet cares; and, loving her husband with the most passionate affection, she lived on terms of perfect amity with his daughters. Neither of these

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot.

³ Wilkins' Concilia; Burnet.

princesses ever accused Mary Beatrice of the slightest instance of unkindness to them, no not even in justification of their subsequent ill-treatment of her. Her conduct as a step-mother must, of course, have been irreproachable.

The first serious annoyance that befel the duchess of York, was the attempt of a French felon pretending to be a protestant convert, and calling himself Luzancy, to bring her name malignantly before the public, by deposing that St. Germain, a Roman-catholic priest, whom he termed "the confessor of her royal highness, had come to his lodgings one morning, and holding a poniard to his breast threatened to stab him, unless he signed a recantation."

This story was brought before the house of commons by lord William Russell, and was made the pretext of additional severities against papists. Luzancy was examined before a committee of the house, where he stated, in addition to his marvellous tale, "that he had learned from some French merchants that, in a short time, protestant blood would flow through the streets of London, that the king was at heart a catholic," and many other particulars calculated to alarm the timid and inflame the ignorant. This man was the precursor of Titus Oates, only not possessed of sufficient effrontery to stand his ground, after du Maresque, a conscientious French protestant minister, who was acquainted with the impostor's parentage and career of infamy in his own country, had the courage and honesty to expose him, which put an end to his credit with parliament. Yet such was the blindness of party prejudice, that Compton, bishop of London, sent the disgraced adventurer to Oxford, and although he involved himself in a swindling transaction while there, he ordained him as a priest of the church of England, and made him a vicar of Dover Court, in Essex.¹

In the midst of the agitation and alarm caused by the false witness of the French impostor, Mary Beatrice was suddenly bereaved of her first-born child, the little princess Catharine, who died of a convulsion fit, on the 3d of October, 1675, having nearly attained the attractive age of ten months. She was interred on the 5th of the same month, in the vault of Mary, queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey.² Whatever might be the grief of the youthful mother for the loss of her infant, she was compelled to dry her tears, and appear in public very soon after this afflicting event. She was present with her husband and his two daughters, the princesses Mary and Anne, at the lord mayor's feast that year, which was also honoured by the presence of the king and queen.³ There is also mention in Evelyn of a very grand ball given by her royal highness on the 4th of December at St. James's Palace.

The arrival of the duchess of Mazarin in England this year was an inauspicious event for Mary Beatrice, of whom "that errant lady and famous beauty," as she is styled by Evelyn, was a disreputable family connexion on the maternal side. On account of her near relationship to

¹ Anth. A'Wood, Oxon, IV. Lingard, Parliamentary History. Journal of James II., &c., &c.

² Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England.

³ Toone's Chronology. Evelyn.

the duchess of Modena, and some friendly reminiscences, perchance, connected with the beautiful Hortense Mancini and his early days, James had the false complaisance to permit his consort to visit this dangerous intrigante, even when she became one of the avowed mistresses of the king, his brother, and openly defied all restraints, both of religion and morality. The first great mortification that resulted to the duke and duchess of York, from this ill-judged proceeding, was an impudent remonstrance from the duchess of Portsmouth to James, "that his consort paid *her* no attention, to which she considered herself as much entitled as madame Mazarin."¹ There was certainly no other ground on which this bold bad woman could have presumed, even to intrude her name on a princess like Mary Beatrice. The result was, that, to avoid the inference of Charles's favourite sultana, that the duke and duchess of York patronised a rival mistress, because she was the cousin of her royal highness, and all the other coarse observations to which they had exposed themselves by their folly, James took his young innocent wife to pay Portsmouth a visit. They met the king at her apartments, who rewarded his sister-in-law for the reluctant concession she had made, by saying a thousand obliging things to her. The queen gave a grand ball that night, and the king thought proper to dress in the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth, where the duke and duchess of York left him.

Some busy spy in the court hastened to whisper to her majesty the almost incredible tale, that the duchess of York had visited my lady of Portsmouth. "The same evening," said Mary Beatrice, from whose lips this incident was chronicled, "when I met her majesty in the dance, and made a profound curtsy to her, which is the custom on such occasions, instead of acknowledging it, she scornfully turned her back on me before the whole court;"² a very natural manifestation of her sense of the impropriety of which the young duchess had been guilty; yet her royal highness had no choice in the matter, being wholly under the guidance of a husband, five-and-twenty years older than herself. The error committed by James, in permitting his consort to have the slightest intercourse with madame Mazarin, was one of those apparently trivial causes which produced an evil influence on his destiny and that of his family. He stood at that period on broken ground; every false step he made, rendered his footing more difficult to maintain, and he had now incurred for himself and his duchess the enmity of the duchess of Portsmouth and the displeasure of the queen. To have been the means of bringing his consort into collision with either of those ladies, was very ill-judged. The queen was the natural protectress of her young sister-in-law; they were members of the same church, and ought to have been firmly united in friendship. The duchess of York would have been more respected by the virtuous matronage of England, if she had steadily refused to countenance any of the titled courtezans whom Charles II., to his eternal disgrace, had forced into the presence of his

¹ Life of James II.

² MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

queen; her only safe and dignified course would have been to have appeared unconscious of their existence, and never to have permitted their names to be mentioned to her; but by countenancing one, and that one her relation, she deprived herself of the power of saying, "that it was against her principles to receive or visit any woman of infamous life," and afforded grounds for the accusation of partiality and pride.

The duchess of Portsmouth was one of the most subtle and mischievous of all the tools employed by Shaftesbury and his coadjutors to effect the ruin of the duke of York. If it had not been for her pernicious influence with the king, James might have defied their utmost malice; but she was the treacherous Dalilah, who constantly wept before Samson, till he had confided to her the secret wherein his strength lay, and thus enabled his foes to bind and make sport of him—in other words, to paralyse the power of the crown, by possessing themselves, through this woman, of the political defences of the king and the duke, and thus to frustrate all their measures.¹ So great was her effrontery, that at the very time she was labouring to assist Shaftesbury and Russell in effecting the duke of York's exclusion from the royal succession, she impudently demanded of his royal highness attentions and marks of respect from his consort, and it was found impossible to satisfy her presumptuous ideas of her own consequence with common conventional civilities. Nothing, in fact, is ever gained, even in a worldly point of view, by condescending to the really base; it is impossible ever to stoop low enough to please them; for persons who are conscious of deserving contempt, will always despise those from whom they exact a reluctant civility, and in this they are right, since they must be aware of its insincerity.

On the 18th of August, 1676, the duchess of York gave birth to a second daughter at St. James's palace, five minutes before eight in the morning, who was baptized by Dr. John North, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, and prebendary of Westminster, by the name of Isabella, after Isabella of Savoy, duchess of Modena, the great-grandmother of Mary Beatrice, a lady greatly distinguished for her virtues and piety. The godmothers of the royal infant were the duchess of Monmouth and the countess of Peterborough; her godfather was the earl of Denbigh. She lived to be five years old.²

The duchess of York was in hourly expectation of her third confinement, when the marriage of her step-daughter, the princess Mary, with the prince of Orange, took place, November 4th, 1677; she was present in the bed-chamber of the princess in St. James's palace, when those nuptials, so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her descendants, were solemnized. King Charles, who was very facetious on this occasion, bade the bishop of London "make haste with the ceremony, lest his sister should be delivered of a son in the mean time, and so spoil the marriage."³

¹ Journal of James II.

² Sandford.

³ MS Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, archdeacon of Exeter, and preceptor to the princesses Mary and Anne. This valuable historical document is the property of W. Merrival, Esq., and is, we believe, intended for publication, enriched with

Three days afterwards, the boy, whom his majesty had thus merrily anticipated, was born. Dr. Lake makes the following notice of this event in his MS. diary: "On Wednesday, 7th, at nine in the evening, the duchess was safely delivered of a prince, to the great joy of the whole court, except the Clarendon party. The child is but little, but sprightly, and likely to live."

The new-born prince was christened, the next evening, with great pomp, by Dr. Crew, bishop of Durham; king Charles acted as sponsor for his infant nephew on this occasion, assisted by his nephew the prince of Orange. The little princess Isabella was the godmother; being only fifteen months old herself, she was represented by her governess, the lady Frances Villiers.¹ King Charles bestowed his own name on his nephew, and created him duke of Cambridge, an ominous title, which had successively been borne by three of the duke of York's sons, by his first duchess, who had all died in infancy.

The small-pox broke out in St. James's palace, three days after the christening of the prince; the princess Anne fell sick of it, and a great mortality took place among the members of their royal highness's household. Among the rest, the lady governess of the royal children, lady Frances Villiers, died on the 23d of November.² The young duchess of York, however, showed so little fear of the infection, either for herself or her infant son, that, on the 3d of December, she received a visit from her step-daughter, Anne, in her lying-in-chamber, the first time that princess was permitted to leave her room. That visit, in all probability, brought the infection to the little prince, for an eruption, which was, doubtless, an indication of the same malady, appeared on his body and under his arm, and this being ignorantly repelled by his nurses, caused his death in a convulsion fit, on the 12th of December.³ "This day," notes Dr. Lake, "between eleven and twelve o'clock, Charles duke of Cambridge died at St. James's, not without suspicion of being ill managed by Mrs. Chambers, who pretended to recover him. When he was opened, all his vital parts were found in a sound and healthy state, so that, to all appearance, he might have lived many years, had not Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Manning, the dry nurse, struck in the humour which appeared, instead of putting on a cole leaf to draw it out. The whole court testified great concern at this event, and the duke was never known to grieve so much at the death of any of his other children." The remains of this lamented babe were privately interred the day after his decease, in the evening, in Westminster Abbey, and like those of his sister, the princess Catharine, were deposited in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The demise of the first-born son of the duke and duchess of York was announced with formal ceremony to all the sovereigns of Europe by the British ambassadors resident at their

the valuable notes of that gentleman, who, with his wonted courtesy and liberality, has in the mean time favoured us with the use of the MS., with liberty of taking extracts for the present and succeeding volumes of the "Lives of the Queens of England," an obligation which can scarcely be appreciated too highly

¹ Dr. Lake's Diary. Sandford.

² Dr. Lase.

³ Sandford says, the 11th of December.

respective courts. Letters of condolence were sent in return, and there is some reason to believe, that a court mourning was worn for him.¹

Waller's graceful little poem on the death of the infant duke of Cambridge, commences with an allusion to the immature age of the royal mother, to which he, with great probability, attributes the early deaths of her offspring, and from the same circumstance insinuates consoling expectations for the future.

"The failing blossoms which a young plant bears
Engage our hopes for the succeeding years;
• • • • •

Heaven, as a first fruit, claimed that lovely boy,
The next shall live to be the nation's joy."

How deeply the duke of York felt his bereavement, may be perceived from the unaffected expression of parental anguish with which he alludes to it, in his reply to a letter of condolence the prince of Orange had addressed to him on the event, which, inasmuch as it replaced his newly-wedded consort in her former position of prospective heiress to England, was doubtless a matter of rejoicing to himself. James, however, had the charity to give his son-in-law credit for sincerity. He says, "I will not defer letting you know I do easily believe the trouble you had for the loss of my son. I wish you may never have the like cause of trouble, nor know what it is to lose a son. I shall now say no more to you, because this bearer can inform you of all things here, as also that you shall always find me as kind as you can desire." This letter is superscribed, "For my son, the prince of Orange."

William was plotting against his unfortunate father-in-law at this very period, as the secret correspondence of the times will prove.²

The death of the infant hope of England soon ceased to trouble any one save the sorrowing parents, by whom his loss was long and deeply mourned. While Mary Beatrice continued in a feverish, agitated state, her nerves weakened, both from recent childbirth, and the grief which preyed upon her in consequence of the loss of her boy, which had been preceded by several deaths in St. James's palace, she was one night terrified with a frightful vision connected with the decease of the governess of the princesses, lady Frances Villiers, the particulars of which are thus related by Dr. Lake in his diary: "This day I heard an account of a dream which the duchess had, and which greatly discomposed her—viz., that whilst she lay in bed the lady Frances Villiers appeared to her, and told her that 'she was damned, and was in the flames of hell;' whereto she answered, 'How can this be? I cannot believe it.' To which the lady replied, 'Madam, to convince you, feel my hand,' which seemed so extremely hot, that it was impossible for the duchess to endure it; whereat she awoke, much affrighted, and told the dream to

¹ See the earl of Manchester's correspondence with king William's ministers about the death of queen Anne's son, the duke of Gloucester, where the ceremonies used on the occasion of the death of the duke of Cambridge are mentioned as the proper precedent to be observed with regard to the court of France, as will be fully related in the *Life of Queen Anne*, "*Lives of the Queens of England*," vol. x.

² See Dalrymple's Appendix, and Sidney Papers, edited by W. Blencowe, Esq

several of her visitants. The earl of Suffolk,¹ and other of the deceased lady's relations seemed much concerned at the duchess for relating it, and indeed it occasioned a deal of discourse, both in the town and the city."

At a period when the possibility of supernatural appearances was generally believed, we may imagine the sensation which the circulation of so awful a tale excited among the noble kindred of the deceased lady-governess, and the bitter feelings of indignation which would be kindled in their hearts against her royal highness, for mentioning a circumstance calculated to impress the superstitious with the notion that her ladyship's soul was in a state of perdition. The imprudence of the duchess of York in relating such a dream, was the greater, because she was of a different religion from the defunct. The only apology that can be offered for such folly, is comprised in the unfortunate propensity of this princess for telling everything that occupied her mind, and the weak state of her health and spirits at this juncture. The incident itself is curious, from its similarity to several stories of comparatively modern date, which assume to be founded on family traditions; it is scarcely possible that their authors could have had access to a strictly private document, like Dr. Lake's Journal, and it is certain that the dream of the duchess of York was never before in print. The tangible proof which, to her inexpressible horror, that princess fancied the spirit of the departed lady Frances Villiers gave her of its woful condition, is in singular coincidence with the dialogue which the sister of lord Tyrone has recorded that she held with the apparition of her brother, and the thrilling touch which branded her arm with the mark of his burning fingers. Every one is familiar with the lines of Scott, in another version of the same story, the Baron of Smallholme, where the spectre says to the lady, in reply to an anxious question as to the state of his soul—

"'This awful sign receive!'
He laid his left hand on an oaken plank,
His right on the lady's arm;
The lady shrank and fainting sank,
For the touch was fiery warm."

The most marvellous gossips of the court of the second Charles did not, however, go the length of asserting that the fair arm of her royal highness bore the slightest marks the next morning, of the scorching fingers of the ghostly visitant who had presented herself to her slumbering unrest, in the visions of the night. If lady Frances Villiers had been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would have been more reasonable for her to have appeared to her own good-for-nothing daughter Elizabeth, to warn her of the sinfulness of her conduct with the newly-wedded prince of Orange, than to have needlessly affrighted the innocent duchess of York in the midst of her affliction for the premature death of her son.

The following brief letter of ceremony appears, by the date, to have

¹ This lady was the youngest daughter of Theophilus, earl of Suffolk; she was married to sir Edward Villiers; her son was the first earl of Jersey.

been written by Mary of Modena, during the ephemeral existence of the little prince, though she does not mention him; it is one of the few that have been preserved of those penned by her when duchess of York.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"London, 5 December, 1677.

"Sir,

"I am infinitely obliged to your majesty for the extraordinary marks of kindness I have received on your part from Monsieur Courtin, your ambassador. I leave it to him to express to you the grateful sense I have of it, and I have also prayed him to assure your majesty of the profound respect with which I am, Sir,

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister, cousin, and servant,

"MARIE."¹

A curious contemporary portrait of Mary Beatrice, supposed to be a Lely,² represents her decorated with an orange scarf. This she probably wore, in compliment to the marriage of her royal step-daughter with the prince of Orange. Mary Beatrice always kept up a friendly correspondence with both.³

Before Mary of York had been married many months, reports that she was sick and sorrowful reaching the British court, the duchess of York determined to pay her an incognito visit, accompanied by the princess Anne, under the protection of the queen's lord-chamberlain, the earl of Ossory, who was the husband of a Dutch lady. When her royal highness had arranged her little plans, she confided her wish to king Charles, and obtained his permission to undertake the journey. The duke of York, who was painfully anxious about his beloved daughter, gratefully acceded to his consort's desire of visiting her, and in a familiar letter "to his sonne, the prince of Orange," he announces to him "that the duchess and the princess Anne intend coming to the Hague *very incognito*, having sent Robert White on before, to hire a house for them, as near the palace of his daughter as possible; and that they would take lord Ossory for their governor."⁴

The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her stepdaughter, the princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society, unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonies which royal etiquette would have imposed upon all parties, if she had appeared in her own character. Considering the extreme youth of the three ladies, the affectionate terms on which they had always lived together, and the conjugal infelicity of the lately wedded princess of Orange at that time, her sickness and dejection, it is more than probable that Mary Beatrice undertook this expedition with the princess Anne in consequence of some private communication from the pining invalid, expressive of her anxious desire to see them, and confide to them some of the trials which weighed so heavily on her heart in that uncongenial land of strangers.⁵

¹ Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangère, communicated by monsieur Dumont, through the favour and kind permission of monsieur Guizot.

² Now at the George Hotel, Kilmarnock. ³ See Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii.

⁴ Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 12, 20.

⁵ This curious portion of the personal history of Mary II., which has been care

Sir William Temple, the British resident, to whom the duke of York had written to explain the desire of the duchess to waive the public recognition of her rank in his daughter's court on this occasion, says, in reply—

"May it please your royal highness,

"I received yesterday morning, by Mr. White, the honour of a letter from your highness, with a command which it will be very difficult to perform here. I mean that of helping her highness to be incognito in this place. The prince being yet absent, and the pensioner too, I spoke of it to monsieur Van Lewen, who was hard to be persuaded that the honours due to her highness by the States upon such occasion should not be performed solemnly at her landing. But having acquainted him with the absoluteness of your highness's commands, both by your letter, and particularly by Mr. White, I prevailed with him to make no mention of it to the States till the prince's return, and this, I hope, may be to-night, or to-morrow at farthest.

"For a house to receive her highness and lady Anne, with their attendants, there was no choice at all in it, and so the princess dowager's house is making ready for this purpose, and will, I doubt not, be in order by to-morrow. I could not persuade sir Gabriel Sylvius and Mr. White to allow me any other part in this care besides leaving the whole house empty, which I did early this morning, and they (White and Sylvius) with the prince's servants, in all the diligence that could be, of preparing it for her highness's reception."¹

Temple pleasantly adds that these, the worthy Dutch officials, who were thus actively exerting their national propensity to household purifications, in cleansing and trimming up the Old Court, as the dowager-palace of the Hague was called, for the accommodation of the fair and illustrious travellers from England, "would, besides the honour of such a piece of gallantry, have very great satisfaction in seeing there such a princess as in all kinds," continues his excellency, "I do believe is very hard to be seen anywhere else." He dismisses the subject with a wish that "the weather were but as fair as the wind, and then the adventure might be very soon and very happily achieved."²

This letter is dated October 11, N. S., being the first of that month according to the computation in England. Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne arrived at the Hague almost as soon as it was written. Their visit appears to have put the whole of the British embassy to the rout, for Temple writes, to Lawrence Hyde—

"Her highness's coming removed both your family and mine at a very short warning, and I got into the next house I could find. She was so resolved upon the incognito here, and in that design so afraid of an ambassador, that my part was chiefly not to trouble her, or interrupt that design."³

The visit was a flying one. Temple in the same letter, which is dated October 25th, says, "The duchess went away on Monday morning with very fair weather, and a reasonable good wind, but I doubt may have had but a loitering passage, as it has proved since."

The duchess and the princess Anne had evidently enjoyed their expedition, and gave a very favourable report of their entertainment to James,

fully concealed from the English reader, will be related in the life of that princess.

¹ Letters of sir William Temple, vol. iv., p. 444.

² Clarendon Correspondence.

³ Ibid

who expresses his acknowledgments to William for the hospitality they had received, in these friendly terms:—

“London, Oct. 18, 1678.

“We came hither on Wednesday from Newmarket, and the same night, presently after eleven, the duchess, my wife, arrived here, so satisfied with her journey and with you as I never saw anybody; and I must give you a thousand thanks from her and from myself for her kind usage by you. I should say more on this subject, but I am very ill at compliments, and you care not for them.”¹

The letter contains also some confidential observations on the plot which had been concocted by his enemies with the assistance of Oates, Tong, and their confederates, for the ruin of himself, the queen, and other persons of their unpopular creed.

When the duchess of York returned from her visit to the Hague, she found her lord vainly attempting to grapple with the storm, which had been mysteriously conjured up by his subtle foes. In the course of a few weeks, the public mind became so greatly irritated against James, that he was compelled to give up his seat at the council board, and the next demand of the triumphant faction was, that he should be excluded from the presence of his royal brother. His friends advised him, timid counsellors as they were, to retire to the Continent with his family, but his proud spirit revolted from a proceeding that might be construed into guilt or cowardice. The king urged him to baffle the machinations of his enemies, by returning to the communion of the church of England, and to afford him a plausible excuse for doing so, sent the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates to argue with him, on the grounds of his secession.

James, whatever might be his defects as a theologian, was too honest to sacrifice his principles to his interest. His grandfather, Henry IV. of France, had made no scruple of giving up his protestantism to conciliate the majority of his subjects, facetiously observing, “that the kingdom of France was worth a mass.” James would rather have lost a world than dissembled an opinion, or acted in violation to his conscience. He was not like his ease-loving brother Charles II., the supple reed that bent in accordance with the changes of the wind and rose again unbroken, but the proud and stubborn oak that would not bend before the coming storm, though it should uproot him. The king, thinking to purchase peace for himself by his brother’s absence, urged him to go abroad before the meeting of parliament. James replied, “that he would only do so in obedience to his majesty’s written commands, or it would be pretended that he had fled on account of some misdemeanour.”

Charles conveyed the order for his absence in the form of an affectionate letter, concluding with these words:—

“You may easily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant kindness you have ever had for me, and I hope you are so just to me as to be assured that no absence or anything else can ever change me from being truly and kindly yours,

“C. R.”

James requested to be permitted to take his beloved daughter the

¹ Dalrymple’s Appendix.

princess Anne, which was at first readily granted by the king, but a day or two before that fixed for their departure, his majesty was compelled to rescind that permission, so great was the jealousy entertained by the people lest her father should attempt to shake her attachment to the church of England. The duchess, "who," to use his own touching expression, "was to bear a part in all his traverses and misfortunes," resolved to share his exile, although that determination involved a separation from her only surviving infant, for even the solace of the little princess Isabella's company was denied to her parents, and this was a severe trial to both.

Mary Beatrice was accustomed to say, "that the first five years she spent in England, were the happiest of her whole life."¹ They embraced the halcyon period between fifteen and twenty, and were, as regarded her own position, years of festive splendour and great popularity, but they were saddened by the loss of children, and embittered by the infidelities of a husband, who was the first, last, and only object of her affection. The next five years were destined to be years of adversity to her and the duke. She always said, "that she considered their mutual misfortunes commenced with their banishment to Flanders," which she called "their first exile."² The troubles of the duke of York began much earlier, and may be dated from the year 1672.

"The late king my husband," said Mary Beatrice, in the days of her widowhood, to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot, "was the great admiral of England when he was the duke of York, and when he used to return in triumph, after his victories over the Dutch, the people adored him. He understood both naval affairs and commerce, all his study was to promote the happiness of the people, by relieving them from the burden of taxes; and at that time he was passionately beloved by all the maritime classes."³ James himself occasionally adverts, more in sorrow than in anger, to the change in popular opinion, which took place in consequence of the change in his religious opinions. "Before that time the duke was the darling of the nation, for having so often and so freely ventured his life for the honour and interest of the king and country, and for having been always active and industrious in carrying on everything either as to trade or navigation, that might tend to their advantage, but no sooner was the alarm given of his having turned papist, than all these merits were blotted out from their memory, and he was set upon, on every side, as the common enemy."⁴

The letter from king Charles, enjoining his brother's absence from England, was written on the 28th of February. Their royal highnesses being compelled to make hasty preparations for their voyage, were ready to embark on the 3d of March. King Charles came on that day to bid them farewell. They were greatly afflicted at leaving their country and their children, but the king appeared like one overwhelmed with grief. The weather was very stormy, and his majesty, who had perhaps some misgivings, seemed then as anxious to delay the moment

¹ MS. *Mémoires* of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

King James, vol. i.

of parting as he had been before to urge it. "The wind is contrary," said he, to James; "you cannot go on board at present," and his eyes suffused with tears.

Mary Beatrice, who considered that her husband had been sacrificed to the crooked policy of his royal brother's cabinet, and that Charles himself had acted with a selfish disregard of everything but his own ease, exclaimed, reproachfully—

"What, sir, are you grieved?—you who send us into exile! Of course, we must go, since you have ordained it."

She afterwards blamed herself for this resentful burst of feeling. "I was wrong," she said, "to speak to his majesty as I did: it was no fault of his. He was placed in a cruel strait, and was compelled to yield to the clamours of our enemies."¹

On the 4th of March, the duke and duchess bade a sorrowful farewell to England, and embarked for Holland. They must have had a long and stormy passage, for they did not land till the 12th. The prince of Orange came to meet them, attended by many persons of rank, and conducted them to the Hague with every demonstration of respect. When they arrived there, the prince drew out all his guard, to the number of 3000, before his father-in-law; and when the duke passed them, the prince placed himself at the head of his *guards du corps*, and saluted him with his sword in his hand; and as they filed off, he marched at their head, repeating the same courtesy, though the duke endeavoured to prevent it. The states-general, upon notice of their royal highnesses' arrival, desired to have rendered them those public honours which were due to their high rank, but James excused it, desiring to remain incognito.²

After a little while, their royal highnesses removed to Brussels, where they occupied the same house where Charles II. had resided before his Restoration. Scarcely were they settled in their new abode, when the reports of the dangerous illness of his daughter, the princess of Orange, induced the duke, whose affection for her was very great, to go and visit her at the Hague. On the 25th of April, he writes to his brother-in-law, Lawrence Hyde, from that place:—

"I am to go to-morrow morning to Amsterdam, and shall be back here on Friday; and next week I go to my house at Brussels, and take Buda in my way."

James rejoined his duchess at Brussels the first week in May. Soon after his departure from England, lady Shaftesbury's butler gave information to the select committee, who, like the Venetian Council of Ten, had possessed themselves of a power in the state far more oppressive than regal despotism, that the duke of York was coming back in June at the head of 60,000 men, furnished by the king of France, to assist the catholics.³ The banished duke, meantime, was exerting his care and foresight in endeavouring to prevail on those who had the direction of the naval defences of England to guard the coasts from the threatening armaments of France.

¹ MS Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Echard

² Journal of James II.

In a letter, dated May the 6th, 1679, in reply to two addressed to him by the duke of York, the faithful Pepys says—

"I do with equal shame and grief observe how much your highness's solicitude, even at this distance, for the security of this kingdom against the power of France, does exceed all that we ourselves have yet expressed upon that subject, otherwise than by a general but inactive restlessness under our apprehension of danger; but without any alteration made since your royal highness's departure in the state of our ships or coasts, other than what is consequential to their having lain so long neglected."¹

After mentioning that his majesty had, among his other great changes, put the Admiralty into the hands of commissioners who were by no means acquainted with naval affairs, he continues—

"For what concerns my own particular, your highness was pleased to foretell me, at your going hence, what I was soon after to look for, and it is come to pass. For, whether I will or no, a papist I must be, because favoured by your royal highness, and found endeavouring, on all fitting occasions, to express in the best manner I can, the duty and gratitude due to your highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make these just endeavours of mine towards your highness inconsistent with Protestantcy, neither they, nor any ill-usage I can receive from them, shall (by the grace of God) make me any more quit the one, than I suspect your royal highness will ever take offence at my perseverance in the other."

Pepys then states the desire of the faction, who had been the means of driving his royal highness into exile, of depriving himself of the post of secretary to the admiralty, after his twenty years' hard service, to the loss of health, and almost of eyesight. James wrote a frank and manly letter in reply, enclosing an earnest recommendation for this old and faithful servant of the nation to the king, telling him that he hoped his majesty would grant his request. "I am sure," says he, "he ought; and it will do more good to reward one old servant than to take off twenty mutineers."

The duke's letter found honest Pepys a prisoner in the Tower, upon no less charges than those of popery, felony, piracy, and treason; his attachment to his royal friend and benefactor having drawn this persecution upon him, as he himself assures the duke. In conclusion, he says, "I pray God protect you and her royal highness."²

Their prospects were anything but cheering. The bill of exclusion had been read twice in the house, and only prevented from passing by the king suddenly proroguing the parliament; on which occasion, Shaftesbury, who was the president of the privy council, had declared aloud, "that whoever had advised the king to that measure should pay for their presumption with their heads."³

In July, the duchess of Modena came from Italy to Brussels to visit her daughter, and Mary Beatrice, after a separation of upwards of five years, enjoyed the happiness of embracing her beloved mother once more. Their separation from their children was so painful to the duke and duchess of York, that, on the 8th of August, James wrote an urgent

¹ Pepys' Correspondence, five vols. of Memoirs and Correspondence, edited by lord Braybrooke.

² *Ibid.*, vol. v.

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³ Journal of the Lords. Temple

letter to the king, his brother, entreating him to permit them to join him and the duchess at Brussels. Charles consented, and the two princesses, Anne and the infant Isabella, commenced their journey together on the 19th of the same month.¹

Before the re-united family had been together many days, the earl of Sunderland sent an express to James, to apprise him of the alarming illness of the king, who had commanded him to request his royal highness to hasten to him, in as private a manner as he could, bringing no more persons than were absolutely necessary; and, therefore, advised him to leave the duchess behind. Even if this caution had not been given, Mary Beatrice could not with any propriety have left the two princesses alone in a foreign country. James acquainted no one but her with his journey; and, taking with him only lord Peterborough, colonel Legge, his favourite Churchill, and a barber, he set out from Brussels on the 8th of September. The first night he arrived at Armentiers, the next at Calais; but the wind being contrary, he could not sail till the evening of the 10th, when, disguising himself in a black periwig, he crossed, in a French shallop, to Dover,² where no one recognised him, except the post-master, who was an honest man, and held his tongue. He took post from thence, leaving my lord Peterborough behind, who was unable to travel so fast, and arrived the same night in London. There he got into a hackney coach, and went first to Mr. Frand, the post-master, to learn the news, where he found, to his great satisfaction, the king was much better. He slept at sir Allen Apsley's house in St. James's square, where he sent for his brother-in-law, Hyde, and Sidney Godolphin. They told him, "his coming was quite a secret, perfectly unsuspected by the duke of Monmouth and his gang;" and advised him to make all the haste he could to Windsor, before it got abroad.

Very little time did James devote to sleep that night, after a journey, which, without railroad facilities of volition, was performed at railroad speed; for he reached Windsor at seven o'clock the next morning, September 12, having, as before mentioned, left Brussels only on the 8th. The king was so much recovered, that he was up, and shaving, when the royal exile entered, unannounced, and was the first to apprise him of his arrival. The suddenness of the thing surprised Charles at first. James, who had received a private message, telling him he must take the whole responsibility of his return on himself, as the king was fearful of acknowledging that he had sent for him, knelt, and begged his majesty to pardon him for coming before he was recalled.³

This scene being over, the courtiers flocked about the duke to pay their compliments, his enemies as well as his friends, for his presence always commanded respect even from those who were the worst affected to him. The loyal and virtuous among the gentlemen then at Windsor, were sincerely glad to see the lawful heir of the crown once more by the sovereign's side. Evelyn, for one, mentions with some complacency, "that when he came to Windsor to congratulate the king on his recovery, he saw the duke of York and kissed his hand."⁴

¹ Bencewhe's Sidney Papers.

² Journal of James II.

³ Ibid.

⁴ He speaks with disgust of the conduct of the duke of Monmouth and his *fac*

The king is said to have exclaimed, in his first transport at seeing the face of that fraternal friend once more, "that nothing should part them again."¹ The voice of nature was, however, speedily stifled, and the only real concession James obtained, was, permission to transfer his abode from Brussels to Scotland.

James left London, September 25th, and rejoined his anxious consort at Brussels, October 1st. The duke of Villa Hermosa, in whose territories they had taken refuge, had paid Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne courteous attention in the absence of his royal highness, and given a grand ball, out of compliment to them, which they, with the duchess of Modena, honoured with their presence. The friendly relations which subsisted between the duchess of York and her step-daughters, had not been interrupted by anything like envy, jealousy, or disputes on their respective modes of faith. The leaven of party had not then infused its bitter spirit into the home circle of the unfortunate James, to rend asunder the holiest ties of nature, under the sacred name of religion. Both he and his consort had carefully abstained from interfering with the conscience of the princess Anne, as we find from the following testimony of one of her biographers, who had very good opportunities of information.

"At Brussels, the princess Anne had her own chaplain allowed her, and a place assigned for the exercise of her devotions, according to the church of England. Nor was she at all importuned to go, or ever went, to mass with her father, as I have been assured by her protestant servants who attended her there, but the family lived in perfect harmony, as if there had been no manner of religious difference between them, which seems strange, if his royal highness, the duke of York, was that zealous bigoted prince as he is represented to have been. For where could he have had greater opportunities of prevailing with his daughter to have come over to the church of Rome, than in a country where that religion is established."²

The duke and duchess of York left Brussels on the 3d of October, accompanied by the princesses Anne and Isabella and the duchess of Modena, with the intention of visiting the prince and princess of Orange on the way. They had a tedious voyage, and their yacht, with the whole of the royal party on board, grounded near Dordrecht, and remained aground for eighteen hours, but, at seven the next morning, arrived safely at Delf Haven. There they entered the prince of Orange's barge, which was towed along by horses, and in this manner they reached the Hague at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th. William of Orange

tion at that time, and says—"This duke, whom for distinction they called the Protestant duke, though the son of an abandoned woman, the people made their idol." Monmouth was at that time commander-in-chief of all the military force in England, and his design of supplanting the legitimate heir to the crown became every day more apparent. He threatened those who had, in obedience to the king's commands, sent for his royal highness, with his vengeance; and when a reconciliation between them was suggested, he peremptorily refused it.

¹ Reresby.

² Life of her late Majesty, Queen Anne, in two vols. London 1721. Vol. II. p. 12.

assigned the dowager palace, called the Old Court, for their residence, and treated them with much respect.¹

On the evening of the 7th, the duke and duchess of York, the princess Anne, and the duchess of Modena, supped in public with the prince and princess of Orange.² While they were taking this meal, Mr. Calton arrived with an express from king Charles, to his brother, the duke of York, recalling him and his family, directing them to embark for the Downs, and remain there till further orders. The duke and duchess were better pleased with this mandate than their wily son-in-law, William, as it appears by his remarks to Sidney.

Mary Beatrice and her lord commenced their joyful preparations for their homeward voyage, on the 8th. The duchess of Modena felt severely the approaching separation from her beloved daughter, with whom she had now spent two months; and when they all appeared for the last time at the court of the princess of Orange that evening, her countenance bore testimony to the sorrow that filled her heart. The duke and duchess of York, with the princesses Anne and Isabella and their retinue, commenced their journey at eight o'clock, on the morning of the 9th. The prince and princess of Orange accompanied them as far as Maesland Sluys, and there they parted on apparently affectionate terms. This was the last time James and his daughter Mary ever saw each other. He had had too much reason at different times to be aware of her husband's treacherous intrigues against him,³ but of her nothing could induce him to believe ill till the fact was forced upon him, nine years afterwards, by her deeds.

Such was the state of party excitement in England, and to so low an ebb was the power of the crown reduced, that, though the king had promised his brother that he and his family should revisit London, it was necessary to keep this arrangement secret, and to feel the public pulse by the previous announcement of the intended change to Scotland, which appeared in the Gazette:—

“Newmarket, Oct. 7.

“His royal highness having represented to his majesty that he conceives it in many respects more proper for him to be in his majesty's dominions than in those of another prince, and made it his humble request to his majesty to have his leave to go into Scotland, his majesty hath granted it, and it is presumed that in a short time his highness will proceed thither.”

The passage from Holland proved very stormy, and the duchess suffered excessively from sea-sickness. The king had changed his mind about their coming to London, and ordered the duke of Lauderdale to make arrangements for their reception in Scotland: two frigates met them in the Downs with orders to convey their royal highnesses to Leith without delay. The duchess was not in a state to hazard a farther voyage, neither dared the duke bring her on shore without having a written permission from the king; ill as she was, she remained in the

¹ Supplementary Pepys' Correspondence.

² Ibid.

³ Sidney's Diary at the Hague, edited by Mr. Blencowe, contains abundant evidence of the treachery of William against his uncle and father-in-law, the unfortunate James

yacht tossing in the Downs, while an express was sent to acquaint his majesty with her distress, and praying that she might be allowed to finish her journey to Scotland by land. Her dangerous condition, for she was vomiting blood,¹ prevented any one from raising an objection, and, least of all, king Charles, who had a great regard for his sister-in-law. They landed at Deal, and, travelling post, arrived unexpectedly at St. James's palace, on Sunday night, October 12th, to the surprise of some, the joy of others, and the annoyance of many. The king gave them an affectionate welcome, but assured his brother that he had no power to protect him from an impeachment and its consequences, if he persisted in remaining in England.

The duchess of Monmouth was one of the great ladies who came to pay her compliments to Mary Beatrice, by whom she was very affectionately received. When Monmouth heard of this, he was so angry with his wife that he would not see her.² He affected to be personally jealous of the duke his uncle.

About a week after their royal highnesses' arrival, Sunderland and Hyde came to acquaint the duke that his majesty thought it desirable that he should go to Scotland, though not to stay longer than the middle of the January following. However irksome this mandate was to James, he replied, that "his majesty's will was ever a law to him."³ Mary Beatrice, though greatly urged by king Charles to remain with the two princesses Anne and Isabella, at St. James's palace, determined as before to share the wayward fortunes of her wandering lord, though it involved the pangs of a second separation from her child. Her high sense of conjugal duty proved as before victorious over the strong impulses of maternal affection. How deeply this proof of the love and self-devotion of his beautiful young consort was appreciated by the banished prince, may be perceived by the manner in which he has recorded her conduct on this occasion in his private journal. The passage shall be given in his own words :

"The duchess, notwithstanding her late illness, and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the duke should stay in Scotland, and the king pressing her for that reason to remain at court, would nevertheless accompany him, and though she was not above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him. But it was a sensible trouble to his royal highness to see the duchess thus obliged to undergo a sort of martyrdom for her affection to him, and he, to humour the peevish and timorous dispositions of some counsellors, to be thus sent a sort of vagabond about the world."⁴

¹ Life of James.

² Bulstrode.

³ Journal of James II

⁴ James always speaks of himself in the third person.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The duke and duchess of York set out for Scotland—Princess Anne accompanies them to Hatfield—Inhospitability of the earl of Salisbury—Tedious journey to the north—Coldly received at York—Feasted at Berwick—Honourable reception on the borders of Scotland—Public entrance into Edinburgh—Residence at Holyrood abbey—Entertained by the good town—Specimens of the cheer—James's popularity in Scotland—Recalled to England—They embark at Leith—Arrive safely at Whitehall—Gratifying welcome—Complimented by the city of London—Lord mayor and aldermen kiss Mary's hand—Intrigue of the exclusionists—Their royal highnesses embark for Scotland—Stormy passage—Arrive in Kirkcaldy bay—Met and welcomed by the nobility—Magnificently entertained by the duke of Rothes at Leslie-house—Portrait of Mary Beatrice—Their pompous embarkation at Burnt-island—Honourable reception at Leith—Mons Meg riven—Mary's court at Holyrood—Popular demeanour of the duke—Tea first used at the duchess's parties at Holyrood—Alarming accident to Mary Beatrice when riding—Promises to give up equestrian exercise—Death of her little daughter—Her affliction—James petitions for leave to take his consort to Bath or Tunbridge-wells for her health—The request refused—Arrival of the princess Anne—Gay doings at Holyrood—Mary Beatrice present at the meeting of the Scotch parliament—Treated again by the good town—Masks, balls, and plays at Holyrood—Occurrences of the winter—Pregnancy of the duchess of York—Delight of the Scotch—The duke summoned to his brother's court—Change of public feeling—He returns to fetch his duchess—Wreck of the Gloucester—James's fears of alarming his duchess—He determines to return by sea—She accompanies him—Terrors of her ladies—Her embarkation—Met at Erith by the king and queen—Their honourable welcome—Arrival of the duchess of Modena—Reports that a spurious prince is to be imposed on the nation—Birth of a princess—The infant dies—Sickness of Mary Beatrice—Secret cabal against the duke of York—Death of Charles II.

MARY BEATRICE having taken a sorrowful leave of her only child, set out, with her persecuted lord, for Scotland, Oct. 27, 1679, having been scarcely permitted to remain a fortnight in London. Brief as that time was, however, greater manifestations of a change in popular opinion towards James had been shown than was at all agreeable to the exclusionists. Their royal highnesses were attended at their departure by a cavalcade of coaches, and a great concourse of people, who brought them several miles on their journey, with every manifestation of sympathy and respect.¹ The sorrowful duke and duchess required a cordial like this to cheer them under their trials, at the commencement of their

¹ Echard. Lingard.

long weary pilgrimage through roads always bad, but now, in consequence of a long continuance of heavy rains, almost impassable. The princess Anne accompanied them as far as Hatfield, where they intended to sup and sleep the first night. Cold was the welcome that awaited the royal travellers there. James had signified his intention of honouring the earl of Salisbury with a visit at Hatfield-house, not imagining that the earl, though politically opposed to his cause, could be guilty of a paltry manifestation of personal ill-will to him on such an occasion. The event proved how greatly James had miscalculated the nature of the man to whom he was willing to owe a courtesy, for when he, with his sick and sorrowful consort and her ladies, arrived, at the close of a cold autumnal day, weary and out of spirits, they found Hatfield-house dark and desolate, no other preparations having been made for their reception than the inhospitable ones of removing everything that might have conduced to the comfort of tired guests. The lord of the mansion had withdrawn himself to Quickshot, a place about six miles off, whence he sent his son to excuse his not coming to wait on his royal highness, "for that he had been let blood five days before." The only provisions for the entertainment of the duke and duchess that appeared were two does on the hall table, one barrel of small-beer in the cellar, and a pile of faggots.¹

Comparisons, not more odious than correct, were, of course, freely made between the inhospitable lord of Hatfield and Nabal, by the hungry followers of the duke, when, like Michael Scott's man,

"They sought bread and gat none."

Fortunately for the whole party, they were near a town where food was to be obtained, not only for money, but for love; and the humblest tradesman there would have scorned to deny it to the brother of his sovereign. If it had been otherwise, the duchess and her ladies must have gone supperless to bed, and in the dark, too, for there were neither candles nor candlesticks left in the palatial halls of Hatfield, so minutely careful had the earl been to remove every means of affording the slightest comfort to his self-invited guests.

"The duke's servants sent into the town to buy all things necessary, even to candles and candlesticks. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood were so charitable as to take the lord Ossory and many others into their houses, where they were well entertained."²

Such is the account exultingly given by Algernon Sidney of the churlish treatment experienced by their royal highnesses from one of the peers of his party. The duchess and her ladies made no complaint. James indicated neither anger nor surprise, but, probably reminded by conduct so unlike the munificent hospitality of the ancient nobility of England, that his titled host came not of gentle blood, retaliated his discourtesy with the lofty contempt it merited, by declaring "his unwilling-

¹ Letters of Algernon Sidney to Henry Saville, Esq. The two does were probably shot by the young lord Cecil, who became a staunch adherent of James II., followed his fortunes in adversity with two younger brothers, and died in his service at St. Germain, a ruined man.

² Algernon Sidney's letters to Henry Saville, ambassador at the court of France.

ness to be burdensome to so poor a lord," and directed his comptroller, sir John Worden, to pay for what had been consumed. "The steward actually took money for the faggots, and received eight shillings for the small-beer."¹

To such depths of littleness did the party, who had succeeded in driving the duke of York from his royal home at St. James's, descend in their feelings of personal animosity, that even the incessant rains which rendered the northward progress peculiarly harassing and gloomy to him and his faithful consort, are mentioned with spiteful exultation by Algernon Sidney in his letters to his friend Saville. The state of the roads was, indeed, such as to compel their royal highnesses to travel at the funereal pace of only ten miles a-day, in some parts of the country. They were, however, received very well in all the towns through which they passed, except York.²

They did not reach that city till the 6th of November. James, who had resided there for nearly two months with his first duchess Anne Hyde, in the year 1666, expected to be received with the same honours and demonstrations of affection that had been lavished upon him thirteen years ago, when he came fresh from his great naval victory over the Dutch, to hold his ducal court in regal splendour in the loyal town of York. The fickle tide of popular favour had strangely ebbed from the royal admiral since then. Falsehood had done its work successfully in alienating the hearts of the people from him. It was asserted that he had won his naval victories by cowardice, and though he had saved the city of London by his sagacity and personal exertions during the fire from being wholly consumed, he was accused of being the author of the conflagration. If any one asked for what purpose he was suspected of having committed so enormous an act of folly, it was replied, for the advancement of popery, although the homes and properties of the Roman-catholic citizens had been blended in the same ruin with those of their Protestant neighbours. In short, there was nothing too absurd to be asserted and believed at that moment.

Loyalty was no longer the fashion at York, and the city was in the hands of a factious mayor and corporation, who decided that no public marks of respect should be paid to the duke and duchess. The sheriffs, indeed, did their duty, by riding to Tadcaster-bridge to meet the royal travellers, and conducted them to the house of Mr. George Ainslaby,³ in the minster yard, where they were to take up their abode for two or three days, but otherwise their entry was only like that of a private family. James was changed in person as well as in fortune since his former entrance into York, in the flower of his age and the pride of manly beauty. His countenance was now marked by the ravages of the small-pox, and prematurely furrowed by care; his flowing ringlets were superseded by one of those disguising structures called a periwig—in fine, it was no longer the gay and gallant prince, to whom they had paid their flattering homage when he was the darling of the nation and its

¹ Algernon Sidney's letters to Henry Saville, ambassador at the court of France

² Life of James II

³ Drake's Antiquities of York.

hope; but a melancholy, persecuted, and calumniated man, who had been driven from his brother's court, as the preliminary step for worse usage.

The lord-mayor and aldermen, instead of giving their royal highnesses a public welcome, merely waited on the duke in private at the house of Mr. Ainslabby, where James gave them audience in his presence-chamber, and the deputy-recorder addressed a compliment to him on his arrival, in the name of the town and corporation, but without the slightest allusion to his consort.

Small proof did the republican corporation of York afford of their courtesy to royalty and beauty on this occasion; for they offered no mark of attention, either by deed, or word, to Mary Beatrice, during her sojourn in the city, from which she and her lord derived their title. It is possible, as her style of beauty was not of that character which suits a vulgar taste, that they might consider her vastly inferior to her plump, round-faced, English predecessor, Anne Hyde, the duchess of York, to whom they had been accustomed.¹ Very different from this churlish reception was the welcome that was preparing for the duke and duchess of York, in that hospitable land of warm hearts, to which they were proceeding—the ancient realm of the royal Stuarts.

The first order that was made in the good town of Edinburgh, "*anent* the coming of their royal highnesses," was for the cleansing of the streets;² doubtless, a very necessary operation at that period, and they took plenty of time to do it effectually, withal, since the order is dated as early as October 29th. Their next care, in contemplation of so important an event as the arrival of the heir of the crown, his consort, and the train of proud English nobles and gentles, who were expected to attend them, was, "for reducing the great number of beggars, who are wont to trouble all persons, who are boune there, to the great discredit of the place; therefore it was earnestly recommended, that Charles Charteris and Tho-

¹ Charles II. testified his displeasure at the neglect which their royal highnesses had experienced, by causing a stern letter of reproach to be addressed to the mayor and gentlemen of York by his secretary of state, signifying that he expected that on all future occasions, when the duke passed that way, they would show him that respect which all good subjects ought to their sovereign's brother.—Bulstrode. *Life of James II.* Drake's *Antiquities of York*.

² Record Book of the council of the good town of Edinburgh for the year 1679, vol. xxix. Through the great courtesy of Adam Black, Esq., the lord-provost of Edinburgh, and Thomas Sinclair, Esq., the town-council clerk, I obtained access to the valuable and well-preserved civic records of that city, to which I am indebted for some highly curious particulars connected with the residence of James II. and his second consort, Mary Beatrice of Modena, in Scotland, when duke and duchess of York, and illustrative of the manners and customs of the northern metropolis at that period. These are the more valuable, as especial care appears to have been taken, after the revolution, to expunge almost every other record of the popularity enjoyed by James among the true men of Scotland while he and his consort kept court in Holyrood. To the honour of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, be it remembered, their hands were unsullied by the bribes of France and Holland at that period of national corruption, when the names of the political agitators, mis-called patriots, Algernon Sidney and Hampden the younger occupy so disreputable a position in the balance-sheet of Barillon.

mas Douglas, bailies, should take effectual means for ridding the good town of those sturdy nuisances." By the dint of indefatigable scourgings, and other severe measures, the magistrates succeeded in clearing "the good town" of the vagrant part of its population, in time to prevent any disparaging remarks being made on the poverty of the nation by the noble southern strangers; but it is to be feared that the persecuted beggars had no other resource left than taking to the hills and moors with the insurgent Cameronians.¹

Meantime, their royal highnesses, passing through Newcastle, where they also rested, arrived at his majesty's town of Berwick-upon-Tweed on the 20th of November: similar preparations, as regarded a general purification of the town, had been made at the news of their approach, as the entries in the town records for cleansing and carrying away the dirt, when the duke of York came, indicate. The duke and duchess spent one night at Berwick; and the following items in the corporation accounts show the expenses that were incurred for their entertainment:—²

"By mo: p ^d : at y ^e duke of York's coming to towne for	£	s.	d.
charges of his treat	27	17	9
——— Mr. Ald ^m man Jackson, for bottles & corks to repay some y ^e [he?] sent w th y ^e duke of York was here	0	19	0
——— Mr. Samuel & Joseph Ellison for banqueting w th y ^e duke of York came hith ^r	33	2	6

The charges for sack are very moderate. There is another entry, in which part of the charges for the entertainment previously given to his rival and enemy, the duke of Monmouth, when he passed through Berwick a few weeks before, are oddly enough mingled with those for the banquet of the duke of York:—

By mo: p ^d : Mr. Jos ^h Ellison, for banqueting and bringing home when his grace the duke of Monmouth was here	£	s.	d.
	23	19	0

This "banquet" (as well as that for the duke of York) was probably ordered from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as a wealthy family, of the name of Ellison, were then merchants there.

The smallness of the sums expended, denotes the economy of the corporation, as well as its poverty, for they not only did to their utmost, but beyond their means, as we find that Mr. John Luck, the mayor, ad-

¹ On the 19th of November, the lord-provost having intimated to the council that the lord-chancellor and the lords of his majesty's privy-council had signified that it was their pleasure that the whole of the militia regiment of the city of Edinburgh should be drawn out, on the day when their royal highnesses should come to the abbey, and that it should be joined with the regiments of Mar and Linlithgow, and drawn up between the links of Leith and the Watergate; on which occasion the council appointed the lord-provost, James Dick, colonel of the militia, and the whole of the train-bands of the city and district, to be in readiness in their arms on the day intimated, in their best apparel, in order to his highness's and his duchess's reception and welcome to the good town of Edinburgh; and proclamation was made to that effect.—Town Council Books. vol. xxix., p. 188.

² Kindly communicated by R. Weddall, Esq.

vanced the money out of his own private purse, to assist the town on this occasion.¹

The next morning, November 21st, their royal highnesses departed from the poor but hospitable town of Berwick-on-Tweed, and were received and welcomed on the borders of Scotland with signal marks of affection and respect. Three miles from Berwick, they were met by the Scotch guards, commanded by the marquess of Montrose; and at a small distance further, by the lord-chancellor, thirty-eight lords of the king's council, accompanied by more than sixty noblemen, and the principal gentry of the southern shires, making a cavalcade of two thousand horse. The lords of the council and the nobles were on foot, drawn up to receive their royal highnesses.² When the duke of York approached near enough, he was pleased to alight from his coach, and advance to meet them. Then the lord-chancellor and his noble company made their compliments to his royal highness, and welcomed him into Scotland, which he returned with princely courtesy, standing uncovered until they had all kissed his hand. The greater number of them paid the like respect to the duchess, as she sat in her coach. The said company attended their royal highnesses on their journey as far as the duke of Lauderdale's house, at Lethington, where they and their retinue, and many of the nobility and gentry, were splendidly entertained. The duke and duchess remained at Lethington till they made their public entry into Edinburgh, on the 4th of December, "which was so splendid," says a contemporary, who was probably a witness of the pageant, "that a greater triumph that city did never see; nor were the meanest of the Scotch nation wanting in expressing the joy they conceived on this occasion."³

From an item in the accounts of Magnus Prince, the town-treasurer for that year, we find that the sum of 56*l.* Scots, was expended by the good town of Edinburgh for a hogshead of wine, to be drunk at the cross, at the duke of York's arrival, and for bonfires that night, 34*l.* Scots.⁴

In spite of all the calumnies that had been circulated against the duke of York, and the prejudicial reports of his bigotry, and the bigotry of his Italian consort, universal satisfaction was manifested by all ranks of people, at the sight of both, and the idea of their having come to reside among them. Scotland, having suffered, for upwards of seventy years, from the evils of absenteeism, naturally looked with hope to the increase of national prosperity, which the establishment of a vice-regal court was likely to cause. James came, however, in a strictly private capacity on this his first visit to the land of his fathers, and he wisely resolved to avoid exciting the jealousy of his watchful foes in his brother's privy-council, by any assumption of state beyond that to which his birth entitled him. His first letter from Edinburgh is addressed to his son-in-

¹ Corporation Records of Berwick.

² Historical Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany.

³ Memoirs of the Life and Actions of James, duke of York and Albany, p. 113.

⁴ Treasurer's accounts, communicated by — Robertson, Esq., chamberlain of the city of Edinburgh.

law, the prince of Orange, to whom he says, in his usual laconic style, "I arrived here on Monday, and was received here, as well as on the borders of the kingdom, as well as I could expect; and, truly, I have great reason to be satisfied with my reception in this country."

Mary Beatrice was attended by the countess of Peterborough, the countess of Roscommon, and several other ladies of the highest rank, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. What idea she and her ladies had formed of Scotland may be supposed, when even the duchess of Monmouth, who was the territorial lady of so many fair domains in that realm, when she was preparing to visit her own country, wrote to a gentleman, that she had been told, "that the ladies sent to England for their clothes, and there were no silk stuffs fit to be worn in Scotland. Pray," continues she, "ask your lady if this be true, for if it is, we will furnish ourselves here; but if it be not, we will buy as we want when we come there, and be dressed like other good ladies and break none of your acts of parliament."¹

Unfortunately, the season of the year was not calculated to impress one, who had been born in the sunny land of Italy, and accustomed to the genial temperature of that voluptuous clime, with a favourable idea of the northern metropolis of Great Britain, surpassing all others, as it does, in the beauty and grandeur of its situation, and abounding in historical antiquities. There was a lack of the domestic luxuries to which the duchess had been accustomed in her royal home of St. James's palace; she found Holyrood abbey not only destitute of furniture, but in a state of ruinous dilapidation, not having undergone any effectual repairs since Cromwell had used that ancient abode of the monarchs of Scotland as a barrack for his troopers, who had plundered and destroyed all its furniture and decorations. The only apartments that were habitable, were in the occupation of the duke of Hamilton; and though some arrangements had been made for her reception and that of his royal highness, they were exposed to much inconvenience and discomfort. Mary Beatrice took these things patiently, for the sake of him by whose side she cheerfully encountered every trial and hardship; but, however perfect her conduct was as a wife, she was not without her faults as a woman; and of these, her natural inclination to fancy herself too far above her fellow-creatures was the most injurious, and, had it not subjected her to a salutary check, might have alienated the affection with which the old Scotch cavaliers were prepared to regard her.

One day James invited the famous general Dalziel to dine privately with him. The character of this devoted adherent of Charles I. is familiar to our readers, from the brilliant sketch drawn by sir Walter Scott, in "Old Mortality." The duchess of York, seeing three covers laid at table, asked her husband who was to dine with them, and when informed, she greatly objected to dine with a private gentleman. Dalziel entered at the moment, and heard the subject of the dispute before the duchess was aware of the presence of her guest; and, with a spirit

¹ Autograph letters of the duchess of Monmouth in the register office, Edinburgh, communicated by A. Macdonald, Esq.

still haughtier than her own, thus addressed her: "Madame, I have dined at a table where *your* father stood behind my back!"¹ He alluded to the time when, as a general in the imperial service, he had dined in state with the emperor, for whom, the duke de Modena, as one of the vassals of the empire, performed personal service.

Instead of testifying any resentment at this well-merited reproof, Mary Beatrice turned playfully to her husband, and said, "Never offend the pride of proud men." It was not James's custom so to do. His conduct in Scotland was such, as to conciliate all ranks of men, and, as far as it was possible, all parties. In one of his letters from Edinburgh, dated December 14th, he says:

"I live here as cautiously as I can, and am very careful to give offence to none, and to have no partialities, and to preach to them, laying aside all private animosities, and serving the king his own way. None shall have reason to complain of me, and though some of either party here might have hoped I should have showed my partiality for them, and some of my friends have been of opinion it had been best for me to have done so, and by it to have secured one side to me, yet I am convinced it was not fit for me to do it, it being no way good for his majesty's service, which I can make out by many reasons which would be too long for a letter."²

The loyal corporation of Edinburgh, being anxious at once to do honour to the illustrious visitants, and to exercise the prevailing virtue of the nation—hospitality, convened an especial conclave on the 19th of December, the object of which appears in the following entry in the minute-book of the town council:

"The said day the council did unanimously accord that his royal highness and his duchess be complimented with a handsome treat, and therefore grants were sent to the town treasurer to provide the said treat, according as the magistrates shall direct."

The 29th of the same month was the day appointed for this banquet. Some junketing with the duke's cooks, and treating them and other of the officials in the culinary department of his royal highness's establishment, at Holyrood palace, took place previously, it appears, probably for the purpose of obtaining a few hints from them tending to enlighten the Scottish operatives as to the modes of cookery and sauces in vogue at St. James's and Whitehall. Charges there are in the corporation accounts, for wine and "cannell" (cinnamon) water, drunk with those worthies in the back shop of Robert Mein, "*mutchkins* of cannell water, wafers, and wine, and rough almonds;" and there is "to *ane* coach with the duke's cooks, 2*l.*, and spirits with them in Patrick Steel's, 1*l.* 12*s.*;" for all which the corporation pays without grudge or grumble, also for twelve pounds of confections, which sir John Worden, his highness's comptroller, condescends to be treated with at Mrs. Caddell's, and four pints of wine and *ain* coach, for which 3*l.* 16*s.* is disbursed by the corporation; a startling sum to southern eyes, were it not for the remembrance that the pounds are only "*punds*" *Scots*, which the gentle reader will be pleased to reckon at the rate of twenty pence instead of twenty shillings.³

¹ Dalrymple's Memoirs.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer in the year 1679. Town Council Records.

A few items in the bill of maister R. Pollock, pastryman, *baxter*, and burgess of Edinburgh, for articles furnished by him "for *ane treitt* to his *hayness* the duke of Albanie,"¹ affords satisfactory proof that the science of good eating was pretty well understood "in the good town" in the seventeenth century. No lack was there of dainties, although the barbaric grandeur of gilded salmon pasties, and dishes garnished with gold fringe, savoured rather of oriental than northern taste, and may astonish the refined gastronomes of the present day. There was "a large *turkie py*, all over gilded *rubby* (ruby), with boned veyl and boned *turkie* furnished," for which twelve pounds (Scots) are charged, just one pound sterling, a very reasonable charge for such a dish, emblazoned, as it certainly was, with the royal arms of Scotland, and all correctly done by a professional, withal—witness the item in another bill of twenty pounds paid "to George Porteous, the herald, for gold, gilding, and painting." Then there is "a large ham pie, with a batton of gold, 16*l.*; a large *salmond* pie, gilded; and a *potailzie* pie." Of what this dainty was composed we confess our ignorance; but it was decorated with a gold fringe. "A lambe's *py*, *alamode*." We should suspect the duke's cooks had a finger in this dish, and perhaps in the next, which, from its Italian name, was doubtless provided for her royal highness's especial eating—viz., "a Florentin with a gilded cover," for which the charge is twelve pounds Scots. "A shrimp *py*, with vermilion colour," also figures at this feast. "A venison pasty of your *awn* venison;" that is to say, venison furnished by the good town; but first, it should seem, presented to them by his royal highness, by the token that, in another bill, 26*l.* Scots, is allowed for drink-money to those who brought three venisons. Three large venison pasties are charged by Richard Pollock in his bill, by which we understand the paste and other ingredients, 16*l.* Scots, and 12*l.* ditto. There are also "three trotter pies, gilt," a dish that appears to have found favour in the sight of the royal guests, for they had trotter pies at their coronation banquet in Westminster hall. Then there are diet pies, furnished with all sorts of confections, and *alamode teirts*, and dishes of large *minched* pies, and *panterits*; no less than thirty dozen of French bread for the table, and other things, amounting to 444*l.* 13*s.*; after which appears the supplicatory appeal—

"Remember the drink money."²

This is only a specimen of the pastryman's labours for the good town's treat. Some idea of the meats furnished forth on this occasion may be gathered from Mrs. Caddell's bill, whereof the first article is "*cockelike*," meaning no other than the favourite dish of bonnie king Jamie, immortalized by sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel," under the scarcely more intelligible orthography of cockieliekie, a compound of which a full grown fowl forms the basis.

The next item is plumb *potag*—porridge, we presume—then a first-course dish, it should seem. No lack was there, however, of the substantial fare—roast beef and roast mutton, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits,

¹ The duke of York was chiefly distinguished by his Scotch title of Albany, when in Scotland.

² From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer to the good town of Edinbro'. Corporation Records.

tongue, and lard and other good things.¹ As for the desert, there were oranges in plenty, and even orange-trees, pippins, rennets, almonds, raisins, dates, and musk-plumbs, barberries, olives, no less than 60 pounds of comfits, and 567 pounds of confections;² the tables were decorated with large gilded crowns, the castle, the king's arms, and the arms of "the good town." In short, it was a feast to convince the southron strangers that there were other things to be got in Edinburgh besides sheep's heads. The spices, fruit, confections, and condiments of all sorts, for this feast, are furnished by a merchant of the name of Mien, who appears to have dealt in everything, from amber-grease and cochineal to glass and pewter. A list of breakage, which is included in his bill, is rather awful on this occasion: 39 glass trenchers at one fell swoop, 12 jelly-glasses, and 16 stalked glass plates, and 8 fine crystal glasses. A great deal of glass appears to have been used at this banquet: 12*l.* is charged "for the loan of Dr. Irving's two silver salts," and 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* (Scots) for two knives of my lord Provost's, mounted and twisted with silver, which were lost."³

One of the most remarkable items in "the bill for confections," as it is endorsed, of that man of many callings, merchant Mien, "is thirteen and fourpence for writing three copies of an account of '*the treat*,' which were sent to London," and it is to be hoped they were printed, both for the honour of the hospitable town of Edinburgh, and to prove that the persecuted heir to the crown was not at discount in the realm of his royal ancestors. If the said documents could be found, they would probably supply a most quaint and racy narrative of the proceedings of James and his fair duchess, at the civic feast—the largess they gave, and the gracious acknowledgments they were pleased to make, for the many gratifying proofs of regard they had already received in Auld Reekie.⁴

The minute books of the city chamber bear record, that on the 26th of December, 1679, they had duly admitted his royal highness the duke of Albany and York as a burghess and guild-brother of the good town, with a great many of his servants—among these, are colonel John Churchill, master of the robes to his royal highness, afterwards the great duke of Marlborough, and colonel Wooden, comptroller of his household. Of those in the household of the duchess are lord Roscommon, her master of the horse; Hieronimo Nopho, Esq., her secretary; Charles Leyburn, her carver; Thomas Vaughan, her cupbearer; two Nevilles, her pages of honour; Cornelius Donovan, page of the back-stairs; Nicholas le Point, yeoman of the mouth to her royal highness; and Claud Fourmont, her master-cook. All the duke's cooks were also complimented with the freedom of the city, so also was the yeoman of his wine-cellar, the yeoman of the *bear*-cellar, as it is called, several of

¹ Accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer. Corporation Records.

² Bill of William Mien, merchant, for the treat to their royal highnesses.

³ Records in the Town Council Archives, Edinburgh.

⁴ The civic authorities of Edinburgh appear to have provided one feast solely in honour of Mary Beatrice; for, in the minutes of the council book, there is an entry touching the liquidation "of the great expense the good town has incurred in the feast given to her royal highness."

their coachmen and footmen, and a functionary, called the silver-scourer. A deputation of the corporation waited on his royal highness, and presented the freedom, with great solemnity, in a massive gold box.

The presence of the heir of the crown, and the prudent and conciliating conduct of himself and his consort, had a most beneficial effect in Scotland, and did more towards calming the effervescence of the conflicting parties there than if an army had been sent over the border by king Charles. The duke of York came, however, strictly in a private capacity, and, in reality, as a banished man; his right to a seat in the privy council was at first contested, not only by the adverse faction, but even by the marquess of Montrose, the lord president. James, with an equal mixture of firmness and mildness, asserted his rights, and carried his point.¹ That he bore no resentment against Montrose, is apparent, from the circumstance that he afterwards preserved his life at the imminent peril of his own, by pulling him with his own hand into the little boat, in which he was leaving the foundering ship at the time of the disastrous loss of the Gloucester. A noble action on the part of James, which no one but the faithful Pepys who witnessed it has had the honesty to record.²

The king had promised the duke and duchess of York that they should return to England early in the new year, and he was as good as his word. Moderate men and well-wishers to their country — those, for instance, who had nothing to gain by a system of anarchy and confusion — had been long disgusted with the proceedings of the party in power; and alarmed at the wild changes they were driving at. The cavaliers, the gentlemen of England, the churchmen, and the merchants, came forward with loyal addresses to the crown, and expressed their affection to the sovereign, and their abhorrence to the practices of the factious demagogues by whom he was enthralled. The gentlemen of Norfolk even ventured to offer thanks to the king for the recall of the heir of the crown from Flanders.³ Thus encouraged, the king roused himself from the mental paralysis in which he had suffered himself to remain for the last eighteen months, and, entering his council-chamber, he informed the astonished conclave there, "that he had derived little benefit from the absence of his brother; that as the rights of that prince had been assailed, and probably would again at the meeting of parliament, he thought it only agreeable to reason and justice that he should be present at the approaching session, in order to make his own defence; he had, therefore, commanded his royal highness to quit Edinburgh, and return to his former residence at St. James's palace."

This declaration, which was made January 28th, 1680, was followed by the proffered resignation of Shaftesbury, Russell, Cavendish, Capel, and Powle. Charles replied, "that he accepted it with all his heart." Greatly rejoiced as the duke and duchess of York were with this auspicious change of affairs, the affectionate and respectful manner in which they had been treated by the Scotch, caused them to leave the friendly

¹ Life of James.

² Memoirs and Correspondence, edited by lord Braybrooke, vol. v., p. 88

³ North: Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson.

northern metropolis with regret, which James expressed with manly eloquence in his farewell speech to the lords of the council. He also told them, "that he would acquaint his majesty that he had in Scotland a brave and loyal nobility and gentry, a wise privy council, and a learned and upright judicature." The lords of the council responded with the warmest protestations of affection and respect, and wrote a dutiful letter to the king, thanking him for the honour he had done them, in sending the duke to visit Scotland, and expressing the highest commendations of the wise and prudent conduct of that prince.¹

Though the season of the year was improper for a sea-voyage, yet the duchess, who, to use James's own words, "was now inured to hardships as well as himself, counted that for nothing." So anxious was she to embrace her only child again, from whom she had now been separated for four long months, that rather than submit to the delay of an overland journey, she determined to return by sea.

"If you were a seaman," wrote James to his brother-in-law, "I could soon make you understand that it is better going from Scotland to London by sea, in winter, than back thither at this time of the year. There will be a light moon at the time I name, and both the duchess and I have a great mind to go back by sea, having been extremely tired by our land journey to Edinburgh."²

Mary Beatrice cheerfully embarked with her beloved consort in the yacht, commanded by captain Gunman, which the king had kindly sent for their transit, and arrived at Deptford, February 24th. There they left the yacht, and went up the river, to Whitehall, in a barge. They were saluted by the guns from the ships, and from the Tower; and at their landing at the privy stairs, they were received by king Charles in the most affectionate manner. His majesty led the duchess to the queen's apartment, and from thence to her own, whither many of the nobility and persons of quality immediately repaired to compliment their royal highnesses on their safe return, and to kiss their hands. That night the city was illuminated, and blazed with bonfires.

Two days after, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and common council, came to pay their respects to the duke and duchess; the recorder delivered a congratulatory address to the duke, on his safe arrival, and expressed the prayers of the city for his health and prosperity. The civic powers, having kissed his royal highness's hand, were conducted into the apartment of the duchess, to whom the recorder also made a complimentary speech, assuring her of the affection of the city of London, and their joy at her return. They then kissed her hand, and withdrew, highly satisfied with their reception.³

The next day, Sir Robert Clayton, the lord-mayor, feasted the royal brothers with a magnificent supper. The lady mayoress sat next the king, all over scarlet and ermine, and half over diamonds. The aldermen drank the king's health, over and over, on their knees; and, in their uproarious state of loyal excitement "wished every one hanged, and con-

¹ Journal of James II.

² Letter to Laurence Hyde. Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i., p. 82.

³ Complete History of England, vol. iii., p. 378. Echard, vol. iii. *Life and Actions of James, duke of York and Albany.*

signed to a state of perdition, that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes." They would not trust the royal brothers with no better escort than his majesty's guards, who were all visibly the worse for their powerful potations, but insisted on escorting them back to White-hall themselves, at two o'clock in the morning, where they reduced themselves to, at least, as improper a state as the guards, by a carouse in the king's cellar. The next day, they all came in a body to return thanks to the king and the duke, for the honour they had done them.¹ The duke of York accompanied the king to the Spring races, at Newmarket, but Mary Beatrice remained at St. James's, with the princess Anne and her own little Isabella. The duke made a journey from Newmarket to London, on purpose to visit her, and returned the next day, which, considering there were no such locomotive facilities for travelling as in these times, may be regarded as almost a lover-like mark of attention. The virtues and conjugal devotion of this princess were gradually winning a greater empire over the heart of James than had been gained by her beauty in its early bloom, when she came to England as his bride. It was not till she had been his wife six years, that James appears to have been fully sensible of the value of the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial lottery, and that she was possessed of qualifications more worthy of admiration than those external graces which had been celebrated by the most distinguished poets of the age.

Mary Beatrice endeavoured to keep up an interest for her husband with the gay world, by giving brilliant balls and entertainments, and appearing often in public. The irreproachable purity of her life, and her amiable conduct as a step-mother, entitled her to universal respect; and, notwithstanding her religion, she stood too high in public opinion, for any one to mix her name up with the popish plot accusations, although Colman, one of its earliest victims, had been her secretary. The duke of York himself began to recover his proper position in the court, and his levees at St. James' palace were well attended again; but, when the king was suddenly attacked with a fever, towards the latter end of May, they were thronged with the time-serving courtiers. The king recovered, and the exclusionists, considering that they had gone too far in their proceedings against James ever to be forgiven, determined, by a bold stroke, to rid him of the company of his fair-weather followers, to intimidate even his true-hearted friends, and, if possible, to drive him out of England again. Accordingly, Shaftesbury, with Russell, Cavendish, Titus Oates, and some others of the party, proceeded to Westminster hall, on the 26th of June, and represented to the grand jury, the benefit that would accrue to the nation, if the duke of York were presented for recusancy, which would involve the forfeiture of two-thirds of his estates, as the laws against Popery then stood,² but the judges discharged the jury as soon as they understood that Shaftesbury and his coadjutors were practising with them. Shaftesbury had also recommended the grand jury of Middlesex to indict the duchess of Portsmouth as a com-

¹ Letter of Dorothy, countess of Sunderland, in Blencowe's Diary

² Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson.

mon nuisance; such, indeed, she certainly was, and no mistake; but it was by no means a part of Shaftesbury's design to effect a reformation in her conduct, but to terrify her into becoming his absolute tool with the king, for effecting the ruin of the duke of York.¹ If Burnet may be credited, Montague offered her 600,000*l.*, in the name of the exclusionists, if she would induce Charles to pass the bill. Gladly would she have earned the bribe, but the king was inflexible on that point; yet it was her influence which prevailed on his majesty to send his brother back to Scotland; the cause assigned by her for her hostility to his royal highness, was the old story, "that the duchess of York paid *her* no attention, and was not so kind to her as to the duchess of Mazarin; and that, during the king's late illness, James had made no professions of service to her." Mary Beatrice was at this momentous period an object of watchful observation to the enemies of her lord. On the 8th of July, lady Sunderland writes to lord Halifax, "The duchess of York is not with child; she prays all day almost; she is very melancholy, her women will have it on account of Mrs. Sedley; she looks farther than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some."²

Her royal highness visited Cambridge the latter end of September, and, while there, gave a grand ball to propitiate the university. From Cambridge she came to Newmarket, to join the duke, who was there with their majesties for the October races. In the midst of those gay festive sports, Mary Beatrice and her lord bore anxious aching hearts; for it was at that time, the question of his royal highness's banishment from the court was daily debated in council. James was desirous of being permitted to defend himself from the attack which he knew would be made upon him at the approaching meeting of the parliament, and the ministers were for driving him beyond seas again. Charles temporized as usual, by taking a middle course, which was, to send his brother back to Scotland, but with all possible marks of respect, as his representative in the government of that realm; where, indeed, the presence of the duke had been recently attended with beneficial results, in tranquillizing the conflicting parties there. The day after their return to London, his majesty caused his pleasure to be notified to his royal highness; and on the same day, October 18th, 1680, addressed letters to his privy council and lords of the treasury of Scotland, wherein he says:

"Whereas now, upon considerations of great importance to our service, we have thought fit to send our most dear brother, the duke of Albany and York, into that our ancient kingdom, we have signified our command to the duke of Hamilton, keeper of our palace of Holyrood, for voiding all the lodgings and removing all the goods and furniture now therein, to the end that our palace, with all the offices and conveniences thereunto belonging, may be left entirely for the use and accommodation of our said most dear brother, and of our dearest sister the duchesse, with their retinues, allowing, nevertheless, our chancellor to continue in his lodgings as formerly. It is therefore our will and pleasure, and we doe hereby require you to take particular care that our said order be pun-

¹ Journal of James II.

² Blencowe's Diary, and Correspondence of the Times of Charles II.

tually and speedily obeyed; and to cause the rooms to be put in as good a condition as is possible for that purpose."¹

This document is dated October 18th, 1680; the same day the king's pleasure was communicated to the duke of York, with directions for him to embark for Scotland on the 20th. His fair and faithful consort was, as usual, ready to share his adverse fortunes; she gave her farewell levee at St. James's palace, on the 19th, and received the adieux of all the friends who came to take leave of her in bed.² Mary Beatrice had once more to sustain the painful trial of parting with her child, whom she was not permitted to take to Scotland with her, and she never saw her again. James, perceiving that those who had succeeded in driving him a third time into banishment did not intend to stop there, requested the king to give him a pardon under the great seal, including, as is usual in that sort of protective document, every offence of which it is possible for any person to be accused.

Charles considered it derogatory to his brother's high rank, and injurious to his honour, to have such an instrument drawn up in connexion with his name, and James, in the bitterness of his spirit, regarded the refusal as an intimation that he was to be sacrificed to the malice of his foes. For one half hour of his life, he appeared ready to fall into the snares of the Machiavellian ambassador of France, for he exclaimed, in the climax of his indignation, "that if he were pushed to extremity, and saw himself likely to be entirely ruined by his enemies, he would find means to make them repent it; nay, that he would throw himself into the arms of Louis XIV. for protection." Barillon, who was in hopes that the sense of intolerable wrong which was burning in the bosom of the unfortunate prince, might be fanned into an open flame, so as to induce him to take up arms against the king his brother; or, at least, to excite seditions in Scotland, made him unlimited offers of money and every other facility for raising an insurrection.

James's disaffection evaporated in that burst of passion, which Fox and many other writers have endeavoured to torture into the blackest treason, although the sole evidence that he felt his injuries, is confined to that one unguarded sally, which, after all, only implied that he did not mean to fall without a struggle. If James had suffered himself to be drawn into the plots of Barillon, he would have been startled at finding himself mixed up in a strange and most degrading fellowship with Buckingham, Sunderland, Montague, Hampden, Harbord, Algernon Sidney, and the duchess of Portsmouth, his deadliest enemies, who were, at that period, the bribed tools of France.

Keenly, however, as the duke of York felt the ingratitude with which his services to his king and country had been requited, he complied with his majesty's commands by embarking with his duchess on the appointed day. Charles, who knew how severe a struggle it had cost his brother to yield obedience to his mandate, and that both he and Mary Beatrice were overwhelmed with grief, at being separated from

¹ The original of this document is preserved in the Register Office, Edinburgh. I have been favoured with a copy by A. Macdonald, Esq.

² Blencowe's *Diary of the Times of Charles II.*

their children, endeavoured to soothe their wounded feelings by paying them the affectionate attention of accompanying them, with some of his nobles, as far down the river as Woolwich, or, according to Barillon, to Leigh, where they parted. "The king gave them fair words," observes the sarcastic diplomatist, "but the duke of York betrayed the greatest signs of misery, believing himself abandoned by all the world, and that he would not be permitted to remain, even in Scotland long."

The following elegant lines on the subject of the embarkation of the duke and his beautiful consort, appeared soon after, in the second part of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel:"

"Go, injured hero! while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode.
Safe on thy breast reclined, her rest be deep,
Rocked like a Nereid by the waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main.
Go, injured hero! while the shores of Tyre¹
At thy approach, so silent shall admire;
Who on thy thunder shall their thoughts employ
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy."

A cordial it assuredly must have been to the sad hearts of the royal exiles, could they have understood half the pleasure with which their arrival was anticipated on the friendly shores of Scotland. They had, as usual, a long and dangerous passage, for they encountered a terrible storm at sea, and were beating about for nearly five days and nights in the rough October gales, before they could make Kirkaldy bay.² One of their suite writes to a friend, in London:

"We have been in great difficulties at sea, insomuch that though we serve the best of masters, we begin to wish that there were no such thing as Popery in the world, or that all mankind would come into it; for we, you know, have no such zeal for anything as our own ease, and do complain more than ever to be thus tossed about; and it is with admiration that we behold the great spirit of our master stooping to this coarse usage."

It was on Monday, October 25th, that the duke and duchess arrived with the evening's tide in Kirkaldy roads, about ten o'clock at night. The duke of Rothes, lord chancellor of Scotland, who had kept a vigilant look-out for their long-expected sails, instantly despatched his nephew, Mr. Francis Montgomery, to compliment their royal highnesses on their arrival; but, sick as Mary Beatrice was of her stormy voyage, it was not judged prudent for her to come on shore that night. The next morning, his grace sent the lord-justice clerk to inquire his royal highness's pleasure concerning his disembarkation.³ The duke and duchess landed that morning at eleven o'clock, and were received by the duke of Rothes, some of the lords of the council, and most of the nobility and gentry of the adjacent shires, who kissed their royal highness's hands on the

¹ Scotland is figured under that name in Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

² Fountainhall's *Historic Observes*.

³ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses' Proceedings at their Arrival in Scotland.

shore, which was crowded with a mixed multitude who came to congratulate them on their safe arrival in Scotland.¹

The duke of Rothes having offered their royal highnesses the hospitality of his house at Leslie, about nine miles distant; they proceeded thither, escorted by a troop of his majesty's Scotch guards, attended by a noble train of coaches, and many of the nobility and gentry on horseback. So gallant a company had perhaps never swept through the long straggling street of Kirkaldy since the days when an independent sovereign of Scotland kept court in the kingdom of Fife. Leslie house is seated in a richly wooded park, on a picturesque eminence, between the river Leven and the water of Lotrie, which unite their sparkling streams in a romantic glen in the pleasaunce. The present mansion occupies only the frontage of the site of the palace, where the duke of Rothes feasted the duke and duchess of York with their retinue, and all the aristocracy of the district. The former edifice was built on the model of Holyrood House, and in rival splendour to that ancient seat of royalty, having a gallery three feet longer than that at Holyrood, hung with fine historical portraits on either side, and richly furnished. The ducal palace at Leslie was destroyed by fire in the year 1763;² but the stately garden terraces leading down by successive flights of broad stone steps, with carved balustrades, to the shrubberies and the "vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet," are the same which Mary of Modena and her ladies paced in jewelled pride, and listened to the music of the mountain stream rushing to his bride, in the depth of the wooded ravine below. Those woods were then tinted with bright autumnal hues: and even to eyes accustomed to Italian scenery, the spot was calculated to convey a favourable impression of the natural beauties of Scotland. Of these, Mary Beatrice had, as yet, only seen the bold and rugged features of a wintry landscape, with snow-clad hills and swollen torrents, her first visit to Scotland having been made at an ungenial season of the year. At Leslie, everything wore a festive and smiling aspect, and proffered comfort and repose to the royal exiles, after their stormy voyage, and a yet more harassing contention with evil days in England. Nor was Leslie devoid of classic interest, for the village fane occupies the site of one of more ancient date, celebrated by the poet-king of Scotland, James I., as "Christ's kirk on the green." There is a tree on that green, called "king Jemmy's tree," which village tradition boldly affirms to have been planted by the royal bard; a fond conceit, since the tree, a

¹ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses' Proceedings at their Arrival in Scotland.

² It is to be feared that the correspondence of the duke of Rothes, illustrative of that period of the annals of Scotland, and many interesting documents connected with the visits of the duke and duchess of York to Leslie House, perished in that disastrous conflagration, together with many precious heirlooms of the noble historical family of Leslie.

The author of this biography gratefully acknowledges the courteous attention, information, and hospitality that were kindly afforded her, on the occasion of her visit to Leslie House for the purpose of historical investigation, by the accomplished countess of Rothes, the mother of the youthful representative of the bon ours of that ancient line.

stunted oak, has not assuredly seen two centuries, and is scarcely old enough to favour the more probable notion that it is a memorial of the last and most unfortunate of all the Scottish monarchs, who bore the fated name of James Stuart, planted by him during his visit with his consort, Mary d'Esté, at Leslie house, in the autumn of 1680. Tradition has also made some blunders in confusing relics and memorials of the consort of James II., with those of Scotland's fair and fatally celebrated sovereign Mary Stuart, whose name hallows many gloves, fans, watches, *etuis*, and cabinets, with other toys not older than the close of the seventeenth century. The long white glove, embroidered with black silk, for instance, now exhibited in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, as the veritable glove of Mary queen of Scots,¹ if it ever did belong to a royal Mary Stuart, pertained to her who was entitled to that name, only in virtue of her marriage with James Stuart, duke of York, and was possibly worn by her when in mourning for her little daughter the princess Isabella. The mistake has naturally arisen from the fact, that when James succeeded to the crown of the Britannic empire, his consort bore the title of queen Mary, in Scotland as well as England; and in Scotland her name was dear to a generation who had known her when she dwelt among them; but when that generation passed away, and the descendants of old cavalier and Jacobite families found among the hoards of grand-dame or ancient aunt, trifles that had been treasured as memorials of queen Mary, they forgot the intermediate queen consort, so called, and invested all such heir-looms with the distinction of relics of her whose name, in spite of Knox or Buchanan, will be superior in interest to any other, while a spark of chivalry lingers in a Scottish bosom.

The duke and duchess of York were splendidly entertained for three days and nights at Leslie house by their magnificent host and his kind-hearted duchess;² days of unbounded hospitality, which was extended to all the loyal aristocracy of the district who came to pay their compliments to the heir of the crown and his young and lovely consort.

There is an exquisite portrait of Mary Beatrice, by Lely, in the collection of the earl of Rothes, at Leslie house, representing her such as she was at that period of her life, and in the costume which she then

¹ Mary, queen of Scots, always wore long sleeves down to the wrists.

² The duke of Rothes, who was always distinguished for his affection to Charles II., is accused of being a cruel persecutor of the Covenanters. His duchess, on the contrary, favoured their doctrines, and, as far as she could, protected the preachers of that sect, who were frequently concealed in the neighbourhood of Leslie house. The duke, who was a facetious man, and not quite so hard-hearted as his enemies represent, never sent out his officers to apprehend any of those persons without previously endeavouring to provide for their escape, by giving a significant hint to his compassionate duchess in these words: "My hawks will be out to-night, my lady, so you had better take care of your blackbirds."

The local traditions of Leslie add, that the signal by which her grace warned her spiritual protégés of their danger, was a white sheet suspended from one of the trees on the brow of the hill behind the house, which could be seen for a considerable distance. Other telegraphic signs the good lady had, no doubt, to intimate the absence of her spouse, when they might safely come forth and preach to their hill-side congregations.

wore. Her hair is arranged in its natural beauty, clustering in full curls round the brow, and descending in flowing ringlets on the bosom, a style far more in unison with the classic outline of her features and the expressive softness of her melting eyes, than the lofty coiffure which she often wore. Her dress is scarlet, embroidered and fringed with gold; her tucker and loose sleeves of delicate cambric. A rich and ample scarf of royal blue, fringed with gold and edged with pearls, crosses one shoulder and falls over the lap in magnificent drapery to the ground. She is sitting in a garden by a pillar; her left hand clasps the neck of a beautiful white Italian greyhound; a tree that overshadows her is wreathed with honeysuckles and roses. Her age was under twenty-two when this portrait was painted; it was one of Lely's last and finest works of art. He died that same year, so Mary Beatrice must have sat for the portrait, before she quitted London, for the express purpose of presenting it to the duke of Rothes; but, like many other pictures of royal and noble personages, it is wrongly dated.

On Friday, 29th October, their royal highnesses departed from Leslie-house, and were attended by their courteous host the lord-chancellor of Scotland, and many of the greatest nobles, to Burntisland, their train still increasing as they advanced. At Burntisland they were received with shooting of great guns, ringing of bells, acclamations of the people, and all the expressions of joy imaginable, which continued till their royal highnesses went on board the Charlotte yacht. With them went his grace of Rothes, and the persons of the highest rank. The other yachts, with several other boats, and all the boats about Burntisland, were filled with the nobility and gentry of the train, forming a grand aquatic pageant, with their pennons and gala dresses. In their passage to Leith, they were saluted by the great guns from his majesty's castle of Edinburgh, from the bastions at Leith, and the men-of-war, and other ships, both in the road and harbour of Leith.

"The shore was so *throng*," says our authority, "with persons of all ranks, that the noise of the cannon, trumpets, kettle-drums, and drums, were almost drowned with the loud and reiterated acclamations of the people, for the safe arrival of their royal highnesses, which was about five in the afternoon."¹ One of the gentlemen of the duke's household complains, that they arrived in the dusk of the evening, "By which," pursues he, "the glory of our entry was much eclipsed." This person insinuates, that sufficient attention was not paid to their royal highnesses on this occasion, but from the following account by an eye-witness of the animating scene,² we should imagine that their reception must have been most gratifying and complete:—

"At their landing at Leith, their royal highnesses were met by the lords of his majesty's privy council, ushered by their macers. Several ladies were also attending on the shore, to offer their service to the duchess. Their royal highnesses were received by the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of his majesty's regiment of guards, at the head of several companies of the regiment, and were attended by the sheriffs and most of the gen-

True Narrative of the Reception of their Royal Highnesses.

¹ Ibid

tlemen of the three Lothians, and next adjacent shires, who made a lane on both sides of the street through the whole town of Leith. After the king's troop of guards, marched the nobility and gentry that were on horseback, and after them a great train of coaches, filled with the council and nobility; their royal highnesses had made choice of the lord justice clerk's coach to proceed in from Leith, to the water-gate at the abbey of Holyrood House. Their royal highnesses were guarded by the train-bands and militia regiment of this city, consisting of forty-four companies, who made a lane for their royal highnesses and their train to pass betwixt Leith and Edinburgh. All the while they were upon the way, the great guns from the castle and other places, prepared on purpose, saluted them, the whole body of the people universally shouting with great joy and cheerfulness, "Lord, preserve his majesty and their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of Albany!" Being come to the water-gate, near the palace royal, they were met by the lord-provost, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh, in their best formalities, where the lord-provost, kneeling, and having kissed his royal highness's hand, delivered to him the silver keys of the city, and heartily welcomed him, in the name of the whole of the citizens, to his majesty's good town of Edinburgh. From this to the palace, their royal highnesses were guarded by two or three hundred of the best citizens with gilded partizans, and in the outer court were received by several other companies of his majesty's guards; in the guard-hall, they were received by their graces the lords archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, and several other lords of the clergy, where his grace the lord primate complimented their royal highnesses in name of the orthodox clergy; there the lieutenant-governor of the castle of Edinburgh delivered to his royal highness the keys of the castle. All the bells of the city continued ringing most of the night, and all the streets of the city were filled with great bonfires, whither many of the citizens repaired to drink their majesties and royal highnesses' health, nor was anything to be seen but an universal joy in the countenances of all here."¹

An evil omen occurred amidst the rejoicings for the arrival of the royal pair; for the celebrated great gun, called "Mons Meg," being fired, in honour of this event, by an English cannonier, was in the firing riven. "This the Scots resented extremely," says sir John Lauder, of Fountain-hall, "thinking the English might of malice have done it purposely, they having no cannon as big as she."

"Saturday, the 1st of November, the lord bishop of Edinburgh, with all the clergy in and about this city, in their canonical habits, kissed his royal highness's hand, the bishop of Edinburgh expressed the general satisfaction of the orthodox clergy, for his royal highness's safe arrival, and assured him of their fervent prayers for his sacred majesty and the royal line. Tuesday, the 2d of November, being the first day of sessions, the senators of the college of justice, with all the other members thereof in a great body, in their gowns, ushered by their macers, went to the palace, where, having kissed his royal highness's hand, the lord

¹ "True Narrative," Historical Observes, pp. 1, 2.

president of the session, in the name of the lawyers of this kingdom, complimented him upon his arrival; as did the lord justice clerk, in name of the lords commissioners of his majesty's judiciary, who, in their scarlet gowns, attended by the members of their court, and ushered by their macers, waited likewise upon his royal highness, and kissed his hand. Nor, indeed, was there anything wanting to express the general joy of all here for the happy arrival of so excellent a prince, and so dear to this kingdom."¹

Holyrood palace had been repaired, and a royal suite of apartments fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of the duke and duchess of York, and their retinue. There can be little doubt, that the state beds, at present pointed out by guide-books and guides, as the beds of Mary queen of Scots and Charles I., were a part of this arrangement; all the ancient royal furniture at that palace having been plundered or destroyed by Cromwell's troopers. The crimson damask state bed, which was preserved from the conflagration at Leslie house, is very similar to the bed now shown at Holyrood, as that of Mary Stuart; and, certainly, both are a hundred years too modern, for beds of the sixteenth century. If the duchess of York occupied the crimson bed at Holyrood, it would, of course, be styled "Queen Mary's bed," after her consort succeeded to the regal office, and retaining her name after she was forgotten by the vulgar, has probably been thus added to the numerous posthumous goods and chattels with which tradition has fondly endowed Mary of Scotland. It is a curious fact, that James II., and Mary d'Esté, had in their French palace of St. Germain, a room furnished with a bed, carved ebony chairs, and other moveables, that once pertained to James's royal grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, which the marquise de Créquy declares they brought from England with them;² they were much more readily obtained in France, from Fontainebleau or Amboise, as a gift from Louis XIV.

James and his consort appear to have been better contented with their Scottish palace, than some of their followers. One of the gentlemen in their household writes to his friend in London:

"We are not so well accommodated as at St. James's, and yet, whatever the matter is, we do rather dread than desire to return to you; so that sometimes I fear things are worse than we are persuaded to believe, and that we shall not see you whilst the parliament sits. I was willing to tell you thus much, because I believe you will not be told it in your gazette. Let me know what the terrible men at Westminster are acting, and what you think of our case; and pray believe, that wherever I am, I will be, dear sir,

"YOUR BRADSHAW."

"Edinburgh, Oct. 30, 1680."

The English parliament, or rather the prevailing faction, that had succeeded in driving the duke of York from court, was following up the success already achieved, by pushing on the bill for excluding him from the crown. The popish plot was the two-edged sword with which the leaders of the faction fought, since it furnished both the pretext against

¹ A True Narrative of their Royal Highnesses, at their Arrival in Scotland.

² Memoirs of the Marquise de Créquy.

him and deprived him of effectual assistance from every one of his own religion, by the terror of the executions that had been perpetrated on innocent persons accused of being engaged in it. The commons passed the bill for excluding the duke of York from the succession; and, when lord Russell brought it up to the lords, he said, "If his own father were to vote against it, he would accuse him of high treason." Words which implied the most unconstitutional threat against every senator who should presume to exercise the parliamentary privilege of voting according to his own conscience. The bill was, however, rejected by a majority of sixty-three. The bishops stood in the gap, and saved the crown for the rightful heir,¹ although they were opposed to his creed; they at any rate, acted like honest and courageous men; and by their votes that day, ought to have won everlasting confidence and gratitude from James, for, with the exception of Compton, they were his best friends. Well did his foes, and the agitators who made zeal for the protestant religion the pretence for faction and persecution, know it. An attempt was immediately made by that party to excite popular fury against the whole bench. A lampoon song was compounded, and sung about the streets for this purpose, called "The Bishops and the Bill," of which every verse ends with this line—

"The bishops, the bishops have thrown out the bill."

In conclusion, it daringly exhorts the mob,

"To throw out the bishops who threw out the bill."

It was in this parliament that the project, so bitter to a parent's heart, was first started, of making James's own children supplant him in the succession, or rather to invest the prince and princess of Orange with the power of the crown, under the name of regents for him, whom it was proposed to banish five hundred miles from his own dominions; and if his consort, who was then only two and twenty years of age, should bear a son, the prince was to be taken from his parents, and placed under the guardianship of the princesses, his sisters.²

James bore these aggravating proceedings with less irritation than could have been supposed, nor did they cause the slightest change in his affection for his daughters, whom he did not, at that period, imagine capable of entering into the confederacy against him. Meantime, he and his fair and faithful consort endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to conciliate the regard of those with whom their present lot was cast. A brilliant court was kept at Holyrood, to which resorted the principal nobility and gentry of the land; and Mary Beatrice soon succeeded, by her gracious and prudent deportment, in winning the hearts of the generous aristocracy of Scotland. If her religion were unpopular, the purity of her mind and manners was unimpeachable. Young, beautiful, innocent, and desirous of pleasing, cold, indeed, must have been the hearts that could have hardened themselves against her gentle influence; and it is certain, that the interest she excited at that period in Scotland, ope-

¹ Journals of Parliament.

² See Parliamentary Journals; Life of James; Lingard, &c., &c.

rated long in favour both of her husband and her son, and was even felt to the third generation.

The Scotch ladies were at first greatly astonished at the novel refreshment of tea, which her royal highness dispensed at her evening parties,¹ that beverage having never before been tasted in Scotland; but the fashion was quickly imitated, and soon became general. An interesting testimony to the popular conduct of this princess, during her residence in Scotland, is rendered by a learned author of that nation, who wrote the history of the house of Esté, under her patronage; in his dedicatory epistle to her, he says—

“At your first coming among us, our loyalty to our sovereign and our duty to his only brother, disposed us to do everything in our power that might be acceptable to so great a princess, but your royal highness condescending to the simplicity in which we live, your affable deportment towards all that have the honour to come near your person, and your seeming pleased with our weak endeavours to serve you, do justly challenge that respect as due now to yourself, which we must, however, have paid to your quality. When we reflected how long we had been strangers to a court, we could not but think ourselves ill fitted to receive a princess born and bred in the paradise of the world. Only as we then knew your royal highness came prepared to bear with the plainness of our northern climate, so we since find that you are in some measure delighted with it; and we begin to flatter ourselves that the happiness of so illustrious a guest, which was procured to us at first by your obedience, is now continued to us by your choice.”

The green strip at the foot of the hill, behind the abbey of Holyrood, is still called “the duke’s walk,” from the duke of York having delighted in walking there, it being then shaded with stately oaks, which, like the Stuart dynasty, have all been swept away.

The game of the golf and tennis were the favourite amusements of the gentry of those times. The duke of York was frequently seen in a golfing party on the links of Leith with some of the nobility and gentry. “I remember in my youth,” says the learned Tytler of Woodhouselee, “to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf club-maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the duke’s golf clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell.”

The sailor prince, being a friend to ancient customs, encouraged the citizens and mechanics of the good town to take a share in these manly sports and pastimes, and for this end he always chose his partner at golf from those classes. His example was generally imitated, and thus the public games became a bond of good fellowship between high and low, the object for which they were originally instituted.

The oral traditions of Edinburgh record the following instance of the frank and gracious conduct of the duke of York to one of his humble allies at the golf. His royal highness and the duke of Lauderdale, who were both expert golfers, generally engaged on opposite sides, and one day they determined to play for an unusually high stake. James called a working shoemaker, named John Paterson, to second him, and, after a very hard contest, defeated his antagonist. When the duke of Lauderdale paid the stake, which is said to have been some hundreds of broad

¹ Tytler of Woodhouselee, in *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*.

pieces, his royal highness handed the gold to Paterson, with these words, "Through your skill I have won this game, and you are, therefore, entitled to the reward of the victory;" the princely courtesy of the compliment, being a trait of more refined generosity than the princely munificence of the gift; and dear, we may be sure, were both to the heart of the bonnie Scot, who had seconded the brother of his sovereign so stoutly on the links of Leith that day.¹

Notwithstanding his popery, James was at that period one of the finest gentlemen in Europe. The following anecdote is worthy of the grandson of Henry of Navarre. When Lochiel,² a brave Highland cavalier, who had formerly rendered signal services to the loyal cause, was presented to James at Holyrood, he received him with marks of great distinction, and in full court honoured him with his conversation, and put many pleasant questions to him, touching the adventures of his youth; finally, he asked him for his sword. Lochiel having delivered it, his royal highness attempted to draw it, but in vain; for it was somewhat rusty, being a walking or dress sword, which the Highlanders never make use of in their own country. The duke, after a second attempt, gave it back to Lochiel, with this compliment, "that his sword never used to be so uneasy to draw when the crown wanted its service." Lochiel, who was modest, even to excess, was so confounded, that he could make no return to so high a compliment; and knowing nothing of the duke's intention, he drew the sword, and returned it to his royal highness, who addressing himself to those about him, "You see, my lords," said he, smiling, "Lochiel's sword gives obedience to no hand but his own!" and thereupon was pleased to knight him.³

James has been unsparingly accused by modern historians of countenancing all the cruelties that were practised on the insurgent Cameronians and other nonconformists in Scotland, by presiding in council when the torture of the boot was applied. There is not the slightest proof that he ever was. Wodrow, indeed, asserts that James was present on one occasion, when Spreul, a wild fanatic, who was suspected of a design to blow up the palace of Holyrood, with the duke and duchess of York in it, was thus examined, and he quotes the almost inaccessible records of the Scottish privy council as his authority. Sir John Dalrymple, one

¹ The antique house in the Canongate is still in existence, built by the fortunate shoemaker, who became not only a rich man, but the founder of a wealthy family. A Latin epigram, engraved on the stone entablature over the door of this domicile, signifies the fact that the house was built with a sum of money won at a game of the golf. The when, how, and where, remain untold. Gratitude might have suggested one honest word in acknowledgment of the generosity which proved the foundation of his fortunes, but John Paterson exercised due caution in the matter. He lived in ticklish times, when those who owed a kindness to a fallen prince thought it wisest to forget it, lest it might be remembered by the world.

² This gentleman was the ancestor of the more celebrated chief who joined the standard of Charles Edward, in the memorable rising of 1746.

³ "The Memoirs of sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel, chief of the clan of Cameron" This book is "presented to the president and members of the Maitland club, by William Crawford and Robert Pitcairn." Edited by James Macknight.

of the most faithful and industrious of documentary historians, honestly avowed that he had been unable to find any such entry in the council books.¹ But even if Wodrow were an entirely faithful witness of things which touched the passions and prejudices of his party so closely, he has only mentioned, not verified, a solitary instance of the kind, which certainly does not warrant later writers in representing this unfortunate prince as having been in the constant habit of amusing himself with those revolting exhibitions. The fact is, that the dreadful scenes referred to took place under the auspices of the brutal Lauderdale, before James came, and after his departure, and as both are indiscriminately styled "the duke" in the records, the mistake was very easily made by persons who were not *very* careful in testing their authority by the simple but unerring guide of dates.

James and his duchess arrived in Edinburgh in perilous times, and in the midst of the sanguinary executions that followed an insurrection, in which great outrages had been committed on the lives and properties of the episcopalian party. The duke did his utmost to calm the jarring elements which were ready to break out into fresh tumults. The council, breathing blood, were for going to the rigour of the law. James offered pardon to the condemned on the easy terms of crying "God save the king!"² The council talked of death and tortures; his royal highness recommended mad-houses and hard labour or banishment; and his suggestions proved more efficacious than the barbarous proceedings of Lauderdale and his colleagues. He succeeded, in a great measure, in tranquillizing Scotland.³ He gained the esteem and respect of the gentry and he won the affections of the people by his gracious acknowledgment of the marks of respect they paid him. If he had governed England half as wisely for himself as he did Scotland for his brother, or observed the same moderation in regard to his religion, after he became king, which he did when duke of York, history would have told a different tale of the close of his career.

"Letters from Scotland," says Bulstrode, "tell us, that affairs go there

¹ During my last visit to Scotland, through the courtesy of W. Pitt Dundass, Esq., the keeper of her majesty's records in the Register Office in Edinburgh, and W. Robertson, Esq., the deputy-keeper, I enjoyed the opportunity of examining the Privy Council Records of that period, and found no confirmation of Wodrow's assertion.

² Historical Observes of Sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall. One of the persons by whom life was refused on that condition was, "Cargill, a distinguished covenantant and field preacher. Having convened his followers at the Torwood, near Stirling, after renouncing all allegiance to the king and government, he with great solemnity excommunicated and consigned to the devil king Charles, his brother the duke of York, with the dukes of Monmouth, Lauderdale, and Rothes. After denouncing this excommunication to a numerous convention of Covenanters, September, 1680, they affixed it to the cross of Dumfries and other places. Cargill, some time after, was apprehended, brought to trial, and condemned, with a few of his followers, to be hanged. Bishop Burnet says 'that they suffered with an obstinacy so particular, that though the duke sent the offer of pardon to them on the scaffold, if they would only say, 'God bless the king,' it was refused with great neglect.'"

³ Burnet. Macpherson. Lingard. Dalrymple.

according to wish; that the parliament there has written a letter of thanks to the king for sending the duke of York, which we hope will break the measures of those who flattered themselves with support from that kingdom, which has not been in many ages more united than it is at present under the prudent conduct of his royal highness." The letters add, "that the duke is highly esteemed and beloved of all sorts of people; and that there is a constant and great court of lords and ladies."

James showed, on some occasions, a tenderness for human life, that goes far to disprove the cruelty with which he is generally charged. In February, 1681, we are told by Fountainhall, "that a sentinel at the gates of the abbey of Holyrood being found asleep on his post, when the duke of York passed, was brought to a court-martial, and sentenced by general Dalziel to die, for that breach of military discipline. In pursuance of this sentence, he was carried to Leith links for execution; but when all was ready the duke of York interceded for his life, and obtained it."¹

The duke and duchess of York, though generally popular, were exposed to some mortifications on account of their religion. On Christmas-day, the scholars of King's College thought proper to entertain them with the obnoxious pageant of burning the pope in effigy, in the court of Holyrood under their windows. "This," says sir John Lauder, "was highly resented as an inhospitable affront to the duke of York, though it was only to his religion." Their royal highnesses were wise enough to pass it over in silence, as the wild frolic of young people. It was, besides, intended as a reprisal for the Westminster scholars, having dressed up a Jack Presbyter, and treated the said Jack with sundry indignities. Such was the turbulent state of the times, that children took a warm part in the political and polemical disputes which convulsed both kingdoms.

While in Scotland, Mary Beatrice met with a frightful accident, which had nearly cost her her life, in consequence of being thrown from her horse with great violence, but fortunately for her, on a sandy plain; if it had been on a rocky ground, she must have been killed, for her long riding-dress got entangled in some part of her saddle, and she was dragged a considerable distance with her face on the sand, and received several kicks from the infuriated horse before she could be extricated from her perilous situation. When she was taken up she was covered with dust and blood, blackened with bruises, and perfectly insensible; every one thought she was dead. Surgical aid being procured, she was bled, and put into bed; she only suffered from the bruises, and recovered without any injury to her person.²

It does not appear that the duke was with her on this occasion. He had a very great objection to ladies riding on horseback; and when Mary Beatrice was first married to him, he was accustomed to tell her that it was for many reasons a dangerous and improper position for women. She was, however, passionately fond of equestrian exercise, and her im-

¹ Historic Observes.

² MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France

portunities had prevailed over his extreme reluctance to allowing her to ride. She always said, his indulgence to her was so great, that it was the only constraint he had ever attempted to place on her inclination; and she regarded it as a proof of his complaisance that he had withdrawn his prohibition against her taking this dangerous pleasure. So devoted was she to her favourite exercise, that as soon as she was recovered from the effects of her accident she had sufficient courage to mount her horse again.¹

James, who was too courteous a husband to interpose his marital authority to prevent his youthful consort from exercising her wilful inclinations, on finding his persuasions unavailing, had, in the mean time, given so terrible an account of the narrow escape she had had to the duchess of Modena, that that princess wrote, in an agony of maternal alarm, to her daughter, telling her that "she should die of grief if she thought she would ever be rash enough to put herself into such peril again; and that she should never receive a letter from England without expecting it to contain the news of her death." She also reminded Mary Beatrice, that she was frequently in a situation that rendered such exercises highly inexpedient as well as dangerous. In consequence of these urgent letters from her mother, Mary Beatrice gave a solemn promise never to mount a horse again.² A privation, which, in consequence of the bad roads in Scotland, at that time almost impracticable for coaches, was, of course, very great. Her only resource after this, was the then usual conveyance of a horse litter, if she wished to accompany the duke in any of his highland expeditions; but she appears to have been generally stationary with her court at Holyrood abbey.

The duke of York, her husband, was at that time, to use the expression of a contemporary writer, "caressed not only by the grandees of the nation, but likewise gracious in the eyes of the vulgar, even to admiration; no people ever demonstrating more lively expressions of joy as well as love for his royal person."³ Yet their royal highnesses were impatient of their exile; their servants, whom the earl of Arlington always emphatically designated "a senseless pack," were ever importuning James to solicit the king for his recall, and representing to him how materially his interests were suffering from the proceedings of Monmouth, who drove on his ambitious schemes openly, with a headlong violence, that was only less dangerous than the masked treachery of the prince of Orange, whose mining operations, like those of the unseen mole in the dark, might be detected by the occasional traces of his works appearing on the surface. Another plot was devised, as a pretext, for prolonging the duke's banishment from the court, of which the leading instrument was, an Irish papist named Fitzharris, and in this there was a covert attempt to involve the duchess, by the absurd pretence "that Montecuculi, the late Modenese envoy, had offered him ten thousand pounds to kill the king, which he, Fitzharris, had refused, though Montecuculi had assured him that it might easily be done at madame de Mazarin's,

¹ M^s. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Historical Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany

by poison, adding, that the duke of York was privy to the design, that a great army was to come from Flanders and France, to place him on the throne; and the duchess of Modena had raised large sums of money to support the enterprise, and that a great many parliament-men were to be boiled alive to make a *sainte ampoule* or oil" (not very holy, one would think, if composed of such ingredients) "to anoint him and all succeeding kings of England, at their coronations."¹

Such a tale being seriously deposed on oath, before two secretaries of state, and eagerly taken up by the whig-leaders of the prevailing party in parliament, is at once a picture of the excited state of the public mind, and of the want of common principles on the part of those by whom it was supported. Charles defeated the designs of this party by proceeding against Fitzharris for high treason, in the court of King's Bench. After his condemnation, Fitzharris confessed that he had been suborned by Shaftesbury, and others, to accuse the queen and the duke of York, and that the libel was compounded by the lord Howard, of Escrick, at that time the unprincipled ally of the exclusionists, and one of their tools.² The long winter passed wearily over the banished duke; the coldness of the season was severely felt in the northern metropolis, by his Italian duchess, from the sweet south; but she bore everything with uncomplaining patience, for his sake. The spring brought them heavy tidings; their little daughter, the princess Isabella, a very lovely and promising child, in her fifth year, died at St. James's palace, on the 4th of March, and king Charles sent Mr. Griffin express to break this distressing news to the bereaved parents.³ "It was the more afflicting to both," as James pathetically observes, "because they had not the satisfaction of seeing and assisting her in her sickness; but those hardships were the unavoidable sequels of their uneasy banishment and cruel persecution."

There is a scarce mezzotinto engraving of this royal infant, from a painting which was, perhaps, burnt either at Whitehall or St. James's palace. She is represented with a chaplet of flowers on her head, and her left hand on the forehead of a lamb.⁴ She was the last surviving of the three living children which had been born of the marriage of Mary of Modena with the duke of York, and was buried in Westminster abbey, as her brother and sister had been, in the vault of Mary queen of Scots.

James, flattering himself that some little sympathy would be felt for him and his consort by his brother's council, under so great a sorrow, sent his favourite, colonel Churchill, to the king, with letters from both, beseeching him to accord permission for the duchess to come either to Tunbridge Wells, or Bath, for the benefit of her health, which had been much impaired by her residence in a climate so different from that of which she was a native, as well as by her affliction for the loss of her only child. For himself, the duke added, he should be well content to reside at Audley End, or anywhere his majesty might think fit, so that it was but in England.⁵ Churchill, however, informed his master in reply, that there were little hopes of success, for the impression was

¹ Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard.

² Ibid.

³ Memoirs of the duke of York and Albany. Life of James II. Sandford.

⁴ Grainger.

⁵ Journal and Life of James II.

generally expressed by the king and his cabinet, that his return would be the signal for a rebellion. Charles wrote to his brother, "that the present time was not favourable for their return, and advised him to exercise the very necessary virtue of patience, of which he confessed that he was himself in great need at that juncture."¹ One favour was, however, accorded to James, after three or four months of deliberation and suspense — namely, the company of his daughter, the princess Anne, who came in one of the royal yachts to Leith, where she landed, July 17th, and was received with all the honours due to her rank. On the 28th, the parliament of Scotland met with great pomp, the duke of York as lord high commissioner from his brother, king Charles, rode in state from Holyrood palace to the parliament house, and opened it in person; the duchess, the princess Anne, and all their ladies being present.²

The appearance of this unwonted galaxy of royal and noble beauties, in jewelled pomp, added grace and glory to the scene, and was calculated to soften the combative spirit in which the Scottish peers and chieftains had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to meet. Many a deadly debate, between feudal foes and their retainers, had been fought out, on such occasions, with dirk and dagge, while the rival cries of "clear the causeway," announced the collision of hostile magnates and their followers, in streets too narrow to admit of anything like a courteous passage, even between persons who were not eagerly seeking a pretext for deciding old grudges with blows. The duke of York, who had taken infinite pains to effect a general reconciliation among the highland chiefs, and other great families, who were all at open war with each other, when he first arrived in Scotland, had shown good judgment, in bringing the ladies to assist him, by the influence of their bright eyes, in keeping the peace at the first public assembly of those lately discordant elements, after the suppression of a recent civil war. The presence of these fair and gentle spectators was, however, censured by the sour fanatics of the day, "as uncommon and indecorous"³ — a proof that civilization had not advanced a single step in the northern metropolis, since the days when John Knox quenched the star of chivalry in gall and wormwood. The duke of York did his best to keep every one in good humour, by giving a grand banquet to the whole parliament, — the lords by themselves, and the commons by themselves, at separate tables, where everything was so discreetly arranged, as to give general satisfaction.⁴ Then, the good town of Edinburgh, being emulous of such princely hospitality, voted another "*Traill*" to their royal highnesses. The duke and duchess of York, the lady Anne, afterwards queen of Great Britain, and the whole court of Scotland, were present at this entertainment. "It was given in the parliament house; but, to accommodate the company, it was found necessary to pull down the partition which divided, and where a new wall still divides, the outer parliament house from the place where the booksellers' stalls are kept. The expense of the entertainment exceeded £1400 sterling."⁵ The

¹ Journal and Life of James II.

² Fountainhall's Historic Observes and Diary.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Echard.

⁵ Arnot's History of Edinburgh, p. 177.

auspicious tide of affairs in Scotland, as well as the arrival of princess Anne, had a cheering effect on the spirits both of the duke and duchess of York. The lately sorrowful court of Holyrood emerged from tears and mourning into such a series of gaieties as enchanted the lively, astonished the sober-minded, and offended the puritanical portion of society. Such doings in Scotland had never been witnessed within the walls of the royal abbey, since the ill-omened night when the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart honoured the bridal fête of Bastian with her presence. Balls, plays, and masquerades were introduced; these last, however, were soon laid aside, the taste of the times being opposed to such ungodly innovations. The masquerade was styled "promiscuous dancing, in which all sorts of people meet together in disguise." The vulgar gave it a ribald name; and this profane entertainment was, therefore, soon given up; and the more elegant pastimes of poetic and dramatic masks and pastorals were substituted, in which the princess Anne, with other young ladies of quality, represented some of the ancient heathen mythological characters. These were called masks—a sort of musical drama, such as the *Comus* of Milton—and similar pieces by Ben Jonson, Shirley, Davenant, and other dramatic poets of the last century. These interludes were accompanied by music, and set off with splendid dresses and decorations. "Our fathers of the last age," observes the first learned antiquarian, Tytler of Woodhouselee, "used to talk with delight of the gaiety and brilliancy of the court of Holyrood house. The princesses were easy and affable, and the duke then studied to make himself popular among all classes of men."¹

"On the 14th of October was the duke of York's birth-day kepted at Edinburgh," notes sir John Lauder, "with more solemnities, and more bonfires, than the king's. That of the duchess, in the beginning of October, was also observed with great pomp at the abbey, in the same month. The birth-day of queen Catherine, on the 15th of November, was kepted by our court of Holyrood house, with great solemnity," pursues our diarist, "such as bonfires, shooting off cannon, and acting a comedy, called Mithridates king of Pontus, before their royal highnesses, wherein the lady Anne, the duke's daughter, and the ladies of honour, were the only actors." He adds a bitter philippic against all such amusements: a lively detail of the proceedings of the illustrious performers would have been more agreeable.

If the private theatricals of the court of the elegant and pure-minded duchess of York were subjected to stern censures from a man like sir John Lauder, who was far from going to the extremes of fanaticism, it can scarcely be supposed that the coarse and oftentimes profane representations of the public performers of the stage were tolerated. The duke of York's company had dutifully followed their royal highnesses to Edinburgh, but found it an uncongenial atmosphere. Playhouses and players were constantly anathematized by the clergy, and regarded by their congregations with scarcely less abhorrence, than if they had been monks and nuns. The duchess of York was passionately fond of music,

¹ Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.

but had strong moral objections to the coarse comedies of the era : she even entertained doubts of the propriety of appearing at operas, though Italian singers were patronised by her. She was wont to say, "that there was no sin, she believed, in going to theatres, provided the pieces that were represented were not of an objectionable character ; but that the stage might and ought to be rendered a medium of conveying moral instructions to the public, instead of flattering and inculcating vice."¹

Among the traces of the residence of the duke and duchess of York at Holyrood, may be reckoned the decoration of the gallery of that palace, with the portraits of all the kings of Scotland ; for although they were not completed till the year 1685, the order was given by the duke, who engaged James de Wit, a Dutch artist, to paint the whole, 120 in number, according to the best style of his art, in two years, receiving for his reward 150*l.* per annum.² It must be confessed, that more than one of those beau ideals of the primitive sovereigns of Caledonian fame, bears a brotherly likeness to the Saracen's head, on Snow-hill.

While in Scotland, James applied himself zealously to business ; and with his usual regard for economy, detected and put a stop to many of the peculations and abuses of the duke of Lauderdale's creatures, whereby he incurred the ill-will of that corrupt statesman, and his duchess, and many of their connexions.³ He bestowed his attention on the maritime and commercial interests of Scotland, all of which were materially improved during his residence in that nation. He made several progresses to visit the principal towns and all the ancient palaces of Scotland. The greatest marks of respect were paid to him at Glasgow, Linlithgow, and Stirling, and whatever county he entered he was met on the boundary by the principal nobility and gentry of the shire, and was attended by them as if he had been the sovereign ;⁴ but the irrefragable proof of the affection with which James was then regarded in Scotland, is the act of parliament which declared his rights, as the heir of the crown nearest in blood, to be immutable ; and that neither difference in religion nor any future act of parliament could alter or divert the said right of succession and lineal descent, of the crown from the nearest heir.

Such were the feelings which the residence and popular government of the duke of York had excited in the kindred land of his forefathers, that there can be little doubt if he had been rejected by England, but that he would have been instantly proclaimed and crowned in Scotland ; and for this contingency the parliament had assuredly provided.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a country so divided in politics and religion, as Scotland was at that time, was unanimous in affection to the persecuted heir of the Britannic empire ; far from it. A considerable faction, not only cherished but professed republican principles. The same party that had driven him from England was busily intriguing against him in the sister realm ; but so preponderant was the balance in

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² The original agreement for these royal portraits was recently discovered among the Exchequer Records of Scotland, by that learned and courteous antiquary, Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

³ Life of James II. Macpherson. Lingard. Echard.

⁴ Local Histories.

his favour, that the power of Argyle, who, by his territorial possessions, his heritable offices in the state, his natural rights, and extensive usurpations of the rights of others, might be regarded as sovereign of two-thirds of the highlands, broke like a reed before him. The arrest of that nobleman, and the proceedings against him, are foreign to the subject of this volume, and are only mentioned because Mary Beatrice wrote a letter to king Charles in favour of his son, lord Lorn,¹ a letter that is probably still in existence, though hitherto inaccessible.

The earl of Argyle escaped from prison by changing clothes with his daughter lady Sophia Lindsay's footman, when she came to visit him, and went out in that disguise, bearing up her train. Some of the members of the council were unmanly enough to propose that this filial heroine should be publicly whipped through Edinburgh. The duke of York prevented it, observing "that they were not accustomed to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country."²

Mary Beatrice bore her voluntary absence from the splendid circle of Whitehall with infinitely more patience than her lord did his enforced banishment. His anxiety to leave the generous friends in the north who had done so much for him, and were willing to serve him with their lives and fortunes, to return to the stormy vortex of his brother's court, seems strange; but the game was closely played there, and the crown of a mighty empire was the stake. James finally owed his recalc to the avarice of the duchess of Portsmouth, who, designing to appropriate 5000*l.* a year out of his revenue from the post-office, caused her modest wish to be made known to him by the king, who had the weakness to propose it to his brother, promising to give him an equivalent in some other way, if he would oblige him. The transfer could not be effected without James's presence in London. Hard, as it appeared to him, to be recalled for such a purpose, when he had vainly made the most earnest representations of the perilous state of his wife's health, and the necessity of removing her into a milder temperature, he agreed to come, though unaccompanied by his duchess, for he had no leave to bring her.³

Mary Beatrice was, after a lapse of nearly five years, once more about to become a mother, to the extreme joy of the Scotch, who were desirous that the royal babe should be born among them, fondly anticipating that it would be a boy and their future sovereign. King Charles, however, determined that his sister-in-law should lie in, in London; and this resolution, after all, seems to have been the true and natural cause of his recalling both her and his brother to court. The weather being stormy, the duke was contented to leave his consort and his daughter Anne with their ladies at Holyrood.

On the 6th of March, his royal highness embarked at Leith, in his own yacht, attended by the earl of Peterborough, Churchill, and many persons of rank of both nations. After a stormy passage, he landed at Yarmouth on the 10th of March, and was received with what lord Pe-

¹ Life of James II., from Stuart Papers.

² Journal of James II. Macpherson.

³ Ibid. Lingard, &c.

terborough calls, "the applause and duties of that town and the adjacent counties," and entertained with as noble a dinner as could be provided on so short a notice. A reaction of popular feeling having taken place in James's favour, he was greeted with acclamations wherever he came. Charles detained him eight weeks, and then sent him back, with a little fleet, to convoy his duchess and the princess Anne to London.

Mary Beatrice had borne the absence of her husband heavily, according to her own account of her feelings on that occasion, in her confidential conversations with the nuns of Chaillot. Some additional particulars, connected with the loss of the Gloucester, were at the same time recorded from her own lips. Speaking of James, she says: "The seamen loved him passionately, and we had a great proof of their attachment, as well as that of the nobility, while we were at Edinburgh. The duke of York having been sent for on business, by king Charles, I was left in an advanced stage of pregnancy at Edinburgh. I felt myself so greatly depressed in his absence, that, unable to struggle against the melancholy that oppressed me, I wrote at last to tell him so; on which he determined to come by sea to fetch me."¹ It is necessary to leave the simple narrative of James's consort, to collate it with the particulars of the voyage from the letters of the survivors.²

At nine o'clock in the morning of May 4th, the duke embarked, in Margate roads, on board the Gloucester frigate, which had been got ready hastily, too hastily, perhaps, for sea: a little after eleven the whole squadron got under weigh. The weather was wet and foggy, and the passage slow; it was not till half-past one at noon the following day that they came in sight of Dunwich steeples, on the Suffolk coast. Well did the royal admiral know that coast, where he had twice defeated the fleets of Holland. His nautical skill and experience of the track led him to warn the pilot that the course he was taking was attended with danger, and to order him to stand farther out to sea. If James had guided the helm himself, the vessel would have been saved; but no sooner had he retired to rest, than the obstinate and self-conceited pilot tacked again; and at half-past five on the morning of Sunday, May 6th, grounded the ship on the dangerous sand, called the Lemon and Ore, about twelve leagues past Yarmouth.

The duke awoke with the knocks of the foundering vessel, and, as soon as he could get his clothes on, hurried on deck to inquire how matters were. A terrible blow had just struck off the rudder; eight feet water were in the hold. Sir John Berry, the captain, urged the duke to have his barge hoisted, to preserve his royal person. "His highness," continues Sir John, "being unwilling to have any boat hoisted, hoping, as I did, that the ship might be saved; but the water increasing, and no manner of hope left but the ship must be lost, I did again request his royal highness to go away in his boat to the yacht. The boat was

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

² Sir John Berry, captain of the Gloucester. Sir James Dick. Lord Dartmouth. Pepys.

hoisted out, and his highness took as many persons of quality in the boat with him as she would carry."¹

The conduct of the royal admiral, on this occasion, has, it is now well known, been strangely misrepresented by Burnet, and many other writers, who have copied his statement, "that the duke got into a boat, and took care of his dogs, and some unknown persons, who were taken, from that earnest care of his, to be his priests. The long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried above eighty more than she did." Though Burnet is the text-book of a party, by whom any attempt to contradict his erroneous assertions is considered a strong symptom of popery, it is only proper to correct the unauthenticated story of one who was not present, by the evidence of several efficient witnesses who were. It is worthy of attention how closely the simple verbal narrative of the wife of James agrees with the statements of Sir John Berry, lord Dartmouth, and the earl of Peterborough, but not surprising, since she had it from the lips of her husband and those very persons. "In the passage," said Mary Beatrice,² "the ship struck upon a sand-bank, foundered, and began to fill with water. The duke of York was instantly called upon, from all sides, to save himself in his shallop, which would take him to one of the yachts. He refused, not wishing to forsake the perishing bark; but more than six feet of water being in the hold, they compelled him to leave her to preserve himself. The respect and attachment they had for him was such, that not one of those who were in the vessel thought of taking care of his own life till that of the duke was in security. The first that began to leave the ship were those he called to him."³ These were not priests, as we have good evidence. The only priest, whose name has yet been discovered among the passengers of the fatal Gloucester, who escaped a watery grave, was Père Ronché, the almoner of the duchess of York, who saved himself by embracing a plank, as his royal mistress told the nuns of Chaillot; and as she, of course, formed a very different estimate of the value of the lives of the ecclesiastics of her own church, from what Dr. Burnet did, she would, in all probability, have recorded it as a great merit in her dear lord, if he had manifested any particular solicitude for their preservation. The duke's boat held but six persons, besides the rowers, including himself. The first person he called was his favourite Churchill — no priest, certainly; and if Burnet meant to class him among the dogs, he forgot that gratitude and fidelity are inherent virtues of the canine race. James called for the earl of Roxburgh and lord O'Brian, but neither obeyed the friendly summons. The earl of Winton and two bed-chamber-men were

¹ See the letter in the Clarendon Correspondence, edited by Singer. Also that of sir James Dick.

² Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.—This statement is confirmed by the earl of Peterborough, who says, "The duke himself was preserved with a few in his own pinnace, by the care and loyalty of the seamen, who would neither intrude themselves, nor suffer others, for their safety, to expose a prince so considerable.—Mordaunt Genealogies. Sir James Dick affirms that the duke went out of the cabin window into his own little boat.

in the boat. "The earl of Aberdeen," (then lord Haddo,) says Fountainhall, "shared the danger and escape of James upon the *Lemon and Ore*, 5th May, 1682. The duke of York was so anxious for his safety, that he called out, 'Save my lord-chancellor!' which was the first public annunciation of his appointment to that high office." "The government of the ship being lost," proceeds sir John Berry, "and every one crying for help, yet, amidst all this disorder and confusion, I could not but observe the great duty the poor seamen had for the preservation of his royal highness's person; when the barge was hoisting out and lowered down into the water, not one man so much as proffered to run into her, but, in the midst of all their affliction and dying condition, did rejoice and thank God his royal highness was preserved." There were as many in the shallop as she could, without danger, contain, and colonel Churchill took upon himself the task of guarding her from the intrusion of supernumeraries—a caution not in vain; for an overloaded boat was upset close by that in which the duke and his little company were. When his royal highness saw the marquess of Montrose struggling with the waves, he insisted that he should be received into the shallop. It was objected against, as attended with peril of life to all; but, regardless of selfish considerations, he pulled him in with his own hand. Nor was this the only instance of humanity by which James distinguished himself on that occasion. A violin-player swam so close to the boat as to grasp the side, imploring them, for God's sake, to save his life. The duke ordered that he should be taken into the boat. His companions protested that it was already overloaded, and would have had the wretched suppliant beaten off with the oars. "Fie!" exclaimed the duke, who knew him; "he is but a poor fiddler; let us try to save him."¹

The savage instincts of self-preservation, which had prompted the crew of that frail bark to reject the agonizing prayer of a perishing fellow-creature, yielded to the manly appeal of the duke in his behalf. The dripping musician was admitted at once to share, and by his presence to diminish, the chances of the escape of the heir of the crown, the future victor of Blenheim, and their companions in peril. They reached the Mary yacht in safety, when the duke, commanding her to anchor, sent out all her boats, and those of the *Happy Return*, to save the men in the foundering ship; but, before any service could be done, his royal highness and the rest, to their inexpressible grief, saw her sink.² As for the person whom James, at the imminent risk of his own life, and the lives of the gentlemen who were with him, had preserved from a watery grave—he who, while he clung to the boat's side, had heard the momentous parley between the duke of York and those who were bent on excluding him—had taken umbrage, forsooth, at the terms in which his royal preserver had succeeded in moving their compassion. "Only a poor fiddler!" The service was not sufficient to excuse the use of an epithet which vulgar pride construed into a contempt. James, feeling a regard for one whose life he had preserved, continued to patronise him;

¹ Oldmixon.² Echard.

but the insect bore him deadly malice—repaid his benefits with the basest ingratitude; he leagued himself with his political libellers, became a spy and a calumniator, and on the landing of the prince of Orange, was one of the first who offered his services, such as they were, to that potentate. As to Burnet's assertion touching the dogs, which has been repeated by so many subsequent writers, lord Dartmouth says: "I believe his reflection upon the duke, for the care of his dogs, to be as ill-grounded; for I remember a story which was in every one's mouth at that time, of a struggle that happened for a plank, between sir Charles Scarborough¹ and the duke's dog Mumper, which convinces me that dogs were left to take care of themselves, (as he did,) if there were any more on board, which I never heard, till the bishop's story-book was published."²

The duke of York performed the rest of his voyage in the *Happy Return*, and landed at Leith the next day, Sunday, May 7th, at eight o'clock in the evening; "and came once again," says lord Peterborough, "into the arms of his incomparable duchess, who was half dead, though she saw him alive, at the fears of that, which, though it was now past, she had heard was once so near." It appears, however, from the following interesting particulars, which were recorded from her own lips, that Mary Beatrice was not aware of the peril in which her husband had been involved, till informed of it by himself. "The duke," she said, "though almost beside himself with grief, at the calamity which had been attended with the loss of so many lives, had, nevertheless, sufficient presence of mind to prevent any of his followers from preceding him to Holyrood abbey, lest the news of the fatal catastrophe of the Gloucester should be told too suddenly to her, so as to alarm and agitate her, which might have been attended with dangerous results in her present situation. The approach of the little fleet had, of course, been observed from the heights above Edinburgh, and she was in momentary

¹ Sir Charles Scarborough was one of the royal physicians; he succeeded in reaching the yacht, but he was almost dead with cold and fatigue when he was taken on board. The captain, sir John Berry, escaped with difficulty by means of a rope into captain Wyborne's boat.

² Letter to Erasmus Lewis, Esq. Notes of the new edition of Burnet, vol. ii., p. 316.—Burnet's third assertion, "that the long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried off above eighty more than she did," is equally erroneous. Sir James Dick, the lord-provost of Edinburgh, who, with the earls of Middleton, the laird of Touch, and many others, were in her, declares that she was so overloaded, that the laird of Hopetoun, the earl of Roxburgh, and many more, considered it safer to remain in the sinking ship than to expose themselves to the same hazard. "If the rest," pursues he, "had not thought us dead men, I am sure many more would have jumped in upon us. We were so thronged we had not room to stand." No other author but Burnet could have contrived to make three such sweeping misstatements in as many lines. The only blame that can with justice be imputed to James on this occasion, was his excessive anxiety for the preservation of a box of papers, which, in spite of colonel Legge's remonstrances, he insisted on having deposited in the boat before he could be induced to enter it himself. If Burnet had been aware of his obstinacy in this respect, he might have censured him with reason for giving them a thought at such a moment. That box, in all probability, contained his autograph Memoirs, a valuable legacy to historians.

expectation of his arrival. He hastened to her instantly, on landing; but, for fear of surprising her, made his équerre, Mr. Griffin, enter first, to prepare her for his appearance. The duchess, seeing that gentleman alone, exclaimed in great consternation, 'Where is the duke?' 'He is in the antechamber, madam,' replied Griffin. The next moment, James entered, and announced his own arrival. Mary Beatrice was so overpowered at the thoughts of the dreadful peril from which her lord had narrowly escaped, that she could not restrain her tears, and for years afterwards she wept, and shuddered whenever she thought of it."¹ The greatest rejoicings, accompanied by bonfires and illuminations, took place in Edinburgh, on account of his royal highness's escape; and several spirited popular songs and congratulatory poems were published on the occasion. In some of those, there were allusions to the hopes which the situation of the duchess was calculated to excite among the numerous party who were anxious to see the royal line and name of Stuart continued by a male heir. The following verse from a song by Mat. Taubman, called "York and Albany," contains a graceful compliment to the duchess:—

"The wandering dove that was sent forth
To find some landing near,
When England's ark was tost on floods
Of jealousy and fear,—
Returns with olive branch of joy,
To set the nation free
From Whiggish rage, that would destroy
Great York and Albany."

Great persuasions were used to deter Mary Beatrice from undertaking a journey to England at all, under these circumstances, and more especially, to dissuade her from a sea voyage; but notwithstanding the terror which the calamitous loss of nearly two hundred lives in the fatal Gloucester had excited among her ladies, she declared her determination of accompanying her lord,² who wished to adhere to the original plan, of returning to England by sea. She would neither consent to remain in Scotland for her accouchement, without him, nor listen to any arrangement for a long overland journey by herself. "Whatever dangers he might be exposed to," she said, "it was her wish to share them, and that she should esteem herself happier in danger or trouble with him, than in ease and security without him."

The duke of York took a solemn leave of the lords of his majesty's council, and also of the authorities of the good town of Edinburgh; on the 12th of May, a few days after, he, with his faithful duchess and the princess Anne, proceeded in state to Leith, and embarked in the *Happy Return*. They were attended to the water's edge by a great concourse of people of all degrees, and no little wonder was expressed at the courage of their royal highnesses in venturing to go by sea, after the duke's recent peril and narrow escape from a watery grave. It was to facilitate the embarkation of the duchess of York, whose situation rendered James

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid. Journal of James II.

very solicitous for her safety, that the plan of the accommodation chair and pulley, now so general for ladies, was first devised.¹ In this simple machine, which she described minutely to her cloistered friends at Chailot, Mary Beatrice was drawn up the side of the vessel and carried into her cabin. Her principal lady in waiting, Penelope, countess of Peterborough, whose nephew, lord O'Brian, had perished in the Gloucester, was so greatly terrified at the idea of the voyage, that she begged to go in another ship, lest she should infect her royal highness with her fears, and agitate her with her tears and cries.²

"For my part," said Mary Beatrice, when relating these particulars in the days of her widowhood and exile, "I feared nothing; I saw the king, and I seemed to have power to confront every peril. Alas!" added she, sighing, "I often stand self-condemned before God, for my want of love and confidence in Him, when I think of my feelings towards the king, my husband. He was," pursued she, "the most intrepid of men, and looked on danger with perfect coolness, as was said of him by monsieur le prince (de Condé), and M. de Turenne."³

The voyage was safely performed. On the 26th, they arrived at the buoy in the gun-fleet, of which their majesties, who were at Windsor, being informed by express, they came with all the loyal part of their court to Putney, where they took barge, and went down the river to meet and welcome their royal highnesses. At Erith, the joyful encounter took place, where his majesty's barge being laid alongside the auspiciously-named vessel in which the royal exiles had returned from Scotland, they were received on board amidst the thunders of the artillery, and the joyful gratulations with which the duke was greeted by his royal brother and all present, in consequence of his almost miraculous escape in his recent peril at sea. The king also expressed his love and esteem for the duchess, for whom he always had a great regard, and on the present occasion considered her worthy of more sympathy than her lord. He knew how much she had suffered by her residence in a northern climate, and honoured her for her conjugal devotion, as well as for her conjugal patience under some grievances, which were too well known to the whole court. The royal brothers, with their consorts, proceeded, in a sort of triumph, on their pleasant homeward progress up the Thames to Whitehall, where they landed amidst the acclamations of the crowded shores, having been saluted all the way up the river by the ships in the roads, and the guns from the Tower. They proceeded next to Arlington-house, in the park, where they were entertained by the earl and countess with a magnificent banquet. The lord mayor and aldermen, with many worthy citizens, came the same day to offer their congratulations to their royal highnesses on their happy return. In the evening, the city blazed with illuminations and bonfires, the bells rang, and all the tokens of popular rejoicing were expressed.⁴

These rejoicings were echoed in Edinburgh, as soon as the news of

¹ Journal of James II.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ Historical Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany. Journal of James Echard.

the safe arrival of the duke and duchess were received in "the good town," of which the following traces have recently been discovered among the Exchequer Records, by Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"Paid to Robert Kennedy, 10*l.* sterling, for two bonfires, 29th of May and 1st of June, upon the newes of their royal highness' saif arrivel at London. More 44*l.* scots for wine and glasses as within."

Then follow the vouchers for this outlay, from which we find that the glasses were broken by the loyal toppers, and that the bonfires were kindled in the Abbey-close, and on Arthur's-seat, the grandest station for such a beacon of joy that the three realms could boast.

The first thing that occupied James's attention after his return to England was the condition of the widows of the officers and seamen who had perished in the wreck of the Gloucester. To those of the common seamen, he ordered eleven months' pay to be disbursed, and that those of the officers should be pensioned as if their husbands had died in battle, besides presenting each with a donation from his private property, which was received, says a contemporary biographer, "by the poor women with many thanks and reiterated prayers for his royal highness's long life, health and prosperity."¹

James and Mary Beatrice were now established in their own royal home at St. James's palace, once more, and their prospects wore a flattering brightness for a time. Mary Beatrice had always been a favourite with the people, to which her beauty and purity of conduct contributed not a little. She was now only four-and-twenty, and the charms of early youth had ripened into matron dignity and grace. Her first appearance at the theatre with the duke drew forth the most rapturous applause, and was celebrated by the poetry of Otway and Dryden in the prologue and epilogue of the play that was performed on that occasion. A few days afterwards, the laureate addressed the following elegant lines to her royal highness on her return :

"When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The muses drooped with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts :
Love could no longer after beauty stay,
But wandered northward, to the verge of day.
But now the illustrious nymph, returned again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train ;
The wondering nereids, though they raised no storm,
Followed her passage to behold her form :
Far from her side flew faction, strife, and pride,
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sun hath cleared the debt ;
For her the weeping heavens became serena,
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green ;
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has, for her, delayed the spring.
The muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,

¹ *Memoirs of James, duke of York and Albany.*

And Love, restored, his ancient realm surveys,—
 Recals our beauties, and revives our plays:
 His waste dominions peoples once again,
 And from her presence dates his second reign;
 But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
 Dispensing what she never will admit;
 Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,—
 The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
 Distempered zeal, sedition, canker'd hate,
 No more shall vex the church, or tear the state;
 No more shall faction civil discords move,
 Or only discords of too tender love:
 Discords that only this dispute shall bring,—
 Who best shall love the duke or serve the king."

The manifestation of popular favour with which the royal exiles were greeted on their return to England, was only like a burst of sunshine through dark clouds when the thunder grows ominously in the distance. The exclusionists were defeated, but not conquered. They were outnumbered, but they continued to wage their war with the base weapons of libels and political squibs. Hitherto the duchess had been spared from open attacks, though more than one oblique shaft had been aimed in her direction; but now her situation was to furnish the grounds of a false accusation. As her last child had been a boy, it was confidently hoped by the Yorkists, that she would bring the duke a son. The Orange party, exasperated at the idea of these sanguine anticipations being realized, circulated malicious reports that a plot was in preparation to deprive the protestant heiress of the crown, of her place in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious child. In Scotland, these injurious rumours were indignantly noticed by a now forgotten lyricist of that period, in the following elegant stanzas, with which he concludes a series of mythological compliments to "York's lovely duchess:"

"See, led by her great admiral, she is come,
 Laden with such a blessing home
 As doth surmount our joy;
 And with a happy omen speaks the princely boy.
 Heaven grant him live,
 Our wonted peace and glory to retrieve;
 And, by a just renown,
 Within its lawful centre fix the crown.
 Then smile, Great Britain's genius, once again,
 And music's daughter's lofty numbers sing;
 And every beauteous nymph and loyal swain
 Their grateful tribute bring:
 And only impious men
 That happy birth condemn."

Mary Beatrice felt, however, more than usual apprehension as her hour drew nigh, and entreated king Charles to permit her to have the comfort and support of her mother's presence. The king, ever indulgent to his fair sister-in-law, not only acceded to her wish, but wrote with his own hand to the duchess of Modena, acquainting her with her daughter's desire for her company, and inviting her to his court. The duchess of Modena being then in Flanders, came in great haste, to avoid

all troublesome ceremonies which might create delay. No sooner was it known that she was in London, than the party that had formed a base confederacy to stigmatize the birth of the infant, in case it proved to be a son, endeavoured to poison the minds of the people, by circulating a report that the duchess of Modena only came to facilitate the popish design of introducing a boy to supplant the female heirs of the crown, in the event of the duchess of York giving birth to a daughter;¹ thus imputing to the duchess of Modena, the absurd intention of depriving her own grandchild of the dignity of a princess of Great Britain, and the next place, in the regal succession after her two elder sisters, for the sake of substituting a boy, whom they pretended she had brought from Holland, for that purpose.² So early was the determination betrayed of impugning any male issue that might be born of the marriage of James II. and Mary of Modena, by the faction which, six years afterwards, succeeded, in some degree, in stigmatizing the birth of their second son. It is also remarkable that circumstances favoured the projected calumny, for Mary Beatrice, who did not expect her accouchement till the end of August, was unexpectedly brought to bed on the 15th of that month, only three days after the arrival of the duchess of Modena. She had so quick a time, that very few of the witnesses, whose presence was deemed necessary, to verify the birth of the infant, could be summoned; but as it proved a girl, nothing more was said about the Dutch boy, or the fictitious pregnancy of the royal mother. Great rejoicings were made in Edinburgh, for the safety of the duchess,³ of which the following amusing document, lately discovered among the Exchequer Records of Scotland, is one of the vestiges:⁴

"Att Edinburgh, 22 August, 1682.

"Receaved from sir William Sharp, his majestie's cash keeper, the sum of five pound starlin, and that for the bonfires sett up in the Abbie closs and on Arthur Seat, on the account of her royall highnes being saifly brought to bed. I say receaved by me,

ROBERT KENNEDY."

"Alsoe receaved for wyne and glasses spent at the said bonfyre, the sum of three pound starlin. I say receaved by me,

ROBERT KENNEDY."

¹ Leti Teatro Britannica, tom. ii., p. 666, published in 1604.

² Ibid.

³ The Town Council Record Book has the following entry connected with this event:—

"21st day of August, 1682.

"The council have appointed a solemnity this day, in testimony of the great joy and satisfaction that the neighbours and inhabitants within this city, and others, his majesty's lieges therein residing, ought to have for the great blessing all his majesty's good subjects have through God Almighty, his gift of an addition of an daughter of his royal highness to the royal family. Therefore the council appoints a proclamation to go through the city by beat of drum, ordaining all the inhabitants therein to put on bonfires this day in the afternoon, at the ringing of the bells, in testification of their joy and great satisfaction for the great blessing God Almighty has bestowed on the royal family, and the happiness the whole subjects in his majesty's dominions enjoy by the foresaid addition to the royal family. Ilk person that fails to put on bonfires shall pay a penalty of 20*l.* Scots."

The accounts of Magnus Prince, the city treasurer, show that the bonfires cost the good town 33*l.* 2*s.* Scots.

⁴ By Alexander Macdonald, Esq., to whose courtesy I am indebted for the transcript

The appearance of a comet, the day of the infant's birth, was supposed to prognosticate a great and glorious destiny for the little princess, who was baptized by Henry Compton, bishop of London, by the names of Charlotte Maria. Her sponsors were the duke of Ormond, and the countesses of Clarendon and Arundel. The maternal joy of Mary Beatrice was as usual doomed to be succeeded by maternal grief. The babe, whose birth had been so eagerly anticipated, after an ephemeral existence of about eight weeks, died suddenly in a convulsion fit; she was interred in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The prince of Orange wrote a letter to his uncle, the duke of York, expressive of his sympathy, which, however deceitful, appears to have been very gratifying to the bereaved parent, unless James uses the following expressions in bitter sarcasm, well aware, as he was, of William's treacherous practices against him. He says:

"I had yours of the 23d, at Newmarket, before I came thence, but could not answer it sooner than now. I see by it you were sensibly touched with the loss I had of my little daughter, which is but what I had reason to expect from you that are so concerned at all that happens to me."¹

No important event in the personal history of Mary Beatrice occurred between the death of the princess Charlotte and the accession of her lord to the throne of England. It is certain that she never interfered in political intrigues when duchess of York, and for that reason her name is a blank in public history, during the first twelve years of her residence in England. Her court at St. James's palace was always magnificent, and far more orderly than that at Whitehall. Gregorio Leti, the historiographer to Charles II., gives the following list of the English ladies of whom her household was composed, in the year 1683:² "Penelope Obrien, countess of Peterborough, speaks French well, salary 1600 crowns." This lady had been with her ever since her marriage. "Susannah Armine, lady Bellasys;" the reader will remember that this lady had been honourably wooed by the duke of York for his wife, soon after the death of his first duchess, and, as he could not obtain his brother's consent to the marriage, he had vindicated her character from all aspersion, by making her lady of the bed-chamber to his young consort, Mary Beatrice d'Esté, who never expressed the slightest jealousy of her. The countess of Roscommon was another of the ladies of her bed-chamber. Her six maids of honour were Frances Walsingham, Catharine Fraser, Anne Killigrew, Anne Kingsmill, Catharine Walters, and Catharine Sedley; the last, with a salary of 800 crowns: she was an object of great uneasiness to her royal highness, on account of her illicit tie with the duke. Lady Harrison held the office of mother of the maids. Lady Jones was chamber-keeper. Her bed-chamber women were Mrs. Margaret Dawson, who had been in the service of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, with a salary of 600 crowns; lady Bromley, ditto; lady Wentworth; lady Boucher; and lady Turner. The household of Mary Beatrice had much higher salaries than those of her royal sister-in-law queen

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix. The date of James's letter is Oct. 24, 1682.

² Mary Beatrice had four Italian ladies: Madame de Montecuculi and her daughter, Madame Molza and Pelegrina Turinie, in her household.

Catharine; but the duke's economy enabled his consort to be generous; and it is doubtful if her ladies had any perquisites.

Early in the year 1684, the duke of York was reinstated in his post of lord admiral, on which occasion the first Jacobite song was written and set to music; it was entitled:

THE ROYAL ADMIRAL.

Let Titus¹ and Patience² stir up a commotion,
Their plotting and swearing shall prosper no more;
Now gallant old Jamie commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.

Jamie the valiant, the champion royal!
His own and the monarchy's rival withstood;
The bane and the terror of those, the disloyal,
Who slew his loved father, and thirst for his blood.

York the great admiral—ocean's defender,
The joy of our navy, the dread of its foes;
The lawful successor—what upstart pretender
Shall dare, in our isle, the true heir to oppose?

Jamie, who quelled the proud foe on the ocean,
And rode the sole conqueror over the main;
To this gallant hero let all pay devotion,
For England her admiral sees him again.

Mary Beatrice was attacked with a sudden alarming illness, in the latter end of May, the same year, in the absence of her lord, who had been summoned by the king to attend a council at Windsor. As soon as the duke heard of her illness, he hastened to her, but the danger was over by the time he arrived. In a letter, dated May 30th, James relates the symptoms of her malady to the prince of Orange, adding, "But now, God be thanked, she is quite well of that, and free from a feverish distemper which came with it, and I hope will be well enough to go to Windsor by the end of next week."³

It was during this sojourn at Windsor that the duke of York wrote the following letter to his daughter Henrietta lady Waldgrave:⁴

"Windsor, June 9, 1684.

"Till the duchess came to this place I did not know that sir Charles Waldgrave was dead, or else I had written sooner to you, to have told you I was sorry to hear of it, and now that sir Henry is come to the estate, I must recommend to you both to be good managers, and to be sure to live within what you have, and be sure to have a care not to run at first.

"Now that the duchess is here, I shall seldom go to London. When I do, I shall be sure to let you know it, that you may meet me there.

¹ Titus Oates, the inventor of the Popish plot.

² Patience Ward, the fanatic alderman.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix.

⁴ Original Letters, edited by sir Henry Ellis, vol. iii., p. 330, first series. Lady Waldgrave was daughter to James II. by Arabella Churchill. She was sister to the duke of Berwick, who is often mentioned in these letters. Henrietta Fitzjames, for so she was called by her father, was brought up a Roman-catholic, and married into a family of the same religion. Her husband was Henry, son and heir of sir Charles Waldgrave. She accompanied her father and his queen in their exile, and lived some years at St. Germain's, where we shall often have occasion to mention her.

"To-morrow I go a hunting, and on Friday to Hampton-court; and at any time when you do come hither, take care that it be not when I am abroad, that you may not miss me.

"Let me hear from you, and be assured I shall be always very kind to you.
"JAMES."

From the preceding letters of James to this young lady, there is reason to think that his duchess would not, at that time, allow any public countenance to be given to his illegitimate offspring (though she evinced no jealousy of the two princesses), she afterwards took lady Waldgrave into her household. After spending about three weeks with the court at Windsor, the duke and duchess of York returned for a few days to their own palace at St. James's. Up to that period, the friendly relations between Mary Beatrice and her step-daughter the princess Anne, who had now been married several months to prince George of Denmark, had not been interrupted. Evidence of the regard which subsisted between them at this time, appears in the following casual communication in a letter from James to the prince of Orange, dated June 26th, 1684; "The duchess intends for Tunbridge on Monday. My daughter, the princess of Denmark, designs to go there, also, to keep her company, but not to take the waters."¹

A season of peace and national prosperity had succeeded the crisis of the Rye-house plot. The duke of York appeared firmly planted beside the throne, and his influence guided the helm of state; but his knowledge of business and love of economy suited not the views of the corrupt and selfish statesmen of whom his brother's cabinet was composed. In the beginning of the year 1685, a secret cabal was formed against him, of which the leading members were the earls of Sunderland and Halifax, lord Godolphin and the duchess of Portsmouth, for the purpose of recalling the duke of Monmouth, and driving him and his consort into exile;² but before their plans were matured, the unexpected death of the sovereign placed the rightful heir of the crown in a position to make them tremble.

"They were trying to send us into banishment again," says Mary Beatrice, "just before we became king and queen of England."³ This event occurred on February the 6th, 1685.

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., p. 50.

² Life of James II. Lingard. Mackintosh.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Beatrice queen of England—Her grief for the death of Charles II.—Receives her first homage in bed—Popularity of king James—Reforms at court—Queen's interference about her brother's marriage—Her angry correspondence with him—Friendly letters to the prince of Orange—Ill health and unhappiness of the queen—Her dislike to rouge—Catharine Sedley—Queen's jealousy and reproaches to the king—James dismisses Sedley—Her majesty's splendid regalia—She liberates the poor debtors—Anecdotes of the coronation—King and queen go in state to mass—Queen at the opening of parliament—Monmouth's rebellion—False aspersion on the queen—Monmouth writes to implore her intercession—James creates Sedley countess of Dorchester—Anger of the queen—Party against her—Her unhappiness—She takes to her chamber—Passionate scene with the king—James orders lady Dorchester from court—Queen's maids of honour—Embassy to Rome—Queen obtains a cardinal's hat for her uncle—Queen's visit to the camp at Hounslow—Her state bed—Her displeasure against lord Rochester—Visits his sick wife—Her dislike of father Petre—Public reception of pope's nuncio—Death of the duchess of Modena—Grief of the queen—Her letter to the prince of Orange—She goes to Bath with the king—His attentions to her—Leaves her at Bath—His pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well—Visits the queen at Bath—Warned of the treachery of the prince of Orange by Bonrepaux—He returns to London—Queen joins him at Windsor—They return to Whitehall—Queen's pregnancy—Public thanksgivings—Injurious reports—Declaration of liberty of conscience—The king and William Penn—Father Petre and the queen—Her gracious behaviour to Clarendon—Princess Anne's hatred to the queen—Her secret machinations against her—Outward civility—Queen's sudden illness—Sends for the king—Gives up her intention of lying-in at Windsor—Reasons why not at Whitehall.

MARY BEATRICE was an attendant on the death-bed of her royal brother-in-law, Charles II., and the only person in that room to whom queen Catharine ventured to speak a word in confidence on his spiritual affairs.¹ No one lamented more sincerely for the fatal termination of the illness of that monarch, although it was an event that elevated her consort and herself to a throne. "The queen that now is," writes an eye-witness of the last moments of Charles II., "was a most passionate mourner, and so tender-hearted, as to think a crown dearly bought with the loss of such a brother."² Mary Beatrice herself, when alluding to

¹ See Life of Catharine of Braganza, in the Lives of the Queens of England, vol. viii.

² Letter to the Rev. Francis Roper, in Sir Henry Ellis's Letters. First Series. Vol. iii., p. 337.

her feelings on this occasion, long years afterwards, said, "I confess that I took no pleasure in the envied name of a queen. I was so greatly afflicted for the death of king Charles, that I dared not give free vent to my grief, lest I should be suspected of hypocrisy or grimace. I had loved him very dearly, and with reason, for he was very amiable, and had shown me much kindness."¹

The same moment that certified the fact that Charles II. had ceased to breathe, saw every knee bent in homage to the calumniated duke of York, while every voice united in crying, "God save king James II." The crown had taken away all defects, and he was instantaneously beset on every side with compliments and congratulations. Exhausted with grief and watching, beholding in the lifeless form before him a solemn lesson on the frailty of earthly grandeur, and sickening, perhaps, at the shameless adulation of the time-serving courtiers, the new sovereign withdrew to his closet, to commune with his own heart in silence. After a brief pause, James met his council, and was recognised as the lawful monarch of the realm without a dissentient voice. He expressed his passionate sorrow for his brother's death, and signified his intention of governing by the established laws, and supporting the church of England, concluding his address with those words, "I have often ventured my life in defence of this nation, and will go as far as any man in preserving its just privileges."² This declaration was received with unanimous applause. He was immediately proclaimed at the gates of Whitehall, and afterwards in the city, amidst the acclamations of the populace.³ Evelyn, who assisted at this ceremony, returned with the state officers and the heralds to Whitehall, and was introduced into the presence of the new king and queen, tells us, that "the king, tired out as he was with grief and fatigue, had been compelled, meantime, to take a little repose on his bed, but was now risen, and in his undress." The queen was still in bed; but the deputation being introduced into her apartment—queens had neither rest nor privacy allowed them in those days of royal slavery—"she put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted," as I believe she was, pursues Evelyn, "having deported herself so decently upon all occasions since she came into England, which made her universally beloved."⁴ The following Sunday, their majesties went publicly to mass in the queen's chapel, in St. James's palace, leaving the chapel royal at Whitehall for the use of the princess Anne of Denmark and the protestant portion of their household. That Sunday almost every pulpit in the metropolis echoed with the praises of the new sovereign, and with prayers that he and his consort might enjoy a long and happy reign. The first few days after their accession to the throne, the new king and queen were chiefly occupied in receiving the compliments and condolences of the ambassadors of all

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

² Journal of James II. Echard. Lingard, &c.

³ All the former animosities seemed to be forgotten, amidst the loud acclamations of his people, on his accession to the throne.—Wellswood's Memoirs, p. 154.

⁴ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii.

the sovereigns in Europe. Mary Beatrice received and entertained her court, seated under a mourning canopy of state, with a black foot-cloth.¹ She performed her part with the grace and dignity that were natural to her; but she took no pleasure in her new honours; she was a childless mother; and, though she was only seven-and-twenty, her enemies began to insinuate the improbability of her bringing heirs to the throne. James had four illegitimate children by Arabella Churchill, and two by his present mistress, Catharine Sedley. His majesty, however, being bent on effecting a moral reform in his court, persuaded Mrs. Sedley to absent herself, to the great satisfaction of those who had feared that she would act the same part in the reign of James as the duchess of Cleveland had done in that of Charles. James was a person of better intentions than his brother. He expressed publicly his abhorrence of drinking and swearing. "On Sunday last," writes a contemporary, "the king, going to mass, told his attendants he had been informed that since his declaring against the disorder of the household, some had the impudence to appear drunk in the queen's presence. 'Tis thought he reflected on the duke of A.;"² but he advised them at their peril to observe his orders, which he would see obeyed."³ James also discouraged the practice of duelling, which was one of the prevailing sins of the age, and had caused several frightful tragedies in his brother's court; among other things, he said, "I know a man who has fought nine duels, and yet is a very coward, having manifestly shown himself so during an engagement at sea."⁴ The king attended closely to business, and a great change for the better appeared in the manners of the courtiers: profane and licentious speeches were no longer tolerated.

The first use Mary Beatrice made of her new power and dignity as queen of England, was an attempt to compel her brother, the duke of Modena, who had perversely remained a bachelor till he was five-and-twenty, to enter the holy pale of wedlock with a consort of her providing. The young lady whom she was desirous of making duchess of Modena was mademoiselle de Bouillon, one of the greatest heiresses in France, nearly related to themselves also, for her mother was one of the fair Mancini sisters. Perhaps the duke of Modena disliked the connexion, or preferred choosing a wife for himself, for he coldly declined the alliance. Mary Beatrice, who appears to have taken an infinity of pains in gaining the consent of the lady and of the king of France, under the idea that she was rendering her brother a great service, was exceedingly offended at this contumacity, which she attributed to the evil counsels of his prime minister and favourite, prince Cesar, a kinsman of their family. The records in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France* connected with this business, prove that she behaved with petulance towards her brother and his minister. "In her letter of the 26th of February there are marks of great anger on the part of the queen of England against prince Cesar," observes our authority,⁵ "and she seems dis-

¹ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii.

² This must have been the duke of St. Albans, son of Charles II. by Nell Gwynne.

³ Letters of the Herbert family.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France.

posed to carry matters with a high hand, as she says he is the cause of preventing the marriage she has proposed, for which marriage she testifies the most ardent wish. In another letter, written by her on the 5th of March, she manifests the same disposition. The king, her husband, has told the abbé Rizzini, that of all the matches that had been proposed for the duke, that with mademoiselle de Bouillon was the most advantageous for him, and that he thought he ought not to hesitate any longer about accepting it, since the king of France had expressed a wish for it, and it was the only means by which he could reinstate himself in the good graces of that prince; and that, for the future, he must not reckon on the good offices either of the queen or himself, unless he resolved to follow their advice."

Mary Beatrice went so far as to express her opinion that prince Cesar had suppressed her former letters to the duke, her brother, saying, that "she had some thoughts of sending the abbé Rizzini to Modena, that he might communicate all she felt on the subject; and it was her wish that the abbé should pass through Paris, that he might see mademoiselle de Bouillon, in order to give the duke a description of her shape and person, and to afford that lady any information she might desire."¹ This, it appears, she did, and at the same time wrote a passionate letter to her brother, complaining of his conduct, which, she said, "she entirely attributed to the evil influence of prince Cesar; and that, if he did not alter his determination, and consent to this advantageous match which she had proposed for him, she should be compelled to add her resentment to that of the king of France." She even threatened the minister with her vengeance. In a letter to the king of France, she positively declared "that she never would desist from this design till she had brought it to pass, the king of England and she having set their hearts upon it; and that it could not fail of being accomplished, provided the king of France continued in the same mind. "Nevertheless," added she, "I see plainly that prince Cesar will not allow the duke of Modena to marry, that he may retain his influence over him, and continue to govern him as he has hitherto done." She begged that Louis would communicate with her privately on this matter, as she did not wish to discuss it with his ambassador Barillon. The duke of Modena wrote to his sister, "that he had some thoughts of coming to England, to explain to her in person the reasons that prevented him from accepting her proposition." When she had read this letter, she exclaimed with great vehemence, "Unless he has vowed himself a monk, I see no good reason why he should not marry; and if he does marry, why should he not accept the proposition that I have made to him?" On the 12th of March, Mary Beatrice wrote to the king of France, "If the last letters I have written to my brother, together with the change in my condition, do not incline him to allow me to conclude the marriage I have proposed for him, we must suppose there is nothing more to be done, unless the resolutions that the king may take against prince Cesar may lead him to accommodate the matter, by inducing the duke of Modena to bestow his hand in this marriage." In a letter

¹ Communicated by monsieur Dumont.

of the 15th, her majesty wrote, "that she thought of requesting the king, her husband, to write a letter to the duke of Modena, representing to him how wrong he was to demur giving his hand where she had advised, as the most advantageous marriage he could make, since it would wholly reinstate him in the good graces of the king of France, with whom he was at variance; therefore he ought to consider it as the greatest good she could procure for him;" she added, "that she considered prince Cesar had been the cause of all the false steps the duke, her brother, had taken; and that if she could only get the duke to come to England, she had every hope that she should be able to induce him to enter into this alliance; only she much doubted that prince Cesar would never permit him to come, for fear such a journey should be prejudicial to his design of continuing to govern the duke and country of Modena as tyrannically as he had hitherto done, so that she foresees he will prevent it, and she is quite sure that he has suppressed most of the letters that she has written to her brother."¹ The dangerous position of the duke of Modena's affairs, in consequence of his rash quarrel with Louis XIV., and the pains Mary Beatrice had taken to effect a reconciliation, by means of the proposed marriage between him and mademoiselle de Bouillon, cannot excuse the imperious manner in which she attempted to overrule his reluctance. Little had she learned of the combative nature of mankind during her twelve years of matrimony. It seems that James allowed her to say what she pleased in any matter of dispute, but acted according to his own pleasure. In many respects, he had acted much wiser and better if he had followed her advice. She was greatly opposed to his allowing father Petre any share in his councils; she disliked the man, and perceived that he would lead his majesty into unpopular courses.

Of a far more courteous character than her correspondence with the duke of Modena her brother, was the letter which Mary Beatrice wrote to the prince of Orange, in reply to the congratulations which he had addressed to her by his ambassador:

"Whitehall, March 16, 1685.

"The lines you sent me by Mr. Overke (Overkirk), and the compliments he made me from you, were so obliging, that I know not how to thank you half enough for it; but I hope you believe that all the marks you give me of your friendship are very agreeable to me, and so must desire the continuance of it, which I am sure I shall always deserve from you; for nothing can ever alter me from being, with all sincerity, and without compliments, yours truly,

"M. R.

"Pray follow my example, and write to me without any ceremony, for it is not to be minded between such friends as we are."

Though all things wore a smiling aspect² at the beginning of her consort's reign, the fickle multitude evincing the enthusiastic loyalty which is generally manifested towards a new sovereign, Mary Beatrice

¹ Documents in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères, by favour of Mons. Guizot. The duke of Modena resisted the dictation of his royal sister, and took a consort of his own selection, Margareta Farnese, daughter of Ranucci II., duke of Parma. *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*.

² Dalrymple's Appendix 116. Copied from the original in King William's box, at Kensington palace.

was neither well in body nor tranquil in mind. "The health of the queen of England," writes Barillon to Louis XIV., "is not in a good state; those who are about her person believe that she will not live long. Her malady is a species of inflammation on the chest, with violent attacks of colic, which frequently return. She believes herself in danger."¹ In another letter his excellency speaks of her majesty having become very thin and pale. Up to that period, Mary Beatrice had never used art to heighten her complexion. She had a great objection to rouge, not only as a matter of taste, but from a religious scruple. It was, however, the fashion for the ladies of her court to paint, and the king told her he wished her to do the same, more out of complaisance, probably, to the opinion of others, than because he imagined that artificial opaque tints of red could harmonize better with the classic dignity of her features, than her own pure marble-like complexion. The queen, willing to please her lord at any rate, at length complied with the fashion, by putting on the rouge. Father Seraphin, a capuchin friar of great sanctity, seemed surprised when he saw her thus; and in reply to some remark about the paleness that seemed to render it necessary, bluntly exclaimed, "Madame, I would rather see your majesty yellow, or even green, than rouged." This being in the presence of the king, the queen was infinitely amused at the uncourtier-like sincerity of the old ecclesiastic, and could never think of his rejoinder without laughing.² The cause that robbed the cheek of the young and beautiful consort of James II. of bloom, preyed on her spirits, and occasionally ruffled the equanimity of her temper, was her inability to induce him to dismiss his bold, audacious paramour, Catharine Sedley, from her household.³ This woman, after James's accession to the throne, aspired to become a recognised state mistress, and to enjoy the same power that she had seen the duchess of Portsmouth exercise in the late reign. Unfortunately, those who called themselves James's best friends, the earl of Rochester for instance, and other gentlemen who dreaded the effects of his blind zeal for Romanism, which they attributed to the influence of his catholic consort, thought that it would be as well if that influence were counterbalanced by the fascinations of her rival. Catharine Sedley piqued herself on being a good protestant, which goodness consisted not, of course, in the purity and holiness of life enjoined by the reformed religion, but in hostility to that of Rome; and she was accus-

¹ Despatches in Fox's Appendix.

² MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

³ Catharine Sedley was the daughter of the witty and profligate gentleman-author, sir Charles Sedley: she had been mistress to James II. for some time previous to his marriage with the queen. She was very plain, excepting a stately figure. She had a talent for repartee, coarse enough to be called wit in those days. She insisted on the reward for her vile course of life, which was granted by James, who made her baroness of Darlington and countess of Dorchester, but only for life. The most respectable trait in her father's character was his indignation as a gentleman at this disgraceful advancement of his only child. Hence that well-known line of Dr. Johnson—

"And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king."

Her daughter, by the king, married Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

tomed to amuse James with the most cutting raillery on the ceremonies and dogmas of his faith. It was devoutly hoped by Rochester, Clarendon, and others, that her powers of ridicule would, in time, destroy his majesty's unpopular veneration for the church of Rome, and they very improperly encouraged him in his unprincipled violation of his conjugal duties.¹

The queen, when she learned that her audacious rival was supported by the king's brothers-in-law, treated them and their ladies with the disdain which such conduct was calculated to excite in her bosom. This was in turn resented and revenged in various ways, and the result was, that Sunderland, who was politically opposed to the earl of Rochester, and affected to pay great court to the queen, worked his way into a preponderance of power in the cabinet, not through her favour, for she always distrusted him, but in consequence of her hostility to the allies of Catharine Sedley.² Sad indeed it is when the virtuous affections of a pure and sensitive heart are rendered instrumental to the selfish interests of cold, calculating politicians. Yet the jealousy of Mary Beatrice was not the coarse feeling that belongs to vulgar-minded women. Long after the death of her lord, when she alluded to her affection for him, she once adverted to her wrongs in these words, "I will not say that he had no other attachment or passion. The king was ready to sacrifice his crown to his faith, but had no power to banish a mistress. I said to him once, 'Sir, is it possible that you would, for the sake of one passion, lose the merit of all your sacrifices?' " On another occasion, her majesty confessed, that she had suffered herself to be so far transported by her indignant feelings, as to say to the king, "Give her my dower—make her queen of England, but let me never see her more!" Mary Beatrice considered, however, that she had been guilty of a great fault, in speaking thus to her lord.³ The remonstrances of the priests and the catholic lords, who made common cause with her majesty, induced James to expunge Mrs. Sedley's name from the list of the ladies of his injured consort's household; and he made a strong effort to break the disgraceful tie, by enjoining her departure from the court. Such intimacies are much easier contracted than broken, as all princes find to their cost. Catharine left town for a little while, but retained her apartments at Whitehall; the result will be shown anon. It can scarcely be imagined, that James really preferred a coarse-minded, unchaste, ugly woman to his virtuous, loving, and beautiful wife. The empire of Catharine Sedley was that of habit, maintained by violence and effrontery. She was the mother, at that time, of a grown-up daughter, whom he had married to the earl of Annesley. There are many proofs, notwithstanding his infidelities, that James regarded his consort with feelings of respect, amounting to veneration. His admiration for her personal charms, is testified by the device he chose for the reverse of her coronation medal, in which her graceful figure, clothed in flowing draperies, is seated on a rock in the attitude of a Britannia, with an inscription from *Æneas's* address to Venus, "*O DEA CERTE.*"

¹ Mackintosh. Lingard.

² Ibid.

³ MS Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

The proclamations were issued for the coronation of the king and queen, to take place April 23d, being St. George's day. Circulars were on this occasion issued to the peeresses to attend, in scarlet robes and coronets, on the queen at that ceremonial.

One of the Scotch judges, sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, makes a singular observation in his diary, on the intimation that Mary Beatrice was to be crowned: "What the coronation of the queen imports is doubted, if it will make her regent after his death. A massy crown of gold is making for her. Our commons," continues he, "took up a jealousy that the Scots crown was to be sent down to Windsor, that the king might be crowned with it."

No queen-consort had been crowned in England, with the single exception of Anne of Denmark, since Anne Boleyn, and great interest was excited at the expectation of Mary of Modena taking her proper place in this imposing spectacle, which her great beauty and majestic figure were eminently calculated to adorn.

So many ancient claims were revived for the performance of various services, which, in the olden times, were required of the manorial nobility of England, by the sovereign, but which had in later years fallen into disuse, that a court was empowered to sit at Westminster for the purpose of deciding them, previous to the coronation. This court was opened on the 30th of March. Many of these claims being founded on oral tradition, were judged obsolete.¹ The lord of the manor of Bardolf, in Addington, Surrey, claimed to find a man to make a dish of grout² for their majesties' table, and, therefore, prayed that the king's master-cook might perform that service, which was granted. The lord of the manor of Fyngrieth, Essex, claimed to be chamberlain to the queen for that day, and to have the queen's bed and furniture, basins, &c., belonging to the office, and to have a clerk in the exchequer to demand and receive the queen's gold.³ This claim was disallowed, because not made out as regarded the moveables; as for the ancient immunity of the queen gold, or *aurum reginæ*, it was never either claimed or received by Mary Beatrice.

King James, with his usual regard to economy, curtailed some of the expensive details connected with his inauguration, especially the cavalcade from the Tower, by which he effected a retrenchment of upwards of 60,000*l*. In consequence of the plunder of the crown jewels by the

¹ Among some of the curious observances connected with the customs of regality in the olden time, on such occasions, may be reckoned the claim of the lord of the manor of Lyston, in Essex, to make wafers for the king and queen, to serve them up at their table, and to have all the instruments of silver and metal, with all the linen used on this occasion, with a certain proportion of the ingredients of which these dainty little cakes were compounded, and *living* for himself and three men. This claim was allowed, the composition and baking of the wafers were performed by deputy chosen from among the household, and the fees compounded for 30*l*.—British Chronologist.

² This dish was that far-famed regal potage, or delicate white soup, known by the name of dilligout at the coronation banquets of the Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns.

³ British Chronologist.

Roundheads, during the civil war, every article of the queen's regalia had to be supplied out of the fund voted for the coronation in this reign. No parsimony, however, was shown by James in regard to the circlet, crowns, and other regal ornaments, which were made expressly for the use of his consort, for they appear to have been of unparalleled magnificence. The price of the diamonds, pearls, and other gems, with which her imperial diadem was set, amounted to 100,658*l.* sterling, according to Evelyn, who saw the bills attested by the goldsmith and jeweller who set them. When completed, however, it was valued at 111,900*l.*¹

The coronation was in the Easter week. King James, on the Maunday-Thursday previous, performed in person the ancient ceremonial observance of the sovereigns of England, by washing the feet of fifty-two poor men, according to the number of his own years, and touched several for the king's-evil. The night before the coronation, the queen slept at St. James's palace, her former abode, when duchess of York, and always preferred by her to the royal palace of Whitehall. The next morning, having performed her devotions there, she was attired by her ladies of the bed-chamber, assisted by her women, in her royal robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine, and looped with ropes and tassels of pearls; her kirtle being of rich white and silver brocade, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, with a stomacher very elaborately set with jewels. On her head was a cap of purple velvet, turned up with ermine, powdered with gems, and a circlet of gold very richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, a row of pearls round the upper edge. She then went privately in her chair to Whitehall, and thence through Privy-gardens into Channel-row, and across New Palace-yard to Westminster-hall, where the court of wards had been fitted up for her majesty to repose herself in with her ladies, while the ceremonial of the procession was set in order in the hall.

At the same time that the king entered Westminster-hall, her majesty, attended by her lord-chamberlain, and her other officers and ladies, came out of the court of wards by a private door at the south-west corner of the hall, and went to her chair of state under her canopy at the upper end of the hall, and stood before it until the king was seated. The seats of the royal pair were under separate canopies, that of the queen being somewhat lower and smaller than that of the king, but both exceedingly rich.²

After the regalia had been delivered to the king, and placed, with ceremonies too elaborate to recapitulate here, on the table at which their majesties were to dine that day, the said table being covered with a large fine carpet of Turkey or Persian work, the queen's crown, sceptre, and the ivory rod with the dove, were, in like manner, delivered and placed on the table before her majesty, at the king's left hand, and were distributed by the lord-great-chamberlain to the noblemen appointed to carry them.

¹ This very elegant crown, or a *fac simile* of it, in shape and design, is shown among her majesty, queen Victoria's regalia, in the Tower, as the crown with which subsequent queens-consort have been crowned.

² Sandford's Book of the Coronation.

The queen's procession, headed by her vice-chamberlain, Mr. Robert Strickland,¹ preceded that of the king in the following order : — the earl of Dorset, carrying the ivory rod ; the earl of Rutland the sceptre ; and the duke of Beaufort the crown. After them, followed the queen herself, supported by the bishops of London and Winchester, under a rich canopy, supported by sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports. Her train was borne by the young duchess of Norfolk, assisted by four daughters of earls — viz., lady Jane Noel, daughter of the earl of Gainsborough ; lady Anne Herbert, daughter of the earl of Pembroke ; lady Anne Spencer, daughter of the earl of Sunderland ; and lady Essex Roberts. The countess of Peterborough, groom of the stole, as she was called, with two ladies of the bed-chamber, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and Frances, countess of Bantry, with Mrs. E. Bromley, and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, her majesty's bed-chamber women, were in close attendance on her person. The king's procession, in which the venerable sir William Dugdale walked, in his eighty-second year, as garter-king-of-arms, followed in solemn state. Their majesties walked in this order from Westminster-hall, through New Palace-yard, into King-street, and so through the great sanctuary to the west door of the abbey, the passage being railed in on both sides, from the north door of the hall to the entrance into the choir, guarded by his majesty's guards, horse and foot. Two breadths of blue cloth were spread for their majesties to walk on, all the way from the stone steps in the hall to the foot of the steps in the abbey-choir, amounting in all to 1220 yards.

The ancient and most picturesque custom of strewing flowers before the royal procession, being revived on this occasion, was performed by Mrs. Mary Dowle, hereditary herb-woman to the king, assisted by six young ladies, all wearing hoods, as represented in the plate illustrative of the flower-strewing in Sandford's book of the coronation of James II. and Mary Beatrice. The herb-strewers appear there in the full-dress costume of the period, deep pointed bodices, with open robes, looped back to show rich petticoats. They wear long gloves, and very deep ruffles, falling from the elbows nearly to the wrists. Baskets containing two bushels of flowers and sweet herbs each, were carried — no light burden for the fair strewers — two women to every basket, and nine basketsfull were strewn. As it was April, we may presume that violets, primroses, cowslips, pansies, blue-bells, and jonquils, with stores of sweetbrier sprigs, and other herbs of grace, formed the staple commodity, over which the gold-broidered slippers of the beautiful Italian queen and her noble attendants trod daintily on that proud day, as they proceeded from the hall to the western entrance of the abbey, the drums beating a march, the trumpets sounding *levets*, and the choir singing, all the way to the church, the well-known anthem, commencing " O Lord, grant the king a long life," &c.

Both James and his consort were greeted with reiterated acclamations from the crowded spectators, who forgot, at least for one day, all dif-

¹ See the picture in Sandford's *Book of the Coronation of James II. and Mary d'Esté*.

ferences of creeds in the delight occasioned by the royal pageant. The people were, indeed, prepared to look upon the queen with pleasure, for she had hallowed the day of her consecration with a deed of tender and munificent charity, by releasing all the prisoners who were in gaol for small debts, taking the payment upon herself of all sums not exceeding five pounds. Eighty prisoners were discharged from Newgate alone, through the gracious compassion of Mary Beatrice, which was extended to all the small debtors in confinement throughout the realm.¹ Hundreds and thousands, therefore, had reason to remember that anniversary, and to bless her name, when, of all the glories of royalty that surrounded her that day, nothing remained to her but the empty name of queen, and the sweet recollection that she had caused many to rejoice in her joy, by doing good when she had it in her power.

When the queen reached the entrance of the choir, she left her canopy and its supporters, and, preceded by her vice-chamberlain and regalia bearers, and followed by her ladies in attendance, ascended the steps of the raised platform, or theatre, between her two bishops, and so, going to the chair of state prepared for her, on the east side of the sacrum, she stood beside it to await the king's coming.² It has been said that this royal ceremonial derived its greatest lustre from the presence of so beautiful a queen, whose graceful figure and majestic carriage were so well fitted to adorn the external pomp with which royalty is surrounded on such an occasion. Sandford's prints of this coronation represent Mary Beatrice with her hair dressed very low, a style that well became her classic outline, and with a profusion of long ringlets falling on either side her face, and floating on her bosom. Another contemporary quaintly observes, "The jewels she had on were reckoned worth a million, which made her shine like an angel."³ While she stood by her chair of state, the Westminster scholars greeted her with shouts of "Vivat regina Maria!" a compliment never paid before to any but a sovereign. This salutation, or short prayer, as it is termed, they continued to reiterate till the arrival of the king, to whom they knelt, saluting him, in like manner, by shouting "Vivat rex!" as he ascended the steps of the choir to the theatre. Their majesties having knelt at their faldstools, remained in private devotion for a few moments, arose, and seated themselves in their chairs of state: the queen's officers, and the noble bearers of her regalia, her train-bearer, and the ladies her assistants, the two supporting bishops standing on either side her majesty, her lord-chamberlain also on her right hand, and vice-chamberlain on her left, and her ladies behind her chair. At the recognition, the people signified their willingness and joy with loud acclamations of "God save king James!" After the offering of the pall of cloth of gold had been made by the king, the queen was brought up from her seat to the altar, to perform the like ceremony, her regalia being borne before her. Mary Beatrice joined in the service of the church of England, not only without hesitation, but with edifying piety. Indeed, the devout behaviour of the queen,

¹ Historic Observes, by sir John Lauder of Fountainhall.
Fountainhall's Historic Observes.

² Sandford

and the earnestness with which she made her responses, were generally noticed.¹ The bishop of London had presented her with a small book of the prayers which were appointed to be used on that occasion, and she read from it with the greatest reverence and attention during the whole of the ceremony.² Mary Beatrice probably felt at that moment that the differences between Christian churches were not great enough to prevent those who agreed in the truths of Scripture from uniting together in an act of prayer. The sermon was preached by Turner, bishop of Ely, at half-past one. While the hymn, "Veni Creator," was singing, in preparation for the consecration, the queen knelt by the king's side near the altar.³ The entire service of anointing, crowning, investing, and enthroning the king, and the homage from bishops and peers, were performed before the consecration of the queen took place, she having remained seated in her chair of state, on the south side of the area, a spectatress of the inauguration of her royal lord, till the last verse of the anthem, "His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven," had been sung, followed by flourish of trumpets, beat of drum, and the shouts of "God save the king!" from those who were so soon to transfer their oaths of allegiance and shouts of gratulation to another. King James had bestowed much care on his consort's regalia, but none on his own. The crown had been made for Charles II., whose phrenological organization was broadly and powerfully developed; consequently, it was too wide in the circlet, and not lofty enough in the arch, to fit James II., for the heads of the royal brothers were as unlike as their characters. When Sancroft placed this diadem on James's head, it tottered. Henry Sidney put forth his hand and kept it from falling, saying, as he did so, "This is not the first time, your majesty, that my family have supported the crown;"⁴ a brilliant *bon-mot*, if it had been based on facts, but a vain boast from a member of a republican family, and who, at the very time he was complimenting himself for this *small* crown-service, was engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the prince of Orange, for the purpose of undermining the throne of his unsuspecting sovereign.⁵ It is well known that this trifling incident, which a little foresight on the part of James might have prevented, was regarded by the superstition of many present as an evil omen. Few are aware that the circumstance was noted with dismay by the anxious queen, who was, of course, the most deeply interested person there. She mentioned it herself, many years after the revolution, in these words, "There was a presage that struck us, and every one who observed it; they could not make the crown keep firm on the king's head; it appeared always on the point of falling, and it required some care to hold it steady."⁶

When the ceremony of anointing the queen took place, the duchess of Norfolk took off her rich cap of state, and the archbishop pronounced the prayer as she knelt before him, and poured the oil on her head as

¹ Patrick's Diary.

² Sandford.

³ See his letters in Blencowe's Sidney Correspondence.

⁴ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France

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⁵ MS. from the family papers of George IV.

⁶ Burnet. Echard.

the form of a cross. The ladies then opened her majesty's dress on the bosom, and he anointed her on the breast with the same ceremonies. The duchess of Norfolk dried the place where the oil had been poured with fine cotton wool, and placed a fine linen coif on her majesty's head. Then the archbishop put the coronation ring, set with a fair ruby and sixteen smaller ones round the hoop, on her fourth finger; and this ring Mary Beatrice wore to her dying day, and nothing could ever induce her to part with it. When Sancroft placed the crown on her head, the cries of "Long live the queen" resounded through the abbey, and were many times redoubled and prolonged. Then all the peeresses put on their coronets, and the choir sang that appropriate anthem from the 45th Psalm:—

"My heart is inditing of a good matter, I speak of the things I have made unto the king. At his right hand shall stand the queen, &c."

While this anthem was singing, her majesty rose, and was conducted to her throne, which was placed at the king's left hand, and many steps lower than his. She made a very low reverence to his majesty, as she passed before him, to take her seat on her throne, where she reposed herself till the end of the anthem, while the peeresses, which was an unusual token of respect, came up to render her complimentary marks of homage.¹ The queen's coronation medals, bearing her effigies, were thrown about at the same time. In consequence of the unfortunate difference in the religious opinions of the sovereign and his consort, from those of the great majority of their subjects, and of that church of which James, in virtue of his regal office, was the nominal head and defender, they did not receive the sacrament. "At the coronation," says bishop Patrick, "I observed a vast difference between the king's behaviour and the queen's. At the reading of the litany, they both came to kneel before the altar; and she answered at all the responses, but he never moved his lips. She expressed great devotion, but he little or none, often looking about as unconcerned. When she was anointed and crowned, I never saw greater devotion in any countenance: the motions of her body and hands were very becoming, and she answered "Amen" to every prayer with much humility. There was not the least sign of pleasure or transport, but all seriousness and composure of spirit."

The prayers being ended, the king and queen descended from their thrones, and proceeded in state to St. Edward's chapel, where they delivered their crowns and sceptres to the archbishop of Canterbury, by whom they were placed on the altar there. Then their majesties retired each into a separate retiring room, or traverse, where the queen reposed herself in hers, till his majesty was revested in his imperial robes of purple velvet. Then coming forth, and standing before the altar there, the archbishop placed other crowns on their heads, with caps of purple velvet; that which had been made expressly for the queen was of exceeding richness and elegance of form.

During the recess, Mary Beatrice departed from the solemn rigour of royal etiquette, by going in her state crown into the private box, where

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark sat incognito to see the ceremonial, and chatted affectionately with them for some time.¹ Her majesty returned from St. Edward's chapel, preceding the king, holding her sceptre with the cross in her right hand, and the ivory rod, with the dove, in her left; her train borne as before; and, passing through the choir, she was again received under her canopy of cloth of gold by the sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports; and thus guarded on either side by the band of gentlemen pensioners, she left the church, followed immediately by king James in his regalia, with the swords of state borne before him.

As the royal procession passed from the abbey, to Westminster-hall, the drums and trumpets sounded, and a vast concourse of spectators rent the air with acclamations, and cries of "Long live the king and queen!" Many fountains played with jets of wine, according to the custom of the good old times.² When their majesties returned to Westminster-hall, they reposed themselves in their separate retiring-rooms, in the court of wards, till all the company had taken their places at the seven tables, which were laid for the privileged or invited guests at the banquet. Then the king, preceded by his great state-officers, made his entry, with his crown on his head, his sceptre and orb in either hand, and seated himself in his chair of state, at the head of the royal table. Immediately after, the queen, wearing her crown, and bearing the sceptre and the ivory rod, with the dove, her train borne by her ladies, came forth from her retirement in the court of wards, and took her seat in her chair of state, at the king's left hand.

Most of the ancient ceremonies observed at the coronation banquets of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet services, were revived by James on this occasion. The lords, who claimed the office of sewers that day, went to the dresser of the kitchen, to receive the dishes. The master of the horse officiated, as serjeant of the silver-scellery, and went in person to the kitchen-bar to take assay of the king's meat, which was thus performed: having called for a dish of meat, he wiped the bottom of the dish, and also the cover, within and without, tasted it, covered it, and caused it to be conveyed to the royal table, and attended by a procession of all the great officers of the household, including the earl marshal, with his rod; the lord high steward, with his white staff; the lord high constable, with his constable's staff, rode up the hall on horseback, preceding the first course. Thirty-two dishes of hot meat were brought up by the knights of the Bath, bareheaded, followed by a supply of other dishes by private gentlemen. Then the lord of the manor of Addington had the satisfaction of placing the mess of dillegrout before their majesties, and was afterwards knighted for his pains.³

Dinner being placed on the table by the king and queen's carvers,

¹ King's Library, MS. in French, presented by George IV. from his family papers—*Recueil de Pieces*, extracted by George Auguste Gargan, p. 91. It is entitled, "*Relation du couronnement du roi Jacques II. et de la reine.*" The queen is repeatedly mentioned, and the whole is most interesting. It was evidently sent for the information of the royal house of Hanover.

² King's Library MS., and Sandford's Book of the Coronation.

³ *ibid*

with the help of the earl-sewers and their assistants, the lord great chamberlain, with his majesty's cup-bearers and assistants, went to the king's cup-board, and washed before they presumed to tender their services to the sovereign. Then the lord great chamberlain, preceded by the usher of the black rod, assisted by the cup-bearer, and followed by the officials before-mentioned, brought up the great basin and ewer for his majesty to wash. James, rising, delivered the sceptre, with the cross, to the nobleman appointed to hold it, and the orb to the bishop of Bath and Wells. Then the cup-bearer poured water on his hands, and the lord of the manor of Heyden, in Essex, held the towel to his majesty. At the queen's washing, water was appointed to be poured on her majesty's hands by the earl of Devonshire, her cup-bearer, and the earl of Bridgewater was to offer her the towel: but she only used a wet napkin, which was presented to her by the earl of Devonshire on his knee. Grace was then said by the dean of the chapel royal, and their majesties sat down to dinner. The banquet consisted of upwards of a thousand dishes, among which many Scotch dainties, appearing for the first time, puzzled southern gastronomes, with their hard names and novel forms, and delighted the northern magnates, by testifying their majesties' remembrance of the hospitalities they had received in Scotland.

Before the second course, sir Charles Dymoke, the king's champion, clad in one of the king's best suits of white armour, having a helmet on his head, with a great plume of feathers—white, red, and blue—mounted on a fine white charger, rode into the hall, preceded by trumpeters, and attended by his two esquires, richly dressed, one bearing his lance erect, the other his target. The earl-marshal and the lord-constable, both on horseback, bringing him up to the royal table, where the herald-at-arms proclaimed his challenge, and the champion flung down his gauntlet. Not entirely a needless ceremony, as Monmouth was taking measures to contest the crown. This being thrice repeated, and no objection offered, the champion made a low obeisance to the king, who drank to him from a gilt bowl, and then sent the bowl of wine with its cover to him. The champion, with a low obeisance, pledged his majesty again, and then, having performed his service, rode out of the hall, taking the bowl and cover as his fee. Then garter, and the two provincial kings of arms, with the other heralds and pursuivants, came, and with the accustomed ceremonials, cried, "Largess!" to the king; and, having received his majesty's gift, proclaimed his style and titles in Latin, in French, and English, and cried, "Largess!" thrice.

While the second course was carrying up, the mayor of Oxford and the lord-mayor of London were brought up to the king, as assistants in the butlery, and kneeling, presented to the king wine in gilded bowls, and received them as their fees. Then the lord of the manor of Lyston, in Essex, brought up a charge of wafers to the royal table; and at the end of the dinner, while the king and queen were eating their wafers, came the lord-mayor of London again, with twelve of the principal citizens, and presented wine to the king in a gold cup; and the king, having drunk thereof, presented the cup to the lord-mayor as his fee,¹ which service

¹ Sandford.

being performed, the twelve citizens retired to dine at the lower end of the second table, where room had been left for them, below the aldermen. Dinner being ended, and grace said, their majesties performed their ablutions with the same ceremonies as before dinner; and then the king, resuming his orb and sceptre, the queen her sceptre and ivory rod, with the dove, they withdrew with their officers of state, their trains borne as before, the queen attended by her ladies, into the court of wards, about seven in the evening; and having delivered their regalia to the dean of Westminster, and the master of the jewel-house, they departed in the same manner as they came.¹

In the days of her exile and sorrowful widowhood, Mary Beatrice declared, "that she had never taken any pleasure in the envied name of a queen;" yet she sometimes spoke of the glories of her coronation, and descanted with true feminine delight on the magnificence of the regalia that had been prepared for her. "My dress and royal mantle," said she, "were covered with precious stones, and it took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths of London could procure to decorate my crown; of all these, nothing was lost except one small diamond, worth about forty shillings."² She told the nuns of Chaillot, "that no coronation of any preceding king of England had been so well conducted, and that all the arrangements had been made under the especial superintendence of king James, who ordered a book to be made of it."³

There is a splendid original portrait of Mary Beatrice, in her crown and coronation robes, in the collection of his grace the duke of Buccleugh, at Dalkeith palace. She is seated on her throne, with an orb in one hand, and the ivory rod in the other; it has been, by some mistake, lettered "A. R.," and is, in consequence, shown as the coronation portrait of queen Anne, to whose exuberant charms it bears about the same resemblance as a Provence rose to a full-blown red peony.

"The English coronation oath," observes that shrewd Scotch lawyer, sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall, "is not very special as to the protestant or popish religion, but runs somewhat in general terms." The oath, in fact, was the same that was taken in the days of Edward the Confessor, no alteration having been made in it at the time of the Reformation. A stringent clause, for the protection of the church of England, as by law established, ought, in common prudence, to have been introduced at the inauguration of James II., but it was not; and he endeavoured to take advantage of the omission by adhering to the original meaning of the pledge, not to the new interpretation of it. Almost the first use made by James II. of his royal prerogative, was to release several thousand Roman-catholics and protestant dissenters, who had been imprisoned for non-conformity. Among these victims of legalized bigotry, were fifteen hundred members of the amiable and inoffensive society, vulgarly styled Quakers. He also put a stop to the revolting trade then too much prac-

¹ The king's son by Catharine Sedley died on the day of the coronation.

² MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ This book, a small folio, by Sandford, contains a series of highly curious and important costume illustrations, and has been used as an authority for all succeeding coronations in which a queen-consort has been associated.

tised by base individuals, of informing against others, under pretences of religious differences, for the sake of gratifying private revenge, or sharing the fines. James had suffered too much annoyance, in his own person, from the existence of the iniquitous statutes by which such crimes were sanctioned, not to wish to ameliorate the case of others who stood in a like predicament; but, in his zeal to exercise the paternal prerogative of mercy and justice towards an oppressed portion of his subjects, he rushed single-handed against the threefold barrier of the penal laws, the Test Act, and popular opinion. The two first were destined to fall, but not by the assault of regal power; they fell gradually, before the progressive march of reason and moral justice, but not till nearly a century and a half after the abortive attempts of James II. to do away with them, had involved him in ruin: for they were then supported by the third, that capricious giant, public opinion, against which princes can seldom contend with impunity.

The ostentatious parade with which James thought proper to practise the ceremonies of his church, gave great offence to many of his subjects. He was no longer contented with accompanying his consort to her chapel, but opened a Catholic chapel in Whitehall, to which he insisted on their both going in state to receive the sacrament, attended by the great officers of their household. His brother-in-law, the earl of Rochester, who held the office of lord treasurer, absented himself under the pretence of indisposition. The duke of Norfolk, bearing the sword of state, stopped at the door of the chapel: "My lord of Norfolk, your father would have gone further," said James. "Your majesty's father would not have gone so far," said the duke; but he soon after made up his mind to attend the king, as far as the gallery. The duke of Somerset refused to attend. The queen's lord-chamberlain, lord Godolphin, was more compliant. It was his duty to lead her by the hand into the royal closet, and to conduct her to the steps of the altar when she thought proper to receive the sacrament, and also to lead her back to her own apartment when mass was over—privileges which no Protestant scruple could induce Godolphin to forego.¹ There were no other terms, he was aware, on which any man might hope to touch the hand of a princess to whom these lines of lord Falkland were peculiarly applicable—

"Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow,
Such dignity, that none durst tell her so."

Godolphin had been an active member of the exclusion faction. James, on his accession to the throne, generously forgave him, and preferred him to the office of lord-chamberlain to the queen. The heart of the Whig statesman was not proof against the personal charms and graceful manners of his royal mistress; his passion was hopeless, but it influenced his political conduct, and he became what, in the angry parlance of the times, was called a trimmer; a term peculiarly applicable to this nobleman, who, being a double-minded man, was, of course, unstable in all his ways.

Mary Beatrice was present at the opening of the new parliament, May

¹ Barillon's Despatches.

22, 1685. She and the princess Anne of Denmark came into the house of lords together, without state, some time before the arrival of the king, and stood next above the archbishops, on the right hand of the throne. Her majesty remained standing while the prayers were read,¹ and even while several of the lords took the test and the usual oaths; "so that," says Evelyn, "she heard the pope and the worship of the Virgin renounced very decently." Then came in the king, in his robes, wearing his crown; and being seated, the Commons were introduced, and he delivered his speech, at every period whereof the house gave loud shouts. He finished with announcing that morning's news of Argyle's landing in the West Highlands of Scotland from Holland, and expressing his conviction of the zeal and readiness of his parliament to assist him as he required; "at which," pursues Evelyn, "there followed another *Vive le Roi!*" and so his majesty retired. It does not appear that a special seat was provided for the accommodation of the queen, or that her presence was in any way recognised.

The commons voted the usual revenue to his majesty. The rebellion of Argyle in Scotland, and of Monmouth in England, strengthened rather than shook the throne of James II., in consequence of the celerity with which both were put down. Monmouth landed, on the 11th of June, 1685, at Lyme in Dorsetshire, set up his standard, and issued a proclamation, in which he denounced the king, "as a usurper, a murderer, a traitor, and a tyrant; accusing him in the most intemperate language, of burning the city of London, murdering sir Edmondbury Godfrey, cutting the throat of the earl of Essex, and poisoning the late king, his brother." Public opinion was at that time, in favour of James II. Both houses of parliament united in an address to his majesty, offering to assist him with their lives and fortunes in putting down the rebellion. An act of attainder passed against Monmouth three days after the news of his landing was received. In the course of a week, Monmouth's forces amounted to 10,000 men. The enthusiastic welcome he received at Taunton encouraged him, in an evil hour, to proclaim himself king by the title of James II., and to set a price on the head of "the usurper, James duke of York," as he now termed the lawful sovereign.

The news of the defeat and capture of Argyle in Scotland was followed by the overthrow of Monmouth's cause at Sedgmoor, July 6th. He was taken two days after, concealed in a ditch, near Ringwood. The agonizing love of life prompted him to write a humble letter of supplication to the king, expressive of "his remorse for what he had done, and imploring his mercy, and, above all, to be permitted to see him, and to speak only one word to him, as he had that to reveal to him which he dared not commit to paper." He also wrote both to the queen and the queen-dowager, begging them to intercede for him with his majesty to grant him an interview. Thus urged, James very improperly consented to see him. Monmouth threw himself at his feet, and implored for mercy in the most passionate terms. The king had forgiven him very bitter injuries and intolerable provocations, when duke of York, on

¹ Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii., p. 598.

a personal humiliation, scarcely twenty months before; and the unfortunate prisoner must have deluded himself with the hope that he had only to reiterate his penitentiary protestations and promises, with submissions proportioned to the aggravation of his offence, to receive the like grace. But the case was altered: James had sterner duties to perform than the forgiveness of personal wrongs. He was now a king, invested with the responsible office of maintaining the laws that provided for the peace and security of his people. Two kingdoms had been plunged into the horrors of civil war, and more than 3000 of his subjects had already perished in consequence of this attempt, and it behoved him to take proper measures to prevent the repetition of such scenes. The full particulars of what passed at this interview are not distinctly known.

"I have been told," says sir John Bramston, "that the king asked him how he could expect pardon that had used him so? to make me a murderer and poisoner of my dear brother, besides all the other villainies you charge me with in your declaration.' To which Monmouth replied, 'Ferguson drew it, and made me sign it before ever I read it.' That so angered the king, that he said, 'This is trifling; would you sign a paper of such consequence and not read it?' So he turned from him, and bade him prepare to die."¹

Lord Dartmouth affirms that James told Monmouth "that he had put it out of his power to pardon him by proclaiming himself king." Monmouth insinuated a desire of returning to the church of Rome, in which he had been educated. It was, perhaps, with a view of assailing James on his weak point—his spirit of proselyting—that Monmouth had so earnestly implored to be admitted to his presence; and this might be the mysterious "one word" that he wished to speak to him, for it is certain he made no political disclosures. If he had any such to make, he was unhappily deterred by the presence of the treacherous Sunderland, whom James, with his usual want of tact, had brought with him as one of the witnesses of this ill-judged interview—Sunderland, whom he knew had been deeply implicated in all Monmouth's former plots, and had afterwards good reason to believe was his confidant in the late rebellion.²

Kennet endeavours to throw a most odious imputation on the consort of James II., in the following passage, for which no other authority is given than the proverbially unfaithful evidence of hearsay: "The queen is said to have insulted him (Monmouth) in a very arrogant and unmerciful manner. So that when the duke saw there was nothing designed by this interview but to satisfy the queen's revenge, he rose up from his majesty's feet with a new air of bravery, and was carried to the Tower." Mary Beatrice could not insult the unfortunate duke in his distress, for she was not present. The interview took place in Chiffinch's apartments. whither the king came accompanied only by his two secretaries of state, the earls of Middleton and Sunderland.³ If, instead of the lat-

¹ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society. This passage is greatly confirmed by sir John Reresby.

² Journal of James II. Sidney Correspondence, edited by Blencowe.

³ Journal of James. Life of ditto. Macpherson. Continuation of Mackintosh Beresby. Lingard. Fox.

ter, it had been possible for the queen to have been present, the result might have been very different. But neither the etiquette of business or royalty permitted her to witness this secret conference, in the apartments of one of the menial officers of the palace. James, who, if we may trust the memoirs compiled by the historiographer of George IV.,¹ had some difficulty in overcoming his natural inclination to spare the unhappy culprit when he begged so hard for life, did not of course expose himself to the additional trial of bringing a tender-hearted, excitable female like Mary Beatrice, to be a witness of a scene, which it was not in woman's nature to behold without tears and intercessions in his behalf. Monmouth, who had better means of knowing the disposition of this princess than those writers with whom it became a matter of business, after the revolution, to blacken the widow of James II. and the mother of the pretender, calculated on her compassion in that dreadful crisis of his fate. He had, as soon as he was taken, written to entreat her to unite her good offices with those of the queen-dowager, to obtain for him an audience of the king, which audience would scarcely have been granted, if she had been his enemy; and after it had proved ineffectual, and he was told he must prepare for death, he again wrote to *both the queens*,² to implore them to intercede for his life with the king. Would he have done this, if he had thought Mary Beatrice capable of hardening her husband's heart against him, much less if she had already insulted him in his agony?

Fox, whom no one can suspect of a favourable bias towards James's consort, expressly declares this story to be wholly unworthy of credit, without more certain evidence. "It must be remarked also," says that author, "that Burnet, whose general prejudices would not lead him to doubt any imputations against the queen, does not mention her majesty's being present." Burnet, in fact, never misses an opportunity of reviling this princess, whom he calls "a revengeful Italian lady." That Mary of Modena was a native of Italy cannot be denied, but it is a strong presumption of the innocence of her life, when party malignity was reduced to the imbecility of using that circumstance as an epithet of reproach—an appeal to the prejudices of the vulgar, disgraceful to a man who held the office of a Christian prelate, and called himself an historian. If such a tale had been in circulation, Burnet would have been only too happy to have quoted it, as an instance of the unamiable disposition which he imputes to her.³

¹ Stanier Clark.

² Reresby. Mackintosh. Lingard.

³ The same motives which induced Burnet, and other party writers, whose works were published after the revolution, to vilify the innocent consort of James II., operated in a far greater degree to the defamation of her unfortunate lord, whose conduct was much more open to attack. The executions in the west of England, after Monmouth's rebellion was put down, were bloody enough of themselves, without the palpable exaggerations and incredible fictions with which they have been embellished. The butcheries of the inhuman Kirke are spoken of by James, in his private journal, in terms of unqualified indignation and disgust; and as Kirke was one of the first to join the prince of Orange, by whom he was highly favoured and constantly employed, it can scarcely be supposed that his conduct in the west of England was dictated by loyalty to the sovereign whom he deserted and betrayed.

It has been assumed by some historians, that James was cognizant of all Jeffreys' merciless proceedings, because there was a constant correspondence between the latter and Sunderland, and Sunderland's letters contain assurances "that the king approved, and thanked Jeffreys for his zeal in his service;" but this appears only one of the links in Sunderland's extensive chain of treachery. He and his friend Jeffreys played into each other's hands, and amassed enormous sums by the sale of pardons to the wealthy—a species of traffic of which Rochester and father Petre are also accused. It is a notorious fact, that Jeffreys, who was always in a state of exasperation of temper from bodily torture, and the irritability caused by habitual intemperance, scrupled not to set the king's authority at naught, by hanging old Major Holmes, notwithstanding the royal grace had been extended to him. Jeffreys pretended that it was an accident; so, according to queen Elizabeth, was the execution of Mary queen of Scots. The barbarities of Jeffreys were lamented by the king, when the whole truth was made known to him, by two courageous and noble-minded men, Sir Thomas Cutler, the commanding officer at Wells, and the good bishop Kenn,¹ who made a personal appeal to the monarch himself, in behalf of some of the victims. James not only listened to their representations, but thanked Sir Thomas Cutler publicly, for what he had done, and expressed a wish that others had imitated his humanity.²

Among the prisoners, whose case came under the personal attention of the king, was the popular orator, Story, who had endeavoured to excite the indignation of the people against his majesty, by repeating in very inflammatory language all the libellous accusations that had been set forth in Monmouth's proclamation. The incident being recorded by a violent nonconformist, Edmund Calamy, is not liable to suspicion of over-partiality to the unfortunate sovereign:—"When Story, taken and imprisoned for assisting Monmouth, was ordered before the king and privy-council, of a sudden, the keeper declared his orders were to bring him immediately, which he did in a coach, without giving him any time to prepare himself in any manner, only cautioning him to give a plain and direct answer to the questions king James might put to him. When brought before the privy-council, Story made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frightened at his haggard and squalid appearance. When king James first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, 'Is that a man, or what is it?' His majesty was told it was the rebel Story. 'O, Story,' said the king, 'I remember him—that is a rare fellow, indeed!' Then turning towards him, 'Pray, Story,' says he,

¹ Kenn, in accordance with the apostolic beauty of his character, had used the authority of the church in putting a stop to the military executions of lord Feversham, and afterwards visited the sick and wounded prisoners, and relieved their bodily and spiritual wants at the same time. More than a thousand of these unfortunate persons received succour in their distress from him. "Yet," said he, "though all this was well known to king James, he never once blamed me for it."—Kenn's Examinations before the Privy Council. *Tempo William and Mary. Life of Kenn.*

² Burne. See also James's own Remarks in his Journal.

'you were in Monmouth's army in the west, were you not?' He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'Pray,' said the king to him, 'you were a commissary there, were you not?' Again, Story replied, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'And you, said king James, 'made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?' He again very readily answered, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'Pray,' said king James, 'if you have not forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine speech, let us have some specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric?' "Where-upon," resumes Edmund Calamy, "Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't *please* your majesty, that it was you that fired the city of London.' 'A rare rogue, upon my word,' said the king; 'and pray, what else did you tell them?' 'I told them,' said he, 'an't please your majesty, that you poisoned your brother.' 'Impudence in the utmost height of it,' said king James. 'Pray, let us have something further, if your memory serves you?' 'I further told them,' said Mr. Story, 'that your majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves.' By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech, and therefore crying out, 'A rogue with a witness!' and, cutting off short, the king rejoined, 'to all this I doubt not but a thousand other villainous things were added. But what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I were to grant you your life?' To which he, without any demur, made answer, 'That he would pray for his majesty as long as he lived.' 'Why, then,' said the king, 'I freely pardon all that is past, and hope that you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable!'"¹ One well-authenticated good deed ought to counterbalance a great deal of reviling, and is certainly of more weight than fifty pages of unsupported praise. Other instances of James's clemency towards those who had personally injured him are recorded. Ferguson, who had drawn up Monmouth's libellous proclamation, he freely pardoned; also Hook, who had been confederate with some others to assassinate him, by shooting him in the back, coming from Somerset-house.

The cruelties practised to the protestants in France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, had a prejudicial effect on the affairs of James II., by exciting a popular feeling of resentment against all members of the church of Rome whatsoever; "yet James greatly condemned the measure, as both unchristian and impolitic. He did more; he was very kind to the refugees; he was liberal to many of them. He ordered a brief for a charitable collection for them all over the nation. The king also ordered them to be denized without paying fees, and gave them great immunities, so that in all there came over, first and last, between forty and fifty thousand of them."²

¹ James and a large body of his sailors were the first that succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames; and he worked very hard personally in so doing. See Pepys' Diary.

² Calamy's Diary. Extract edited by W. A. Mackinnon, Esq., in his lately published able and elegant work, *History of Civilization*, vol. i., pp. 201, 202.

³ Such is the testimony of even Burnet, who, strange to say, does not attempt

In the latter end of June, the queen's maternal grandmother, madame de Martinozzi, died at Rome of the personal injuries she received, by falling down stairs. Her property was inherited by her daughter, the duchess of Modena. This event, together with her own delicate state of health, might be the reason why Mary Beatrice appeared very little in public this summer. On the 18th of July, she went with the king to see the regiments that had lately returned from Holland, exercised on Blackheath. She spent the rest of the summer and autumn at Windsor. In September, the king made a progress to Winchester, Portsmouth, and Southampton, and took great pleasure in inspecting his shipping and naval fortifications. While at Winchester, the Roman-catholic sovereign and the protestant bishop had very amicable conversations on the subject of modern miracles, and the bishop bestowed a fervent benediction on the king, for enacting that all the poor negro slaves in the British colonies should receive Christian baptism, in spite of the disgraceful opposition of the planters to this pious edict, which they feared would have the effect of emancipating their unfortunate victims.¹ Evelyn, who attended the king on his progress, was certainly very favourably impressed by what he saw of him. He says, "I observed in this journey that infinite industry, *sedulity*, gravity, and great understanding and experience of affairs in his majesty, that I cannot but predict much happiness to the nation as to its political government, and if he so persist, there could be nothing more desired to accomplish our prosperity but that he was of the national religion."

The parliament met in November, and was alarmed by the royal proposition of a standing army, with dispensation from the Test to the officers, instead of a militia. Liberal supplies of money the commons were willing to give a sovereign who had shown himself deserving of full confidence in pecuniary matters; but as they would not encourage his project, he, with a haughty disregard to the financial benefit which he might have obtained by a more judicious policy, prorogued the parliament in anger, after a session of only eleven days, and took the fatal resolution of acting independently of the representatives of his people. The return of Catharine Sedley about the same time, gave the queen much uneasiness; and unable as she was to control her feelings, the pain she suffered was apparent to the whole court. The demons of party on either side watched the event with eager interest, and, according to their own selfish views, or bitter prejudices, attached themselves to the cause of the popish queen, or the protestant mistress. Lord Rochester encouraged his wife to form an ostentatious alliance with Sedley, under the pretence that it was for the good of the church.² Sunderland and Petre as ostentatiously espoused the cause of the queen, though both were well aware that she loved them not. When James thought proper to create Sedley countess of Dorchester, the queen took it very griev-

to attach any disqualifying motives to James's conduct. It is pleasant to be able to record some instances of liberal feeling and genuine benevolence, in a prince who is conventionally held up to reprobation.

¹ Evelyn's Diary.

² Lingard. Mackintosh. Evelyn. Clarendon Correspondence.

ously, so that when she dined in public, Evelyn, who stood near her on two successive days, says, "I observed she hardly ate one morsel, nor spoke one word to the king, or to any about her, though, at other times, she used to be extremely pleasant, full of discourse and good-humour. The Roman-catholics were also very angry, because they had so long valued the sanctity of their religion and proselytes." At last, unable to bear her mortification, Mary Beatrice fell sick, and took to her chamber; but remembering that while she had youth, beauty, a good cause, the king's conscience, and all his priests on her side, she had no reason to despair, she determined, instead of abandoning herself to tears and sullen resentment, to make a vigorous effort to rid herself of her rival. Accordingly, she summoned a special committee to her aid, and then sent for the king. When James entered his queen's chamber, he found assembled there her confessor and his own, with several other priests of high repute for sanctity; the members of his council who were of her party, and all the catholic peers. The queen told him, "that she was determined to witness her own degradation and his disregard of the most sacred obligations no longer; either he must give up his mistress, or she would withdraw to a convent," when sobs choked her voice; his majesty was instantly assailed, like the tyrant in a Greek tragedy, by the united remonstrances of the chorus, whom his injured consort had provided to second her appeal. They represented her youth, her beauty, her conjugal devotion, her irreproachable virtue; and, falling on their knees, conjured him to put an end to a connexion so injurious to such a consort, and so inconsistent with his own religious profession.¹

James was taken by surprise. The remonstrances of his spiritual directors, the beauty and the tears of the queen, and his fear of losing her, prevailed; he promised to dissolve the disgraceful tie. He sent his commands to the new countess to withdraw from Whitehall and go abroad; but as she owed him neither duty nor respect, she defied him—declared "that she was a freeborn Englishwoman, and would live where she pleased;" and added, "that if he wanted to remove her he must do it by force, and then she would appeal to the laws of the realm for protection." She crowned all by calling herself "a protestant victim." James was compelled to pay the penalty of his guilt and folly by submitting to her vulgar insolence, and bribing her with the present of a large estate in Ireland to withdraw herself from his court for a time. She returned after a few months' absence; but the queen, having succeeded in banishing her from Whitehall, bore her suspected wrongs, on all future occasions, in silence. Instead of giving way to tears and passionate upbraiding, she took the more dignified course of appearing unconscious of her unworthy rival's existence.²

¹ Burnet. Lingard. Mackintosh.

² Burnet. Barillon. Lingard. Mackintosh. Reresby. James II. told made moiselle Sedley that if she would retire to France he would give her wherewithal to live magnificently. She replied, that "She would not carry her shame among strangers." Again the king pressed her to depart, because it might be said, "if she remained in England, that she had still some power over his mind." She answered, "that it was his majesty to whom the power appertained, yet she

The profligate young duchess of Norfolk (lady Mary Mordaunt), was one of the women for whom king James had the ill taste to neglect his lovely and loving queen. He was extremely anxious to keep this disgraceful conduct from her knowledge; and for this purpose employed James Craggs, a cunning lacquey of the duchess, to manage the intrigue. Craggs secured a considerable sum of money from this affair, and, moreover, obtained preferment, which raised him from his servile degree, and in time he became an agent of the party which ruined James, and held office in William III.'s cabinet.¹

It was not till the beginning of the year 1686, that the royal act of grace was published for those that had been out in Monmouth's rebellion; there were many exceptions made, for Sunderland had reaped too rich a harvest in the sale of pardons to relinquish some further gleanings at the expense of his deluded sovereign's popularity. Twenty young ladies, out of the sixty pretty girls who had gone in procession to meet and welcome Monmouth at his entrance into Taunton, and presented him with colours, a Bible, and a naked sword, were excluded by name from this amnesty, being the daughters of the richest persons in the town. After a good deal of negotiation, in which the names of Sunderland, the proud duke of Somerset, and the philanthropic quaker, William Penn, are strangely mixed up with the queen's maids of honour, a fine, varying from five pounds to a hundred, was extorted from the parents of each of the girls who had figured in that procession. These unlucky damsels would have acted more consistently with their Christian profession, if they had read the Bible quietly at home, instead of parading it for the purposes of sedition, with a drawn sword and the ensigns of rebellion. Alas! that woman's mission of peace and consolation should ever be so far mistaken!

But what can be said of the disgraceful conduct of the maids of honour, if it be true, as we are gravely assured by Mackintosh, that the composition money, wherewithal the exemption of the Taunton maidens from prosecution was purchased, was received by them?² That the maids of honour acted as intercessors with the queen to obtain her majesty's gracious mediation in behalf of the poor frightened girls, is likely enough; but strong doubts may reasonably be entertained, whether a pecuniary reward for such special pleading found its way into the pocket of any one but Sunderland's daughter, lady Anne Spencer, for whose benefit that avaricious and corrupt minister, in all probability, made the arrangement. The sum, about twelve hundred pounds, would not have

would be pulled to pieces by four horses before she would consent to be parted from him."—Dangeau, vol. 127.

¹ A droll story is told, that after this man was in the Whig ministry, he once handed a court lady with great ceremony and gallantry to his carriage, and then, in a fit of absence, got up behind it, and actually rode some distance in his old station as footman, before he recalled to mind he had become a gentleman, and had a right to be inside. His son was the Mr. Secretary Craggs, eulogized by Pope and Gay. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has preserved the memory of the elder Craggs' agency in the infidelity of king James to his consort.

² Sir James Mackintosh's *Posthumous History of the Revolution*. Sunderland's Letters in the State Paper Office. Lingard.

been worth all the pains he took about it if his daughter only got the sixth share. Be it as it may, however, there can be no reason to suppose that their majesties had any idea that the intercessions, preferred to them by persons in the royal household, were prompted by other feelings than those of compassion. Two of the maids of honour, in the service of Mary Beatrice, and much beloved by her, were ladies of the most irreproachable virtue, members of the church of England, and alike distinguished for moral worth and literary attainments; one of those ladies, Anne Kingsmill, published a volume of elegant little poems, in which, easy, graceful versification was combined with refinement and good feeling. She was celebrated by Pope under the name of Ardelia, after she became countess of Winchelsea. The other, the beautiful and accomplished Anne Killigrew, whom Dryden has immortalized in the well-known elegiac ode, beginning, "Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies," was also a poet and an amateur artist of some reputation in that age. She painted the portraits of James and his queen soon after their accession to the throne, and both are said to have been good and expressive likenesses. She died of the small-pox, the same year, in the flower of her age, and must have been an irreparable loss to her royal mistress, for she had been long and faithfully attached to her service, and greatly excelled in music, of which Mary Beatrice was passionately fond.

Dryden, after noticing how successful the fair artist had been in her delineation of king James, thus describes her picture of Mary Beatrice:—

"Our phoenix queen was portrayed, too, so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right;
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen."

This portrait, if in existence, would be a most interesting relic both of the queen and her maid of honour, the learned, fair, and good Anne Killigrew.

A fine whole-length portrait of Mary Beatrice, is in the collection of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory. From the slender proportions of the figure, the youthfulness of the features, and the classical simplicity of the dress, without any ornament, except a string of jet beads which confines the folds of her mantling draperies, we might suppose it was painted when she was duchess of York; but the appearance of the crown on the pediment of the pillar against which she leans, marks it as one of her royal portraits. The increased shade of care and sadness which sits on the high melancholy brow, tells the oft-told tale, that increase of grandeur had not added to the happiness of this princess. The lovely dark eyes are full of pensive thought, her attitude, graceful as it is, would serve for that of a tragic muse. Her left hand is raised to hold back the drapery of an ample russet scarf, which is thrown carelessly across the royal mantle of dark blue velvet, and nearly envelops,

without concealing, any of the symmetrical proportions of the figure. The name of Sir Peter Lely appears to this portrait, but the regal attributes indicate a date five years after the death of that artist.

Among the chit-chat details of a contemporary in a letter, April 6, 1686, are the following little notices connected with the court of Mary Beatrice.—“I imagine your countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine for her, in St. James’s square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Anne’s church. * * * New equipage, in great splendour, is everywhere to be seen, especially their majesties. Her majesty is wonderfully glorious, in her own apparel.”¹ James, at this time, while pursuing with eager infatuation the dangerous and unconstitutional designs which led to his expulsion, recreated himself with hunting, two or three times a week, and appeared to take as much interest in the chase as if it were the master-passion of his soul; according to the testimony of the above, who writes—“His majesty to-day, God bless him, underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase! I saw him and his followers return as like drowned rats, as ever appendixes to royalty did.”²

On the 3d of May, James hunted red deer, near Chelmsford, with the duke of Albemarle, prince George of Denmark, and some of the lords of his court. After a long and obstinate chase, which lasted till evening, his majesty was in at the death, between Rumford and Brentwood. He got a coach to carry him on to Brentwood, where his own coach was, well pleased that he was in, and the lords thrown out. He went the same night to sup at Newhall. A table was prepared for his majesty, and others for the lords and gentlemen; but the king, acting in better taste, would have his fellow-hunters sup with him, and they sat down in good-fellowship.³ The next day he hunted another stag, which lay in Newhall-park, and a famous run they had. The gallant creature leaped the paling, swam the river, ran through Brampfield, Pleshie, and the Roothings, and was at last killed in Hatfield. No cockney hunter was James; the ditches were broad and deep, the hedges high, and the ways miry, but, like his ancestors, in ballad, legend, and tale, he kept close to the dogs, outrode servants, guards, and courtiers, and was in at the death, most of the lords and his noble host, the duke of Albemarle, being thrown out, to his majesty’s infinite delight. However, as his horse was spent, and his equipage and guards quite another way, and royalty in some need of a dinner, a special council was held as soon as some of the foremost riders came up, to know what was best to be done. Lord Dartmouth advised to make for Copthall, the seat of the earl of Dorset, and sent a groom to apprise his lordship that his majesty would take family fare with him that day, it being on his direct road to London.

Never did the announcement of a royal visit arrive at a more unreasonable juncture. The earl was dining out at Rockholts, with a large company of gentlemen. The countess and her mother were going to pay some visits in the neighbourhood, when the messenger met them by

¹ *Enig’s Correspondence*, edited by the Hon. George Agar Ellis, Esq.

² *Autobiography of sir John Bramston*, edited by lord Braybrooke.

³ *Ibid.*

the way, stopped the coach, and delivered the royal message. Her ladyship being painfully cognizant of the fact, that her cook and butler were gone to Waltham fair, would have excused herself from the inconvenient honour that was designed her in this climax of domestic distress, by saying, that her lord and servants were out; but a second messenger following close on the heels of the first, she turned her coach and drove home, sending back the carriage to meet his majesty. Then, like a woman of spirit and good sense, instead of fretting after absent keys and servants, she, by the help of her maids, broke open locks and doors, and exerted her energies to such excellent purpose, that by the time the king arrived, had washed, and viewed the gardens and house, a very handsome collation was prepared for him. Extremely well pleased with this treat, his majesty set forth for London, and on the road met the earl of Dorset returning home from Rockholts. The earl alighted, and coming to the coach door, bemoaned his ill fortune that he should not be in the way to receive that great honour, adding many apologies, that things were not answerable to his desire. "Make no excuse, my lord," replied the king, "it was exceedingly well, and very handsome."¹

It is to be lamented, that a prince, who had so much of the manly spirit of a true-born English king about him, should have forfeited the affections of his subjects, by resigning his own better judgment into the hands of an incongruous junta of rash zealots, and unprincipled double-minded traitors. The embassy to Rome gave offence, being contrary to the law of the land; the queen's name was associated with the unpopularity of the measure in a peculiar manner, as one of the objects was to solicit a cardinal's hat for her uncle, Rinaldo d'Esté, which was not obtained without very great difficulty, and most ungracious demurs on the part of the pope. James II. had little reason to show extra marks of respect to the head of his own church, for he had not a greater political foe than Innocent XI., who, as the creature of the emperor, had infinitely more regard for the prince of Orange, than for him. To judge of the feelings of that pontiff, from his secret correspondence with William, and the contempt with which he treated James's envoys and requests, one would suppose that monarch's darling scheme of liberty of conscience and universal toleration, was to the full as displeasing to him, as to the English hierarchy and the presbytery of Scotland. The arrival of the papal nuncio, Ferdinand count d'Adda, and the genuflections with which he was received by their majesties, gave infinite offence to Protestant England. The pulpits resounded with louder notes of alarm than before. The king took umbrage at certain personalities, and enjoined preachers to confine their exhortations to themes of Christian holiness, or denunciations against sin. The church vindicated its independence, and James rashly involved himself in an open quarrel with Compton, bishop of London, his old adversary.²

The king and queen came to Windsor earlier than they at first intended, in consequence of the unexpected accouchement of the princess Anne,

¹ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society.

² Echard. Mackintosh. Lingard. Journal of King James.

who had left London on the 12th of May, in preparation for that event, which was not anticipated so early, but she was brought to bed two hours after her arrival, of a fine girl. Six weeks afterwards, James invited the queen, the queen-dowager, and his daughter Anne, to see a grand review of his troops, horse, foot, and artillery, on Hounslow-heath, and to dine in his pavilion. A gallery was made for the accommodation of the two queens, and their ladies, to behold the spectacle. All the cannon, twenty-eight in number, were fired, and then the whole army, horse and foot, fired twice. The king led the army till he passed the queens, then dismounted, and the lord Feversham marched before them. After this display, which was the grandest of the kind ever known, his majesty entertained the royal ladies and their noble attendants with a sumptuous banquet in his pavilion, and there was great feasting in every tent. James, calculating on the affection of the English for pageants, thought of putting all sorts of people in good humour by these sort of spectacles, but assurances had been successfully disseminated among them, that this mighty army of fifteen thousand men, with their twenty-eight pieces of artillery, was intended for the subversion of the protestant religion. Every military display was therefore beheld with jealousy and alarm. The queen came from Windsor to the camp on Hounslow-heath on the 27th of July, when his majesty, as a piece of gallantry, made his 4000 horse march, at two in the morning, into Staine's meadow, and attend the queen from thence to the heath, where she dined with lord Arran.¹ The celebration of the mass in lord Dunbarton's tent, gave great offence to the public.

Mary Beatrice spent the summer at Windsor, with the king, whom she also accompanied on a little progress towards the west of England. They returned to Whitehall in October, which, in that reign, was the grand court season, both their majesties' birthdays occurring in that month. Dr. Cartwright was presented to the queen in her bed-chamber, on his preferment to the bishopric of Chester. When chaplain to Charles II., he had performed some good offices for her and her lord, it should seem, of which she retained a grateful recollection, for when she gave him her hand to kiss, she told him "that neither she nor the king could ever forget the services he had rendered them before they came to the throne, nor should he ever want a friend as long as she lived." On another occasion this prelate says, "I was at the king's levee, and as his majesty brought the queen in to dinner, she was graciously pleased to offer me her hand to kiss."² James and his queen dined early in the day, and the king went to council in the afternoon. Great improvements were made in the royal apartments at Whitehall: the queen's state chamber was rebuilt, and sumptuously furnished and decorated; the embroidery of her bed cost 3000*l.*;³ the prudent economy of the king in the management of his private income, enabled his consort to indulge her taste without culpability in matters which afforded employment to her own sex, and encouraged ornamental artificers. The finances of the

¹ Ellis's Correspondence.

Bishop Cartwright's Diary, published by the Camden Society.

² Evelyn.

kingdom were in a flourishing state, so much so, that it was feared that the king would become independent of the nation, from having no need to apply to a parliament for supplies. This prosperity was, however, unsubstantial, for the king was at variance with the church, and there was no sympathy between him and his people. On Christmas eve, the new Roman-catholic chapel, which James had built for himself and his queen, was opened for the solemnization of the midnight mass. The royal closet was splendidly adorned with painting and gilding, and the thrones on which their majesties sat, were, according to Evelyn, "very glorious;" but all this pomp was regarded as contrary to the simplicity of the primitive Christian worship, and gave great offence. The queen does not appear to have made any personal attempts at proselytism in her own household. She was beloved by her protestant ladies, several of whom followed her into exile. Sunderland was one of the few persons who adopted the creed of royalty, but it was the cloak of his treachery; the serpent-like wile whereby he crept into the bosom of his unfortunate master, and obtained the power of effecting his ruin.

On the new year's day, 1687, that noble work of art, Gibbon's statue of James II. in a Roman habit, was placed in the great court of Whitehall, before the new-built chapel. It was a tribute of grateful and loyal affection from an old and faithful domestic, Tobias Rustat,¹ who had served the royal brothers, Charles and James, as page of the backstairs, and devoted a portion of the money, he had acquired in their service, to this purpose. Honest Toby Rustat was a man of a differently constituted mind from some of the more celebrated characters on whom James showered his favours.

Many persons attributed the disgrace of Rochester to the displeasure the queen had conceived at his having brought lady Dorchester again on the scene, for the purpose of countermining her conjugal influence. Yet, when lady Rochester, whom her majesty had once honoured with her friendship, wrote to her in her dying illness expressing an earnest desire to see her, Mary Beatrice overlooked all the provocations she had given her by her offensive parade of intimacy with the woman who was injuring her, and came to visit her in her sick chamber, and remained two hours with her.² Lady Rochester, according to Burnet, took the opportunity of insinuating the possibility of her lord becoming a convert to the court religion, and that this was the origin of the memorable controversy for his conversion, which ended in confirming his adherence to the church of England. When Rochester reluctantly resigned the treasurer's staff, Sunderland eagerly coveted that lucrative office, but the king was too careful in the management of his revenue, to trust a man with the nation's purse, who never could keep a penny in his own; it would have been well for James if he had been as wary in other matters. He considered the office of lord-treasurer too responsible for any one

¹ Tobias Rustat had previously had a statue of Charles II. executed by the same artist at his expense. His private and public charities were most munificent; witness the scholarships which he founded at Jesus College, for the orphan sons of the clergy.

² Clarendon Correspondence.

person to hold, and put it into commission. Sunderland flattered himself that he could render the queen instrumental in procuring for him the object of his ambition; he told her "that father Petre advised him to think of being treasurer, and that her majesty could easily persuade the king to it." Mary Beatrice understood her duty, as a queen-consort of Great Britain, too well to give any sign of encouragement in reply; Sunderland then assured her, "that it was not a plan of his suggestion, for he was very well contented as he was." Her majesty prudently freed herself from further importunity, by affecting to believe this deceitful protestation; and said, "she was glad he was of that mind, for after the king's declaration in council, she could not presume to make any attempts to shake his majesty's resolution."¹ Sunderland never forgave his disappointment. Great pains have been taken to impute the impolitic councils which embroiled James with the church to his consort; nothing can be more unjust. James himself testifies, that these things were done contrary to the advice of the queen. When Sunderland had obtained the ascendancy in the cabinet, he persuaded the king to the unpopular act of making father Petre a privy-councillor; but as soon as the queen heard what was designed, she earnestly begged the king not to do it, telling him "that it would give great scandal, not only to protestants, but to thinking catholics, as contrary to their rule."² Sunderland's influence prevailed, and her majesty was wont to use a homely Italian proverb, signifying, that the minister overbore her, and carried the measure in her despite.³ In her conversations with the nuns of Chaillot, Mary Beatrice said, "she never liked Petre, that his violent councils did the king much harm, and she believed he was a bad man."

The king paid more than usual personal attention to the queen, in the spring of 1687. When he went to visit his camp at Hounslow, he generally brought her from Windsor, or Whitehall, to Richmond palace, where he left her, and returned to her in the evening. She was fond of that palace and neighbourhood, and found the soft air beneficial to a consumptive cough that sometimes harassed her. When she felt disposed to spend a few days quietly at Richmond, the king arranged his hunting parties in that neighbourhood, and made that palace his headquarters.⁴

He was playing a desperate game in ecclesiastical affairs, and had engaged himself in a dispute with both the universities, by his ill-judged interference in their elections. The particulars of those transactions belong to the public history of James's reign; the name of his queen has happily never been mixed up with them.

Her majesty's physicians had unanimously recommended their royal mistress to take a course of the Bath waters this year; it was settled that she should go there early in the season, but her journey was delayed for the pompous public reception of the nuncio D'Adda, after his consecration in the king's chapel at Whitehall palace, as archbishop of Amasia. In the evening, he appeared in full pontificalibus in the queen's

¹ Memoirs of James II. Lingard. Lonsdale.

² King James's Loose Sheets, edited by Clarke. Ditto Journal, in Macpherson.

³ Impartial View of Burnet's History.

⁴ Ellis Correspondence.

apartment. Both king and queen arose from their thrones, and knelt at his feet to receive his pastoral benediction—a display that was in bad taste. James observing tokens of disapprobation in the circle, reminded his court “that he and her majesty knelt not to the pope’s nuncio, but to the archbishop.” When the public reception of D’Adda took place at Windsor, the duke of Somerset, who was first lord of the bed-chamber, refused to introduce him, telling the king it was against the law. “Do you not know that I am above the law?” said the king; “But I am not!” rejoined the duke.¹ The ceremony was performed by the duke of Grafton; Somerset lost his place, and the command of his regiment.

James had little reason to violate public prejudices, and create personal enemies, by showing impolitic marks of respect to the papal envoy, whose real business in England was to detach him from the league with Louis XIV.; or, in case he remained obstinately fixed in that alliance, to assist the confederacy that was plotting to deprive him of his throne.²

This summer, the queen was plunged into the deepest affliction by the loss of her mother, the duchess of Modena, who died at Rome, July 19th. No common affection had united these princesses. The duchess was the only parent whom Mary of Modena had ever known, and the early ties of natural love had been strengthened by renewed intercourse in riper years. They had passed some time together in Brussels, and afterwards in England. A close and endearing correspondence had always been kept up between them; and the now childless queen felt the bereavement of her mother as one of the greatest sorrows that had befallen her. A solemn court mourning for the duchess of Modena commenced on the 31st of July, and it was ordered to be for the same duration as that which had been worn in the last reign for the queen of Portugal, the mother of Catharine of Braganza. The political intrigues of Dyckvelt, the Dutch ambassador, had led to an ominous coolness between king James and his son-in-law of Orange; but the queen had wisely kept up a friendly correspondence with both William and Mary, and instead of sending a ceremonial announcement of her mother’s death, she endeavoured to bespeak William’s sympathy by the natural expression of her grief and confidence in his affection, that might be expected between persons so dearly connected by relative ties as they were.

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.³

“The friendship you have showed me on all occasions, and the part that I have always flattered myself you took in my concerns, make me hope I may have a share of your compassion in the great grief I now lie under for the death of the duchess of Modena, my mother; in which nothing can comfort me but the hopes I have of her happiness in the other world. Next to this, I find it ease in my affliction to have the pity of one’s friends, which makes me hope for yours at this time, assuring you that in what condition soever I am, I shall always be, with all sincerity,

“Truly yours,

M. R.”

¹ Mackintosh. Lonsdale. Burnet, &c., &c.

² Smith’s History of England, vol. ii., p. 342. James himself admits that he had great cause of complaint against D’Adda’s political conduct.

³ Dalrymple’s Appendix.

This frank letter had the effect, which doubtless the royal writer intended, of renewing the suspended intercourse between the courts of Whitehall and the Hague; but it was in an evil hour for the house of Stuart,¹ since an open enemy is at all times less dangerous than a pretended friend. On the 16th of August, Mary Beatrice set out for Bath, escorted by the king, who left her there on the 21st, while he proceeded on his western progress. While at Bath, her majesty received letters and messages of condolence from the prince of Orange on her late loss, which appear to have given her great satisfaction, if we may judge by the affectionate tone of her reply:

"Bath, August 21, 1687.

"I have so many thanks to return to you for the part which M. Zulestein has assured me you take in my just grief for the loss of my mother, and for sending him to assure me of it, that I know not where to begin, nor how to express to you the sense I have of it. I hope you are so just to me as to believe it much greater than I can make it appear on this paper. I have desired this bearer to help me persuade you of this, and to assure you that I do desire above all things the continuance of your friendship, which I cannot but think I do deserve a little by being, with all the sincerity and affection imaginable,

"Truly yours,

"M. R.""

The duchess of Modena, just before her death, it seems, had visited the shrine of our lady of Loretto with prayers and votive offerings to the blessed Virgin, that by her intercessions her royal daughter, the queen of England, might have a son. Her majesty had been zealously praying for the same blessing at home, not only to Heaven and our Ladye, but to her favourite saint, St. Francis Xavier, in whose patronage she especially confided.² All the zealous Roman-catholics in the three realms had long united in the same prayer. There was no reason to despair of its accomplishment, for the queen was still in the bloom of life. It could not be said of her, as of her royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine, that she was a barren woman, as she had borne four living children, one of which had lived to be five years old. But Mary Beatrice had suffered from mental disquietude, which had preyed alike on her health and spirits; and it was suspected that the uneasiness the king had caused, by giving her rivals, was the reason that the blessing of a male heir was

¹ The prince of Orange sent his messages of condolence by a person who proved one of the most active instruments in the long-projected revolution. This was count Zulestein, an illegitimate brother of his father, a gay and elegant soldier, who combined, with a person and manners universally popular with the ladies, a degree of long-sighted sagacity and political acumen scarcely inferior to his celebrated ancestors, those men of mighty intellect, William the Liberator, William the Silent, or Maurice the Subtle. The letters of that period show that the clever but perfidious Zulestein plunged daringly into all the plots for the deposition of the royal family with whom he had come to condole. Strange it was that William of Orange left evidences of all the cruel and disgusting treachery he and his agents used in this case; but in his box of letters, found after his death at Kensington, the irrefragable proofs of the kindly intercourse of his betrayed relatives with him and his wife, and at the same time of the intrigues of his agents with the English nobility, are extant in undoubted autographs.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté. Life of James II.

denied him. An alteration had of late taken place in his conduct, indicating an intention of leading a life more in conformity with his religious profession. He had for some months treated the queen with the attention of a lover, and expressed a laudable wish of imitating her virtues. Moreover, in the course of his Welsh progress, his majesty had made a pilgrimage to the holy well of the renowned British saint and martyr, Winifred, and taken a draught of the miracle-working waters, with vows and prayers for the accomplishment of the same object which had occupied the last thoughts of his worthy mother-in-law, the duchess of Modena.¹ Absurd as this proceeding may appear, it was not half so foolish as his conduct in going to Oxford, and interfering with the affairs of Magdalen college.

On the 6th of September, James rejoined his consort at Bath. He found her in greatly improved health; she had taken the waters, and used the hot mineral bath with great success, as regarded her bodily health. The bath used by Mary of Modena now goes by the name of the cross bath. It was distinguished by a richly-sculptured cross of pure white marble, erected by the earl of Melfort, to commemorate the re-union of the royal pair on that spot.²

It was at this period that James received his first solemn warning of the project of his son-in-law the prince of Orange, to deprive him of his crown, and of his treacherous practices with many of his servants. Louis XIV. having sent an especial envoy, Bonrepaux, to give him intelligence of what was going on, Bonrepaux found James with his queen at Bath, and endeavoured to prevail on him to enter into a secret treaty with Louis, for his own defence; but nothing could persuade him to believe that William was capable of the conduct alleged; and he declared his intention of keeping the treaty of Nimeguen inviolate.³

After passing a few days with Mary Beatrice, James left her at Bath, and proceeded to London for the despatch of business. From thence, he went to Windsor, where the queen joined him on the 6th of October; and they returned to Whitehall together on the 11th. The king's birthday was kept with great splendour. As James led his consort into the supper room, he made her give her hand to be kissed by his favourite prelate, Cartwright, bishop of Chester. Their majesties were both invited by the city of London to dine at the lord-mayor's feast at Guildhall; the invitation was also extended to the papal nuncio, who not only went, but was well received. The dinner is said to have been an indifferent one.

By the end of November, it began to be whispered about the court, that there was a prospect of the queen becoming a mother once more. Excessive excitement was caused by the rumour, the truth of which was angrily impugned on the one hand, and hailed with extravagant joy on

¹ Life of James II.

² The inscriptions were erased after the revolution, and the cross has been removed in later times. Some celebrity was attached to the bath used by Mary Beatrice, which was much resorted to afterwards by married ladies desirous of children.

³ MS. Bibliothèque du Roi, on Bonrepaux's Mission, 1687.

the other. The circumstance was too important to the interest of the king, to be permitted to remain long in doubt. He mentions the situation of his consort, in a friendly letter to his daughter Mary, dated November 29th, and notices that the queen had informed her of it previously.¹ The queen's pregnancy was announced by royal proclamation, and in the Gazette of the 23d of December, with an order for a day of general thanksgiving. James appears to have been determined to obtain the benefit of the prayers of the church of England for the fruition of his hopes, at as early a period as was consistent with propriety. He commanded the bishops to prepare a suitable form of prayer and thanksgiving for the occasion, to be read in all the churches in, and for ten miles round, the metropolis, on Sunday, January 15, and in every church throughout England on the 29th of that month. Nothing was said, implying hopes of *male* issue, as was afterwards pretended, but simply "that the queen might become a joyful mother of children; that God would command his holy angels to watch over her, and defend her from all dangers and evil accidents; that the king might behold his children's children, and peace upon Israel; and that his gracious consort, queen Mary, might be as a fruitful vine upon the walls of his house, and his children like the olive branches round about his table." A farther petition was added, "that the whole of the royal family might be increased and multiplied." A prayer that was intended for the benefit of the three childless heirs presumptive of the realm, Mary, Anne, and William. Mary had never borne a child, and Anne had been as unfortunate as her royal step-mother, in the loss of all her infants. The next persons in the succession were the two daughters of the king's youngest sister, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, both catholics, and it was by no means a desirable contingency, that the crown should devolve on either of those foreign princesses, the eldest of whom was married to the king of Spain, the youngest to the duke of Savoy. Under these circumstances, the prospect of the queen bringing a male heir to the crown, might have been regarded as a most auspicious event, had there been any prospect of his being educated in the national faith. To the daughters of James II., and their consorts, such a contingency was a matter of painful consideration. They had regarded the crown as their natural inheritance, and they determined not to relinquish the influence they already held in the realm, as the heirs presumptive and rever-sionary. The exultation of the king, the confident predictions of the catholic party, that the royal infant would be a prince, were retorted by a series of the coarsest and most revolting lampoons tending to throw injurious doubts on the alleged situation of the queen.²

It might be imagined that the want of judgment on the part of their majesties, in attributing the present prospect of an heir to the miraculous intercessions of their favourite saints, had provoked the incredulous to a suspicion that some imposition was meditated, if the stories that were now circulated by their enemies had not been a mere revival of the ma-

¹ Inedited letters of James II., Brit. Mus.

² Journal of James II. Dalrymple. Mackintosh. Ellis Correspondence. Boreby.

licious libels that were invented some years before, for the purpose of stigmatizing the birth of the last child of Mary Beatrice, in the event of its proving a son. Though a son was eagerly anticipated and desired, certain attempts were made by the catholic party to provide for the contingency of a girl, by insinuating that the daughter of a king and queen—that is to say, a princess born after James's accession to the throne—would have a better claim to the succession than his daughters by Anne Hyde.¹

The situation of the queen encouraged James to pursue his plans with redoubled energy for the abrogation of the penal laws. Of the cruelty and injustice of those statutes, no one who reads the civil and ecclesiastical annals of the three kingdoms can pretend to doubt. James, who, to use his own words, "had learned the great lesson of religious toleration in the school of persecution," was ambitious of being the first British monarch who should proclaim to his people the precious boon of liberty of conscience—a boon more glorious than all the boasted privileges which were wrung from the tyrant John, by the steel-clad champions of freedom, at Runymede.

In the preceding spring, James had declared in council "that four of his predecessors having attempted in vain to establish a general conformity of worship, and the penal laws against dissenters having only led to rebellions and bloodshed, he was convinced that nothing could conduce more to the peace and quiet of the kingdom and the increase of trade, than an entire liberty of conscience; it having," he said, "always been his opinion, as most suitable to the principles of Christianity, that no man should be persecuted for conscience-sake, which he thought was not to be forced, and that it never could be to the interest of a king of England to do it."² He then directed his attorney and solicitor-general not to suffer any process in his name to be issued against any dissenter whatsoever. In this proffered charter of religious freedom, the last of the Stuart kings anticipated the enlightened policy which has gradually, but very cautiously, actuated British sovereigns and statesmen of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately for James II., the course of Christian civilization was not sufficiently advanced in that day to admit of a legislative act of Christian charity. The king forgot that he was a mere feather on the stream working against the strong tide of popular opinion, and in a fatal hour attempted to carry a noble object by unconstitutional means. The declaration of liberty of conscience was not so gratefully accepted in Scotland as the sufferings of the presbyterian party had led the king to imagine it would. They were offended with being included in the same act which proclaimed freedom of worship to papists, to anabaptists, and to quakers.

The confidential intimacy that subsisted between the king and William Penn, the philanthropic quaker, was regarded with scarcely less hostility than the influence of father Petre and the Jesuits. It was, after all, James's greatest glory that his name should have been associated with that of the benignant founder of the Utopia of the New World, Pennsylv-

¹ Echard.

² James II.'s speech in Council. *Life*, vol. ii.

vania. That the royal admiral, with his passion for naval glory, the despotic monarch, with his stately ideas of "the divinity that hedges in a king," and all the hot zeal of a convert to Romanism about him, could enter with sympathy and delight into the enlightened views of that pure-minded Christian philosopher, William Penn, is an interesting fact, and not less strange than true. James once condescended to use a playful reproof to the peculiarity of the quaker, who, the first time he entered his presence after he became king, did so with his hat on. James immediately took off his own. "Friend James," said Penn, "why dost thee uncover thy head?" "Because," replied his majesty, with a smile, "it is the fashion here for only one man to wear his hat."

Penn was sent by James on a private mission to the Hague, for the purpose of persuading the prince of Orange to consent to the abolition of the penal laws. The eloquence of the man of peace and Christian philanthropy, who anticipated the fulfilment of the prophecy relating to the millennial reign of Christ in the establishment of perfect fellowship and brotherly love among all, who confessed His name on earth, sounded less pleasantly to the military stadtholder than the inflammatory language of Burnet and other priestly agitators, who taught him how to make a political creed the master-key to the kingdoms of this world. William refused to concur in the removal of any statute that was not formally repealed in parliament. James further committed himself by an indirect application through Stuart, a Scotch refugee at the Hague, to William's minister, Fagel, for the purpose of winning his daughter Mary to second his wishes. He not only got a dry refusal from the princess, but the mortification of seeing the correspondence published.¹

Mary Beatrice, who rarely took any part in politics, had vainly represented to her consort the folly of his proceeding, which arose from a miscalculation of his paternal influence.² "The queen," says father Petre, "as well as myself, was of opinion against the sending any such letter to the Hague upon this subject, but rather some person able to discourse and to persuade should have been sent thither. For all such letters, when they are not grateful, produce bad effects. That which is spoken face to face is not so easily divulged, nor anything discovered to the vulgar, but what we have a mind the people should know."³ After some allusions to the queen's situation, and the ribald lampoons that were in circulation, one of which had been found affixed to a pillar of a church, the Jesuit statesman adds, "you will agree with me, most reverend father, that we have done a great thing by introducing Mrs. Collier to the queen. This woman is wholly devoted to our society, and zealous for the catholic religion." This Mrs. Collier, from whom such great things were expected, is rather a mysterious personage; her name has never been mentioned in connexion with any of the complicated intrigues of the period, neither does it occur in the list of the queen's attendants, or the nursery

¹ Echard. Lingard. Mackintosh. Dalrymple.

² Inedited letter of Father Petre to Père la Chaise, purchased at the late sale of the Strawberry-hill collection by the lady Petre, by whom the document was kindly communicated to me

³ Ibid.

establishment of the prince. Probably, her majesty had sufficient penetration to discover that Mrs. Collier was a dangerous intriguante, and got rid of her. Mary Beatrice was now so happy in the undivided possession of the king's affections, that she was willing to forgive those who had endeavoured to injure her, by encouraging him in his guilty attentions to her rival, and raising a party in favour of that bad woman. Convinced that she had no longer cause to dread either her or her friends, her majesty took the first opportunity of showing the earl of Clarendon, that she was not only willing to overlook all past causes of displeasure, but ready to render him any service in her power.

"In the afternoon, March 8th," he says, "I waited on the queen, upon an intimation given, that she wondered she had not seen me a great while, for I had not been with her for some months. Her majesty was very gracious to me, and asked me, 'why I did not come more to court?' I told her, 'I did some time wait on the king at his levee; but having nothing to do at court, I thought it not needful to be as often there as I had been formerly.' She said, 'I was to blame, that she knew the king would be kind to me, and that she would often put him in mind of me, and said that she expected to see me often.' She then asked me, 'if my pension were well paid?' I told her, 'Yes.' The king came into the room from hunting, and so I came away."¹ Clarendon was at that time involved in a sea of trouble, in consequence of the queen dowager's suit against him for arrears in his accounts.² The amiable behaviour of the reigning queen was therefore of some comfort to him. The secret correspondence of James's treacherous favourites, his discarded ministers, and disaffected nobles, with the court of Orange, unveils to the dispassionate documentary historian an extensive confederacy, with the princess Anne at the head of it,³ for the purpose of branding the child, whose birth was so eagerly anticipated by the king and queen, as spurious, in case it should prove a boy. It was from this confederacy that all the disgusting lampoons and incendiary pamphlets, on that subject, emanated. As early as the spring of 1686, the princess Anne had betrayed to the acute observation of the French envoy, Bonrepaux, that ambition and hatred to the queen were the master-passions of her soul.⁴ In what manner had Mary Beatrice provoked her ill-will? the reader naturally inquires; but Anne has never brought a specific charge against her royal stepmother, with whom she had lived in perfect amity from her tenth year up to the period of king James's accession to the throne.

The following passage from one of Anne's private confidential letters to her sister Mary is rather indicative of the evil passions of the writer than the bad qualities of the object of her vituperation:—"The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty temper, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make

¹ Diary of Henry, earl of Clarendon. Clarendon Correspondence, vol. iii., edited by Singer.

² See vol. viii., Life of Catharine of Braganza.

³ See the proofs in Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., and in the British Museum, MS.

⁴ Letter from Bonrepaux to Seignelai.

their court that way are very well thought of. She declares always that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems extremely well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it."¹ Some women there are, whose minds are unfortunately so constituted, that they cannot endure to see attention offered to another. The adulation and homage that were paid to her beautiful stepmother, who was about five years older than herself, appears to have been the exciting cause of Anne's ill-will against her. So true is the observation of the wisest of men, "Anger is fierce, and jealousy is cruel; but who can stand against envy?" That no want of courtesy, or even of affection, had been manifested by the consort of James II. towards his daughter, may be perceived by Anne's concluding remark. "She (the queen) pretends to have a deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see any proofs of it, but rather the contrary."² Surely, if the queen had ever committed herself by word or deed, so as to furnish any tenable charge of complaint, Anne would have instanced it in support of her last assertion. The hatred of the princess Anne towards Mary Beatrice was of too deadly a nature to evaporate in useless invectives. She took infinite pains to persuade her sister, the princess of Orange, that a plot was in progress to deprive them of their rights in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious prince of Wales, on the nation. She complained, in the coarsest language, to her sister and the earl of Clarendon, "that the queen would not permit her to touch her, and that her majesty always went into another room to change her dress."³ Anne, all this while, kept up a show of duty to her father, and kindness to the queen; she was frequently at her majesty's toilet, and performed the service, as usual, which the etiquette of those times prescribed, of assisting to put on her majesty's chemise.⁴ The queen was taken alarmingly ill at the end of seven months, while the king was gone to Chatham, and her apprehensions of death were so great, that she wrote to the king to come immediately to her, and also sent for her confessor. "Everybody flocking about her, the princess failed not to be there too, and appeared so easy and kind that nothing could equal it; talked of the queen's condition with mighty concern, and was wanting in no manner of respect and care."⁵

The indisposition of his consort, who had now become an object of the tenderest regard, and most watchful solicitude to the king, is thus mentioned by that monarch, in the following friendly letter to his son-in-law of Orange:—

"Whitehall, May 11, 1688.

"My going to Chatham on Tuesday last hindered me from writing to you by that day's post, so let you know I had received yours of the 11th. I found my ships and stores in very good condition, and chose one of my new three (third)

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix.

⁵ Ibid.

² See her letters in Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ Life of James, compiled from his own private papers, by the Rev. S. Clark, historiographer to George IV.

⁴ Ibid.

rates to be fitted out to carry the queen dowager when she goes to Portugal. I came back hither yesterday morning, and found that my queen had not been well, and was in some fears of coming before her time, but, God be thanked, she was very well all day yesterday, and continues so now, so that I hope she will go out her full time. The weather is now very seasonable, and there is like to be a great store of fruit this year. I have no more to say, *but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect.*

"JAMES R.

"For my son, the prince of Orange."

A week later, the queen herself wrote this little billet to William, in the same easy familiar style which marks her occasional correspondence with him:—

"May 19, 1688.

"I am so ashamed to have been so long without answering your obliging letter, that I know not what to say for myself. I well believe you know me too well to suspect it want of kindness; and, therefore, I hope you will think it, as it was, want of time, or at the worst a little laziness, which being confessed, will, I hope, be excused; for else I did long to return you a thousand thanks, as I do now, for your kind wishes, which I hope you will continue, and believe that I am, with all sincerity, truly yours,

"M. R."

During the whole of the month of May, the queen's health was in a precarious state; she was bled, in consequence of feverish symptoms, as late as the 29th. Some anxiety must have been on her spirit, in consequence of the cruel reports that were poisoning the public mind against her, at that period when she was looking forward, with trembling hope and natural dread, to the hour of woman's peril.

Mary Beatrice had been accused of unbecoming haughtiness, in treating the injurious rumours that were in circulation with silent contempt; as a delicate woman, she could do no otherwise; as a queen, she appears to have acted with great prudence, and to have done everything necessary to convince the great ladies of the court and the princess Anne, of the reality of her alleged situation. It was her original intention to lie-in at Windsor; but she made a very proper concession to public opinion, when she gave up that arrangement, and determined to await her accouchement in the metropolis, where the witnesses requisite for the verification of the birth of the royal infant could be got together at a hasty summons, which could scarcely be the case at Windsor, or even Hampton-court. Her enemies have, with a strange obliquity of reasoning, construed this convincing proof of her willingness to afford full satisfaction to every one interested, into a presumption of her guilt.

"The great bustle," says the princess Anne, "that was made about her lying-in, at Windsor, and then resolving all of a sudden to go to St. James's, which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in." "Can any one believe, that if Anne did suspect a cheat, that she would have shown so little regard to her own interest, as to have invented a pretext for going to Bath, instead of remaining on the spot, to expose it? But the queen had given her indubitable proofs that she was about to become a mother; and Anne purposely went out of the way, that she

¹ See Anne's Letters in Dalrymple's Appendix, and the originals in the British Museum.

might not be a witness of the birth of a brother, whose rights she intended to dispute; and in case the expected infant proved to be a girl, she would escape a disagreeable duty by her absence. She came to take leave of the queen before she went to Bath, and they conversed together in a confidential manner.

The queen always expressed herself as doubtful, whether her confinement would take place in June or July. The princess Anne said to her, "Madame, I think you will be brought to bed before I return,"¹ giving, at the same time, a reason for her opinion, of which she was afterwards pointedly reminded by Mrs. Margaret Dawson, when she expressed a doubt whether the young prince were actually her brother.

On the 2d of June, the queen said "she would go to St. James's, and await the good hour."² It was there that all her other children had been born, and it was also the birth-place of the king, her husband. The consorts of the Stuart kings had been accustomed to lie-in at that palace; and there was no precedent of any queen having been confined at Whitehall, which was obviously unfit for such a purpose, being very noisy, and open from morning till night to crowds of well-dressed people, who chose to make it a lounge. It was, besides, a great public office, where all the business of the nation was transacted, and the queen's apartments fronted the river. Mary Beatrice never liked Whitehall. She said of it, "Whitehall was one of the largest and most uncomfortable houses in the world." Her heart always clung to her first English home, which had been endeared to her by those tender recollections which regal pomp had never been able to efface.

King James, in a letter to his daughter, Mary, thus announces the intended removal of himself and his queen to St. James's palace:—

Whitehall, June 8, 1688.

"The Q. and I intend to lie at St. James's to-morrow night, she intending to lie in there."³

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for the confinement of the queen—She removes from Whitehall to St. James's—Gives birth to a prince—Illness of the child—Reports of his death—Queen's rapid recovery—Gives audience to Zulestein in her chamber—Writes to the princess of Orange—Medal of the queen—She reproaches the princess of Orange for not mentioning the prince—Her letter to the pope—Attempts to bring the prince up by hand—His dangerous illness—Queen goes to see him—Her distress—She sends for a nurse—Col. Sands and lady Strickland—Malicious reports raised by Sands—Prince's nurse—Her simplicity—

¹ King James's Journal.

² Extracts from James II.'s letters.—Additional MSS., Brit. Mus.

³ Burnet.

Prince recovers—His likeness to his parents—Queen's letter to the princess of Orange—Hostile preparations of William—Queen's birth-day—She writes again to the princess of Orange—Dark aspect of the times—Christening of the prince—Pope godfather—Queen's offering to the shrine of Loretto—Attestations of the birth of the prince—Prince of Orange lands—King leaves London with the prince of Wales—Queen left alone at Whitehall—Perilous state of the king—Anxiety of the queen—Princess Anne absconds—King returns to London—His apprehensions for his son—Designs to send him to France, and the queen—Prince brought back from Portsmouth—Preparations for the queen's departure—Her sorrowful parting from the king—Escapes from Whitehall with the prince—Crosses the Thames on a stormy night to Lambeth—Coach delayed—Embarks at Gravesend—Her companions—Stormy voyage—Lands at Calais—Sympathy of the governor—Her letter to Louis XIV.—Her anxiety touching the fate of her husband—Alarming rumours on that subject.

THE birth of the second son of Mary Beatrice was destined to take place at the inauspicious period when James had given irreparable offence to the nation, by committing the archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops to the Tower.¹ This unprecedented act of folly was perpetrated on the 8th of June; the indignation it excited pervaded all ranks of the people, and extended even within the guarded region of the court. The queen was restless and anxious all the next day, and expressed an impatient desire for the completion of the arrangements that were making for her accommodation at St. James's palace. She sent several times in the course of that day to hurry the workmen there, and on being told that it would be impossible for them to finish in time to put her bed up that night, she gave way to petulance, and said, "I mean to lie at St. James's to-night, if I lie on the boards."

¹ The offence of the bishops was, having framed a petition to the king, praying to be excused from reading the declaration of liberty of conscience. This petition they presented to his majesty at ten o'clock on the evening of May 18th. James received them graciously at first, but took fire, very unreasonably, at the language in which the petition was couched, lost his temper, called it "a standard of rebellion," and dismissed the prelates in displeasure. In less than two hours after the petition had been put into the king's hand, it was printed, and cried about the streets, with great vociferations, for sale. James regarded this proceeding as an outrage. The prelates denied having supplied any one with a copy. James did not believe them, and insisted that their intention was to raise a tumult. They were summoned to appear before the privy council, and, after some angry discussion, ordered to find bail for their appearance in Westminster Hall, July 3d, to answer to an indictment from the crown for writing and publishing a seditious libel. They refused to find bail, and were committed to the Tower. The warrant for their committal was signed by four-and-twenty privy councillors, all protestants. Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, and Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, were the most conscientious and loyal of men. They, with White, Turner, and Lake, forsook all, rather than take the oaths to any other sovereign than James II., to whom their allegiance had been sworn. The other two, Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, of Bristol, were deeply confederate with William. Lloyd was the author of some of the absurd libels tending to discredit the pregnancy of the queen. The copy of the petition was probably furnished by him, on purpose to create an open quarrel with the king. It was afterwards wittily said, with regard to the character and subsequent conduct of these reverend prelates, "that king James sent seven bishops to the Tower to be tested; five of them proved to be true gold, and two only *prince's metal*."

Kings and queens are, of course, liable to the same infirmities of temper as their subjects, but it behoves them to impose a stricter restraint on their natural emotions, surrounded as they are, at all times, by watchful observers, if not, as was the case with James II. and his consort, by invidious spies and traitors. It was by no means wonderful, however, that Mary Beatrice, under these circumstances, should be desirous of escaping, from the political excitement and publicity of Whitehall, to her old familiar palace, where she had formerly tasted some of the comforts and repose of domestic life.

It was not till a late hour on the Saturday night that the arrangements there were completed. When this was announced to her majesty, she was engaged at cards. The solemn etiquettes, which in that age pervaded the most frivolous amusements of the court, forbade her to break up the table till the game was decided, which was not till eleven o'clock. After this, she was carried in her sedan chair, attended by her servants, and preceded by her ladies through the park to St. James's palace. Her chamberlain, lord Godolphin, walking by the side of her chair. The king accompanied his consort, and passed the night in her apartment. The next morning he rose between seven and eight, and went to his own side of the palace.¹ About a quarter of an hour after, the queen sent for him in great haste, and requested to have every one summoned whom he wished to be witnesses of the birth of their child. It was Trinity Sunday, June 10th. "The protestant ladies that belonged to the court," says Burnet, "were all gone to church before the news was let go abroad," which was certainly true; but this unfaithful chronicler suppresses the fact, that they were all speedily sent for out of church, by her majesty's command.² The first person who obeyed the summons was Mrs. Margaret Dawson, one of her bed-chamber women, formerly in the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York; she had been present at the births of all the king's children, including the princess Anne of Denmark. She found the queen all alone, sitting on a tabouret at her bed's head, trembling, and in some depression of spirits.³ The queen requested the pallet, which was in the next room, to be got ready, but, the quilts not being aired, Mrs. Dawson persuaded her not to use it, but to go into her own bed again, from which she and the king had just risen. That bed was then made ready for her majesty, who was very chilly, and wished it to be warmed. Accordingly, a warming-pan full of hot coals was brought into the chamber, with which the bed was warmed, previously to the queen's entering it.⁴ From this circumstance, simple as it was, but unusual, the absurd tale was fabricated, that a spurious child was introduced into the queen's bed. Mrs. Dawson afterwards deposed, on oath, "that she saw the fire in the warming-pan when it was brought into her majesty's chamber — the time being then

¹ Kennet. Echard. *Impartial Reflections on Burnet's History.*

² Examinations before the Privy Council, 22 Oct., 1688.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Letter of the princess Anne to her sister, the princess of Orange. Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., p. 308.

about eight o'clock,"¹ and the birth of the prince did not take place until ten.

Anne, countess of Sunderland, the wife of James's treacherous minister, therefore no very favourable witness, gave the following statement as to the birth of the prince: "that she went to James's chapel at eight o'clock in the morning, on the Trinity Sunday, with the intention of taking the sacrament, but in the beginning of the communion service, the man who had the care of the chapel came to her and told her, 'she must come to the queen.' The countess said, 'she would as soon as the prayers were over;' but very soon after, another messenger came up to the rails of the altar, and told her, 'that the queen was in labour, and she must come to her majesty without delay;' on which, she went directly to the chamber of her royal mistress. As soon as the queen saw her, she told her, 'that she believed her hour was come.' By this time," continues lady Sunderland, "the bed was warmed, and the queen went into bed."² Here then is a most important testimony in confirmation, as to the time when the said warming-pan was used, which was before the queen entered the bed at all. After her majesty was in bed, the king came in, and she asked him "if he had sent for the queen dowager." He replied, "I have sent for everybody," and so, indeed, it seemed, for besides the queen dowager and her ladies, and the ladies of the queen's household, the state officers of the palace, several of the royal physicians and the usual professional attendants, there were eighteen members of the privy-council who stood at the foot of the bed.³ Even the princess Anne, in her coarse, cruel letters to her sister on this subject, acknowledges that the queen was much distressed by the presence of so many men, especially by that of the lord-chancellor Jeffreys. The queen, at the birth of her last child, had entreated that no one should proclaim whether it were boy or girl, "lest the pleasure on the one hand, or the disappointment on the other, should overpower her, and this command was repeated now. About ten o'clock, her majesty gave birth to a son, and forgetting every other feeling in the tender instinct of maternity, exclaimed apprehensively, "I don't hear the child cry." The next moment the prince certified his existence by making his voice heard in good earnest.

Lady Sunderland had previously engaged the midwife to give her intimation if it were a boy, by pulling her dress, and she signified the same to the king by touching her forehead, which they had both agreed should be the token. Not satisfied with this telegraphic intelligence, the king eagerly cried out, "What is it?" "What your majesty desires," replied the nurse. She was about to carry the infant into the inner room, when the king stopped her, and said to the gentlemen of the privy council, "You are witnesses that a child is born," and bade them follow and see what it was. So crowded was the queen's bed-room, that the earl of Feversham had some trouble in forcing a passage through the noble mob of witnesses, as he preceded Mrs. Delabadie and her infant

¹ Depositions before the Privy Council.

² Ibid.

³ There were, in all, 67 persons present. Lord Melfort's reflections on the state of England, in Macpherson.

charge, crying, "Room for the prince!" The royal infant was seen by three of the protestant ladies near her majesty's bed before he was carried into the inner chamber. One of these was the noble-minded and virtuous Susanna, lady Bellasys, who might herself have been queen of England at that moment, instead of Mary d'Esté, if she had not preferred her religion to the prospect of sharing a crown, and at the same time loved James too sincerely to consent to injure his interests, when duke of York, by becoming his wife.¹

After king James had spoken a few tender words to his consort, he said, "Pray, my lords, come and see the child." The witnesses then followed the king into the inner room, where the royal infant was shown, and all present saw it was a prince, and newly born. Lady Bellasys said "she thought it looked black in the face." A convulsion fit, such as had proved fatal to the other children of Mary Beatrice, was at first apprehended; but after the prince was dressed, he looked very fresh and well, and the king said, "nothing was the matter with the child." Mrs. Danvers, who had been the nurse of the princess Isabella, and was then in the service of the princess Anne, came to see the infant, and said "she was glad to see the same marks upon his eyes as the queen's other children had when they were born."² In the overflowing transport of his joy for the birth of a living son, and the safety of his queen, James bestowed the accolade of knighthood on her physician, doctor Walgrave, by her bed-side,³ as a token of his grateful sense of the care and skill manifested by him during the preceding months of anxious attendance upon her majesty, whose symptoms had occasionally been of an alarming character. The birth of a prince of Wales was announced to the metropolis with signal marks of triumph by the king's command. The Tower guns fired an extraordinary number of salutes, the bells rang peals of deceitful joy, the poor were feasted and received alms, and all loyal lieges throughout the realm were enjoined to unite in thanksgivings and festivity. The wisest way in which the king could have celebrated this event would have been by a general act of grace, and the liberation of the prelates in the Tower; but his obduracy on that point hurried on the accomplishment of his evil destiny, including that of his faithful wife and innocent son. By the imprisonment of the virtuous, conscientious Sancroft, he had deprived himself of a witness

¹ The evidence of lady Bellasys on the birth of James's son by the queen, was most important and conclusive, and such as must have substantiated it in any court of justice. Lady Isabella Wentworth, also, a noble protestant lady in the queen's household, verified the birth of the prince, not only before the privy council on oath, but, long after the revolution, to Dr. Hickey, dean of Worcester, in the presence of Mrs. Margaret Dawson, and even to Burnet himself, whom she told, "that she was as sure the prince of Wales was the queen's son, as that any of her own children were hers. Out of zeal for the truth and honour of my mistress," said she, "I spake in such terms as modesty would scarce let me speak at another time."—Depositions before the Privy Council, Oct. 22, 1688. Notes to the new Burnet, vol. iii., quoted by the editor from the original document signed by lady Isabella and Dr. Hickey, in Magdalen College, Oxford.

² Depositions before the Privy Council.

³ Echard.

of the birth of the prince, whose testimony no member of the church of England could have resisted.

Barillon, the French ambassador, announced the birth of the royal infant to Louis XIV. in these words:—"The queen of England has given birth, an hour since, to a prince, who is doing very well; he is very well formed, and of the full size."¹ According to this minister, the joy of the king was unbounded. James's brother-in-law, the earl of Clarendon, gives the following lively little account of this event, in his diary of June 10:—"In the morning, I was at St. James's church, where I observed great whispering, but could not learn what the matter was. As I was going home, my page told me the queen was brought to bed of a son. I went presently to St. James's, whither the court removed but the last night, and word was brought me it was true her majesty was delivered about ten this morning. As soon as I had dined, I went to court, and found the king shaving. I kissed his hand, and wished him joy. He said the queen was so quick in her labour, and he had had so much company, that he had not time to dress himself till now. He bade me go and see the prince. I went into the room, which had been formerly the duchess's private bed-chamber, and there my lady Powis (who was made governess) showed me the prince. He was asleep in his cradle, and a very fine child to look upon."² On the same day, the marchioness of Powis was sworn as state governess, and lady Strickland, wife of Sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh, as sub-governess, to the new-born heir of England. There were also two nurses, madame Labadie and Mrs. Royere, four rockers, a laundress, and sempstress, and two pages of the back-stairs, who were all sworn into their offices.

The same night, the numerous nursery establishment, and indeed the whole palace, were thrown into a state of dismay, by the alarming illness of the precious babe. The king was called out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning, and the royal physicians were summoned in great haste to his assistance. Mary Beatrice has herself related the following particulars connected with the indisposition of the little prince, and the strange negligence of her own personal attendants at that time:—"A few hours after the birth of my son," said she, "the physicians prescribed something for him, which they say is good for babies."³ I don't remember now what it was; but this I know, that, by mistake or carelessness, they repeated the dose, which made him so ill that every one thought he was dying. As I was in child-bed, the king would not have me awakened with these tidings; but while every one was in a state of distraction, he retired into his oratory to offer that child, who was so precious to him, to God. I awoke in the mean time, and asked for some broth, but saw no one near me, neither nurse nor attendant. I then called. The only person who remained to take care of me was a chambermaid, not more than one-and-twenty years old, and thus I learned that which they wished to conceal from me. The countess of

¹ Despatches of Barillon.

² Clarendon's Diary.

³ Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

Sunderland was lady of the bed that night, and it was her duty to watch beside me."

Though the indisposition of the royal infant had only been caused by his being over-dosed with drugs which he would have been much better without, the doctors inflicted the additional suffering upon him, of making an issue in his tender little shoulder,¹ and giving him more physic, while they withheld from him the natural aliment for which he pined. One of the household, when communicating to his friend in Ireland the news of the birth of a prince of Wales, says, "It is a brave lusty boy, and like to live;"² and live he did, in spite of all the blunders of his nurses, the barbarities of his doctors, and the malice of those who pretended that he died, at the time this great nocturnal disturbance was raised in St. James's palace on his account, and that another child had been substituted, to personate the veritable son of the king and queen.³ On this new story, those persons chose to rest, who were ashamed of repeating the clumsy romance of the warming-pan, and pretending to believe that an imposition could be successfully practised in the presence of six medical gentlemen, three-and-twenty protestant ladies and gentlemen of high rank, besides menial attendants, or that the queen dowager, and all the catholic nobility, would become accomplices in such a cheat. Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated Whig practitioner, whom Burnet daringly quotes in support of his own inventions, when he heard that his name had been mentioned, as connected with these fictions, by the Lutheran minister at the Hague, in a conversation with the electress Sophia of Hanover, wrote a manly, honest letter to that princess, assuring her "that the minister must have been misled by pamphlets current in England, pretending," says he, "an account how far I had been therein engaged, to which several falsehoods were added. One of those papers was written by Mr. Burnet, son to the bishop of Salisbury." Burnet himself wrote, and printed at the Hague, some of the coarse indelicate libels that were so industriously circulated against the poor queen on this occasion.⁴ He subsequently embodied the substance of those lampoons in his history—a remarkably easy method of obtaining a mass of fictitious evidence. Dr. Chamberlayne expressly states that he was sent for early on the Sunday morning by the queen, but, being out of town, did not arrive till after the birth of the babe. He declares that the duchess of Monmouth had given him positive testimony of the reality of her majesty's alleged situation a few days before, she having been present at her toilet:⁵

"This relation," says he, "being wholly occasioned by chance, and mentioned by one at that time disobliged by the court, I take to be genuine, without artifice or disguise, so that I never questioned it. Another circumstance in this case is, that my being a noted Whig, and signally oppressed by king James, they would never have hazarded such a secret as a supposititious child, which, had I been

¹ Autobiography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. Published by the Camden Society.

² Ellis Correspondence, edited by the Hon. Agar Ellis.

³ Burnet's History of his own Times.

⁴ See Burnet's Six Stories, commented upon by Smollett, in his History of England. James II.

⁵ Dalrymple's Appendix. vol. ii., pp. 311-13.

at home to follow the summons, I must have come time enough to have discovered."

He says, "King James told him the queen came a fortnight sooner than she expected;" and this, it will be remembered, was the case, when her last child, the princess Charlotte, was born. It was, moreover, scarcely two years since the princess Anne herself had made a similar miscalculation, and was brought to bed of a fine girl, only two hours after her arrival at Windsor, having travelled from London the same day.

"During my attendance on the child, by his majesty's directions," continues Dr. Chamberlayne, "I had frequent discourse with the necessary woman, who, being in mighty dread of popery, and confiding in my reputed Whiggism, would often complain of the busy pragmatism of the jesuits, who placed and displaced whom they pleased; 'and for her part, she expected a speedy remove, for the jesuits could endure none but their own party.' Such was our common entertainment, but about a fortnight after the child was born, a rumour having spread through the city that the child was spurious, she cried, 'Alas, will they not let the poor infant alone? I am certain no such thing as the bringing a strange child in a warming-pan could be practised without my seeing it, attending constantly in and about the avenues of the chamber.' Other remoter incidents might be alleged, which, being of smaller moment, are forborne."¹

Mary Beatrice, regardless of all the injurious libels that emanated from the Dutch press, had continued to keep up a friendly correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange,² relating frankly, perhaps they might think ostentatiously, the particulars relating to her health to the princess, up to the period of her confinement.

King James communicated the important event of the birth of the prince, by whom his eldest daughter was apparently supplanted in her presumptive heirship of the crown, to her consort, in the following business-like note:—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"June 12, 1688.

"The queen was, God be thanked, safely delivered of a son on Sunday morning, a little before ten. She has been very well ever since, but the child was somewhat ill, this last night, of the wind, but is now, blessed be God, very well again, and like to have no returns of it, and is a very strong boy.

"Last night I received yours of the 18th. I expect every day to hear what the French fleet has done at Algiers. 'Tis late, and I have not time to say more, but that you shall find me to be as kind to you as you can expect.

"For my son, the prince of Orange."³

¹ The illustrious lady to whom the honest doctor addressed this letter was an interested party, it is true, the British parliament having settled the royal succession on her and her posterity; but, unlike the daughters of James II., she was of too noble a nature to wish to strengthen the title which a free nation had given her, by stooping to avail herself of the base fictions of a party against the deposed sovereign, his queen, and son. So far was Sophia, electress of Hanover, from impugning the birth of the rejected claimant of the crown, that she was accused to say, "that the unfortunate young prince was as much the child of James II. as her son George was her own offspring."—*Historical Recollections*, by lady Mary Wortley Montague

² See Royal Letters in Ellis's Appendix.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix

Four days later, James wrote to his daughter Mary, the following brief bulletin of the health of the queen and prince of Wales :—

“St. James’s, June 16, 1688.

“The queen was somewhat feverish this afternoon. My son is, God be thanked, very well, and feeds heartily and thrives very well.”¹

In Edinburgh, the news of the queen’s happy delivery, and the birth of “the prince Stuart of Scotland,” as they proudly styled

“The young blooming flower of the auld royal tree,”

was received with unfeigned joy. The civic council records testify of the bonfires that blazed from the Canongate to Arthur’s-seat, to make known the joyful tidings, that a male heir was born to “the ancient realm.” Claret was quaffed at the expense of the crown, and glasses broken by the loyal lieges *ad libitum*, in drinking the health of their majesties and “the prince Stuart” at the town cross, amidst ringing of bells, and roaring salutes of the castle artillery. And the lord-provost received commission to go up to the court with two addresses from the good town, one to the king, the other to the queen, to congratulate their majesties.²

Even the malcontent city of York, drank deep potations to the health of the king, queen, and prince of Wales, and sent up a deceitful address of congratulation by the lord-mayor and sheriffs.³ In short, this event was celebrated with so many public demonstrations of rejoicing, in all parts of the realm, that the king and queen flattered themselves with the belief that the nation shared in their rapture. Oxford, ever loyal, notwithstanding her present dispute with his majesty, poured forth a centenary of odes and heroic verses, to celebrate the birth of a prince of Wales. The lofty numbers of Dryden’s “*Britannia Rediviva*,” which appeared a few days after this event, vindicated the honour of his office as poet laureate, by throwing the efforts of all contemporary bards into the shade. The following lines are selected as a specimen :—

“Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend ;
But when his wondrous octave rolled again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.”

Here, Dryden alludes to the festivals of Pentecost and Trinity Sunday, and proceeds to recal to the remembrance of his countrymen, that Edward the Black Prince was also born on Trinity Sunday, which was considered a very auspicious circumstance. He forgets not to compliment the royal parents on the mingled likeness which the infant was said to bear to both :—

“’Tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature’s book ;
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolding volume will delight :
See, how the venerable⁴ infant lies
In early pomp ; how, through the mother’s eyes

¹ Additional MSS., British Museum, No. 4163, fol. 1.

² Council Records of Edinburgh, vol. xxxii., p. 115.

³ Drake’s History of York.

⁴ This word, in its ancient sense, did not mean “old,” but “august,” something worthy of veneration.

The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due."

The injurious reports that had been circulated by a faction insinuating the introduction of a spurious child, are nobly repelled in these four lines :—

"Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which is light itself, doth darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun."

Our laureate's concluding apostrophe to the royal mother, Mary of Modena, must not be forgotten, though somewhat too adulatory for modern taste :—

"But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild skies, to rule our rugged sphere;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left,—
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost as daylight is dissolved away,
And melts into the brightness of the day."

It is not to be supposed that all the poets of the age imitated the chivalry of glorious John and the bards of Oxford, in flinging votive garlands at the feet of Mary Beatrice, to compliment her on having given a male heir to England. The following sarcastic squib, from the inedited political songs of the period, is written in a different spirit :—

ON MARY OF MODENA, ADDRESSED TO JAMES.

"Why dost thou wrong thy country, shame thy life,
To please false priests and a designing wife?
A wife whose character has always been
A fawning duchess, and a saucy queen.
O Nassau, with thy promised succours come,
And be to us like Antony to Rome!
Thy wife shall young Octavia's place supply,
And those that have betrayed their country fly;
Unless the king, to prove the prince his own,
Shall to the lion's den present his son;¹
Then, if the royal beasts do not destroy
The infant, it is proved his own dear boy."

A few days after the birth of his son, the following instance of clemency is recorded of king James :—"Nathaniel Hook, the late duke of Monmouth's chaplain, who hath been skulking up and down without being able to obtain his pardon, threw himself lately at his majesty's feet, desiring his majesty's pardon, or to be speedily tried and executed, since now life itself, as well as the sense of his guilt, was wearisome to him; whereupon his majesty thought fit to extend his gracious pardon to him."² James unfortunately in this, as in several other cases where he had exercised the royal attribute of mercy, calculated on the gratitude of the object of his grace. He forgot that the Christian law, which enjoins

¹ The Dream, a State Poem, 1688. This allusion is to the superstition that lions will not tear the true offspring of a royal line.

² Ellis Correspondence, vol. i., p. 371.

forgiveness of our enemies, does not recommend us to trust them, and in a fatal hour he took Nathaniel Hook into his service, who became one of the secret tools of William. He followed his confiding master into exile as the hired pensionary of his foe. He was in constant correspondence with the British ambassador at the court of France, and, growing grey in his iniquities, continued, even after the death of James II., to sell the councils of his widowed queen and his son.¹

The news of the birth of a prince of Wales, was received with great pleasure at the court of France; Skelton, the British ambassador, thus describes the feelings of some of the ladies:—

“Madame la Dauphine is indisposed and in bed, yet sent for me, and said, though she saw no man, yet she could not forbear rejoicing with me upon account of the great news, and expressed great joy, and the little duke of Burgundy, whilst I was talking to madame la mareschale de la Motte, of his own accord told me ‘that he would, for joy, order threescore fuses to be fired.’ Madame la mareschale intends, in October next, to give me something to be hung about the prince’s neck, which prevents the inconveniences which commonly attend the breeding teeth. The same has been used to these three young princes with good success. * * * Monsieur made all the ladies at St. Cloud drink the prince of Wales’s health on Thursday last.”²

On the 17th of June, thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches, for the happy delivery of the queen, and the birth of a prince of Wales. As early as the 29th, the unconscious babe, who was born to inherit his father’s misfortunes, not his crown, was produced in all the pomp of purple pall and ermine, to receive in person, as he lay in lady Powis’s lap, addresses of congratulation from the lord-mayor and corporation of London, on the appearance of his royal highness in a troublesome world, wherein he was destined to create further commotions. The lord mayor and his civic brethren, having presented an offering of their good-will and affection in the shape of a purse of gold, were admitted to the honour of kissing his tiny hand.³ “The prince is in very good health,” writes one of the household, “and hath given audience to several foreign ministers.” Among these were the envoy of his affectionate brother-in-law of Orange, and of the king of Denmark.⁴ “The lord mayor of York,” pursues our correspondent, “is come to town to kiss the prince’s hand, and to present him a purse of gold, as the lord-mayor of London did. The queen is in public again, and to name a day for the fireworks on the river.”⁵

Mary Beatrice was now a proud and joyful mother, and her recovery was unusually rapid; she received visits from ladies at the end of a fortnight, and as early as the 28th, gave audience in her chamber to mynheer Zulestein, the Dutch envoy-extraordinary, who was charged with the formal compliments of the prince and princess of Orange, on the birth of her son.⁶ A few days afterwards, her majesty wrote a letter to her royal step-daughter Mary—a letter beginning with these words:—“The first time that I have taken pen in hand since I was

¹ See the despatches of the earl of Manchester and the earl of Stair.

² Macpherson’s State Papers, vol. i., p. 262.

³ Ibid

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Ellis Correspondence.

⁶ Gazette.

brought to bed, is this, to write to my dear lemon.”¹ The playful familiarity of addressing her highness of Orange by her pet name, on this occasion, sufficiently indicates the affectionate terms on which the consort of James II. had been accustomed to live with his eldest daughter. It is much to be regretted, that one sentence only should have been preserved of a letter commencing in a tone so different from the epistolary style of royal ladies.

At the end of four weeks, Mary Beatrice left her retirement at St. James's palace, and returned to Whitehall. Lord Clarendon came to pay his duty to her, Monday, July 9th; he says, “In the afternoon, I waited on the queen, the first time I had seen her since she lay in. She was very gracious to me, and asked me ‘why I had not been there before, and why I did not come oftener?’”² The next day the intended exhibition of the fireworks was postponed, and the following intimation of the cause was hinted by a person behind the scenes. “The young prince is ill, but it is a secret. I think he will not hold. The foreign ministers, Zulestein and Grammont, stay to see the issue.”³ The illness was so dangerous, that the princess Anne condescended to call her brother, “the prince of Wales,” when communicating to Mary the happy probability of his “soon becoming an angel in heaven.”⁴ He was destined to a few more trials on earth.

The premature state audiences of the prince of Wales had drawn so much ill-natured mockery on the innocent babe, in the form of vulgar, and sometimes indelicate, lampoons, that his offended mother went into a contrary extreme, equally injudicious; she would not allow him to be seen by any one but the nuncio, and forbade his attendants even to bring him to her before company.⁵ The reason alleged was, the prevalence of the small-pox.⁶

In the course of a week, the prince was so much amended, that the promised pageant of the fireworks on the Thames was shown off, to celebrate his birth and the queen's recovery. The exhibition was very splendid, consisting of several thousand fire-balloons, that were shot up in the air, and then, scattering into various figures, fell into the river; there were several stately pyramids, and many statues and devices, among which, were two large figures, representing Loyalty and Fecundity.⁷ The emblem of the latter, a hen and chickens, was scarcely applicable to Mary Beatrice and her one feeble babe—the only survivor of five ephemeral hopes. The frequent reports of his death rendered it necessary to show the prince again in public, and he was taken into the parks every day. “The lady marquess of Powis, gouvernante to the prince,” writes the Ellis correspondent, “hath taught his royal highness a way to ask already, for, a few days ago, his royal highness was brought to the king with a petition in his hand, desiring that two hundred hackney coaches may be added to the four hundred now licensed, but that the

¹ Dated July 6th, 1688. From Dr. Birch's Extracts, printed by sir Henry Ellis in his Royal Letters. First series, vol. iii., p. 348.

² Clarendon's Diary.

³ Dalrymple's Appendix.

⁴ Ellis Correspondence.

⁵ Ellis Correspondence.

⁶ Letter of princess Anne.

⁷ Ibid. Eveiyn.

revenue for that said two hundred might be applied towards the 'feeding and breeding of foundling children.'" Thus, we see that the first idea of establishing a foundling hospital in England emanated from the nursery of the consort of James II.; she fondly thought, no doubt, to endear her infant to the people, by connecting his name with a benevolent institution.

Two silver medals were struck in commemoration of the birth of the son of James II. and Mary d'Esté. One, very large, with the profile bust of the king on one side, and the queen on the reverse. It is a most noble work of art; nothing can be more classical and graceful than the head and bust of the queen. Her hair is wreathed back, in a Grecian fillet, from the brow, and confined with strings of pearls; a few rich tresses fall, in long loose ringlets, from the low braided knot behind. It might serve for the head of a Juno or a Roman empress. The inscription is *Maria D. G. Mag. Bri. Fran. Et. Hib. Regina*. The date, 1688, has been, by some carelessness, reversed, and stands thus, 8891. King James is represented in a Roman dress, with long flowing hair, and a wreath of laurel. The other medal, which is in honour of the royal infant, represents him as a naval prince, seated on a cushion on the sea-shore, with ships in the distance. Two angels suspend the coronet of a prince of Wales over his head, and appear sounding notes of triumph with their trumpets. On the reverse, a shield with a label of three points, charged with the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, is supported between four angels; one bears the three-plumed crest—the other, the arms of a prince of Wales.

Although the royal infant had been prayed for in his sister Mary's chapel at the Hague, by the title of prince of Wales,¹ and every mark of ceremonial respect had been paid, on the occasion of his birth, by William of Orange, James could not be deceived as to the inimical feelings with which his son was regarded in that court. It was from the Dutch press that all the coarse revolting libels branding his birth as an imposition, and throwing the most odious imputations on the queen, had emanated.² One of William's agents, a Dutch burgomaster named Ouir, had been detected, at Rome, by the French ambassador, cardinal D'Etrées, in a secret correspondence with the pope's secretary, count Cassoni, with whom he communicated in the disguise of a vender of artificial fruits. One day, he was, by the cardinal's contrivance, knocked down and robbed of his basket of wares. The cardinal, at first deceived by the exquisite beauty of the fruit, thought his informers had been deceived, and that Cassoni patronised him as an artist only. However, the person by whom they had been captured, cut them open, and showed that they were filled with the seeds of the league of Augsburg, and the projected revolution of England, contained on slips of paper written in cypher, and twisted round the wires which, covered with green silk, supported the fabric of lemons, grapes, figs, &c. The most important of these was, the pope's promise to supply the emperor with large sums

¹ Letter of Mary, princess of Orange, in Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet.

² Pamphlets of the Times.

of money, to be placed at the disposal of the prince of Orange. D'Etrées' agent succeeded in picking the lock of Cassoni's cabinet, and found there a paper which had not yet been submitted to the pope, implying that the prince of Orange taking the command of the imperial forces, was but a pretext to cover his designs on England, and that he had entered into a conspiracy with the English, to put to death the king, and the child of which the queen was pregnant, if a son, in order to place himself and the princess on the throne. The cardinal lost no time in communicating this discovery to lord Thomas Howard, who despatched two couriers to his master with the news.¹ James, at the time, appears only to have regarded it as a diplomatic trick of France, being well aware that it was part and parcel of the policy of his good cousin Louis to embroil him with his son-in-law and natural ally, William. It was not till the truth of the first part of the intelligence was fatally confirmed, that he allowed the latter to make any impression on his mind. His reply to William's deceitful congratulations on the birth of the prince of Wales, appears, nevertheless, indicative, by its coldness and stern brevity, of distrust, especially the significant concluding line:—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"July 22, 1688.

"I have had yours by M. Zulestein, who has, as well as your letter, assured me of the part you take, on the birth of my son. I would not have him return without writing to you by him, to assure you I shall always be as kind to you as you can with reason expect."²

The queen, unsuspecting as she was by nature, and always ready to hope and believe the best of every one, writes in a more friendly tone, as if willing to give William credit for feeling all that his silvery-tongued envoy had expressed, of sympathy in her maternal joy. Her letter is as follows:—

MARY OF MODENA TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"St. James's, July 24, 1688.

"The compliments Mr. Zulestein made me from you, and the letter he brought, are so obliging, that I know not which way to begin to give you thanks for it. I hope he will help me to assure you that I am very sensible of it, and that I desire nothing more than the continuance of your friendship, which I am sure mine shall always one way deserve, by being, with all the sincerity imaginable, truly yours,"

M. R."

From the princess of Orange, Mary Beatrice expected letters more in accordance with the friendship that had subsisted between them in their early days, when they lived together like two fond sisters, rather than step-mother and daughter. The affections of the Italian princess, were of an ardent character; she had loved the princess Mary with all her heart, and she was piqued that Mary did not express any tenderness towards her infant boy, whom, with the egotism of doting maternity, she thought ought to be an object of interest to all the world. If the queen had possessed that knowledge of the human heart, which is one of the most important lessons royalty can learn, she would not have wished to

¹ See the letters of cardinal d'Etrées, in Dalrymple's Appendix.

² Dalrymple's Appendix.

³ Ibid.

inquire too closely into the feelings of the wife of so ambitious a prince as William, towards a brother who appeared born for the especial purpose of depriving her of the reversion of a three-fold diadem. Perhaps Mary, in the first glow of natural affection, had been accustomed to pet and caress the royal infants that had been born to her youthful step-mother, while they lived together in St. James's palace, and had regarded them, not as rivals, but as beloved playthings; and the queen could not perceive that the case was widely different as regarded the long-delayed birth of an heir-apparent to the crown. Mary Beatrice was not only so simple as to impute the coldness of the princess of Orange to a diminution of affection towards herself, but to address some tender expostulations to her on the subject, in a letter dated Windsor, July 31st, telling her, she suspected that she had not so much kindness for her as she used to have. "And the reason I have to think so," pursues the royal mother, "is (for since I have begun I must tell you all the truth,) that since I have been brought to bed, you have never once in your letters to me, taken the least notice of my son, no more than if he had never been born, only in that which M. Zulestein brought, which I look upon as a compliment that you could not avoid, though I should not have taken it so, if even you had named him afterwards."¹ If any real doubts had been felt by the princess of Orange, as to the claims of the infant to her sisterly affection, surely the queen afforded her a decided opportunity for mentioning the suspicions that the princess Anne had endeavoured to insinuate as to his being the genuine offspring of their majesties.

Mary Beatrice was highly gratified with the papal brief or letter addressed to her by the head of her church on the birth of her son, assuring her that that great blessing had been obtained from Heaven by his fervent prayers and supplications in her behalf. Her majesty was so polite as to take this for fact, and forgetting all the personal affronts and political ill offices which that pontiff had put both on herself as a daughter of the house of Esté, and on the king her husband as the friend of Louis XIV., responded in the following dutiful epistle:—

MARY BEATRICE TO THE POPE.

"As great as my joy has been for the much sighed for birth of a son, it is *signally* increased by the benign part which your holiness has taken in it, shown to me with such tender marks of affection in your much prized brief (apostolic letter), which has rejoiced me more than aught beside, seeing that he (the prince) is the fruit of those pious vows and prayers which have obtained from Heaven this unexpected blessing, whence there springs within me a well founded hope that the same fervent prayers of your holiness, that have procured me this precious gift, will be still powerful to preserve him, to the glory of God, and for the exaltation of his holy church. For this purpose, relying on the benignity of your holiness to grant the same to me, I prostrate myself, with my royal babe, at your holy feet, entreating that your holiness's apostolical benediction may be bestowed on both of us.

"Your most obedient daughter,

MARIA R.

"At London, the 3d of August, 1688."²

¹ Extracts from Dr. Birch's MSS, published by sir Henry Ellis, in *Royal Letters*; first series, vol. iii.

² From the original Italian, printed in the Notes of Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution of 1688*.

For the first two months, the existence of this "dearest boon of Heaven," as the royal parents called their son, appeared to hang on a tenure, to the full as precarious as the ephemeral lives of the other infants, whose births had tantalized Mary Beatrice with maternal hopes and fears. Those children having been nourished at the breast, it was conjectured that, for some constitutional reason, the natural aliment was prejudicial to her majesty's offspring, and they determined to bring the prince of Wales up by hand. "This morning," says the nuncio,¹ "I have had the honour of seeing him whilst they gave him his food, which he took with a good appetite; he appears to me very well complexioned and well made. The said aliment is called *walter gruell*; it is composed of barley-flour, water, and sugar, to which a few currants are sometimes added." A very unsuitable condiment for a tender infant, as the result proved; violent fits of indigestion produced inflammation and other dangerous symptoms, and he was sent to Richmond for a change of air; but as they continued to feed him on currant gruel, he grew from bad to worse. "The young prince lives on," writes the Ellis correspondent, "but is a weakly infant, at Richmond." The queen, who was going to Bath, deferred her journey, and came frequently to see him. She attributed his illness to the want of a nurse, and the improper food with which they were poisoning rather than nourishing him. "The state to which I saw my son reduced by this fine experiment," says her majesty,² "would deter me from ever allowing it to be tried on the children of others. When he had been fed in this way till he was about six weeks old, he became so dangerously ill with colic, attended with vomiting and convulsions, that they thought every sigh would be his last. We had sent him to Richmond, a country-house, to be brought up under the care of lady Powis, his governess, and he got so much worse, that she expected every moment to be his last. I got into my coach with the determination of going to him at all events. Lady Powis had sent word to us, that if the infant died, she would despatch a courier to spare us from the shock of coming to the house where he was. Every man we met by the way I dreaded was that courier." King James accompanied his anxious consort on this journey, and participated in all her solicitude and fears. When the royal parents reached the river side, they feared to cross, and sent a messenger forward to inquire whether their son were alive, that they might not have the additional affliction of seeing him if he were dead. After a brief but agonizing pause of suspense, word was brought to them, "The prince is yet alive," and they ventured over.³ "When we arrived," continues the queen, "we found my son still living. I asked the physicians, 'If they had yet hopes of doing anything for him?' They all told us, 'they reckoned him as dead.' I sent into the village in quest of a wet-nurse (she who suckled him). I gave him that nurse; he took her milk; it revived him, and she has happily reared him; but this peril was not the least of those which have befallen him in the

¹ Count d'Adda's letter, June 28th, in Mackintosh's Appendix.

² In a conversation with the nuns of Chaillot. MS. Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Life of King James.

course of his history, which, like ours, will appear, to those who shall read it hereafter, like romance."¹ The same morning came colonel Sands, the equerry of the princess Anne, from Tunbridge-wells, charged with a complimentary inquiry after the health of the prince of Wales, her brother. His real mission was that of a creeping spy. He arrived immediately after their majesties, and encountered the queen coming from her sick infant's apartments, with her eyes swollen with excessive weeping, having altogether the appearance of the most passionate grief. She passed on without speaking or noticing him, and went to her own chamber. This was evidently when the prince had been given up by the physicians, and before the arrival of his village nurse. Sands, concluding from what he had seen that the little prince was in the agonies of death, stole unobserved into the nursery, where, if he is to be credited, he saw Mrs. Delabadie, the nurse, kneeling beside the cradle, with her hood drawn round her face, weeping and lamenting over a pale, livid, and apparently dying infant, whose features were spotted and convulsed; but before he got more than a transient glimpse, lady Strickland came flying out of the inner room, in a great passion, asked him, angrily, "What he did in her prince's nursery?" and, without waiting for a reply, unceremoniously pushed him out.² Lady Strickland has, in consequence, been described as a notable virago—a character by no means in accordance with the sweet and feminine expression of her face in Lely's beautiful portrait of her at Sizergh castle; but, even if it be true that she expelled the prowling spy with lively demonstrations of contempt, when she found him hovering, like a vulture on the scent of death, so near her royal charge, she only treated him according to his deserts.

Sands goes on to say, "that as he was retiring, he met the king, who asked him with a troubled countenance, 'if he had seen the prince?'" Sands, according to his own account, told his sovereign an untruth, by replying, that "he had not," although aware that he must stand convicted of the falsehood as soon as lady Strickland should make her report of his intrusion into the royal nursery. He has written himself down, at any rate, as a shameless and unscrupulous violator of the truth, and in the same spirit goes on to say that the king's countenance cleared up, that he invited him to dinner; and after dinner, bade him "go and see the prince, who was better; but, on being conducted into the nursery, he saw in the royal cradle a fine lovely babe, very different from that which he had got a glimpse of in the morning; so that he verily believed it was not the same child, but one that had been substituted in the place of it: for it was very lively, and playing with the fringe of the cradle-quilt."³ If there be any truth in the story at all, it is probable that the colonel saw the royal infant in the agonies of a convulsion-fit in the morning, and that when he saw it again in the after-

¹ This account was recorded from the lips of the royal mother by one of the sisters of Chaillot, in the year 1712, and was introduced by the conversation having turned on the proposed foundation of a hospital at Paris for bringing up infants on the milk of goats and asses.—MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena Archives au Royaume.

² Olmixon

³ Ibid.

noon it was after it had received the nourishment for which it had pined, and a favourable change had taken place: the distortion of the features had relaxed, and the blackness disappeared, which, allowing for the exaggeration of an untruthful person, is quite sufficient to account for the change in its aspect. The animation of the lately-suffering babe, and its alleged employment of playing with the fringe of the counterpane, is not so easy to reconcile with natural causes, as no infant of that tender age is wont to display that sort of intelligence. Be this as it may, colonel Sands pretended that the real prince of Wales died in the morning, and that the lively boy he saw in the afternoon was substituted in his place.¹ Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, added to this story the grave context that the royal infant, who, according to his account and Burnet's, had almost as many lives as a cat, was buried very privately at Chiswick. The princess Anne, though she greatly patronised the romance of the warming-pan, was exceedingly pleased with colonel Sands' nursery-tale, till, in her latter years, she began to discourage those about her from repeating it, by saying, "she thought colonel Sands must have been mistaken." Burnet has represented this prince of Wales as the fruit of six different impostures.²

The nurse whom the queen, prompted by the powerful instincts of maternity, had introduced to her suffering infant to supply those wants which the cruel restraints of royalty had deprived herself of the sweet office of relieving, was the wife of a tile-maker of Richmond. She came in her cloth petticoat and waistcoat, with old shoes and no stockings,³ but being a healthy honest person, she was approved by the doctors, and still more so by the little patient, to whom she proved of more service than all the physicians in his august father's realm. She immediately became an object of the royal gratitude and bounty; gold, of which she was too unsophisticated a child of nature to comprehend the value, was showered upon her, and her coarse weeds were exchanged for garments more meet to come in contact with the precious nursling who was so daintily lapped in purple and fine linen; but these changes were gradually and cautiously made. "She is new rigged out by degrees," writes one of the courtiers, "that the surprise may not alter her in her duty and care; a 100*l.* per annum is already settled upon her, and two or three hundred guineas already given, which she says she knows not what to do with."⁴

The queen remained with her boy, at Richmond, till the 9th of August, when he was considered sufficiently recovered to accompany her to Windsor, and she determined never again to allow him to be separated from her. "On Saturday last," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his royal highness the prince of Wales was removed from Richmond to Windsor, where he is lodged in the princess of Denmark's house, which was Mrs. Ellen Gwynne's, and is well recovered of his late indisposition, to the joy of the whole court. His highness's nurse is also in good health and good plight, being kept to her old diet and exercise. She hath also a governess

¹ Oldmixon.

² See Smollett's *Comments in his History of England*. Reign of James II.

³ Ellis Correspondence.

⁴ *Ibid.*

allowed her, an ancient gentlewoman, who is with her night and day, at home and abroad."¹ Many pretty stories of the simplicity and innocence of this nurse, were circulated in the court.² Other tales of a less innocent character, connected with the prince and his foster-mother, were spread by the restless malignity of the faction that had conspired, long before his birth, to deprive him of his regal inheritance. It was said that the tile-maker's wife was the real mother of the infant, who was cradled in state at Windsor, for whom, like the mother of Moses, she had been cunningly called to perform the office of a nurse.³

The likeness of the young prince to both his parents, was so remarkable, that it seemed as if "the good goddess Nature," had resolved that he should carry in his face a satisfactory vindication of his lineage. Sir Godfrey Kneller, long after the revolution had fixed William and Mary on the throne, having gone down to Oxford to paint the portrait of Dr. Wallis, while that gentleman was sitting to him, on hearing him repeat one of the absurd inventions of Lloyd touching the birth of the disinherited prince of Wales, stating "that he was the son of a bricklayer's wife," burst into the following indignant oration in contradiction to this assertion; "*Vat de devil! de prince of Wales de son of æ brickbat ou-man! It is von lie. I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him. I am satisfied with what de parliament has done, but I must tell you what I am sure of, and in what I cannot be mistaken. His fader and moder have sat to me about thirty-six time a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. I could paint king James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and,*" continued he, with an oath, "*I cannot be mistaken! Nay, the nails of his fingers are his moder's, de queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but,*" and here he repeated his strong asseveration, "*I can't be out in my lines!*"⁴

The queen, deeply piqued by the coolness of the princess of Orange, when reluctantly compelled to mention the prince of Wales, was prompted, by the fond weakness of maternity, to expostulate with her on her want of affection for her unwelcome brother; in answer to the princess's letter, by the post, she writes:—

"Windsor, August 17.

"Even in this last letter, by the way you speak of my son, and the formal name you call him by, I am confirmed in the thoughts I had before, that you have for him the last indifference. The king has often told me, with a great deal of trouble, that as often as he has mentioned his son in his letters to you, you never once answered anything concerning him."⁵

¹ Ellis Correspondence, vol. ii.

² Sir John Bramston's Autobiography.

³ Political pamphlets and squibs of the time.

⁴ Thorne corroborates this account in his diary, and adds that sir Godfrey Kneller said, in the presence of several persons whose names he quotes, that on the sight of the picture of the prince of Wales that was sent from Paris to London, he was fully satisfied of that which others seemed to doubt, having perfect knowledge of the lines and features of the faces of both king James and queen Mary. Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. See also Carte's letter in Aubrey, vol. ii. p. 136-7, and Thorne's Diary.

⁵ Birch's Extracts, in Ellis's Royal Letters, first series, vol. iii., p. 349.

The princess of Orange has endorsed this tender but reproachful letter with this cautious sentence—answered, “that all the king’s children shall ever find as much affection and kindness from me as can be expected from children of the same father.”

The parental cares and anxieties of the king and queen for the health of their son, appear to have been so engrossing, as to have distracted their attention from every other subject. They entered his nursery, and shut out the world and its turmoils, while every day brought the gathering of the storm-clouds nearer. The king of France sent Bonrepaux once more to warn king James that the Dutch armament was to be directed against his coasts, and that not only the emperor, but the pope, and many of his own subjects, were confederate with his son-in-law against him, repeating, at the same time, his offer of French ships and forces for his defence. James haughtily refused the proffered succours,¹ and obstinately refused to give credence to the agonizing truth, that ambition had power to rend asunder the close ties with which Heaven had united him, with those who were compassing his destruction. The unfortunate duke of Norfolk, when betrayed by his servants, had said, “I die, because I have not known how to suspect.” James fell, because he could not believe that his own children were capable of incurring the guilt of parricide. That he imputed different feelings to Mary, may be gathered from his frequent and tender appeals to her filial duty and affection, from the time when the veil was at last forcibly removed from his eyes as regarded the purpose of William’s hostile preparations. With the fond weakness of parental love, he fancied her into the passive toy or reluctant victim of a selfish and arbitrary consort, and wrote to her in sorrow, not in anger. Anne he never doubted. William Penn, always a faithful, and generally a wise counsellor, advised his majesty to summon a parliament. James declared his intention to do so, in spite of the opposition of father Petre, and issued the writ, August 24th, for it to meet on the 17th of November; he had delayed it too long. Sir Roger Strickland, the vice-admiral of England, sent an express from the Downs, September 18th, that the Dutch fleet was in sight. Up to that moment, James had remained unconvinced that the naval armament of his son-in-law was preparing for his destruction. He had written on the preceding day to William:—

“I am sorry there is so much likelihood of war on the Rhine, nobody wishing more the peace of Europe than myself. I intend to go to-morrow to London, and next day to Chatham, to see the condition of the new batteries I have made on the Medway, and my ships there. The queen and my son are to be at London on Thursday, which is all I shall say, but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect.”

This letter is superscribed, “For my sonne the prince of Orange.”

James had relied on his daughter’s assurance, that the hostile preparations of the prince were to be employed against France. As soon as he had read Strickland’s despatch, he hurried from Windsor to London and Chatham, to take measures for the defence of the coast, leaving the

¹Letters of Bonrepaux, in Bibliothèque du Roi.

queen to follow with her boy.¹ They met at Whitehall on the 20th, with boding hearts. The queen held her court on the Sunday evening; she was anxious to conciliate the nobility: "that evening," lord Clarendon says, "I waited on the queen. She asked me 'where I had been, that she had not seen me a great while?' I said, 'her majesty had been but three days in town.' She answered, 'she loved to see her friends, and bade me come often to her.'" The next day, James told his brother-in-law, Clarendon, "that the Dutch were now coming to invade England in good earnest." "I presumed to ask him," says the earl, "if he really believed it? To which the king replied with warmth, 'Do I see you, my lord!' And then, after speaking of the numbers already shipped, he added, with some degree of bitterness, 'and now, my lord, I shall see what your church of England men will do.' 'And your majesty will see that they will behave themselves like honest men,'" rejoined Clarendon, "'though they have been somewhat severely used of late.'" The same day, the lord-mayor and aldermen came to make a dutiful compliment to the king and queen on their return from Windsor. James received them graciously, and noticed the report of the expected Dutch invasion, bidding them not be concerned, for he would stand for them, as he trusted they would by him.

It was generally reported, at this time, that there was a prospect of her majesty being again likely to increase the royal family.² Mary Beatrice continued to correspond with the princess of Orange at this agitating period. On the 21st, she apologizes for not having written on the last post-day, because the princess Anne came to see her after an absence of two months.³ The last birth-day commemoration in honour of Mary Beatrice, ever celebrated in the British court, was on the 25th of September; this year, instead of the 5th of October, O. S., as on previous occasions. It was observed with all the usual tokens of rejoicing—ringing of bells, bonfires, festivities, and a splendid court ball.⁴ Hollow and joyless gaiety! the Dutch fleet was hovering on the coast, and every one awaited the event in breathless suspense—no one with a more anxious heart than the queen. She wrote a touching and very temperate letter to her royal step-daughter and once-loving companion, the princess of Orange, telling her "that it was reported, and had been for a long time, that the prince of Orange was coming over with an army; but that, till lately, she had not believed it possible, and that it was also said that her royal highness was coming over with him. This her majesty protested "she never would believe, knowing her to be too good to perform such a thing against the worst of fathers, much less against the best, who, she believed, had loved her better than the rest of his children."⁵ Any appeal to the natural affections and filial duty of the princess was, as might have been expected, unavailing; yet Mary Beatrice wrote again in the anguish of her heart to her apathetic correspondent, though she acknowledged that she dared not trust herself to

¹ Ellis Correspondence.

² Birch's Extracts from the Letters of Mary d'Esté.

³ Ellis Correspondence.

⁴ Birch's Extracts in sir Henry Ellis's Royal Letters.

⁵ *Ibid.*

speak on that which occupied her whole thoughts. "I don't well know what to say," observes the agitated consort of James II.; "dissemble I cannot; and if I enter upon the subject that fills everybody's mind, I am afraid of saying too much, and therefore I think the best way is to say nothing."¹ It is not often that queens unveil the conflicting emotions of a wounded and perturbed spirit with the child-like simplicity of poor Mary d'Esté. This letter, apparently the last the queen ever wrote to Mary of Orange, is dated October 5th, the day on which her majesty completed her thirty-first year, an anniversary on which letters of a far different character had been heretofore exchanged by these two royal Marys, between whom the rival title of Mary queen of Great Britain was so soon to be disputed. King James was, meanwhile, vainly endeavouring to retrace his former rash steps, an ill-timed proceeding in the hour of danger, as it was certain to be construed into signs of fear, and it was only by preserving a bold demeanour that he could hope to daunt his foes, or to inspire his friends with confidence. The period when he could, with grace and dignity, have restored charters, published pardons, and promised to redress all grievances, was immediately after the birth of his son; but he had allowed the golden opportunity to pass, of declaring that object of paternal hope and promise to his people, by making it the dove of a renewed covenant with them—a pledge of his intention to deserve their affections, and to preserve them for the sake of his son.

The bishops framed a loyal form of prayer, to be read in all the churches, "That it might please Almighty God to defend their most gracious king in this time of danger, and to give his holy angels charge over him." This was quite as much as James had any right to expect of his protestant hierarchy; and, considering the state of public opinion at that time, it was an important service. Every day the aspect of affairs became more portentous, and still the king of France persevered in pressing the offer of his fleet and army on James. James said, "That he did not wish to be assisted by any one but his own subjects." Kennet ascribes the continued refusal of that prince, to avail himself of the proffered succour, to the operation of God's especial providence. Doubtless, it was so; but the paternal affection of James for his country was the means whereby that protective principle worked. The last of our Stuart kings was a scurvy politician, a defective theologian, an infatuated father, and a despotic prince; but, with all these faults, he had an English heart, and he deemed it less disgraceful to submit to the humiliation of courting his offended prelates, giving up the contest with Oxford, and doing everything to conciliate his subjects, than to be the means of bringing in a foreign army to assist him in working out his will. Having by his concessions, and the proclamation that the elections for the parliament, which he had summoned to meet in November, were to be free and unbiassed, deprived, as he imagined, his subjects of an excuse for calling in foreign aid in vindication of their rights, and his son-in-law

¹ Birch's Extracts in sir Henry Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii.

² Reports of Barillon, Bonrepaux, and Life of James II. Autobiography of the duke of Berwick.

of a plausible pretext for interference, he fancied the storm might pass over without involving his realm in a civil war. But he was bought and sold by his cabinet, and his enemies were those that ate of his household bread; treachery pervaded his council-chamber, and from thence diffused itself through every department of his government; it was in his garrisons, his army, his fleet; and the first seeds had been sown by those who derived their being from himself, his daughters. All this was known by almost every one in the realm but himself. Evelyn sums up the array of gloomy portents, by which the birth-day of James II. was marked at this crisis, in the very spirit of a Roman soothsayer, save that he leaves the reader to draw the inference to which he points. "14th of October. The king's birth-day. No guns from the Tower, as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror over Harold, near Battel, in Sussex. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet. Public prayers ordered to be read in the churches against invasion."¹ In the midst of these alarms, the king, with his usual want of tact, caused the prince of Wales to be solemnly named in the catholic chapel of St. James's; the pope, represented by his nuncio, count d'Adda, being godfather; the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, godmother.² Father Leyburn officiated. This ceremonial is noticed by one of the court in these words:—"The prince of Wales was christened yesterday, and called James Francis Edward—pope's nuncio and queen-dowager, gossips. The catholic court was fine, and the show great."³ The last name, which ought to have been the first, was dear to the historic memories of the people, as connected with the glories of the warlike Plantagenet sovereigns, Edward the Black Prince and the early promise of Edward VI.; but James, instead of allowing those associations to operate in favour of his son, thought proper to specify that it was in honour of Edward the Confessor—a monarch who stood just then almost as much at discount in popular opinion as himself. All James's notions, except that of universal toleration, were six centuries behind the age in which he lived, and in that he was a century and a half too early. In wanting judgment to understand the temper of the times, he made all other regal sciences useless. What could be more unwise than inflicting on the heir of a protestant realm, a godfather, who was regarded by vulgar bigotry as Satan's especial vicegerent upon earth, who was conventionally anathematized and defied by three-fourths of the people, and whose scaramouch proxy was annually committed to the flames, in company with that of Guy Fawkes, at the national *auto-da-fé* of the 5th of November? The name of Francis had ostensibly been given to the prince, in compliment to his uncle of Modena; but Mary Beatrice had also a spiritual godfather for her son, St. Francis Xavier, whose intercessions she considered had been very efficacious in obtaining for her the blessing of his birth. In acknowledgment of the supposed patronage of the Virgin Mary on this occasion, her majesty sent a rich offering to the shrine of Loretto. The

¹ Diary, vol. ii., p. 656.² Gazette. Rapin.³ Ellis Correspondence.

Italian education of Mary d'Esté had rendered her unconscious of the fact, that such practices are regarded by the protestant world as acts of idolatry, by the musing antiquarian as vestiges of the superstitions of remote antiquity, lingering in a land where votive gifts were presented at the altars of Venus and Juno, and other Pagan deities. The earl of Perth, when speaking of the offerings to the shrine of our lady of Loretto, says, "By-the-bye, our queen's is the richest there as yet, and will be so a great while, as I believe."¹

Confident reports that the Dutch fleet had been shattered and dispersed in one of the rough autumnal gales, crowded the drawing-room at Whitehall with deceitful faces once more. The courtiers, like persons in the ague, intermitted in their homage according to the way of the wind. They had a hot fit of loyalty on the 16th of October; but the rumours of the Dutch disasters were speedily contradicted, and the royal circle visibly thinned in consequence. The Dutch prince, the expected liberator, had put forth his memorials, explaining the causes of his coming, at the end of which lurked the mainspring which impelled him to that resolution, a determination to inquire into the birth of the pretended prince of Wales;² in other words, to endeavour to deprive his infant brother-in-law of his birth-right, under a shallow pretext that he was not born of the queen. A pamphlet, supposed to be written by Dr. Burnet, was distributed in England, as a pendant to the declaration of the prince of Orange, entitled, *A Memorial of the English Protestants to the Prince and Princess of Orange*, wherein, after a long statement of the grievances king James had put on the nation, it was set forth, "that the king and queen had imposed a spurious prince of Wales on the nation, and this was evident, because his majesty would never suffer the witnesses who were present at the queen's delivery to be examined." Other papers were disseminated, asserting "that the mother of the pretended prince of Wales was coming over in the Dutch fleet." "The charge respecting a spurious heir," says sir James Mackintosh, "was one of the most flagrant wrongs ever done to a sovereign or a father. The son of James II. was, perhaps, the only prince in Europe, of whose blood there could be no rational doubt, considering the verification of his birth, and the unimpeachable life of his mother." James has called his consort "the chastest and most virtuous princess in the world." To vindicate his claims to the paternity of their beloved son, the last male scion of the royal line of Stuart, and to clear the queen of the odious imputation that was now publicly cast upon her by the self-interested husband of his eldest daughter, appeared to James II. matters of greater moment than the defence of the crown he wore. He determined to have the birth of the royal infant legally attested before he left London to take the command of his forces.

The feminine delicacy of Mary Beatrice revolted at the first proposition of a proceeding so painful to the womanly feelings of herself and the ladies who must be called upon to make depositions before a large

¹ Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jordan, Esq. Recently published by the Camden Society.

² Echard, Kennet, and all histories of the times.

assembly of gentlemen, for she was aware, that unless those depositions were minutely circumstantial, they would be turned against her and her son. She considered the plan suggested by the king, derogatory to their mutual dignity and her own innocence, and that the unprecedented number of honourable persons who had witnessed the birth of her son, rendered circumstantial evidence needless. One day, however, at a visit she made the princess Anne, she introduced the subject, and said, "she wondered how such ridiculous reports could get into circulation." Anne answered very coldly, "that it was not so much to be wondered at, since such persons were not present as ought to have been there."¹ The queen was much surprised at this rejoinder, which seems to have been the first thing that opened her eyes to the true source whence these injurious calumnies had proceeded.

It was obviously as much Anne's policy to provoke a quarrel now, as to imply doubts of the verity of her brother's birth; but quarrels are for the vulgar; Mary Beatrice resolved to answer the innuendo by the testimony of the numerous witnesses who were present at her *accouchement*. For this purpose, an extraordinary council was convened, on the 22d of October, in the great council-chamber at Whitehall, where, in the presence of prince George of Denmark, the archbishop of Canterbury, most of the peers spiritual and temporal, the judges, the great officers of the crown, the lord-mayor and aldermen of the city of London, and the members of the privy council; the queen-dowager, and all the persons who were present at the birth of the prince of Wales, being assembled, the king addressed them with mournful solemnity in these words:—"My lords,—I have called you together upon a very extraordinary occasion, but extraordinary diseases must have extraordinary remedies. The malicious endeavours of my enemies have so poisoned the minds of some of my subjects, that by the reports I have from all hands, I have reason to believe, that very many do not think this son with which God hath blessed me to be mine, but a supposed child; but I may say, that by particular Providence, scarce any prince was ever born where there were so many persons present. I have taken this time to have the matter heard and examined here, expecting that the prince of Orange with the first easterly wind, will invade this kingdom, and as I have often ventured my life for the nation before I came to the crown, so I think myself more obliged to do the same now I am king, and do intend to go in person against him, whereby I may be exposed to accidents; and therefore I thought it necessary to have this now done, in order to satisfy the minds of my subjects, and to prevent this kingdom being engaged in blood and confusion after my death. I have desired the queen-dowager to give herself the trouble of coming hither, to declare what she knows of the birth of my son, and most of the ladies, lords, and other persons who were present, are ready here to depose upon oath their knowledge of this matter."²

¹ Life of James II., vol. ii., p. 197.

² The testimony of the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, that she was present at the birth of the prince of Wales, has been already given in the life of that princess, vol. viii

The queen-dowager, and forty ladies and gentlemen of high rank, whereof seventeen were catholics and three-and-twenty protestants, besides the queen's midwife, nurses, and four physicians, verified the birth of the young prince on oath. The evidence of the following protestant ladies, Isabella, countess of Roscommon, Anne, countess of Arran, Anne, countess of Sunderland, lady Isabella Wentworth, lady Bellasys, and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, was so positive, minute, and consistent, with that of the catholic ladies, that if any real doubts had existed, it must have set them at rest for ever.¹

The princess Anne had been requested to attend, and had excused herself to her king and father, under a false pretence, that she was in that situation which she had accused the queen of feigning. It was the sequel of her artful departure to Bath, that she might not be a witness of what she was determined to dispute, the claims of a male heir to the crown. "And now, my lords," said the king, "although I did not question but that every person here present was satisfied before in this matter, yet by what you have heard, you will be able to satisfy others; besides, if I and the queen could be thought so wicked, as to endeavour to impose a child upon the nation, you see how impossible it would have been. And there is none of you but will easily believe me, who have suffered for conscience sake, incapable of so great a villany to the prejudice of my own children, and I thank God that those who know me, know well that it is my principle to do as I would be done by, for that is the law and the prophets; and I would rather die a thousand deaths than do the least wrong to any of my children." His majesty further said, "If any of my lords think it necessary the queen should be sent for, it shall be done." But their lordships not thinking it necessary, her majesty was not sent for.

As the injurious doubts that had been cast on the birth of the young prince, originated in malicious falsehood,² its verification had no other effect than to draw the coarsest ribaldry on the king and queen and their innocent babe. The ladies, who had had sufficient moral courage to attest the facts which exonerated their royal mistress from the calumnies of an unprincipled faction, were especially marked out for vengeance. The base lampooners of the faction dipped their pens in more abhorrent mud than usual, to bespatter witnesses whose testimony was irrefragable. The dignity of truth is, however, an adamant shield from which the shafts of vindictive falsehood will ever rebound, to the disgrace of those who fling them.

The next event that engaged public attention, was the fall of Sunderland. That perfidious minister was denounced, in full council, to the

¹ The Minute of Council of Monday, October 22, 1688. Printed by Bill, Hill, and Newcombe, printers to the king. On the 1st of November following, it was ordered by the king in council that the declarations of himself and the queen-dowager, with the depositions of the other witnesses present at the birth of the prince of Wales, should be printed and published.

² "Burnet," as the continuator of Mackintosh justly observes, "has treated this investigation, and all the circumstances connected with the birth of the son of James II. and his queen, with a flagrant disregard of decency and truth."

king, of betraying his secrets to his enemies. James had before been warned of him by the envoy of Louis XIV. Lady Sunderland flew to the queen, and besought her protection for her husband, protesting that he was falsely accused.¹ The queen never interfered in cases which she considered out of her province. Sunderland tried to shake her resolution, by throwing himself at her feet, and pleading the merits of his conversion to the church of Rome; but Mary Beatrice had sufficient reason to suspect, that which was afterwards used by his friends as an excuse for his popery, "that he had turned catholic, the better to deceive the king and to serve the protestant cause." While he was yet closeted with her majesty, he was apprised by a message from the king that he was superseded in his office by the earl of Middleton. A partial change in other departments followed; but James's new cabinet was feeble and inefficient.

On the 27th, an express brought the news that the Dutch armada had been scattered, and all but annihilated, in a mighty storm. James, and the catholic party, suffered themselves to hope, and, deceived by William's purposed exaggeration of the mischief, to pause—seven days served to repair all damage, and to get the fleet in order again. William sailed a second time from Helvoetsluys, November 1st. On the 2d, the fortunate "protestant east wind," as it was called, swelled his sails. His descent was expected to be on the coast of Yorkshire; but, led by the traitor Herbert—for traitor every man is, who, under any pretext, pilots a foreign armament to the shores of his own country—after steering north about twelve hours, he changed his course, and passing the royal fleet of England in the Downs, entered Torbay, and landed on the 5th. The conduct of lord Dartmouth, by whom the fleet was commanded, in permitting the Dutchmen to pass without firing one shot for the honour of the British flag, is still matter of debate. His own statement, "that the sea came so heavy, and the tide fell so cross," with other technical difficulties, was admitted by the royal seaman, his master, to be reasonable excuses.²

The first intelligence of the landing of the prince of Orange was brought to James by an officer, who had ridden with such speed, that before he could conclude his narrative, he fell exhausted at the feet of the king—a startling omen, according to the temper of the times.³ Yet William was received at first but coldly in the west. The mayor of Exeter, though unsupported by a single soldier, boldly arrested the *avant courier* of the Dutch stadtholder, and shut the gates of the town against his troops at their approach, and the bishop fled. It was nine days before any person of consequence joined the Dutch prince. The episcopalian party in Scotland became more fervent in their loyalty as the crisis darkened; their bishops presented an address, on the 3d of November, to king James, assuring him, in language that must have been very cheering to the drooping spirits of himself and his consort, "that they and their clergy prayed that his son, the prince of Wales, might

¹ Evelyn's Diary. Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

² Letters in Dalrymple's Appendix. James's Journal.

³ Mackintosh.

inherit the virtues of his august and serene parents; and that God in his mercy might still preserve and deliver his majesty, by giving him the hearts of his subjects, and the necks of his enemies."

A little of the energy and promptitude that had distinguished the early days of James, duke of York, would probably have enabled king James to maintain his throne; but the season of knightly enterprise was over with him. He had begun life too early, and, like most persons who have been compelled by circumstances to exert what courage and self-possession of men in the tender years of childhood, James appears to have suffered a premature decay of those faculties that were precociously forced into action. At seventeen, James Stuart would have met the crisis triumphantly; at fifty-seven, it overpowered him. Father Petre persuaded him to remain in the metropolis, when he ought to have assumed a threatening demeanour. He urged his majesty "to observe the excited state of the rabble; and to consider what would be the fate of his wife and son, if he abandoned them." James had appointed Salisbury Plain for the rendezvous of his forces, and thither he ought to have proceeded in person, instead of bestowing his attention on the defences of his metropolis. The deep-laid treachery of his favourite, Churchill, in the mean time, began to work, in the desertion of lord Cornbury, who attempted to carry off three regiments to the prince of Orange. Only sixty troopers followed him, it is true; but in consequence of this movement, lord Feversham, fancying the prince of Orange was upon his outposts, ordered the troops to fall back, and a general panic communicated itself to the army. An express brought this ill news to Whitehall, just as the king was going to sit down to dinner, but calling only for a piece of bread and a glass of wine, he immediately summoned his council to meet. He had better have ordered his horses, and set out to encourage his soldiers. His timorous or treacherous advisers, persuaded him not to hazard his person, till he were better assured of the temper of his troops; and thus three more precious days were lost.

James, having been assured that though lord Cornbury was the first deserter, he was not the only traitor in his service, nor yet in his household, determined to make one of those frank appeals to the honour of his officers, which often elicits a generous burst of feeling. He called all the generals and colonels of his reserved force together, and told them, "that if there were any among them unwilling to serve him, he gave them free leave to surrender their commissions, and depart wheresoever they pleased: for he was willing to spare them the dishonour of deserting, as lord Cornbury had done." They all appeared deeply moved, and replied unanimously, "that they would serve him to the last drop of their blood."¹ "The duke of Grafton and my lord Churchill," says James, "were the first that made this attestation, and the first who broke it." If religious scruples had been the true cause, as Churchill afterwards pretended, of his deserting his royal benefactor, why did he not candidly say so on this occasion, and resign his commission, instead of deceiving him, by professing devotion to his service? He was not con-

¹ King James's Journal.

tented with deserting his unfortunate king in the hour of need: he designed to have the merit of betraying him.¹ It was not till the 17th of November that James set out for the army. Fears for the safety of his son so completely haunted his mind, that he could not venture to leave him in London, even under the care of his fond mother the queen. He therefore determined to send the infant prince to Portsmouth, and from thence to France, and that he should travel under his own escort the first day's journey. "This was a melancholy parting, especially to the queen, who never feared danger when the king was with her, and had all her life chosen rather to share his hazards and his hardships than to be in the greatest ease and security without him. This being now denied her, and he obliged to part from her on a dangerous expedition, and the prince her son, at the same time, sent from her into a foreign country, while she was left in a mutinous and discontented city, it is not to be wondered if she begged the king to be cautious what steps he made in such suspected company, not knowing but the ground on which he thought to stand with most security might sink from under his feet."² The king recommended the care of the city to the lord-mayor, and left the management of affairs of state in the hands of a council, consisting of the lord-chancellor, and the lords Preston, Arundel, Bellasys, and Godolphin. No power was left in the hands of the queen. Father Petre had fled the country.³ "This day (November 17), at two," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his majesty marched for Windsor with the prince of Wales. They will be to-morrow at Basingstoke, or Andover. The queen is still here. This is a melancholy time with us all." James and his infant boy slept at Windsor for the last time that night. The next morning, he sent the babe to Portsmouth, with his nurse, under the care of the marquis and marchioness of Powis, and an escort of Scotch and Irish dragoons. His majesty arrived at Salisbury on the evening of the 19th.⁴

The records of the queen's proceedings, when left alone at Whitehall, bereft both of her husband and her child during nine days of terror and suspense, are singularly barren. If the letters, which she wrote to the king at that anxious period, should ever be forthcoming, they would form most valuable and deeply-interesting links in the history of that momentous time; for she writes with the truthful simplicity of a child. On the 22d of November, lord Clarendon says, "In the afternoon I waited on the queen, she having appointed me this time by Mrs. Dawson. I expressed myself as well as I could on my son's (lord Cornbury's) desertion. She was pleased to make me very gracious answers. Her majesty discoursed very freely of public affairs, saying, 'How much the king was misunderstood by his people; that he intended nothing but a general liberty of conscience, which she wondered could be opposed; that he always intended to support the religion established, being well satisfied of the loyalty of the church of England.' I took the liberty to tell her majesty that liberty of conscience could never be granted but by act of parliament. The queen did not like what I said, and so inter-

¹ King James's Journal² Ibid.³ Ibid.⁴ Dalrymple, &c.

rupted me, with saying, 'She was very sorry my brother and I had joined in the late petition, and said the king was angry at it.' I justified myself, by giving my reasons for so doing; but finding her uneasy, I ended my discourse with begging her majesty to use her interest in doing good offices, and to be a means of begetting confidence between the king and his people, towards which she might be a happy instrument."¹ The news came that day, that the king had bled much at the nose, and again, by express on the 24th, that the bleeding continued.² The alarm and distress of the queen may easily be imagined; for the king was not subject to those sort of attacks, and he was precisely the same age at which the late king, his brother, died of apoplexy. The hæmorrhage commenced immediately after he had held a council of war on the night of his arrival at Salisbury, and could not be stopped till a vein was breathed in his arm. The next day, when he was on horseback viewing the plains to choose a place for his camp, it returned upon him with greater violence, and continued to do so at intervals for the next three days. He was let blood four times that week.³ James calls this "a providential bleeding,"⁴ because it incapacitated him from fulfilling his intention of going to visit his advanced guard at Warminster, with lord Churchill and a party of officers, who had entered into a confederacy to betray him into the hands of the prince of Orange, by taking him to the outposts of the foe, instead of his own; and if any attempt were made for his rescue, to shoot or stab him as he sat in the chariot.⁵ "Although, says the duke of Berwick,⁶ "I would wish to hide the faults that were committed by my uncle lord Churchill, I cannot pass over in silence a very remarkable circumstance. The king meant to go from Salisbury in my coach, to visit the quarter that was commanded by major-general Kirk, but a prodigious bleeding at the nose which came all at once on his majesty, prevented him. If he had gone, it seems, measures were taken by Churchill and Kirk, to deliver him to the prince of Orange, but this accident averted the blow." A far greater peril impended over the unfortunate prince, from physical causes within, than the most subtle design which treason could devise against him. Distress of mind, combined with bodily fatigue, had thrown his blood into such a state of fermentation, that the operation of the heart was affected, and he was in imminent danger of suffusion of the brain, at the moment when nature made good her powerful struggle in his favour, and the torrents of blood which burst from his nostrils, like the opening of a safety-valve in a steam-engine that is labouring under too high a pressure,

¹ Clarendon's Diary.

² Ibid.

³ Diary of sir Patrick Hume. Reresby. Burnet.

⁴ Journal of James II.

⁵ See the full particulars of this atrocious design in Macpherson's Documents, vol. i., pp. 279-80-81, and Carte's Memorandum Book, vol. xii. The treacherous intention of Marlborough, in having confederated to deliver his royal master into the hands of William of Orange, is mentioned by sir John Reresby as if no doubt were at that time entertained on the subject; and it appears as well authenticated as any historical fact which is not verified by documents. Carte and Macpherson produce strong evidence, even of the intention of assassinating the king.

⁶ Autobiography of the duke of Berwick, French ed., vol. i., p. 23.

averted a sudden and fatal result. The excessive loss of blood left king James in a state of death-like exhaustion, while the recurrence of the hæmorrhage every time he attempted to rouse himself for either bodily or mental exertion, bore witness of his unfitness for either, and produced despondency,¹ which physiologists would not have attributed to want of courage in a man who had formerly given great proofs of personal intrepidity, but to the prostration of the animal system. It was at this melancholy crisis that Churchill, the creature of his bounty, and the confidant of his most secret councils, deserted to the prince of Orange, with the duke of Grafton, and other officers of his army. This example was quickly followed by others. James was bewildered, paralyzed. The warning cry, "There is treachery, O Ahaziah!" seemed for ever ringing in the ear of the unfortunate king, and he knew not whom to trust. In an evil hour, he fell back with his infantry to Andover. There he was deserted by his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark, and the duke of Ormond, both of whom had supped with him, and maintained a flattering semblance up to the last moment.²

Mary Beatrice, meantime, had continued to hold her lonely court at Whitehall, surrounded by timid priests and terrified women, and to do her best to appear cheerful, and to conciliate cold friends and treacherous foes. A slight skirmish that took place between the advanced guards of the royal army and those of the prince of Orange, in which the victory had been claimed by both, was magnified into a report of an engagement, in which the king had been defeated, and that he was retreating to the metropolis. The excitement and terror caused by these rumours were extreme. All the people of condition who were in town flocked to the palace to learn news, filling every gallery and antechamber. In vain did those about court endeavour to assume an air of cheerfulness. The queen never had the faculty of concealing her emotions, and when her heart was torn with conflicting apprehensions for the safety of her husband and her child, her pale cheeks and tearful eyes were referred to as indications of fresh misfortunes by those who, halting between two opinions, were willing to choose the side which played a winning game.

There is some reason to believe that the queen made a fruitless appeal to the feelings of the princess Anne on the evening of the 25th. That a discussion took place upon this agitating subject, rests on the following circumstance, recorded in one of lord Dartmouth's marginal notes on Burnet: "The princess pretended that she was out of order on some expostulations that had passed between her and the queen, in a visit she received from her that night; therefore she said she would not be disturbed till she rang her bell." This was clearly a feint to gain time, and forms no specific accusation against the queen, only implying that there had been a scene, in which her own temper had been ruffled. Next morning, her servants, after waiting two hours longer than usual for her rising, and finding the bed open and her highness gone, ran

¹ Burnet.

² Life of King James. Mackintosh. Lingard. Macpherson. Dalrymple

screaming to lady Dartmouth's lodgings, which were next to Anne's, and told her that the priests had murdered the princess. From thence they went to the queen, and old Mrs. Buss asked her, in a very rude manner, what she had done with their mistress? The queen answered, very gravely, "she supposed their mistress was where she liked to be, but did assure them she knew nothing of her, and did not doubt they would hear of her again very soon."¹ This did not prevent them from spreading a report all over Whitehall that the princess had been murdered. The nurse and lady Clarendon kept up the excitement, by running about like persons out of their senses, exclaiming, "The papists have murdered the princess!" and when they met any of the queen's servants, asked them "what they had done with her royal highness?" "Which," observes king James, "considering the ferment people were in, and how susceptible they were of an ill impression against the queen, might have caused her to be torn in pieces by the rabble, but God preserved her from their malice,² which was not able to make this contrivance more than one day's wonder, for the next morning it was known whither the princess had gone."

A day or two after, a letter, which had been left by the princess on her toilet, addressed to the queen, appeared in print.³ The delay in its delivery might have been of fatal consequences to Mary Beatrice, at a time when so much pains were taken to inflame the minds of the people against her. When king James returned dispirited to his metropolis, the first news that greeted him there was, the desertion of his daughter Anne. The blow was fatal to his cause as a king, but it was as a father that he felt it. "God help me!" exclaimed he, bursting into tears, "my own children have forsaken me in my distress."⁴ He entered his palace with those bitter drops of agony still overflowing his cheek, crying, "O if mine enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it."⁵ Like Byron's wounded eagle, the arrow that transfixed his heart had been fledged from his own wing.

Lady Oglethorpe, who held an office in the royal household, told Sir John Resesby, in confidence, "that the king was so deeply affected when the princess Anne went away, that it disordered his understanding:"⁶ a melancholy elucidation of his subsequent conduct, which cannot be explained on any rational principle. James had all along been haunted with the idea that the life of the infant prince was in jeopardy. This fear returned upon him now with redoubled force. "'Tis my son they aim at," wrote the agitated monarch, to the earl of Dartmouth, "and 'tis my son I must endeavour to preserve, whatsoever becomes of me; therefore, I conjure you to assist lord Dover in getting him sent away in the yachts, as soon as wind and weather will permit, for the first port they can get to in France, and that with as much secrecy as may be; and see that trusty men may be put in the yachts that he may be exposed to no other danger but that of the sea, and know I shall look upon this as one

¹ Note of lord Dartmouth on Burnet.

² Journal of king James II

³ Life of James.

Dalrymple. Macpherson. Echard. Rapin.
Sir John Resesby's Memoirs.

⁶ Life of king James.

of the greatest pieces of service you can do me." James wrote four times with agonizing pertinacity to lord Dartmouth, reiterating not only his commands, but his prayers, for him to facilitate the departure of the prince from England. This feverish state of anxiety about his boy, rendered James regardless of the fatal progress of the prince of Orange, who continued to advance, unopposed, but cautiously. Neither he nor any one else who had known the James Stuart of former years could believe that he would abandon his realm without a blow. What strange change had come over the spirit of the chivalrous *aide-de-camp* of Turenne, the gallant sailor-prince, who had connected his name so proudly with the naval glories of Great Britain? What says the most accomplished statesman and moralist of modern times? he, who, made wise by the philosophy of history and the study of mankind, guides the destinies of a mighty empire, by holding the balance with a faithful hand amidst conflicting parties. "When we consider the life of a man, we none know what he may become till we see the end of his career."¹ Mental anguish had unhinged the mind of the unfortunate king, his bodily strength having been previously prostrated by circumstances that sufficiently indicate the disarranged state of the brain at that momentous crisis. He summoned his council, his peers, spiritual and temporal, he appealed to their loyalty, he asked for advice and succour, and they answered in the spirit of Job's comforters, "that he had no one to blame but himself." They told him of his faults, but gave him no pledges of assistance.

The populace had been infuriated by reports, artfully circulated, that the Irish regiments were to be employed in a general massacre of the protestants, and they began to attack the houses of the Roman-catholics in the city. Terrors, for the safety of his queen, next possessed the tottering mind of James, and he determined that she should go to Portsmouth, and cross over to France, with their child. When he first mentioned this project to Mary Beatrice, she declared "that nothing should induce her to leave him in his present distress;" she told him, "that she was willing that the prince her son should be sent to France, or anywhere else that was judged proper for his security, she could bear to be separated from her child with patience, but not from himself. She was determined to share his fortunes, whatever they might be. Hardships, hazards, and imprisonments, if borne with him, she would prefer to the greatest ease and security in the world without him." When the king continued to urge her, she asked him "if he purposed to come away himself, for if he did, and wished to send her before to facilitate their mutual escape, she would no longer dispute his orders."² James assured her that such was his intention, and she made no further opposition.

The interest excited in France by the progress of this strange historic drama, inspired the celebrated count de Lauzun and his friend St. Victor, with the romantic determination of crossing the channel, to offer their services to the distressed king and queen of England, at this dark epoch

¹ Course of Civilization, by M. Guizot.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers

of their fortunes, when they appeared abandoned by all the world. Lauzun was the husband of James's maternal cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, and had paid the penalty of ten years' imprisonment in the Bastille, for marrying a princess of the blood royal without the consent of Louis XIV. St. Victor was a gentleman of Avignon, perhaps the son of that brave lieutenant St. Victor, whose life king James had saved, when duke of York, by his personal valour, at the battle of Dunkirk, thirty years before. An idea, calculated to add no slight interest to the following pages.

The services of these knights errant were accepted by James as frankly as they were offered. He determined to confide to them the perilous office of conveying his queen and infant son to France; and they engaged in the enterprise, in a spirit worthy of the age of chivalry. A contemporary narrative in the *Archives au Royaume de France*, evidently written by St. Victor, supplies many additional particulars connected with that eventful page of the personal history of Mary Beatrice and her son.¹

"On the 2d of December," says this gentleman, "a valet-de-chambre of the king, named Labadie, husband to the queen's nurse, called me by his majesty's order, and made me a sign that the king was in the cabinet of the queen's chamber. On entering, found him alone, and he did me the honour to say he had a secret to communicate to me. I asked 'if any other persons had knowledge of it.' He replied, 'Yes, but I should be satisfied when I knew who they were.' He then named the queen, and monsieur the count of Lauzun. I bowed my head, in token of my entire submission to his orders. Then he said to me, 'I design to make the queen pass the sea next Tuesday, that day Turinie² will be on guard; the prince of Wales will pass with her from Portsmouth. You must come here this evening, with count de Lauzun, to arrange the plan.' I obeyed implicitly, and at eleven o'clock returned with count Lauzun. I found the king alone. He proposed several expedients, and different modes of executing this design; but the plan I suggested alone coincided with the ideas of his majesty." This plan was pretty nearly the same that was ultimately adopted. The king then told the queen that everything was prepared, and she must hold herself in readiness. This important secret was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her confessor, and lady Strickland, and they only waited to receive an answer from lord Dartmouth to the king's repeated letters touching the prince. It does not appear that James meant to trust his admiral with the secret, that the queen was to take shipping at the same time in the Mary yacht, which lay at Portsmouth, in readiness to receive the royal fugitives. The captain of the yacht was willing to undertake the service required;

¹ This curious document belongs to the Chaillot Collection, and is stated to be written by an Italian gentleman of the household of Mary d'Esté, who was engaged in the adventure; but the moral and internal evidence of every person who collates it with other accounts of the transaction, is that the author could be no other than St. Victor himself. It is vouched that every word of the narrative had been confirmed by the queen herself.

² The husband of the queen's lady, Pellegrina Turinie.

but, when lord Dover came to confer with lord Dartmouth on the subject, they both agreed that it was a most improper, as well as impolitic step, to send the heir-apparent of the realm out of the kingdom, without the consent of parliament; and lord Dartmouth had the honesty to write an earnest remonstrance to the king, telling him how bad an effect it would have on his affairs:

"I most humbly hope," says he, "you will not exact it from me, nor longer entertain so much as a thought of doing that which will give your enemies an advantage, though never so falsely grounded, to distrust your son's just right, which you have asserted and manifested to the world, in the matter of his being your real son, and born of the queen, by the testimonies of so many apparent witnesses. Pardon, therefore, sir, if on my bended knees I beg of you to apply yourself to other counsels, for the doing this looks like nothing less than despair, to the degree of not only giving your enemies encouragement, but distrust of your friends and people, who, I do not despair, will yet stand by you in the defence and right of your lawful successor."¹

Dartmouth goes on, after other weighty reasons to dissuade the king from this ill-judged step, to assure him that nothing less than the loss of his crown, and the hazard of his majesty's personal safety, and that of the queen, could result from it, and begs him to give orders for the prince's immediate return, lest the troops of the prince of Orange should be interposed between London and Portsmouth.² This was touching the right chord; James, though unconvinced by the sound sense of lord Dartmouth's reasoning, became tremblingly anxious for the safety of his boy. Lord Dartmouth's letter, dated December 3, was received on Monday, 4th. James then changed his arrangements, but not his plans. He despatched couriers to Portsmouth on the Wednesday, with orders for lord and lady Powis to bring the little prince back to Whitehall. They started with their precious charge, at five o'clock on a dark wintry morning; missed the two catholic regiments, under the command of colonel Clifford, that were appointed to meet and escort his royal highness on the road, and narrowly escaped an ambush of 100 horse, sent by the prince of Orange to intercept them as they passed through a part of the New Forest, by taking another road, and reached Guildford safely on the Friday night.³

The historian of the queen's escape was sent by the king, with three coaches, and a detachment of the guards and dragoons, to meet the prince at Guildford; he brought him to London by Kingston, and arrived at Whitehall at three o'clock on the Saturday morning.⁴ "It was St. Victor," says Madame de Sevigné, "who took the little prince in his cloak, when it was said he was at Portsmouth." He had previously completed all the arrangements for the queen's passage to France, and hired two yachts at Gravesend—one in the name of an Italian lady, who was about to return to her own country, the other in that of count Lauzun. The following day, December 9th, was appointed for the depar-

¹ Dalrymple's Appendix, 328, 329.

² Ibid.

³ Life of James II.

When the prince's first appointed escort re-entered London, they were received with hooting and pelting, and other rough usage, by the rabble, which compelled them to disband, and every man to shift for himself. It was well for the royal infant that he came under other auspices.

ture of the queen and prince; it was a Sunday, but no Sabbath stillness hallowed it in the turbulent metropolis. The morning was ushered in with tumults—burning of catholic chapels and houses; tidings of evil import arrived from all parts of the kingdom. When the evening approached, the queen implored her husband to permit her to remain and share his perils; he replied, ‘that it was his intention to follow her in four-and-twenty hours, and that it was necessary, for the sake of their child, that she should precede him.’ To avoid suspicion, their majesties retired to bed as usual, at ten o’clock. About an hour after, they rose, and the queen commenced her preparations for her sorrowful journey. About midnight, St. Victor, dressed in the coarse habit of a seaman, and armed, ascended by a secret staircase to the apartment of the king, bringing with him some part of the disguise which he had caused to be prepared for the queen, and told the king all was ready for her majesty’s departure. “I then,” pursues he, “retired into another room, where the count de Lauzun and I waited till the queen was ready. Her majesty had, meantime, confided her secret to lady Strickland, the lady of the bed-chamber, who was in waiting that night. As soon as the queen was attired, we entered the chamber. The count de Lauzun and I had secured some of the jewels on our persons, in case of accidents, although their majesties were at first opposed to it; but their generous hearts were only occupied in cares for the safety and comfort of their royal infant. At two o’clock, we descended by another stair, answering to that from the king’s cabinet, leading to the apartment of madame Labadie, where the prince had been carried secretly some time before. There all the persons assembled who were to attend on the queen and the prince, namely, the count de Lauzun, the two nurses, and myself.”¹

The king, turning to Lauzun, said, with deep emotion, “I confide my queen and son to your care; all must be hazarded to convey them with the utmost speed to France.” Lauzun, after expressing his high sense of the honour that was conferred on him, presented his hand to the queen to lead her away. She turned a parting look on the king—an eloquent but mute farewell, and followed by the two nurses with her sleeping infant, crossed the great gallery in silence,² stole down the backstairs, preceded by St. Victor, who had the keys, and passing through a postern door into the privy gardens, quitted Whitehall for ever. A coach was waiting at the gate, which St. Victor had borrowed of his friend signor Ferichi, the Florentine resident, as if it had been for his own use.³ “On our way,” pursues he, “we had to pass six sentinels, who all, according to custom, cried out, ‘Who goes there?’ I replied without hesitation, ‘A friend;’ and when they saw that I had the master-key of the gates, they allowed me to pass without opposition. The queen, with the prince, his two nurses, and the count de Lauzun, got into the coach,

¹ Narrative of the Queen’s Escape, Archives au Royaume de France. Chail-
lot MS.

² Madame de Sévigné, and MS. Narrative of the escape of the queen and son
of James II., king of England, authenticated by the queen. Archives au Roy-
aume de France. Chaillet Collection.

³ MS. Narrative of the queen’s escape.

but to make all sure, I placed myself by the coachman on the box to direct him. We drove to Westminster, and arrived safely at the place called the Horseferry,¹ where I had engaged a boat to wait for me. To prevent suspicion, I had accustomed the boatmen to row me across the river of a night, under pretence of a sporting expedition, taking cold provisions and a rifle with me, to give it a better colour." That pretext, however, could scarcely be expected to pass current on the inclement night, when he ventured the passage of those wintry waters with the fugitive queen and her babe. It was then evidently a case of life and death, and the boatmen must have been paid accordingly, for they incurred some danger themselves. The night was wet and stormy, and "so dark," continues St. Victor, "that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small." Thus with literally "only one frail plank between her and eternity," did the queen of Great Britain cross the swollen waters of the Thames, with her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no better attendance than his nurses, no other escort than the count de Lauzun, and the writer of this narrative, who confesses, "that he felt an extreme terror at the peril to which he saw personages of their importance exposed, and that his only reliance was in the mercy of God, by whose especial providence," he says, "we were preserved, and arrived at our destination."²

A curious print of the times represents the boat in danger, and the two gentlemen assisting the rowers, who are labouring against wind and tide. The queen is seated by the steersman, enveloped in a large cloak, with a hood drawn over her head; her attitude is expressive of melancholy, and she appears anxious to conceal the little prince, who is asleep on her bosom, partially shrouded among the ample folds of her draperies. The other two females betray alarm. The engraving is rudely executed, and it is printed on coarse paper; but the design is not without merit, being bold and original in conception, and full of passion. It was probably intended as an appeal to the sympathies of the humbler classes, in behalf of the royal fugitive.

"Our passage," says the conductor of the enterprise, "was rendered very difficult and dangerous, from the violence of the wind, and the heavy and incessant rain. When we reached the opposite bank of the Thames, I called aloud by name on monsieur Dusions, the page of the back-stairs, who ought to have been there waiting with a coach and six, which had been engaged by count de Lauzun. The page answered promptly, but told them that the coach was still at the inn. Thither St. Victor ran to hasten it, leaving Lauzun to protect the queen. Her majesty, meantime, withdrew herself and her little company under the walls of the old church at Lambeth, without any other shelter from the

¹ At that time, there was only London Bridge which crossed the Thames; Westminster Bridge was not then built; ferry-boats were the communication between Westminster and Lambeth.

² MS Narrative of the Escape of the Queen of England, in Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

wind and bitter cold, or any other consolation than that the rain had ceased."¹

On that spot, which has been rendered a site of historic interest by this affecting incident, the beautiful and unfortunate consort of the last of our Stuart kings remained standing, with her infant son fondly clasped to her bosom, during the agonizing interval of suspense caused by the delay of the coach, dreading every moment that he would awake, and betray them by his cries. Her apprehension was unfounded. He had slept sweetly while they carried him, in the dead of night, from his palace nursery to the water-side; neither wind nor rain had disturbed him; he had felt none of the perils or difficulties of the stormy passage, and he continued wrapt in the same profound repose during this anxious pause, alike unconscious of his own reverse of fortune, and his mother's woe.

Mary Beatrice is said to have looked back with streaming eyes towards the royal home where her beloved consort remained, lonely and surrounded with perils; and that she vainly endeavoured to trace out the lights of Whitehall, among those that were reflected from the opposite shore, along the dark rolling river.² The historians of that period declare, that the queen remained an hour under the walls of the old church with her babe, waiting for the coach, which through some mistake never came, and that a hackney-coach was, at last, procured with difficulty. This was not the case; for St. Victor found the coach and six already at the inn, which was within sight of the river; the delay, therefore, must have been comparatively brief; but when time is measured by the exigency of circumstances, minutes are lengthened into hours.

The haste and agitation in which St. Victor appeared, when he came to inquire after the coach, combined with his foreign accent and idiom, excited observation, meantime, in the inn-yard, where a man with a lantern was on the watch, and when he saw the coach and six ready to start, ran out to reconnoitre, and made directly towards the spot where the queen was standing. "I went," says St. Victor, "with all speed on the other side the way, fearing that he would recognise the party on the bank. When I saw that he was actually approaching them, I made as if I wished to pass him, and put myself full in his path, so that we came in contact with each other, fell, and rolled in the mud together. We made mutual apologies for the accident. He went back without his light, which was extinguished by the fall, to dry himself, and I hastened to the carriage, which was now near, and joined her majesty, who got into the coach as before. The page was to have returned, not having been intrusted with the secret; but having recognised the queen, his mistress, he wished to follow her. As we left the town, we encountered various of the guards. One of them said, 'Come and see, there is certainly a coach full of papists!' But God willed it so, that they changed their purpose, for no one came near us. We had scarcely gone three miles, when we were overtaken by the sieur Leyburn, one of the queen's

¹ Orleans. King James. Dalrymple. Macpherson.

² Dalrymple

equerries, on horseback; he had brought another horse and boots for me, which the king had, with inexpressible goodness, sent to enable me to perform my journey. I descended from the carriage, put on my boots, and mounted my horse in evil plight, what with my fall, my wet clothes, and the wind, which never ceased.¹

"We took the way to Gravesend, distant from London twenty miles. There we found three Irish captains, whom the king had sent the same day we departed, to serve in the yacht. These officers, finding the queen and prince slower than they expected, advanced, as they had been ordered, to meet them, having provided themselves with a little boat, which was close by the shore. Her majesty and her attendants left the coach, and stepping on a small point of land, entered the boat, and was soon rowed to the yacht, which lay at Gravesend, waiting for her." The master, whose name was Gray, had not the slightest suspicion of the rank of his royal passenger, who found a group of her faithful servants on the deck, looking anxiously out for her and the prince.² Mary Beatrice was certainly more fortunate in her choice of friends than her lord, for there were no instances of treachery or ingratitude in her household. All her ladies loved her, and were ready to share her adversity, and many, from whom she required not such proofs of attachment, followed her into exile. Her high standard of moral rectitude had probably deterred her from lavishing her favours and confidence on worthless flatterers, like the vipers king James had fostered. The true-hearted little company in the yacht, who had prepared themselves to attend their royal mistress and her babe to France, were a chosen few, to whom the secret of her departure had been confided — namely, the lord and lady Powis, the countess of Almonde,³ Signora Pelegrina Turinie, bed-chamber woman, and lady Strickland, of Sizergh, sub-governess of the prince of Wales. There were also Père Giverlai, her majesty's confessor, sir William Walgrave, her physician, lord and lady O'Brien Clare, the marquess Montecuculi, and a page named François, besides the page Dusious, who had insisted on following her from Lambeth. Lady Strickland and Signora Turinie had started from Whitehall after the departure of their royal mistress, and performed their journey with so much speed, that they reached Gravesend before her. Most probably they went down the Thames.

Pleasant as it was for the fugitive queen to recognise so many familiar faces, and happy as they were to see her majesty and the prince safe and well, after the perils of the preceding night, no greetings passed beyond the silent interchange of glances, and even in these due caution was

¹ This circumstance, added to various little remarks in Madame de Sévigné, identifies St Victor as the author of the narrative. Dangeau says St. Victor rode on horseback after the coach to Gravesend. Lauzun had expressly requested that St. Victor should be his assistant in this enterprise, and there was no other gentleman engaged in it.

² Narrative of the Escape.

³ Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, the companion of her childhood, and the friend of her maturer years. She was one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, and had been created countess of Almonde by king James, as a reward for her long and faithful services to Mary Beatrice. She remained with her till her death.

observed. The queen was dressed to personate an Italian washerwoman, a character not quite in keeping with her graceful and dignified figure, and regal style of beauty. She carried the little prince under her arm, curiously packed up to represent a bundle of linen;¹ fortunately the bundle did not betray the deception by crying. "It was remarkable," observes St. Victor, "that this tender infant, of six months' old, who was so delicate and lively, never opened his mouth to cry or utter the slightest complaint." The royal parents both insinuate that there was something very like a miracle in the discreet behaviour of their boy on this occasion, but doubtless he had been well dosed with anodynes. The wind being fair for France, the sails were hoisted as soon as her majesty and her little company came on board, and the yacht got out to sea, but the wind increasing to a violent gale, the captain was compelled to come to anchor off *Les Dunes*, to avoid the danger of being driven on the coast of France, with which the bark was threatened. The queen was always ill at sea, and, in consequence of the roughness of the passage, and the unwonted inconveniences to which she was exposed on this occasion, she was worse than usual. Hitherto, she had performed her voyages in one or other of the royal yachts, which were properly appointed with every luxury which the gallantry and nautical experience of the sailor-prince, her husband, could devise for her comfort, and he had always been at her side to encourage and support her. The case was far different now; the yacht in which the fugitive queen and her royal infant had embarked, bore no resemblance, in any respect, to the gilded toys which James had built and named, in the pride of his heart, after his three beloved daughters, Mary, Anne, and Isabella; names now connected with the most painful associations. Ten days before, when the king wrote his last autograph commands to Pepys:

"Order the Anne and Isabella yachts to fall down to Erith to-morrow.

"J. R."

It was evidently for the purpose of sending the queen and prince properly attended to France, in one or other of those vessels. The intention was abandoned in consequence of the channel being full of Dutch ships of war, and he considered it more likely for a small sailing bark to pass unquestioned, than one of his royal yachts. Mary Beatrice, directly she came on board captain Gray's yacht, had, the better to escape observation, descended into the hold with her babe and his wet-nurse; madame Labadie, the other, happening to know the captain, kept him in talk till her majesty was safely below; she was followed by her two faithful countrywomen, lady Almonde, and Pelegrina Turinie. The place was close and stifling, and when the gale rose, and the little bark began to pitch and toss, the queen, the nurse, and lady Almonde, were attacked with violent sea-sickness, altogether, in a manner that appears to have banished all ceremony. They were in such a confined space, that the indisposition of her fellow-sufferers was attended with very disagreeable consequences to her majesty. This yacht, which appears to have been only a common passage packet, was by no means suited for the accom-

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné.

modation of delicate court ladies. As her majesty had taken upon herself to personate a foreign washerwoman, no attention was bestowed on her comforts by the functionaries, such as they were, who superintended the arrangements for the female passengers. It was with great difficulty, that Pelegrina Turinie succeeded at last in obtaining a coarse earthenware basin for her majesty's use; she made the others withdraw to a respectful distance, then throwing herself at the feet of her royal mistress, supported her in her arms during her sufferings.¹

Mary Beatrice told the nuns of Chaillot, that she had made nine sea voyages, and that this was the worst of all. "It was," said she, "a very doleful voyage, and I wonder still that I lived through it. I had been compelled to leave the king, my husband, without knowing what would become of him, and I feared to fall into the hands of our foes."² King James had charged the count de Lauzun to shoot the captain dead, if he betrayed any intention of putting the queen and the prince into the hands of the Dutch. Lauzun, in consequence, stationed himself by the master of the vessel, with the full determination to throw him overboard, in case of treachery; but as the master suspected not the quality of his passengers, he conducted himself the same as if they had been ordinary persons, and steered his course safely through a fleet of fifty Dutch ships of war, not one of which questioned this little bark; and thus protected, as it were, by Heaven, notwithstanding the roughness of the passage, and the perils of the voyage, the fugitive queen, and her infant son, landed safely at Calais, on Tuesday, December 11th, at nine in the morning. The little prince was quite well, and merry of cheer. He had behaved like the son of a sailor; he was almost the only passenger on board who had not suffered from sea-sickness, and he had not cried once from the moment he was taken out of his cradle at Whitehall till after his arrival at Calais.³ Sixteen years before, Mary of Modena had embarked in almost regal pomp at Calais, in the Royal Catherine yacht, a virgin bride, with her mother, and a splendid retinue of Italian, French, and English nobles, all emulous to do her honour; now she landed at the same port, a forlorn fugitive, wearing a peasant's humble dress, with her royal infant in her arms, to seek a refuge from the storm that had driven her from a throne. But was she more pitiable, as the wife of the man she loved, and clasping the babe whom they both called "the dearest gift of Heaven," to her fond bosom, than when she sailed for an unknown land, like a victim adorned for a sacrifice, from which her soul revolted? Then all was gloom and despair in her young heart, and she wept as one for whom life had no charms; now her tears flowed chiefly because she was separated from that husband, whose name had filled the reluctant bride of fifteen with dismay. The reverse in her fortunes as a princess, was not more remarkable than the mutations which had taken place in her feelings as a woman.

Monsieur Charot, the governor of Calais, was desirous of receiving Mary Beatrice with the honours due to a queen of Great Britain, but she

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid. Life of James. Dangeau

expressed her determination of preserving a strict incognito, and withdrew to a private house, where she wished to remain perfectly quiet, till the arrival of her beloved husband, whom she expected to follow her in a few hours. She had sent St. Victor back from Gravesend, to apprise king James of her embarkation, and now wrote the following pathetic appeal for sympathy and protection to her old friend, Louis XIV. :—

“Sire,

“A poor fugitive queen, bathed in tears, has exposed herself to the utmost perils of the sea, in her distress, to seek for consolation and an asylum from the greatest monarch in the world. Her evil fortune procures her a happiness of which the greatest nations in the world are ambitious. Her need of it diminishes not that feeling, since she makes it her choice, and it is as a mark of the greatness of her esteem that she wishes to confide to him that which is the most precious to her, the person of the prince of Wales, her son. He is as yet too young to unite with her in the grateful acknowledgments that fill my heart. I feel, with peculiar pleasure, in the midst of my griefs, that I am now under your protection. In great affliction, I am, sir,

“Your very affectionate servant and sister,

“THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.”¹

The agitation in which Mary Beatrice wrote this letter, may be traced in the sudden transition from the simple and touching description of her own desolate condition, to laboured attempts at compliments, which her Italian idiom renders obscure and hyperbolical, and the reader will perceive that she begins in the third person, and ends, unconsciously, in the first.

The count de Lauzun, who had been for many years under the cloud of the royal displeasure, had previously written, by an express to Louis XIV., the particulars of his chivalrous achievement, stating “that king James had enjoined him to place his queen and son in his majesty’s own hands, but that he could not have that honour, not being permitted to enter his presence.” Louis wrote a letter to him with his own hand, inviting him to return to court.

“I was informed yesterday morning,” writes Louis to Barillon, December 14th, “by a letter from the count de Lauzun, that the queen of England had happily arrived at Calais, after escaping great dangers, and I immediately ordered M. de Beringhen, my first equerry, to set off with my carriages and the officers of my household, to attend that princess and the prince of Wales on their journey, and to render them all due honours, in all places on their route. You will inform the king of England of what I have written to you.”² Before this cheering intimation reached king James, he had addressed the following letter, in behalf of his fugitive queen and son, to his royal cousin of France :—

“Sir, and my brother,

“As I hope that the queen, my wife, and my son, have last week landed in one of your ports, I hope you will do me the favour of protecting them. Unless

¹ Manuscripts of George IV., Brit. Museum. F. 56, Recueil de Pièces, MS. 140 (copy), 272 A. Lettre de la reine d’Angleterre, princess de Modena, au roi de France, Louis XIV. There is a trifling variation in the conclusion of this letter from that cited in Dr. Lingard’s Appendix. This appears to be a more authentic copy. Both are in bad French.

² Lingard’s Appendix, from Barillon’s Despatches

I had been unfortunately stopped by the way, I should have been with you to ask the same for myself, as well as for them. Your ambassador will give you an account of the bad state of my affairs, and assure you, also, that I have done nothing contrary to the friendship that subsists between us. I am, very sincerely, sir, my brother,

"Your good brother,

"JAMES R.

"At Whitehall, this 27 Dec., 1688."¹

Long, however, before this letter was penned in England, much less received in France, Mary Beatrice had endured agonies of suspense and apprehension from her uncertainty as to the fate of her royal husband. By one courier it was reported that he had landed at Brest, by another, at Boulogne; then, that he had been arrested in England; but the most alarming rumour of all was, that the vessel in which he had embarked to follow her, according to his promise, had foundered in a terrible storm at sea, and his majesty, with all on board, had perished.² After two days of intense anxiety had worn away, Mary Beatrice determined to go on to Boulogne, having some reason to suppose that she would receive more certain intelligence there than could be expected at Calais, since Dover had declared for the prince of Orange.



MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Honours paid to Mary Beatrice at Calais—She goes to Boulogne—Hears of the king's arrest—Wishes to return to England—Dissuaded by her suite—Respect shown to her by order of Louis XIV.—Escort and carriages sent for her journey—What befel king James, after the queen left Whitehall—He arrives in France—The queen's journey towards St. Germain's—Stops at Beaumont—Hears of the king's escape—Her joy—Receives complimentary messages from Louis XIV. and the dauphiness—Met by Louis XIV. at Chatou—His courteous welcome—He conducts her to St. Germain's—Magnificent reception there—Arrival of king James—Their meeting—Courtesies of Louis XIV.—Dependence painful to Mary Beatrice—Tapestry in her bed-room—Constancy of her servants—Her first court at St. Germain's—Petty jealousies of the dauphiness and others—Mary Beatrice visits the dauphiness—Her dress—Attentions to her by Louis XIV.—His admiration of her manners—Queen and madame Maintenon—Queen's popularity in the court of France—Her letter to the countess of Lichfield—Visits to Versailles and Trianon—King James's Irish expedition—Melancholy parting with the queen—She retires to Poissy—Sympathy and attention of the king of France—Her visits to the convent of Chail-

Lingard's Appendix, Hist. England, vol. xiii.

¹ Madame de Sévigné

lot—Spiritual friendships with the nuns—Her letters to the abbess—Reported passion of Louis XIV. for Mary Beatrice—She uses her influence for her husband—Compelled to enter into state affairs—Sends money to assist Dundee—Her talent for business—Her letter to Tyrconnell and others—Loss of the battle of the Boyne—King James returns to St. Germain—Their visits to the French court at Fontainebleau—Jacobite correspondence—Queen again *enceinte*—Her situation announced—The English peers and peeresses invited to her accouchement—Favourable prospect of king James—Preparations for his landing in England—He leaves St. Germain for La Hogue—Destruction of the French fleet—Despair and strange conduct of king James—Melancholy state of the queen—James returns to St. Germain—Birth of their youngest child the princess Louisa—Christening of the infant princess.

THE fugitive queen received the most courteous attentions, during her brief sojourn at Calais, from M. Charot, the governor, who sent everything that could conduce to her comfort to the house where she and her little company lodged, and notwithstanding her wish to remain incognito, he complimented her and the prince with a royal salute at their departure.¹ They left Calais on the 13th, under a discharge of cannon from the town and castle, amidst the acclamations of the people, who were now aware of the arrival of the royal guest, and manifested the most lively feelings of sympathy for her and her infant son. Half-way between Calais and Boulogne, her majesty was met by a company of dragoons, who escorted her carriage to Boulogne. There she was received by the governor, the duc d'Aumont, with signal marks of respect and offers of hospitality; but as he could give her no tidings of the king, her husband, her distress of mind made her prefer the retirement of a nunnery, declaring her intention of remaining there with her son till she either saw or heard from him.²

All direct intelligence from England being stopped, the rumours regarding the fate of king James were so vague and contradictory, that even Louis XIV. avowed that he knew not what to think. "Meantime," says Madame de Sévigné, "the queen of England remains at Boulogne in a convent, weeping without intermission that she neither sees nor can hear any certain news of her husband, whom she passionately loves."

The agonizing pause was at length broken. "Strickland, the vice-admiral of England," says the duc de St. Simon, "has arrived at Calais, and we understand from him that king James has been brought back to London, where, by order of the prince of Orange, he is attended by his own guards. It is thought he will escape again. Strickland has remained faithful to the king his master; finding that lord Dartmouth would not do anything, he demanded permission to retire from the fleet at Portsmouth, and has come in a small vessel to Calais." The painful tidings which sir Roger Strickland had brought were at first carefully concealed from the queen by her friends; but on the 19th, her passionate importunity for intelligence of her husband elicited the truth from a Benedictine monk, a capuchin, and an officer who had just escaped. She implored them to tell her all they knew; and they replied, in a sorrowful tone, "Sacred majesty, the king has been arrested."³

¹ Narrative of the escape.

² Dangeau. Sévigné

³ Journal of the queen's escape, Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS VOL. IX. — 18

"I know not," says an eye-witness, "which was the most distressing to us, the sad news of the detention of the king, or the effect it produced on the queen, our mistress."¹ Her first words were to express her determination of sending the infant prince on to Paris, while she returned to England to use what exertions she could for her lord's liberation, or else to share his fate, whatever it might be. Her faithful attendants had the greatest trouble to dissuade her from this wild project, by representing to her that she would only increase his troubles, without being able to render him any service; and that she ought to be implicitly guided by the directions which he gave her at parting.

The same day arrived the principal equerry of the king of France, with letters and sympathizing messages for the queen. She was fortunately compelled to compose herself to receive these with suitable acknowledgments. Louis had sent a noble escort, with his own carriages and horses, to convey her to the castle of Vincennes, which he had, in the first instance, ordered to be prepared for her reception. He had commanded, that in every town, through which she passed, she should be received with the same honours as if she had been a queen of France. He had also, as the roads were almost impassable from the deep snow which covered the whole face of the country, sent a band of pioneers to precede her majesty's carriage, and mark out a straight line for her progress, laying everything smooth and plain before her, so that she might be able to travel with the least possible fatigue; a piece of gallantry that was duly appreciated by the English ladies, and gratefully acknowledged by king James.² The faithful followers of Mary Beatrice were urgent for her to commence her journey towards Paris, dreading the possibility of her finding means of returning to England if she remained on the coast. At length, she yielded to their persuasions, and departed, on the 20th of December, for Montrieul. The duc d'Aumont and a cavalcade of gentlemen escorted her majesty from Boulogne, till within three leagues of Montrieul; there she and her little train were lodged in the house of the king of France. They remained there the whole of that day, "and by the grace of God," says the historian of the escape, "learned that king James was still at Whitehall."³

The morbid state of despondency into which James sunk after the departure of his queen, is sufficiently testified by the following letter, which he wrote to lord Dartmouth the next morning:

KING JAMES TO LORD DARTMOUTH.⁴

"Whitehall, Dec. 10, 1688.

"Things having so bad an aspect, I could no longer defer securing the queen and my son, which I hope I have done, and that by to-morrow by noon they will be out of the reach of my enemies. I am at ease now I have sent them away. I have not heard this day, as I expected, from my commissioners with the prince of Orange, who, I believe, will hardly be prevailed on to stop his

¹ Journal of the escape of the queen, Archives au Royaume.

² Journal of king James.

³ Original MS., verified by Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

⁴ Dartmouth Papers.

march; so that I am in no good way, nay, in as bad a one as is possible. I am sending the duke of Berwick down to Portsmouth, by whom you will know my resolution concerning the fleet under your command, and what resolutions I have taken, till when I would not have you stir from the place where you are, for several reasons."

That morning the king spent in a state of considerable agitation, till relieved of some portion of his anxiety regarding his wife and son by the return of St. Victor, who told him that he had seen her majesty, with the prince, safely on board the yacht, and under sail for France. Then he assumed a more cheerful aspect, and ordered the guards to be in readiness to attend him to Uxbridge the next day, and talked of offering battle to his foes, though he confessed to Barillon that he had not a single corps on whose fidelity he could rely.¹

The same day, James learned that Plymouth, Bristol, and other places had submitted themselves to the prince of Orange, and that a regiment of Scotch horse had deserted. "Nor was there an hour," observes sir John Reresby, emphatically, "but his majesty received, like Job, ill news of one sort or another; so that, prompted by most fatal advice, the next day being the 11th, he withdrew himself privately."

Before his departure, James wrote to the earl of Feversham, informing him "that he had been compelled to send away the queen and the prince of Wales, lest their lives should be endangered by falling into the enemy's hands, and that he was about to follow them; that could he but have relied on his troops, he would at least have had one blow for it." When this letter was read to the soldiers, many of them wept.²

After a day of excessive mental fatigue and agitation, the unfortunate king retired to his lonely pillow. As he was stepping into bed, he told the earl of Mulgrave "that he had good hopes of an accommodation with the prince of Orange." "Does he advance or retreat?" asked the earl. The king owned that his adversary continued to advance. Mulgrave shook his head, with a melancholy air.³ James had summoned his council to meet the next morning at nine o'clock, without any intention of being present, it has been generally said; but his mind was in too unsettled a state to be firm to any purpose long.

About midnight, he rose and disguised himself in a black periwig and plain clothes, left his bed-room by the little door in the *ruelle*, and attended only by sir Edward Hales, who was waiting for him, descended the backstairs, and crossing Privy-gardens, as the queen had done two nights before, got into a hackney coach, proceeded to the Horse-ferry, and crossed the Thames in a little boat with a single pair of oars to Vauxhall.⁴ James had taken the great seal with him from Whitehall, doubtless with the idea that he might have occasion to use it on his arrival in France, to give effect to royal letters, pardons, and commissions; but prompted by an impulse which appears clearly symptomatic of a disorganized brain, he threw it into the river while crossing. It was well

¹ Lingard, from Barillon.

² Kennet.

³ Sheffield, duke of Buckingham's Memoirs.

⁴ Recital of king James's departure, given by himself to the nuns of Chailot. See also his life.

perhaps, for some of the leaders of the revolution—happy, certainly, for the daughters of the unfortunate king—that it was only one of the bauble types of regal power that he flung into those dark deep waters, in the silence and loneliness of that melancholy voyage. Many an unsuccessful speculator, in modern times, has plunged himself into eternity from causes far less exciting than those which had impelled the betrayed king and father to leave his palace in the dead of a wintry night, with only one companion, to encounter greater perils than those from which he fled.

Horses stood ready for his majesty at Vauxhall. He mounted in haste, attended by sir Edward Hales; and, conducted by his guide through bye-ways, crossed the Medway at Ailesford bridge. He found Sheldon, one of his equerries, waiting for him at Woolpeck with a fresh relay of horses. At ten o'clock in the morning, he arrived at Emley ferry, near Feversham, and embarked in a custom-house hoy, which had been hired for the passage by sir Edward Hales. The wind was fresh, and the vessel requiring more ballast, the master ran her ashore near Sheerness. Unfortunately sir Edward Hales, while they were waiting for the rising of the tide, sent his servant to the Feversham post-office, and as his seat was in that neighbourhood, his livery was known.¹ The man was dodged to the river-side by some of the members of a gang of ruffians, who had formed a profitable association for stopping the panic-stricken catholics in their flight to France, and stripping them of their property. These men perceiving that sir Edward Hales was in the hoy, came, to the number of fifty, in three boats, armed with swords and pistols, at eleven o'clock at night, and boarded the hoy just as she was beginning to float. They leaped into the cabin, and seized the king and his two companions, with abusive language. Sir Edward Hales perceiving that his majesty was unknown, took Ames, the leader of those desperadoes, aside, and putting fifty guineas into his hand, promised him one hundred more if he would allow them to escape. Ames took the money, and promised to go on shore to make arrangements for that purpose, but advised them to give up all their valuables into his hands, as he could not answer for the conduct of his people while he was gone. The king gave him three hundred guineas, all the money he had, and his watch; and, true to his methodical habits of business, took his receipt for those trifles. Ames went off with his prey, and then his men came rudely about the king, and insisted on searching his person for more booty. James, nevertheless, succeeded in securing his coronation ring, and three great diamond bodkins belonging to his queen.²

As soon as the tide rose high enough, the ruffians brought the hoy up to Feversham, and putting the king and his companions into a coach, carried them to an inn, amidst the yells and insults of the mob, by whom his majesty was mistaken for the chaplain of sir Edward Hales or father Petre. This was the third agitating night James had passed without sleep since his sorrowful parting with his wife and child. When morn-

¹ King James's Journal. Ellis Correspondence.

² Recital of king James's departure. Chaillot MS.

ing came, a seaman among the crowd, who had served under him, recognised him, and bursting into tears, knelt and begged to kiss his hand. Overpowered by this touching proof of devotion from his humble liegeman, James wept. The instinctive act of homage performed by the true-hearted sailor betrayed the rank of the royal prisoner. The very ruffians who had plundered and insulted him, when they saw his tears were awed and melted; they fell on their knees, and offered to return their pillage. James bade them keep the money, and would only receive his sword and jewels. The seamen formed themselves into a guard round his person, and declared "that not a hair of his head should be touched."¹ James ought to have been satisfied that he had still many loyal hearts among his people. Even at Feversham something might have been done, had he been in a state of mind to take advantage of the revulsion of feeling manifested in his favour. But he was not: he began to talk in a rambling and incoherent manner. One minute he wept, and asked "what crimes he had committed to deserve such treatment?" and spoke "of the ill offices done to him by the black coats;" said "that the prince of Orange sought not only his crown but his life;" and implored those present "to get him a boat that he might escape, or his blood would be on their heads." Then he asked for pen, ink, and paper; wrote, tore, wrote again; and at last succeeded in penning a brief summons to lord Winchelsea.² That nobleman hastened to his majesty, who then demanded to be conducted to the house of the mayor. The rabble objected to his removal, but the seamen carried the point, though with difficulty. The mayor was an honest man, and treated his sovereign with all the respect in his power. James talked wildly, and of things little to the purpose: "of the virtues of St. Winifred's well, and his loss of a piece of the true cross, which had belonged to Edward the Confessor."³ He was finally seized with another fit of bleeding at the nose, which probably averted a stroke of apoplexy or frenzy, but made him very sick and weak.

The earl of Winchelsea, who had been groom of the bed-chamber to his majesty when duke of York, and had married the accomplished Anne Kingsmill, a favourite maid of honour of the queen, was much concerned at the state in which he found his royal master, and besought him not to persist in his rash design of leaving England, reasoned with him on the ruinous effect such a step must have on his affairs, and at last succeeded in calming him. James made him lord-lieutenant of the county of Kent, and governor of Dover castle on the spot. The next day, sir James Oxendon came with the militia, under pretence of guarding his majesty from the rabble, but in reality to prevent him from escaping; a piece of gratuitous baseness for which he was not thanked by William.⁴

For nearly two days, no one in London knew what had become of

¹ Journal of James II., cited by Macpherson.

² Continuator of Mackintosh.

³ Continuator of Mackintosh. James was probably plundered of the antique gold crucifix and rosary, recently taken out of the coffin of Edward the Confessor, which contained this relic.

⁴ Reresby's Memoirs

his majesty. On the morning of the 13th of December, an honest Kentish peasant presented himself at the door of the council-chamber at Whitehall, stating that he was a messenger from king James. It was long before he could obtain attention. At last, Sheffield earl of Mulgrave being apprised of his business, insisted on bringing him in. He delivered a letter, unsealed and without superscription, containing one sentence only, written in the well-known hand of their fugitive sovereign, apprising them that he was a prisoner in the hands of the rabble at Feversham. The faithful messenger, who had fulfilled his promise to his royal master by delivering this letter, described, with tears, the distress in which he had left his majesty at the inn.¹ The generous and courageous loyalty of this noble man of low degree ought to have shamed the titled traitor, Halifax, who sat that day as president of the council, and would fain have adjourned the assembly to prevent anything being done for the relief of the king; but Mulgrave boldly stood forth, and with a burst of manly eloquence represented "the baseness of leaving their king to be torn to pieces by the rabble, and insisted that measures should be taken for his personal safety, since, with all his popery, he was still their sovereign." He then proposed that lord Feversham, with 200 of the guards, should be instantly despatched with his majesty's coaches to invite him to return.² Shame kept those silent who would fain have opposed this motion; and the lords Aylesbury, Lichfield, Yarmouth, and Middleton posted down to Feversham to acquaint the king "that his guards were coming to escort him to London, whither his friends desired him to return." James determined to do so, and commenced his journey. At Sittingbourne he was met by his guards and equipage, and many of his faithful friends flocked round him.³ He slept that night at Rochester, whence he despatched lord Feversham with a letter to the prince of Orange, inviting him to come to London for the purpose of an amicable treaty. The next day, December 16th, he returned to his capital, and was greeted with impassioned demonstrations of affection. He came through the city to Whitehall; a body of gentlemen, forming a volunteer guard of honour, preceded him bareheaded. The bells rang joyously, and the air was rent with the acclamations of people of all degrees, who ran in crowds to welcome him. These manifestations of loyalty were far more flattering, spontaneous as they were, and the free-will offerings of popular sympathy in his distress, than if he had returned from a decisive victory over the forces of the Dutch prince. Yet every art had been used to alarm the metropolis with warnings and incendiary outcries of Irish and popish massacres; but in spite of everything, the people showed that, though they hated popery, they loved the king. Whitehall was never more crowded than on that occasion, even to the royal bed-chamber.⁴

Among the numerous candidates for audience was a deputation from the freebooters at Feversham, who came to beg his majesty's pardon for

¹ Sheffield's Memoirs.

² Sheffield's Memoirs. Macpherson. Lingard. James's Journal.

³ Journal of king James. Macpherson. Burnet.

⁴ Journal of James. Life ditto. Burnet. Mackintosh. Kennet. Echard.

their late outrage, and to proffer once more a restitution of the gold of which they had rifled him. James not only bade them keep it, but gave them ten guineas to drink his health.¹ Cheered by the apparent reaction that had taken place, the king exerted himself to hold his court, and supped in state. "I stood by him during his supper," says lord Dartmouth, "and he told me all that had happened to him at Feversham with as much unconcernedness as if they had been the adventures of some other person, and directed a great deal of his discourse to me, though I was but a boy."² That night the metropolis was illuminated, and the streets were full of bonfires. Scarcely, however, had the king retired to his bed-chamber, when Zulestien demanded an immediate audience, being charged with letters from the Dutch prince, his master, requiring that his majesty should remain at Rochester while he came to sojourn in London. James, in a conciliatory tone, replied "that the request came too late; and as he was now in London, a personal interview could the better take place." The only outrage that elicited an expression of anger was the arrest and imprisonment of his accredited messenger, lord Feversham; he expressed surprise and indignation, and wrote to the prince demanding his release.³ William was now acting as king of England *de facto*, without any other authority than that bestowed upon him by foreign troops and deserters.

James was without money, and those who ought to have offered, unasked, to supply his exigencies, exhibited a churlish spirit truly disgraceful. Lord Bellasis, a Roman-catholic peer, refused to assist him with the loan of a thousand pounds,⁴ and a base regard to purse-preservation thinned his presence-chamber the next morning. It was then that two noble gentlemen, Colin earl of Balcarres, and the gallant viscount Dundee, presented themselves, charged with offers of service from his privy council in Scotland. "They were received affectionately by the king, but observed that none were with him but some of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. One of the generals of his disbanded army entered while they were there, and told the king that most of his generals and colonels of his guards had assembled that morning, upon observing the universal joy of the city on his return; that the result of their meeting was to tell his majesty that much was still in their power to serve and defend him; that most part of the disbanded army was either in London or near it, and that if he would order them to beat their drums, they were confident twenty thousand men could be got together before the end of the day."⁵ 'My lord,' said the king, 'I know you to be my friend, sincere and honourable; the men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them.' He then said, 'It was a fine day, and he would take a walk.' None attended him but Colin and lord Dundee. When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked how 'they came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him and gone to the prince of Orange?' Colin said, 'their fidelity to so good a

¹ Ellis Correspondence.

² James's Journal.

³ Note in New Burnet.

⁴ Continuator of Mackintosh.

⁵ Biographical notice of Colin, earl of Balcarres, by lord Lindsay, his descendant; from the original family document. Printed by the Bannatyne Club.

master would ever be the same; they had nothing to do with the prince of Orange.' Then said the king, 'Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still an attachment to me?' 'Sir, we do.' 'Will you give me your hands upon it, as men of honour?' They did so. 'Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cypher, or be a prisoner to the prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings; therefore I go for France immediately. When there, you shall have my instructions. You, lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs; and you, lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.'"¹

James amused himself during some part of this day, his last of regal authority in England, by touching for the evil, having succeeded in borrowing 100 guineas of lord Godolphin to enable him to go through the ceremonial—a piece of gold being always bound to the arm of the patient by the sovereign—and James had been robbed of his last coin by the freebooters at Feversham. That night, when the king was about to retire to bed, lord Craven came to tell him that the Dutch guards, horse and foot, were marching through the park in order of battle to take possession of Whitehall. The stout old earl, though in his eightieth year, professed his determination rather to be cut to pieces than resign his posts at Whitehall to the Dutch; "but the king," says Sheffield, "prevented that unnecessary bloodshed with a great deal of care and kindness." He sent for count Solms, the Dutch commander, and told him there must be some mistake. "Were not his orders for St. James's?" The count produced his orders; on which the king commanded his gallant old servant to withdraw his men.² The English guards reluctantly gave place to the foreigners by whom they were superseded; and the king retired to bed, fancying that he had purchased one night's repose, at any rate, by this concession. Worn out by the agonizing excitement and continuous vigils of the last dreadful week, he slept, and so profoundly, that to have dismissed his o'erwearied spirit from its mortal tenement by one swift and subtle stroke, would have been a *coup de grace*. A greater barbarity was committed. William sent deliberately to rouse his unfortunate uncle from that happy oblivion of his sufferings, with an insolent message "that it was thought convenient for him to leave his palace by ten o'clock the next morning;" three English peers were found capable of undertaking the commission. The plan was suggested by Halifax, who advised William to employ the Dutch officers on this ungracious errand. "By your favour, my lords," said William, sternly; "the advice is yours, and you shall carry it yourselves," naming Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury. At two o'clock in the morning, this worthy trio presented themselves at the door of king James's antechamber, and knocking loudly, rudely demanded admittance to his presence. The earl of Middleton, who was lord in waiting, told them the king was in bed and asleep, and begged them to wait till morning.

¹ Biographical notice of Colin, earl of Balcarres.

² Memoirs of Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

They replied, "they came from the prince of Orange with a letter, and they must deliver it that instant." Middleton approached the royal bed, and drew back the curtain, but the king was in so sound a sleep that it did not wake him. Lord Middleton was compelled to speak loudly in his ear to dispel his deathlike slumber.¹ He started at first, but perceiving Middleton kneeling by him, asked what was the matter, and bade him admit the messengers.

When they entered, James recognised two open enemies, Shrewsbury and Delamere, and one false servant, Halifax, whom he had employed as one of his commissioners to negotiate a treaty with the prince of Orange, and had thus afforded an opportunity both of deceiving and betraying him. Another painful lesson for the royal Timon of British history, on his want of attention to moral worth in those on whom he bestowed his confidence. Halifax behaved with singular disrespect to his sovereign on this occasion, and when James objected to Ham house, the place named for him to retire to by William, as "a very ill winter-house, being damp and unfurnished," he treated his majesty's objections with contempt. James said he should prefer going to Rochester, if he left town, and, after some discussion, it was agreed—but that he should go by water, attended by the Dutch guards. When James wished to go through the city, Halifax rudely over-ruled that plan, by saying, "it would breed disorder and move compassion."² The next morning, December 18th, was wet and stormy, but though James told the three lords, who had undertaken the ungracious office of expelling him from his palace, that the weather was unfit for the voyage, Halifax insisted upon it. The foreign ministers, and a few of his own peers and gentlemen, came to take leave of him, which they did with tears, and as a last mark of respect, attended him to the water's edge. Notwithstanding the tempestuous wind and the heavy rain which now fell in torrents, the banks of the river were crowded with sympathizing spectators, who came to take a parting look of their unfortunate sovereign. At twelve o'clock, James entered the barge appointed for his convoy, attended by five faithful gentlemen, who volunteered to accompany him—viz., the earls of Arran, Aylesbury, Dunbarton, Lichfield, and lord Dundee. They were his only British escort: he had asked for a hundred of his own foot guards, and was peremptorily denied. A hundred Dutch guards went in boats before and behind the royal barge, but they were so long in embarking, that the tide was lost, and the king remained a full hour sitting in the barge waiting their convenience, exposed to the storm, before the signal was given for the rowers to move on."³ "The English were very sorrowful at seeing him depart," says Barillon, "most of them had tears in their eyes. There was an appearance of consternation in the people when they found that their king was surrounded by Dutch guards, and that he was, in fact, a prisoner." Evelyn, in his diary for that day, records the departure of his royal master in these brief but expressive words: "I saw the king take barge to Gravesend, a sad sight! The

¹ James's Life. Clarendon Diary. Dalrymple.

² King James's Journal.

³ Ibid.

prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch guards." Even then, if James could have been roused from the morbid lethargy of despair into which the unnatural conduct of his daughters, and the treachery of his ministers had plunged him, his Dutch nephew might have had cause to repent of his expedition. Ministers, counsellors, and general officers might be false to their oaths of allegiance, but the great body of the people were true, and eager to fight for their native sovereign, if he would but have trusted to their loyalty. The greatest offence, after all, that James ever gave to this country, and for which he never has been forgiven, was, that he suffered himself to be driven away by a foreign prince, without a struggle. The season of manly enterprise was past, and he felt incapable of grappling with the storm in his present state of mind and body.

The unfortunate king did not arrive at Gravesend till seven in the evening, wet and weary, and long after dark; he was compelled to sleep there that night, at the house of Mr. Eckins, an attorney. "The next morning," James says, "he received a blank pass from the prince of Orange, which he had desired, in order to send one over to the queen, believing her landed before that, in France, with her son." The expression is a little mysterious, as if the king meant to enable Mary Beatrice to return to him again, according to her earnest wish, after he had been so eager to send her away, another symptom of the unsettled state of his mind. At ten the next morning, he proceeded, under the escort of the Dutch guards, to Rochester, where he took up his quarters in the house of sir Richard Head. During the three days that he remained at Rochester, Turner, bishop of Ely, sent daily to entreat him not to withdraw. Every hour the king received visits from gentlemen and officers, who begged him to remain in England.² While others reasoned with calmness, the fiery Dundee endeavoured to rouse the desponding spirit of his heartbroken sovereign. "Make your stand here," said he, "and summon your subjects to their allegiance. Give me your commission, I will undertake to collect ten thousand men of your disbanded army together, and with them I will carry your standard through England, and drive the Dutch and their prince before you." The king said, "he believed it might be done, but it would cause a civil war, and he would not do so much mischief to the English nation, which he loved, and doubted not but his people would soon come to their senses again."³ Instead of following the counsels of gallant Dundee, he sat inactively, repeating to himself, "God help me, whom can I trust? My own children have forsaken me." Burnet pretends that James was fixed in his determination, "by an earnest letter from the queen, reminding him of his promise to follow her, and urging its fulfilment in very imperious language. This letter," Burnet says, "was intercepted, opened, and read,"⁴

¹ Journal of James II.

² Ibid. Clarendon Diary.

³ This conversation was overheard by David Middleton, a servant of the earl of Middleton, while he was mending the fire, and by him afterwards repeated to Carte the historian.

⁴ "There was at least as much of the barbarian as the politician, in breaking that most sacred seal."—Continuator of Mackintosh.

and then forwarded to the king, at Rochester." Persons who could be guilty of the baseness of breaking the seal of such a letter, would not hesitate at misrepresenting its contents, which were, doubtless, perfectly consistent with the feminine tenderness of the queen's character, her adoring fondness for her husband, and her fears for his personal safety.

It is certain, that James had made up his mind to follow his wife and son when he quitted Whitehall the first time, and that nothing could shake his resolution. He was playing the game into the hands of his subtle adversary, who was impatient for him to be gone, and had ordered the back premises of the house at Rochester, where he lodged, to be left unguarded, to allow him every facility for escape. Before sitting down to supper, on the evening of Saturday, December the 22d, James drew up the well-known paper, containing the reasons which impelled him to withdraw for the present. In this declaration, the unfortunate monarch sums up, in simple but forcible language, the outrages and insults to which he had been subjected by the prince of Orange; but when he alludes to the unprincipled aspersion on the birth of his son, his style becomes impassioned: "What had I then to expect?" he asks, "from one, who by all arts had taken such pains to make me appear as black as hell to my own people, as well as to all the world besides?" His concluding words are neither those of a tyrant nor a bigot: "I appeal," says he, "to all who are considering men, and have had experience, whether anything can make this nation so great and flourishing as liberty of conscience? some of our neighbours dread it." This paper, James gave to the earl of Middleton, with orders that it should be printed as soon as he was gone. He then took leave of his few faithful followers and retired to bed. Between twelve and one on the morning of the 23d, he rose, and attended only by his natural son, the duke of Berwick, Mr. Biddulph, and Labadie, the husband of the prince of Wales's nurse, left the house by a back stair and postern door, and so through the garden, where captain Macdonald waited to guide him to the place where captain Trevanion waited with a boat. These two faithful officers rowed his majesty and his companions to a sorry fishing-smack, that lay a little below Sheerness. In this vessel, king James crossed the wintry waves, and, as usual, encountered very rough weather, many hardships, and some danger.¹ The circumstances under which James left England have been illustrated by a noble young author of our own times in a pathetic poem, in which the following striking lines occur:—

"We thought of ancient Lear, with the tempest overhead:
Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned—but nought could break his will,
Not Mary, his false Regan—nor Anne, his Goneril."²

The tragedy of real life is sometimes strangely mingled with circumstances of a comic character, which appear the more ridiculous perhaps from the revulsion of feeling they are apt to produce on persons labouring under the excitement of excessive grief. King James, in the midst of his distress during this melancholy voyage, felt his mirth irresistibly

¹ Journal of James II.'s Life.

² From "Historic Fancies," by the Hon. George Sydney Smyth, M.P., a volume replete with noble and chivalric sentiments.

excited, when he saw the brave captain Trevanion attempting to fry some bacon for his refection in a frying-pan that had a hole in it, which that gallant officer was compelled to stop with a pitched rag; at the sight of this expedient the king gave way to immoderate laughter, which was renewed when the captain proceeded to tie a cord round an old cracked can, to make it in a condition to hold the drink they had prepared for him. A keen perception of the ludicrous is often a happy provision of nature to preserve an overcharged heart from breaking under the pressure of mortal sorrow. It was well for the fallen majesty of England that he could laugh at things, which were melancholy indications of his calamitous reverse of fortune. The laughter, however, was medicinal, for he ate and drank heartily of the coarse fare that was set before him, and always declared that he never enjoyed a meal more in his life. James landed at the small village of Ambletense, near Boulogne, at three o'clock in the morning of December the 25th, being Christmas-day, O. S.¹

Mary Beatrice, meantime, whom we left at Montrioul, reached Abbeville on the 21st, where she slept and passed the Saturday, which was kept in France as New Year's-Day, N. S. She arrived at Poix on the Sunday, at two o'clock, where she was apprised, that Louis XIV. intended to assign one of the most stately palaces in France, the Chateau of St. Germain, for her residence. When her majesty approached Beauvais, the bishop, and all the principal people in the town came out to meet and welcome her. "The same had been done," pursues our authority, "in all other places through which she passed; but this bishop offered particular marks of respect and generous attention to the royal fugitive, and she remained at Beauvais till Tuesday, the 25th, where she received the welcome news, that our king had left London, which joyful intelligence greatly consoled her and her little court."² Her happiness would have been far greater could she have known how near that beloved consort was to her.

As soon as Louis XIV. was apprised of the landing of king James, he despatched one of his equerries, M. Le Grand, to apprise the anxious queen of that event, and to present his complimentary greetings to her on his own account. The dauphiness sent the duc de St. Simon with friendly messages from herself. They found the royal traveller at Beaumont. The joyful tidings they communicated appeared to console her for all her misfortunes; raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Then I am happy!" and praised God aloud, in the fulness of her heart.³ Mindful, however, of the ceremonial observances that were expected of her, she composed herself sufficiently to return the compliments which were delivered to her, in the names of the king of France, the dauphin, and dauphiness, with much grace, and expressed herself deeply grateful for

¹ Mary Beatrice had kept that festival ten days before, according to new style, while at Boulogne, and the dates used by the historian of her journey to St. Germain belong to that computation, which had been adopted in France: to avoid confusion, they are in this memoir made conformable to the dates used by English historians.

² MS. Narrative in the Archives du Royaume.

³ Ibid. Dangeau.

all the king of France had done for her. The gentlemen then withdrew leaving her to the free indulgence of her natural emotions, while she wrote to the king, her husband, a letter, which she despatched by Mr Løyburn, one of her equerries, who had joined her after her retreat to France. "When we returned," says monsieur Dangeau, who was one of the deputation from the court of France, "we found her majesty still transported with joy." The sudden transition from misery to happiness is always trying to a sensitive temperament. Mary Beatrice, who had been enabled to subdue the violence of her grief, by pious resignation to the will of God, had borne up under fatigue of mind and body, and the tortures of suspense; but the revulsion of feeling was too much for her corporeal powers, and she succumbed under it. The person, whoever it was, who has continued the narrative of her flight from England, with a diary of her progress to St. Germain, after relating her arrival at Beaumont, and the happy news which greeted them at that town, says, "We were beside ourselves with the joy which this intelligence caused us; but this pleasure was soon interrupted: the queen was seized with such a violent attack of pain, that for two hours her agonies were so excruciating, that our hearts were pierced with the most poignant concern; but, thanks to God, the spasms abated after a time."

The duchess of Portsmouth,¹ who was at the court of France with her son, the duke of Richmond, had the effrontery to propose coming to meet the exiled queen of England, but the duc de Lauzun sent word to her, "that her majesty would see no one till she arrived at St. Germain." Mary Beatrice made an exception from this rule, in favour of ladies whose rank and virtues qualified them to offer her marks of sympathy and attention. When the duchess of Nevers came to pay her a visit at Beaumont, she received her most affectionately and kissed her.

In the afternoon of December 28th, Mary Beatrice drew near St. Germain. Louis XIV. came in state to meet and welcome her, with his son the dauphin, his brother monsieur, all the princes of the blood, and the officers of his household; his cavalcade consisted of a hundred coaches and six. He awaited the approach of his fair and royal guest at Chatou, a picturesque village on the banks of the Seine, below the heights of St. Germain-en-Laye.² As soon as her majesty's *cortège* drew near, Louis, with his son and brother, descended from his coach and advanced to greet her, supposing that she had been in the first carriage, which he had sent his officers to stop. That carriage, however, only contained the prince of Wales, his sub-governess, lady Strickland, and his nurses. They all alighted out of respect to the most Christian king, who took the infant prince in his arms, kissed and tenderly embraced him, and made the unconscious babe a gracious speech, promising to protect

¹ This impudent woman had set her mind on obtaining an appointment as lady of the bed-chamber to the virtuous consort of James II., though she had given her great annoyance when duchess of York, and also by repeating the base slanders touching the birth of the prince of Wales. Through the intercession of the duke of Richmond, she finally carried her point; a circumstance deeply to be regretted.

² Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

and cherish him.¹ Louis is said to have been struck with the beauty of the royal infant, on whom he lavished more caresses than he had ever been known to bestow on any child of his own.

The queen had in the meantime, alighted from her coach, and was advancing towards his majesty. Louis hastened to meet and salute her. She made the most graceful acknowledgments for his sympathy and kindness, both for herself and in the name of the king her husband. Louis replied, "that it was a melancholy service he had rendered her on this occasion, but that he hoped it would be in his power to be more useful soon." He presented the dauphin and monsieur to her in due form, then led her to his own coach, where he placed her at his right hand. The dauphin and monsieur sat opposite to their majesties. "The queen," says Dangeau, "had with her the marchioness of Powis and the signora Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, an Italian, whom she loves very much."² And thus in regal pomp was the exiled queen of England conducted by Louis XIV. to the palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, which was henceforth to be her home. Cheered by the courteous and delicate attention with which she was treated by the sovereign of France, and anticipating a happy reunion with her beloved consort, Mary Beatrice smiled through her tears, and chatted alternately with the king, the dauphin, and monsieur, as they slowly ascended the lofty hill on which the royal chateau of St. Germain is seated. She always called Louis "sire," though the late queen, his wife, and the dauphiness only addressed him as "monsieur." When they alighted in the inner court of the palace, Louis, after placing everything there at her command, led her by the hand to the apartments appropriated to the use of the prince of Wales, which were those of the children of France. This nursery suite had been newly fitted up for the prince of Wales. Here the king took leave of her majesty. She offered to attend him to the head of the stairs, but he would by no means permit it.³

Monsieur and madame Montchevereul, the state keepers of the palace, were there to do the honours of the household to the royal guest, who was treated and served in all respects as a queen. Her apartments were sumptuously furnished; nothing had been omitted that could be of use or comfort to her; and the most exquisite taste and munificence had been displayed in the arrangement of her dressing-room and especially her table. Among the splendid toilet service that courted her acceptance, Mary Beatrice saw a peculiarly elegant casket, of which Tourolle, the king's upholsterer, presented her with the key. This casket contained 6000 Louis-d'ors; a delicate method devised by the generous monarch of France for relieving her pecuniary embarrassments. Mary Beatrice, however, did not discover the gold till the next morning; for notwithstanding the significant looks and gestures with which Tourolle presented the key of this important casket, her heart was too full to permit her to bestow a single thought upon it that night.

¹ Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau. Journal of James. History of the Escape of the Queen. Archives au Royaume.

² Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

³ News Letter from Versailles. Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau. Sévigné.

King James had sent his son Berwick, express, to earn her future favour, by bringing the intelligence that he was to sleep at Breteuil, and would arrive at St. Germain's towards the close of the following day.¹ Mary Beatrice wept and laughed alternately, with hysterical emotion at these tidings. The next morning, Louis and the dauphin sent to make formal inquiries after the health of the royal traveller and her son. Overcome by all she had gone through, she was compelled to keep her chamber. At six in the evening, the king of France, with the dauphin, monsieur, and the duc de Chartres, came to pay her majesty a visit; she was in bed, but admitted these distinguished guests. Louis came and seated himself on her bolster, the dauphin stood near him, without any ceremony, chatting in the friendly and affectionate manner which their near relationship to the king her husband warranted. The chamber was full of French courtiers, who had followed their sovereign.²

In the course of half an hour, Louis was informed that the king of England was entering the chateau, on which he left the queen, and hastened to greet and welcome his unfortunate cousin. They met in the hall of guards; James entered at one door as Louis advanced to meet him by the other. James approached with a slow and faltering step, and, overpowered with his grateful sense of the generous and friendly manner in which his queen and son had been received, bowed so low, that it was supposed he would have thrown himself at the feet of his royal kinsman, if Louis had not prevented it by taking him in his arms, and embracing him most cordially three or four times. They conversed in a low voice apart for about a quarter of an hour. Then Louis presented the dauphin, monsieur, and the cardinal de Benzi to his majesty, and after this ceremonial, conducted him to the apartment of the queen, to whom he playfully presented him with these words: "Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance whom you will be very glad to see." Mary Beatrice uttered a cry of joy and melted into tears; and James astonished the French courtiers by clasping her to his bosom with passionate demonstrations of affection before everybody. "The king of England," says one of the eye-witnesses of this touching scene, "closely embraced the queen his spouse in the presence of the whole world."³ Forgetting every restraint in the transport of beholding that fair and faithful partner of his life once more, after all their perils and sufferings, James remained long enfolded in the arms of his weeping queen. Kind and sympathizing as Louis XIV. was to the royal exiles, there was a want of consideration in allowing any eye to look upon the raptures of such a meeting.

As soon as the first gush of feeling had a little subsided, Louis led James to the apartments of the prince of Wales, and showed him that his other treasure was safe, and surrounded with all the royal splendour to which his birth entitled him. He then reconducted his guest to the ruelle of the queen's bed, and there took his leave.⁴ James offered to

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné. MS. Memorials.

² Sévigné. Dangeau. News letter from Versailles, in Lingard's Appendix.

³ Letter from Versailles in Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau.

⁴ Ibid. Sévigné.

attend his majesty of France to the head of the stairs, but Louis would not permit it. "I do not believe," said Louis, "that either of us know the proper ceremonial to be observed on these occasions, because they are so rare, and therefore I believe we should do well in waiving ceremony altogether." It was noticed, however, that Louis, with his usual scrupulous attention to courtesy, always gave James the right hand. On taking his final leave, he added, "It is to-day like a visit to me. You will come and see me to-morrow at Versailles, where I shall do the honours, and after to-morrow I shall come again to visit you; and as it will be your home, you shall treat me as you like." Louis added to these delicate marks of friendship the welcome present of ten thousand pounds, which he sent to his unfortunate kinsman the following day, in the way least calculated to wound his pride. The next day, the queen sent lord Powis to inquire after the health of the dauphiness, but he was not permitted to see her.¹

The château of St. Germain, which was assigned by Louis XIV. for the residence of the exiled king and queen of England, was one of the most beautiful and healthy of all the palaces of France. James was already familiar with the place, having passed some years there in his boyhood and early youth, when a fugitive in France, with the queen, his mother, and the other members of his family, who resided chiefly at St. Germain. The remembrance of his father's death, the sorrows and vicissitudes that had clouded the morning of his days, must have been painfully renewed by returning to those scenes, after an interval of eight-and-twenty years, as a fugitive once more, and the only survivor of those who had been the companions of his first adversity. Mother, brothers, sisters, all were dead; nearer and dearer ties of kindred, his own daughters, those who owed not only their being, but the high place they held in the world, the legitimacy which invested them with the power of injuring him, had proved false. The son of his beloved sister, the princess of Orange, his own son-in-law, had driven him from his throne, and those whom he loved best on earth, his wife and infant son, were involved in his fall; yet James bore these calamities with a degree of philosophy which not only astonished, but offended the French nobility, who, excitable themselves, expected to see the fallen king display the same emotions as the hero of a tragedy exhibits on the stage. They called his calm endurance coldness and insensibility, because they could not understand the proud reserve of the English character, or appreciate the delicacy of that deep sorrow which shrinks from observation. It was the wish of James and his queen to live as private persons at St. Germain, in that retirement which is always desired by the afflicted, but it was not permitted.²

The sensitive mind of Mary Beatrice received no pleasure from the royal splendour with which the munificence of Louis XIV. had surrounded her; she felt the state of dependence to which herself and her unfortunate lord were reduced as a degradation, and every little incident that served to remind her of it, gave her pain. Her bed-chamber at St.

¹ Letter from Versailles in Lingard's Appendix. Sévigné.

² Letters of Madame de Sévigné, vol. vi.

Germain's was hung with a superb set of tapestry, from the designs of Le Brun, and the upholsterer had, with artistical regard to pictorial effect, chosen the alcove as the fittest place for the piece representing the tent of Darius. The fallen queen of England could not repose herself on her bed without having the pathetic scene of the family of that unfortunate king throwing themselves at the feet of Alexander, always before her eyes. She felt the analogy between her situation and theirs so keenly, that one day she exclaimed in the anguish of her heart, "Am I not sensible enough of our calamities, without being constantly reminded of them by that picture?"¹ One of her ladies of the bed-chamber repeated this observation to the French officers of the household, and they instantly removed the *tableau* of the royal suppliants, and replaced it with another piece representing a triumph. The queen reproved her faithful attendant for mentioning a passionate burst of feeling, which appeared like a reproach to her generous benefactor, as if she imagined him capable of insulting her in her adversity. It is possible that she might suspect some little ostentation, on the part of his officers, in the choice of the tapestry.

The court of St. Germain's was arranged by Louis on the model of his own; the exiled king and queen found all proper officers of state, gentlemen-ushers, and guards ready to receive them. The French state officers and attendants were quickly superseded by the noble English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants, who followed the fortunes of the exiled king and queen. The fidelity of the queen's household was remarkable. It is an interesting fact, that almost all her attendants applied to the prince of Orange for passports to follow her into France. William granted the passes, but outlawed all who used them, and confiscated their property. An elegant poet of the present times, alludes to the sacrifices incurred by one of the attached adherents of James's cause, in these pretty lines:—

"Yet who for Powis would not mourn,
That he no more must know
His fair red castle on the hill,
And the pleasant lands below."²

Whole families preferred going into exile together, rather than to transfer their allegiance to William and Mary.³ This generous spirit was by no means confined to the Roman-catholic aristocracy. Instances of fidelity, equally noble, are recorded of members of the church of England, and even of menial servants in the royal household. The queen's old coachman, who had formerly served Oliver Cromwell in that capacity, followed his royal mistress to St. Germain's, was reinstated in his office, and con-

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume.

² Historic Fancies, by George Sydney Smythe, Esq.

³ The old cavalier knight banneret, Sir Thos. Strickland, of Sizergh, husband of the sub-governess of the little prince, who had accompanied her royal charge to France, followed her with their four boys, having first made over his Westmoreland estates to two of his servants, Thos. Shepherd, the steward, and Robert Carne, for the nominal sum of £500. The property was thus preserved to his eldest son, by the integrity of these two honest men, who might easily have kept the estates from proscribed Jacobites.

tinued to drive her state coach till he died at an advanced age. Those ladies of the bed-chamber who were compelled to remain in England with their husbands and families, like lady Isabella Wentworth, and Mrs. Dawson, rendered their royal mistress the most important service of all, by continuing to bear true witness of her, when it became the fashion to calumniate and revile her. They courageously confuted her slanderers on more occasions than one. Even the daughter of the false Sunderland, the young countess of Arran, bore constant testimony to the legitimacy of the little prince, and of the virtues of the exiled queen, during the brief period she survived the revolution.

Louis XIV. allowed James and Mary Beatrice 50,000 francs per month for the support of their household. They objected at first to the largeness of the sum; but found it, in the end, insufficient to enable them to extend adequate relief to the necessities of their impoverished followers. At the first court held by the exiled king and queen at St. Germain, James looked old and worn with fatigue and suffering. Of Mary Beatrice it was said by madame de Sévigné, "The queen of England's eyes are always tearful, but they are large and very dark and beautiful. Her complexion is clear, but somewhat pale. Her mouth is too large for perfect beauty, but her lips are pouting, and her teeth lovely. Her shape is fine, and she has much mind. Everything she says is marked with excellent good sense."

It was the desire of Louis XIV., that the dauphiness, and the other princesses and ladies of the court of France, should pay a ceremonial visit of welcome to the queen of England the next day, but this was an object that required more than his power to accomplish. The dauphiness, fearing that a *fauteuil* would not be accorded to her in the presence of her Britannic majesty, feigned sickness as an excuse for not performing the courtesy prescribed by her august father-in-law, to his royal guests. She kept her bed obstinately for several days. Madame, the wife of the king's brother, said "she had a right to a *fauteuil* on her left hand, and that she would not go unless that were allowed," neither would the duchesses, without being permitted to have their *tabourets*, the same as in their own court. Monsieur was very sulky, withal, because the queen had not kissed him. Mary Beatrice, though naturally lofty, behaved with much good sense on this occasion; she referred the matter entirely to the decision of the king of France, requesting him to decide, whether the princes and duchesses were to be received according to the custom of the court of France, or of England. "Tell me," said the queen to Louis, "how you wish it to be; I will salute whomsoever you think proper, but it is not the custom in England for me to kiss any man." The king decided that it should be arranged according to the etiquette of France. Madame de Sévigné, a few days after, records the important fact, that "the queen of England had kissed monsieur, and that he was, in consideration of having received that honour, contented to dispense with a *fauteuil* in the presence of king James, and would make no further complaints to the king his brother."¹

¹ Dangeau. Sévigné.

Mary Beatrice and her lord, though deprived of the power and consequence of crowned heads, found themselves more than ever fettered with those rigid ceremonials and etiquettes, which are certainly not among the least of the pains and penalties of royalty. The princesses and female nobility of France were scarcely sane on the point of precedence, and the importance that was placed by these full-grown children on the privilege of being entitled to the distinction of a *tabouret* was ludicrous. It was an age of toys and trifles; but the irritation and excitement caused by frivolous contentions was to the full as great, as if the energies of the parties concerned had been employed for objects worthy of the attention of rational beings. The courts of the Stuart sovereigns, both in Scotland and England, had been conducted on more sensible principles; but at St. Germain, James and his queen were compelled to adopt the same rigid ceremonials and etiquettes as those which were used in the court of France, and to entrench themselves behind the same formal observances, or they would have been treated as if they had fallen, not only from regal power, but royal rank.

At length, it was settled that the dauphin should only sit on a *pliant*, or folding-chair, in the presence of king James; but when in company with the queen, he should be entitled to a *fauteuil*.¹ The arrangement of this knotty point did not free the royal exiles from perplexing attacks on their patience, in their new position. The princes of the blood had their pretensions also, and it was a much easier matter to satisfy them than to settle the point with their ladies. The princesses of the blood were three or four days before they would attend the court of the queen of England, and when they went there the duchesses would not follow them. They insisted on being treated, not only according to the custom of the court of France, where they have the privilege of sitting in the presence of the sovereign, but according to that of England also, where the monarch kisses ladies of their rank on their presentation. In a word, the duchesses of France demanded to be kissed by king James, and to sit in the presence of his queen. Notwithstanding the pleasing impression made by the graceful and conciliatory manners of Mary Beatrice, and the general interest excited by her beauty and her misfortunes, a party, founded on jealousy, was excited against her among the French ladies, by the princesses.

King James returned the visit of the French sovereign, in state, December 29th, and was received by that monarch with all the honours due to royalty. Louis presented him in form to the dauphiness. She stood at the door of her chamber, with her ladies, to receive him, and they conversed for a few minutes. James then called on the dauphin, and talked, like a connoisseur, of the fine pictures, cabinets, china, and other articles of *vertù*, with which his apartments were decorated. His majesty afterwards visited his brother-in-law, monsieur, madame, and all the princes of the blood. The next day, the dauphin came to St. Germain, and made formal state calls on James, his queen, and the infant prince of Wales. Mary Beatrice ordered that he should have a *fauteuil*

¹ Memoirs and Anecdotes of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

in her presence, but a lower one than that in which she sat. The dauphiness pleaded illness as an excuse for not accompanying him. Mary Beatrice accepted the apology, and determined to waive ceremony, by paying the first visit.¹ "She told the dauphin, that she only delayed going to Versailles, to pay her compliment to the king and the dauphiness, till she could procure a dress suitable for the occasion." In making her toilette for the court of Versailles, she knew that she must pay due attention to the prevailing modes. On this occasion she was happily so successful, that she had the good fortune to please the most fastidious of the French ladies.

"When the queen of England went to visit the dauphiness," says madame de Sévigné, with enthusiasm, "she was dressed to perfection. She wore a robe of black velvet over an elegant petticoat; her hair was beautifully arranged; her figure resembles that of the princess de Conti, and is very majestic." The king of France came himself to hand her from her coach; he led her into his presence-chamber, and placed her in a chair of state, higher than his own. After conversing with her about half-an-hour, Louis conducted her to the apartment of the dauphiness, who came to the door to receive her. The queen expressed some surprise. "I thought, madame," said she, "I should have found you in bed." "Madame," replied the dauphiness, "I was resolved to rise, that I might properly receive the honour done me by your majesty." Louis XIV. withdrew, because the mighty laws of court etiquette forbade his invalid daughter-in-law to sit in an arm-chair in his presence. When he had departed, the portentous ceremony of taking seats was successfully achieved. The exiled queen was inducted into the place of honour, the dauphiness seated herself in a fauteuil on her right hand, and madame the duchess of Orleans on her left, and the three little sons of the dauphiness were perched in three arm-chairs, the princesses and duchesses made their appearance, and occupied their tabourets round the room. In short, the pretended invalid held a crowded court in her bed-chamber on this occasion, and was much elated at having succeeded in inducing the queen of England to pay her the first visit. His majesty of France being privately informed, when Mary Beatrice rose to take her leave, came, with his wonted courtesy, to lead her down stairs, and place her in her coach. When Louis returned to the apartment of the dauphiness, he was eloquent in his commendations of their royal guest, and evidently, with a view of suggesting to his German daughter-in-law, that she would do well to imitate so perfect a model of regal grace and dignity, he emphatically added, "See what a queen ought to be!" He praised her charming manners and her ready wit, and expressed his admiration of her fortitude in adversity, and her passionate love for her husband.² From that hour, it became the fashion in the court of France to cite the exiled queen of England as the perfection of grace, elegance, beauty, and female virtue. The *grande monarque* had said it, and from his decision there could be no appeal. The French duchesses, who, to please the dauphiness, had protested, that if the receptions of the court

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² Sévigné.

of St. Germain's were to be modelled after the customs of that of Versailles, nothing should induce them to kiss the hem of the queen of England's robe, were now ready to kiss her feet.¹

The next day, at four o'clock precisely, Mary Beatrice was favoured with a solemn state visit from the duchess of Orleans, her daughters, the duchess of Guise, and all the princesses of the blood. She kissed them all, gave a fauteuil to the duchess of Orleans, and less honourable chairs, called *pliants*, to the princesses. As far as regarded their own claims, the demi-royalty of France were satisfied; but they took the liberty of requesting the queen to explain why she permitted the signora Anna Montecuculi to occupy a tabouret in her presence, as she had not the rank of a duchess. Her majesty condescended to explain, that she allowed her that privilege as the lady in waiting.² These ladies, who were so rigid in their notions of the importance attached to chairs and stools, made no exception against the appearance of the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, who also occupied a tabouret, in that exclusive circle, having, with the persevering effrontery of her class and character, succeeded in obtaining an appointment, as one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, in the household of James's consort at St. Germain's. James was compelled to bestow several shadowy titles on his followers, to enable their ladies to hold appointments in his queen's bed-chamber, and to sit in presence of the French court. He made lord Powis a duke, to entitle his lady to a tabouret. "There are four ladies of the queen of England," says Dangeau, "whom she will have seated when there are either princesses or duchesses of France present. These are lady Powis, as an English duchess; madame Montecuculi, whom she has made countess of Almonde, as a lady of honour; and the ladies Sussex and Waldegrave as the daughters of king James;" the first named was, however, the daughter of Charles II. After the dauphiness had returned the visit of the English queen, her majesty came again to Versailles, to call on her. She arrived precisely at four o'clock, the orthodox hour. The king received her this time in the hall of guards, and led her into the state presence-chamber, and gave her the place of honour. They conversed a long time together, and then he led her by the hand, through the gallery, to the door of the apartments of the dauphiness, who received her there, and conducted her into her chamber. They were getting pretty well acquainted now, and their conversation was easy and lively. When her majesty retired, the dauphiness conducted her as far as the guard-room, where they parted, mutually satisfied with each other. Then the queen paid her ceremonial visit to the dauphin, who came to receive her in his guard-room, and conducted her to his presence-chamber, where they were both seated for some time in one fauteuil—probably one of those double chairs of state, such as that which is shown in queen Mary's chamber at Holyrood palace. The queen was charmed with monseigneur's cabinets, and good-naturedly spoke much in praise of the dauphiness, for whom, however, this prince cherished

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² Dangeau.

very little tenderness. When the queen left the apartments of the dauphin, he re-conducted her to the spot where he had received her, and she proceeded to visit monsieur and then madame. At these visits, lady Powis and madame Montecuculi were allowed seats; the one as a duchess, the other as lady in waiting to her majesty.

On the 15th, the king of France, with the dauphin, visited the king of England at St. Germain. James received them at the end of the hall of guards; and after they had talked some time, they went together to the queen's apartment, where three fauteuils were placed, but the king of England would not sit to leave the dauphin standing, who could not occupy the third fauteuil in his presence. After standing some time by the chimney-piece, chatting with that prince, James, turning to the king of France, said, "We are determined to have no more ceremonies after this visit; I will begin this evening."

The frank proposition of the sailor-king did not suit the formality of the court of France, which two successive Spanish queens had rendered almost as solemnly absurd, on the subject of ceremonials, as that of the Escorial. James and Mary Beatrice found, that if they expected to be treated according to their own rank, they must condescend to the follies of persons of narrow intellect and strong prejudices, and conform to regulations which they, as aliens and suppliants, could not presume to censure. Policy and the exigency of circumstances taught the fallen queen of England the necessity of propitiating a lady of comparatively humble birth, but whose master-mind rendered her of tenfold more importance than all the French princesses put together, with the haughty dauphiness at their head. It is scarcely necessary to explain, that this was madame de Maintenon, the bosom counsellor of Louis XIV., she who wore the *fleur-de-lys* and ermined mantle, which none but the wife of a king of France may venture to assume, though public opinion forbade the widow Scarron to bear the title of queen. The first time madame de Maintenon came to St. Germain, Mary Beatrice, having made her wait a few minutes, graciously apologized for it, by expressing her regret that she had lost so much of her conversation. The compliment was well judged, and her majesty had the good fortune of making a favourable impression on her, whose influence governed the latter years of the *grande monarche*.

"Every one," says madame de Sévigné, "is pleased with this queen, she has so much wit. She said to our king, on seeing him caressing the prince of Wales, who is very beautiful, 'I had envied the happiness of my son in being unconscious of his misfortunes, but now I regret the unconsciousness which prevents him from being sensible of your majesty's goodness to him.' Everything she says, is full of good sense; but it is not so with her husband—he is brave, but his capacity is ordinary, and he recounts all that has passed in England without emotion; he is a good man, nevertheless."

The anguish that oppressed the heart of the exiled queen, while successfully labouring to establish a hard-earned popularity in the French court, is unaffectedly avowed in the following letter, addressed by her,

evidently at this period, to her faithful friend, the countess of Lichfield:—¹

“St. Germain, Jan. 21.

“You cannot imagine, dear lady Lichfield, how pleased I was to receive two letters from you, so full of kindness as they were. I hope you do not think I am so unreasonable as to expect you should leave your husband and children to come to me. I am in too miserable a condition to wish that my friends should follow it, if they can be in their own country. I was overjoyed to hear by every body, as well as by the king, that your lord had behaved himself so well. I don't doubt but he will continue to do so, and I am sure you will encourage him to it. The king is entirely satisfied with him, and does not dislike what he did, for he had the example and advice of honest men, which he may well follow. The letter sent by your sister was of no great consequence, but by the courier you had reason to think it was. I thank God I am very well in my health, and have the satisfaction to see my poor child grow visibly every day, and the king look better than he has done this great while. I want no less to enable me to support my other misfortunes, which are so extraordinary that they move every one's pity in this country, so that they cry and pray for us perpetually. I hope God will hear their prayers, and make us happy again, but no change or condition shall ever lessen the real kindness I have for you. “M. R.”

This letter is written on plain note-paper, and is enclosed in a torn, and hastily folded envelope, superscribed: “For the countess of Lichfield.” It is sealed with the famous diamond seal always used by the consort of James II. in her correspondence with the adherents of the Jacobite cause. The impression is her royal cypher, M.R. interlaced, surmounted with the crown matrimonial of England.



FAC-SIMILE.

The manner in which Mary Beatrice speaks of her infant boy in this most interesting letter, contains, in its unaffected simplicity, a refutation of the complicated falsehoods with which the injustice of a party had laboured to impugn his birth. When the fallen queen thanks God, in the midst of her misfortunes, “that she has the satisfaction of seeing her poor child grow visibly every day,” every one recognises the voice of nature, and the genuine feelings of a mother's heart.

The purple velvet and ermine in which Mary Beatrice dressed her boy, not being the orthodox costume for babies of his rank in France, excited the astonishment of the ladies of that court, as we find from a remark made by madame de Sévigné, in a letter dated January 31st, 1689. “Madame de Chaulnes has seen the queen of England, with whom she is much pleased. The little prince was dressed like a Merry-Andrew,² but beautiful and joyous, leaping and dancing, when they held

¹ Through the kindness of the hon. lady Bedingfield, the immediate descendant of the earl and countess of Lichfield, I enjoy the privilege of presenting this most interesting royal letter, for the first time, to the public, having been permitted by that accomplished and amiable lady to copy the original, which is in her possession.

² “Godinot” is the word used by madame de Sévigné.

him up." He was then between seven and eight months old, a most attractive age; and the bracing, salubrious air of St. Germain's, had evidently been of much service to the royal infant, whose health was so delicate in England.

The exiled king and queen endeavoured to beguile their cares, by going with Louis XIV. to St. Cyr, to witness the representation of Racine's new and popular tragedy of *Esther*.¹ Mary Beatrice was seated between the two kings, having Louis on her left hand and her husband on her right. Louis invited them to visit him at the Trianon the following day. He received his royal guests under the portico, and went all over the palace with them, chatting very pleasantly with them both. While the two kings were engaged in a long private conference, Mary Beatrice played at cards, with monsieur for her partner, against the duchesses of Epéron and Ventadour. In the evening, they all went to see the ballet, where her majesty was seated, as before, between her husband and Louis XIV. She was attended by the countess of Sussex, lady Sophia Bulkeley,² and madame de Montecuculi, her ladies in waiting. Madame de Maintenon was also in the tribune, with several French ladies of high rank.

The formal pleasures of the French court had no power to cheer hearts that were full of anxious thoughts of England. James had addressed a manifesto, on the 4th of January, to his lords, spiritual and temporal, and his subjects in general, claiming their allegiance, stating at full the causes that compelled him to withdraw from the personal restraint under which he had been placed by the Dutch guards; he expressed his desire to return for the purpose of assembling a free parliament for the redress of all grievances. Instead of a free parliament, ninety-five peers, taking the legislative power into their hands, empowered the prince of Orange to assemble a convention, composed of persons who had been members of parliament in Charles II.'s reign, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and fifty common-councilmen of the city of London, to settle the government. The archbishop of Canterbury refused to assist in the deliberations of an illegally constituted assembly, supported by a foreign army; the greater number of the bishops adhered to their oaths of allegiance to James. A majority of two voices only, in the house of peers, confirmed the vote of the convention, that the throne was vacant, in consequence of James's flight to France. On the 6th of February, it was decided, by a majority of twenty, that the prince and princess of Orange should be proclaimed king and queen.³

The smallness of the majority by which this measure was carried, proves how closely the parties were balanced. Eight prelates, with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, including five of the seven, who had, in commemoration of their resistance to James and imprisonment in the Tower, been called the seven pillars of the church, preferred the loss of their bishoprics to transferring their allegiance to the new sove-

¹ Sévigné. Dangeau.

² This lady was the sister of *La Belle Stuart*; she was married to Mr. Bulkeley, the brother of lord Bulkeley—a title now extinct.

³ Journals of the Lords. Burnet. Mackintosh.

reigns. Their example was followed by a third of the clergy; a movement and a change took place on that occasion in the church throughout England, in which the non-juring ministers occupied a position not dissimilar to those of the free church in Scotland in the present day. They forsook all, rather than violate their principles, and were reduced, with their families, to the greatest state of destitution.¹ In some instances, whole congregations adhered to the deprived minister. Party ran high in parishes, and even in families, on the subject of these divisions, and good Christians beheld with pain a breach in the unity of the church of England.

King James was, meantime, reminded by his viceroy Tyrconnel, that he was still the undisputed sovereign of Ireland; and in compliance with the urgent invitations of his subjects there, he determined to make his appearance in that realm; and, with the concurrence of the king of France, he began to make preparations for his expedition.

On the 20th of February, James lost a powerful friend by the sudden death of his niece, the queen of Spain,² who had been urgent with the king her husband, to render him assistance in his distress. Her decease plunged the courts of Versailles and St. Germain into grief and mourning. James prepared himself for his expedition to Ireland, rather in the spirit of a pilgrim devotee, than a warrior, by visiting the nunnery of Chaillot, where the heart of the late queen his mother was enshrined, and offering up his prayers for the repose of her soul. That convent was founded by Henrietta, and when a boy he had been accustomed to attend her thither, though at that time opposed, with all the vehemence of his enthusiastic temperament, to the doctrines of the church of Rome, and on very bad terms with his mother, in consequences of their differences of opinion; yet he told the lady abbess, that he had great pleasure in the recollections associated with his visits to Chaillot. He besought the prayers of the sisters for the success of his voyage, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the thought that his queen would often come there, during his absence, to perform her devotions.

At the request of Mary Beatrice, Louis XIV. had not only forgiven Lauzun, for all past offences, but elevated him to the rank of a duke, and king James, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered, in conducting the escape of the queen and prince, invested him, on the eve of his expedition to Ireland, with the order of the garter, in the church of Notre Dame. The collar and jewel of the order, which were very richly ornamented with diamonds, were the same that had belonged to Charles I., and which had been entrusted after his death, and the subsequent reign of terror, to the care of honest Isaac Walton, who faithfully returned them to Charles II.

Lauzun was one of the hundred noble French gentlemen who volun

¹ Life and Works of Bishop Kenn.

² This princess was the eldest daughter of Henrietta of England and Philip duke of Orleans; she inherited the wit, beauty, and fascination of her mother, she was only six-and-twenty, and her death was attributed to poison, administered by the emissaries of a party jealous of her unbounded influence over the mind of her weak, sickly husband, Charles II. of Spain.—St. Simon. Sévigné.

teered their services to king James on this occasion. James's force consisted of two thousand five hundred English and Scotch emigrants; his funds, of four hundred thousand crowns—a loan from the French monarch. Louis supplied him with vessels, and offered to assist him with troops. James's reluctance to employ foreign soldiers was still insuperable, and he replied, "I will recover my own dominions with my own subjects, or perish in the attempt."¹ Like many a lofty spirit, he was compelled to bend to circumstances, without achieving his object. Louis had provided equipages, camp beds, and toilet furniture of a magnificent description, for the use of the royal adventurer; at parting, he unbuckled his sword, and presented it, telling him he hoped it would prove fortunate.² The French courtiers, who delighted in anything resembling a scene, were greatly excited with this romantic incident, and talked much of Hector, Amadis and Orondates. The farewell compliment of Louis to his royal guest was blunt, but spoken in the spirit of true kindness. "The best wish that I can offer to your majesty," said he, "is that I may never see you again."³

The separation between Mary Beatrice and her lord was of a heart-rending character. They parted as lovers who expected to meet no more on earth. Every one felt for the uncontrollable anguish of the queen, her adieus were interrupted with tears, with cries, and swoonings. She withdrew the same day, February 28th, from the palace of St. Germain, with her infant boy, into the deep retirement of the convent at Poissy, with the intention of passing the whole of her time in tears and prayers for the safety of her ill-fated lord. The catastrophe that befel the king's favourite valet, who was drowned at Pont de Cé, was considered ominous; the vessel in which he had embarked with his majesty's luggage being lost, with all the costly presents bestowed by Louis XIV. James travelled overland in his coach, having with him his son the duke of Berwick, and the earls of Powis, Dumbarton, and Melfort, and Thomas Stuart. He crossed the Fauxbourgs of Paris, reached Orleans the same night, and took the route through Bretagne. At Roche Bernard, the duke de Chaulnes received the exiled monarch with great state, and would have conducted him to a bed-chamber, to repose himself; but James said, "I only want something to eat." They had provided him a splendid supper, entirely of fish.

He embarked at Brest on the 6th or 7th of March, and landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, on the 12th. He was received with acclamations. His viceroy, Tyrconnel, had got together an army of forty thousand men, but chiefly made up of half-naked unarmed peasants, ready to fight, but having neither arms nor military discipline. James entered Dublin, in triumph, and opened his parliament with declarations of religious liberty to all persuasions. Dundee and Balcarres urged him to come to Scotland, "where the Highland chiefs were eager for his presence, and hosts of shepherds would start up warriors at the first wave of his banner on the mountain tops;" and he was entreated by a strong party of faithful

¹ Sir James Mackintosh.

² Dairymple. Dangeau. Sévigné.

³ Madame de Sévigné.

friends and repentant foes to hasten to England without further delay.¹ Even those subtle deep-seeing foxes of the revolution, Halifax and Danby, assured Sir John Reresby, "that king James might be reinstated in less than four months, if he would only dismiss his priests." Some of the authors of the revolution began to make overtures to their old master, in the same spirit which sometimes leads members of the jockey club to hedge their bets when they see cause to suspect that they have ventured their money on a wrong horse.

The morning after the news of king James's landing in Ireland became public in London, it was discovered that some wag had written on the walls of Whitehall—"A great house to be let by St. John's day,"² intimating by this pasquinade that the present royal tenants of the palace would be compelled to vacate it before the mid-summer quarter. The proceedings of those tenants will be related in the life of queen Mary II., those of king James belong to general history, and can only be briefly alluded to occasionally, in elucidation of the personal history of his consort.

The king of France did not wish Mary Beatrice to bury herself in the seclusion of Poissy during the absence of her lord, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to tempt her to gayer scenes; but her heart was filled with too much anxiety, and all she seemed to live for was her child, and letters from James, or news of his proceedings. Louis promised to send especial couriers, whenever he received despatches, to convey the news to her as early as possible.³ From Poissy, the queen went for a few days to the convent of Chaillot. While there, she formed a spiritual friendship with the superior and several of the nuns of this community. Business recalled her majesty to her lonely court at St. Germain, from whence she addressed the following characteristic letter to the abbess of Chaillot. The original is written in French, and has never before been published in any form. Indeed, the whole of the voluminous correspondence between the consort of James II. and her cloistered friends at Chaillot, has been carefully hidden for a century and a half from every eye, first, in the archives of that convent, and, since its dissolution, in the Archives au Royaume de France:

"St. Germain, 28 April, 1689.

"The too great respect that you have for me, my dear mother, prevents you from writing to me, and the proper regard I have for you obliges me to write to you, for I take great pleasure in telling you, that ever since I left your holy cloister, I have wished to return thither. I believe, however, there is self-love in that, for, without deceit, I have not found any real repose since the king left me, but at Chaillot. It is seventeen days since I have heard any tidings from him, which greatly disquiets me, since I cannot give any credit to news that comes from any other quarter. I implore the charity of your good prayers, and those of all your community. I salute them with all my heart, and more especially my dear sisters, *La Deposée*,⁴ and the assistant. I would entreat them to offer for me one of their acts of simplicity and of humility, and you, my dear

¹ Dalrymple. *Life of James II.* Macpherson.

² Sévigné.

³ Dangeau. Sévigné.

⁴ This was the title borne by the ex-abbess, that office being elective at the convent of St. Marie de Chaillot.

mother, to offer, also, some portion of the numerous acts of virtue that you perform every day, for me, who am, from the bottom of my heart, your good friend,
 "M. R."

The concluding requests involve some of the vital differences of belief between Christians of the reformed church and those of the church of Rome; for however efficacious the prayers of holy men and women may be, it is contrary to Scripture warrant to believe that any person has good works to spare for others. The piety of Mary Beatrice became of a more spiritual and enlightened character as she advanced, through many sufferings on her Christian course. Very precious to the wounded spirit of the fallen queen of England were the sympathy and reverence which she received from the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her adversity, and the friendship that was commenced between her and some of the ladies of that community was only dissolved by death. She had her preferences among them; and the three who appeared to hold the first place in her regard were madame Catharine Angelique Priolo, madame Claire Angelique de Beauvais, and mademoiselle François Angelique de Mesme. Mary Beatrice often calls these ladies "her three Angeliques." She also mentions with great affection a sister whom she calls her dear little portress, and "the dear sister of Dunbarton," lady Henrietta Douglas, who took the name of Marie Paule at her profession. Many are the presents of fruit, cakes, confections, and vegetables, fish, and bread, that are acknowledged by her majesty in the course of her letters with expressions of gratitude, to the members of this community. In the postscript to this letter she speaks of the little offerings for her table that had been sent to her by her cloistered friends:

"I have eaten heartily at my dinner of your bread and salad, for which I thank you, but I forbid you to be at the trouble of sending more of it to me. I ought, at any rate, to send for it. I beg you to thank mademoiselle de la Motte for me, for the preserves she has sent me. They are very good, but too much to send at one time. I have promised lady Almond that this letter should answer for her as well as for me, for she does not know how to write in French." (This lady was an Italian.) "I believe," continues her majesty, archly, "that one of my letters will be a little more agreeable than those of her secretary."

"Adieu, my dear mother. I entreat St. Francis Xavier to hear the prayers that you will make to-morrow for me, to obtain for me of God either consolation or resignation.
 "M. R."

Superscribed, "To the rev. mother, superior of the daughters of St. Marie de Chaillot."

Endorsed, "First letter of the queen to the mother, received in 1689."

Mary Beatrice found it necessary, for the sake of her royal husband's interest, to propitiate the king of France by emerging from her tearful retirement, and appearing at some of the splendid fêtes and entertainments which he devised for her amusement. The solicitude that magnificent prince manifested for her comfort, and the many distinguishing marks of attention he showed her, were exaggerated into signs and tokens of a more lively regard than friendship. Madame de Maintenon became uneasy, and betrayed symptoms of jealousy. "Yet," observes our authority, "this suspected passion for the queen of England, had no other foundation than the sympathy and innocent attentions which the king

could not help offering to a princess, whose virtues were acknowledged by all the world, and which he would have admired in any one."¹ Mary Beatrice was, moreover, the adopted daughter of Louis, and his regard for her was a sentiment, not a passion; a sentiment which, in its refinement and generosity, forms one of the redeeming traits of his character. He treated her, it is true, with the homage which is always paid to a beautiful and intellectual woman in France, but it was her conjugal tenderness that excited his respect. "She was always a queen in her prosperity," said he, "but in her adversity she is an angel."²

The dauphin, who had a great esteem for Mary Beatrice, frequently came to see her; but the dauphiness, who was jealous of the higher title borne by the unfortunate queen, rarely visited her. One day the dauphin brought his little son, the duke of Burgundy, to St. Germain's, and the queen inquired of the dauphin if she ought not to give him a *fautcuil*; and the reply being in the affirmative, he was duly inducted into one of those important seats. Then came monsieur, madame, and their son, the duc de Chartres. They had *fautcuils*, but the young duke only a *pliant*. These absurd rags of ceremonials are always noted by the journalists of the time—even those who held the office of ministers of state—with as much gravity as if connected with the fate of empires. Weariness and vexation of spirit it was for the anxious consort of James II. to bestow the attention of an overburdened mind on such follies. Situated as she was, however, she was compelled to condescend to trifles, and to learn the hard lesson, to a lofty mind, of making herself everything to all the world.

The receipt of a letter from her absent lord, written during the favourable aspect of affairs which flattered him on his first arrival in Ireland, filled her heart with joy, which she hastened to communicate to her friends at Chaillot in the following animated note, written in great haste, and without distinctive date; but the allusion to the siege of Derry fixes it to May:

"St. Germain's, Tuesday matin.

"I was so much pressed with business and visits all yesterday, that I had not a single moment of time left me to give and impart my joy to my dear mother and her dear community, having received, while finishing my dinner, a very long letter from the king, of recent date, which assured me that he was in perfect health at Dublin, and that he expected every day the news of the taking of the town which is besieged (Derry). God be for ever praised, for that he has heard your prayers and those of your dear daughters, who, I doubt not, will return thanks to Him to-day, in concluding your *novena*. Do the best for me, my beloved mother, and believe me, by inclination as much as by gratitude, yours and your daughters,"

"M. R."

This letter has been carefully endorsed, subsequently, "Fourth letter, which must never be produced, because matters have not succeeded in Ireland."³

The early successes of king James in Ireland were rendered useless for want of money. He was compelled to raise the value of the currency in the first instance, and finally to ruin his cause by coining brass money to pass at the nominal value of silver. The expedient of bills

¹ Galerie de L'Ancien Cour.

² Sévigné

³ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in Archives au Royaume de France.

and bank notes had never been adopted by the Stuart monarchs as the cheap representatives of imaginary hundreds and thousands of pounds. Mary Beatrice, painfully aware of the exigency of her husband's circumstances, became an earnest suppliant for money to her royal friend, Louis; but Louis was neither able nor willing to lavish wholesale sums in the Irish war. He was ready to conduce to her domestic comforts on a magnificent scale, but his own extensive buildings at Versailles were yet to be paid for. He referred everything relative to public business to his ministers. To them the anxious queen next addressed herself; and at last her impassioned pleadings wrought on Seignelai to send a welcome, but inefficient, supply of money and arms to her royal husband. The first time her name is mentioned as connected with public business, is in reference to the assistance she gave to the destitute champions of king James's cause in Scotland, by pawning part of her jewels, and sending the proceeds to Dundee for the purchase of arms and ammunition.¹ "I was extremely surprised," writes that gallant chief to lord Melfort, "when I saw Mr. Drummond, the advocate, in a Highland habit, come up to Lochaber to me, and give account that the queen had sent 2000*l.* sterling to London, to be paid to me for the king's service, and that two more were coming. I did not think the queen had known anything of our affairs. I received a very obliging letter from her by Mr. Crain."² Dundee's letter is dated June 28th. The seasonable supply which Mary Beatrice had sent him, enabled him to make a vigorous and triumphant advance. He gathered the clans round the standard of king James, and, on the 18th of July, defeated king William's forces under Mackay, in the pass of Killcranky, and having taken the Dutch standard, fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory. With him fell the cause of king James in Scotland. The queen did her utmost to keep alive the interest of her royal husband, by writing to their old friends and acquaintances in Scotland, and sending over agents and busy intriguers, to nurse up plots for risings in his favour, in various parts of the ancient realm of the Stuarts.

At this epoch, Mary Beatrice assumes the unwonted character of a woman of business. James's ministers were astonished at her acute perceptions, sound sense, and application. "I confess,"³ writes lord Melfort to king James, "I never saw any one understand affairs better than the queen, and she has really gained so much esteem from the king here, and his ministers, that I am truly of opinion, that if it had not been for her, the wicked reports spread here had made your affairs go entirely wrong at the court. I dare not," continues his lordship, "enter to speak of the prince, for adding to this letter, only; I do protest, that he is the finest child I ever saw. God Almighty bless your majesty, the queen, and him, for your comfort; grant you the possession of your own, and that you may never have a worse servant than, &c.," meaning himself. A worse counsellor James never had: his letters, when intercepted, had a very bad influence on his royal master's cause, as they betrayed a

¹ Life of king James. Nairne's State Papers.

² Ibid.

³ Original Papers from the Nairne Collection in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

treacherous and vindictive temper. The queen, finding Melfort's presence mischievous at St. Germain, got rid of him as handsomely as she could, by sending him to compliment the new pope, and to endeavour to obtain money for the exigencies of the Stuart cause, from him. His holiness expressed great sympathy, but protested his inability to assist her majesty with anything but his prayers. Her ambassador, though a catholic, did not appear to consider these of any particular value.¹

Meantime, the queen was indefatigable in her exertions for the advancement of her husband's interest in the court of France. Sometimes she was cheered with flattering tidings of successes in Ireland. On the last day of the year 1689, she writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, in a perfect ecstasy:

"It is always on a Saturday, my dear mother, that I have news of the king. I believe that my dear daughters of Sion may already begin to sing their canticles of praise to the Most High, whose puissant arm, without the aid of human means, has almost entirely destroyed our enemies."²

Her majesty goes on to express her hope, that the king would soon be master of Ireland; and asks, in conclusion, the continuation of the prayers of the holy sisters of Chaillot. This letter, like all on that subject, is endorsed: "On the good successes in the war in Ireland, which had no foundation, therefore this letter must never be shown." Little did the cautious recluse, to whom they were addressed, imagine the possibility of the concatenation of circumstances which has rendered this jealously hoarded correspondence available material for the biography of the royal writer.

When Mary Beatrice first used to make her visits to this convent, the abbess insisted on treating her with the ceremonies due to royalty, and made her dine in her state apartment; but, early in the year, 1690, the queen expressed her positive determination not to avail herself of these marks of respect, in the following letter to the superior:

"I thank you, my dearest mother, for the offer you have made me, of giving me a dinner in your chamber of assembly, but I cannot be satisfied with that. I wish to eat in the refectory with you and the others, and I pray you to expect me on Tuesday at eleven o'clock, supposing this to be a fast-day. I propose to depart from hence at eight o'clock in the morning, and to be at matins at ten o'clock, in the church of our good fathers. I beg you to have them informed of it. I had already ordained the duty to Riva, to bring you the provisions for dinner on Tuesday, as I am persuaded that my sister, Marie Françoise, will prepare it with much pleasure, since there will be a portion for me, which I charge her to make similar to the others, without form or ceremony.

"Adieu, my dearest mother, adieu to all our sisters. I have pleasure in thinking that I shall soon be, for some hours, at Chaillot. I have great need of such a solace, for since I left you I have had repose neither in body or in mind."³

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her absent lord, at this exciting period, if they should ever be discovered, would, of course, surpass in interest any other portion of her correspondence. Her love for him was

¹ Ellis's Royal Letters.

² Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the Secret Archives an Roveume de France. Chaillot MS.

³ Ibid.

so absorbing a feeling, that it prompted her to write the most earnest entreaties to those about him to be careful of his personal safety; of this the following letter is an instance :—

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE EARL OF TYRCONNEL.¹

“St. Germain, April 5, 1690.

“This is my third letter since I heard from you, but I shall not make it a long one, for the bearer of it knows a great *deal* of my mind, or rather, of all the thoughts of my heart; for I was so o,erjoyed to meet with one I durst *speak* freely to, that I opened my heart to him, and sayd more then (than) I should like to do again in haste to any body. I therefor refer myself to him, to tell you all *wee* spoke of, for I have no secrets for you. One thing, only, I must say, to beg of you to have a care of the king, and not to *lett* him be so much encouraged by the good news he will hear, for I dread nothing at this time, but his going so fast into England, in a *maner* dangerous and uncertain for himself, and disadvantageous to those of our persuasion. I have writt an unreasonable long letter to him to tell him my mind, and have said much to lord Dover to say to him; for it is not probable that I shall ever have so safe an opportunity of writing again. Pray putt him (the king) often in mind of beeing careful of his person, if not for his own sake, for mine, my sonne's, and all our friends. that are undone if any thing amiss happens to him. I dare not let myself go upon this subject, I am so full of it. I know you love the king; I am sure you are my friend; and *therfor*, I need say the less to you; but cannot end my letter without telling you that I never in my life had a truer, nor a more sincere friendship for anybody than I have for you.

“M. R.”

The orthography of this letter is rather obsolete than illiterate; the queen has evidently studied the language of her adopted country, so far as to have overcome the difficulties of spelling its capricious words of treacherous sound, in which she succeeds better than most foreigners, and, indeed, many natives, of the same era. The epistles of her daughters-in-law, Mary princess of Orange, and the princess Anne, are not so well spelled, and the construction of those of the latter is infinitely inferior. Mary Beatrice, however, retains obstinately one peculiarity of a foreigner writing English, she always writes the first person *i*, instead of the capital *I*, that important egotism of our language, in which, to be sure, ours stands alone among those of Europe. The worthy collector from whose stores the above tender and feminine letter is quoted, seems to have read it with surprise, for he proceeds to express a generous indignation at the idea universally entertained of the unfortunate wife of James II. He observes, “that the character of this queen has been most unjustly described by historians; she is represented as devoid of almost every natural affection, of the meanest understanding, and of such defective education, as to be incapable of reading or writing.” Mary Beatrice corresponded fluently in Italian, French, and English, and she possessed sufficient knowledge of Latin, to read the Scriptures daily, in the vulgar. This practice she never omitted, however much she might be pressed for time. That she was excessively occupied at this period, may be perceived from the following letter, which she wrote to the superior

From Nethercliff's autograph fac-simile, from the original in the possession of lord de Clifford.

of Chaillot, to excuse herself from assisting at the profession of a novice, who had been desirous of receiving the white veil from her; she says—

“May 3.

“It is with much difficulty that I abstract this little moment to tell you that I was greatly annoyed at not being able to be with you last week, and that I will do all in my power to be there on Wednesday or Thursday, next week. In the meantime, I have ordered Riva to tell all the news that I have had from Ireland, and elsewhere, for I have not time to do it, having three expresses to despatch before I can be with you. I expect every moment another courier from Ireland, whom I know was at Brest since last Friday, and I cannot learn what has become of him.

“I shall be glad to be excused from the profession of the daughter of the holy sacrament, for when I am at Chaillot I do not seek to go out. I beg you to make my compliments to all our dear sisters, and, in particular to my dear sisters, the assistant and *La Deposée*. I am dying to be among you, and, in the meantime, I will try to unite my imperfect prayers with the holy ones that they offer to God, who is pleased to declare for us a thousand times more than we deserve.

“Adieu, my dearest mother: I am yours, from the depth of my heart.

“M. R.”

This letter is certainly written in a cheerful strain. Mary Beatrice had just succeeded in raising a large sum on some of her jewels, to send to the king, although a supply little proportioned to the greatness of his need. But she had prevailed on Seignelai, the French minister of marine, to equip and send a fleet into St. George's channel. This fleet drove William's admiral, Herbert, and his squadron out of Bantry Bay, and landed some military stores for king James. D'Avaux, the French minister in attendance on that prince, exultingly announced to him, that the French had defeated the English fleet. “It is for the first time, then,” retorted the royal seaman, with an irrepressible burst of national feeling.¹ His consort, however, could not refrain from rejoicing in the success of the expedition, which she had been the cause of sending to his assistance; and when Tourville, another French admiral, defeated the once invincible British fleet at Beachy head, on the 1st and 2d of July, she wrote a long and highly complimentary letter of congratulation to him. “If,” says she, “we are so fortunate as to return soon to our own country, I shall always consider that you were the first to open the way to it, for it was effectually shut against us before the success of this engagement, to which your good conduct has contributed so much. But if I do not deceive myself, it appears to me now to be completely open, provided the king could gain some little time in Ireland, which I hope he will, but I tremble with fear, lest the prince of Orange, who sees clearly that it is his interest so to do, should push the king and force him to give battle.”²

That fear was already realized. The letter of the apprehensive queen was written July 20; the battle of the Boyne had been fought on the 1st of that month. King James had chosen his post skilfully, but William's fine veteran, well-accounted troops doubled the numbers of that unfortunate monarch's rabble rout.³ It was impossible for the result to

¹ Dalrymple.

² Macpherson's Collection of Stuart Papers.

³ James's Journal.

be otherwise than a complete overthrow. Yet, strange to say, rumour brought the flattering news to Paris of a brilliant victory won by James, in which the prince of Orange, it was said, was slain. Great rejoicings and illuminations took place in consequence. This mistake only rendered the disastrous truth more agonizing to the consort of the luckless James. Tyrconnel has been greatly blamed for advising James to quit Ireland with such precipitancy; and this again has been imputed to his paying too much regard to the feelings of the queen, who was so apprehensive of the king's person, as to be in a constant state of agony about it. She had frequently begged him to have a special care of his majesty's safety. On the 27th of June, Tyrconnel unluckily received another passionate letter from her majesty, telling him "that he must not wonder at her repeated instances on that head, for unless he saw her heart, he could not imagine the torment she suffered on that account, and must always continue to do so, let things go as they would."¹ King James landed at Brest, July 20th, N. S., with his two sons, Berwick (who had performed prodigies of valour) and Henry Fitzjames, likewise Tyrconnel and lord Powis. From Brest he sent an express to his queen, to acquaint her with his arrival there, and his misfortune, telling her, at the same time, "that he was sensible he should be blamed for having hazarded a battle on such inequalities, but that he had no other post so advantageous, and was loth to have abandoned all without a stroke."²

Mary Beatrice, though she was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of the battle, was consoled by the news of her husband's safety, and she declared, in rather quaint terms, "that, after having broken her head with thinking, and her head with vexation, at the king's ruin and that of their faithful friends, without being herself in a condition to help them, she felt it as an unspeakable alleviation that the king was safe; for if she had heard of the loss of the battle before she knew of the king's arrival, she knew not what would have become of her; and though she confessed, that it was a dismal thing to see him so unhappy, as he was in France, yet, in spite of her reason, her heart was glad to see him there."³

James remained a few days on the coast of Brittany, for the purpose of sending arms, money, and provisions to the relief of the unfortunate gentlemen who continued to maintain the contest in Ireland, and also in Scotland. Mary Beatrice, after the death of Dundee, continued to keep up a correspondence with their Scottish friends, and had drawn sir James Montgomery and lord Ross into the league for king James, to whom she had sent 15,000*l*.⁴ Through the treachery of lord Ross, and some others engaged, the project ended in disappointment.

The meeting between Mary Beatrice and her lord, who had been absent from her eighteen long months, was inexpressibly tender. James

¹ Quoted in the Life of king James, from his Memoirs.

² *Ibid*.

³ *Ibid*. Her letter to Tyrconnel, August 13th, 1690.

⁴ Two of her letters to Montgomery, as it is supposed, connected with this plot are printed in the notes of the Melville Papers, edited by the Hon. William Leslie Melville, printed by the Bannatyne Club. This valuable volume contains the particulars of the plot, and its detection.

nad the happiness of finding his son, whom he had left an infant in the nurse's arms, grown a fine strong boy, full of health, life, and joy, able to run about anywhere, and to greet him by the name of father. The beauty and animation of the child pleased the French, and rendered him the darling of the British emigrants. A curious contemporary portrait of the son of James II. and Mary d'Esté, such as he was at that age, is still in existence at St. Germain's, being the relic of a family group, consisting originally of the exiled king and queen and their boy, which was probably painted after James's return from Ireland, and once decorated one of the state apartments of the château. The little prince is very beautiful, with large dark eyes, bright complexion, and a profusion of clustering curls. He is dressed in a red and green tartan frock, with a long waist, and a point-lace stomacher: and wears a sort of fanciful helmet cap of dark blue velvet, with a plume of black and blue feathers. This costume the queen certainly intended for a Highland dress. He holds a robin red-breast on his finger, on which he bestows a smiling regard. The elbow of that arm originally rested in the palm of his royal mother, while the king held him by the other hand; but the portrait of the prince was all that could be restored of this interesting painting, which was discovered by James Smith, esq., of St. Germain's, in a great state of dilapidation, among some rubbish in an out-house, near the château.

King James and his queen were far from considering the battle of the Boyne as a death-blow to the cause. They had, up to that moment, received ardent assurances of support from attached friends in England, and so many penitential overtures through their various agents, from persons who were disposed to forsake William and Mary, that James declares, "that his chief motive in quitting Ireland, was to arrange measures with Louis XIV. for landing in England."¹ Louis came to pay him a visit at St. Germain's, the day after his arrival there, but was too much dissatisfied with the result of the Irish expedition, to feel disposed to assist him in any new project. It was in vain that James told Louis that he was ready to go on board the fleet either with an army or without one, saying "that he was certain his own sailors would never fight against one under whom they had so often conquered." Louis put him off with a compliment, and James in the anguish of his heart exclaimed, "that he was born to be the sport of fortune."² All the members of the royal family came to pay him and the queen ceremonial visits on his return. To these her majesty alludes in a letter, evidently written at this painful epoch to her friend Angelique Priolo, the ex-abbess of Chaillot. This letter is deeply interesting, unveiling as it does the natural feelings of a mind impressed with the instability of earthly greatness, and formed for higher and better things than trimming the sails of a wrecked vessel that could float no more, in the vain hope of catching a favouring gale. She says:

"At St. Germain's, this Tuesday.

"It is certain, my dear mother, that I have had grand visits to make and to receive. I shall conclude these to-morrow with that of madame de Chartres, as

¹ Journal of king James. Ditto, Life.

Dairymple.

Versailles, and I hope that we shall then have a little repose together next week. In truth, I need it, both for soul and body. What you say of that repose in your last letter is admirable, but it seems to me that the more I seek for it the less I find it. It may be, perhaps, that I seek it with too much anxiety, or rather, that I search for it where it is not; yet, all the while, I am convinced that it is only to be found in God, and I do not appear even to wish to find it out of Him."¹

A little present of fruit, from the abbess and one of the ladies who boarded in the convent, is thus graciously acknowledged by her majesty:—

"I beg you to thank our mother and mademoiselle de la Motte, both on the part of the king and myself, for the excellent figs they have sent us. We have eaten of them at dinner, and shall again at supper, and to-morrow. Since your man is here, I will write to you by him. On Monday, I will come to your vespers and sermon, if it please God. I believe the king will also, and that he sleeps to-night at Paris. He goes to-morrow to Compeigne, and will not return till Saturday. I take pleasure in the thought that I shall pass all that time at Chaillot. I shall go one day to Paris, and I hope we shall not have to do much in paying visits of ceremony. One to the marechalle d'Humiere's will be inevitable.

"My son has a little colic, but I believe it will be nothing. We are all in good health, and I am wholly yours, my dear mother, with all my heart.

"A thousand regards, on my part, to our dear mother, and to all our sisters; above all to my little portress."

Endorsed—"To La Mère Déposée."²

King James joined his queen at Chaillot, and after attending service in that church, paid his compliments to the abbess. The queen told him how fervently the nuns had petitioned for the preservation of his person, during the late perils in which he had been engaged. James thanked the gentle sisterhood very courteously for their prayers, and in allusion to the disastrous termination of his expedition, meekly added, "It is right to submit to the decrees of God." Their majesties returned together to St. Germain. They were invited to spend some days with the French court at Fontainebleau, in October. The following particulars of their reception and visit from the journal of one of the gentlemen of the royal household of France, show the respect and affectionate attention with which they were treated by Louis XIV. "On the 11th of October, his majesty, after dinner, went to meet the king and queen of England, who were to arrive at six in the evening, by the avenue of the White Horse. The king met them at the Horse-shoe, where the dauphin was already in waiting for them. Louis took his royal guests into his own carriage, giving the queen the hand. When they reached the palace, he led her to the apartments of the queen-mother of France, where she found everything prepared for her reception, and there they passed the evening. The queen played at ombre and billiards with cardinal Fürstemburg and madame de Croissy."³

The next morning, all the great ladies of the French court went to the toilet of queen Mary Beatrice, and attended her to the chapel royal, where she knelt between the two kings, James on her right hand, and

¹ Edited autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume. Chaillot MSS

² Ibid

³ Dangeau's Journal.

Louis on her left. They were seated in the same manner at table, the dauphin, monsieur, madame, and all the princesses with them. The bad weather preventing them from going to the chase, Louis XIV. initiated his royal guests into the mysteries of the new round game of *paume*, no other than the hero of Nassau's favourite game of loo, which, among other Dutch pleasures, had recently become the rage at Whitehall. The French courtiers and their king chose to give it a name of their own devising, and then played at it with infinite zest. On the 13th, James and his consort offered to take their leave, but Louis would not permit it; he took them to a boar hunt on the 17th, and in the evening made them walk on the terrace of the grand apartments to see the stag roasted in the park, which he, and king James, and the dauphin had killed in the morning. This spectacle, seen by the light of flambeaux, was considered fine. The exiled king and queen departed on the 18th; the French king insisted on taking them in his own coach to the end of the forest of Chailly, followed by a cavalcade of other members of the royal family. The duchess of Orleans took the countess of Almonde, and lady Sophia Bulkeley, the queen's ladies in waiting, in her coach. When they reached the banks of the Seine, Louis assisted Mary Beatrice into her own carriage, and remained standing at the door till she drove off with king James and her two ladies.¹

In England, the deposed Poet Laureate Dryden endeavoured to serve the cause of his old master king James and his queen, by the following quaint Jacobite pastoral, which, under the title of the "Lady's Song," was one of the party notes at that exciting period; and, if not the best, was certainly one of the earliest specimens of that class of compositions which, for nearly a century, served to keep alive the memory of the royal Stuarts:—

A choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen;
But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while James is away.

While James and fair Mary are fled from our shore,
The graces are banished, and love is no more;
The soft God of pleasure in sadness retires,
He has broken his bow, and extinguished his fires,
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till James and fair Mary in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what our deity swore;
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheep-hooks, and take to your arms,
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When James and his son and fair Mary return."

Mr. Bulkeley, the husband of queen Mary Beatrice's faithful lady-in-waiting, lady Sophia Bulkeley, was actively engaged in England at this period, in attempting to draw some of the old servants of king James

¹ Dangeau's Journal.

into a confederacy for his restoration. Lord Godolphin looked ashamed when he encountered him, and inquired, with a desponding air, after the court of St. Germain. He had deserted the falling cause of James at the revolution, and paid his homage to the ascendant star of Orange, returned to his original politics, and accepted office under William. His attachment to the late queen, as Mary of Modena was now styled, crossed his new duties. He purchased the pleasure of receiving a few lines traced by her hand, signifying that she forgave him, by promising to betray the secrets of William and Mary. William intercepted a package of his letters, showed him the proofs of his treachery, generously forgave him, and continued to employ him. Godolphin could not resolve to give up the secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice. He rendered her no particular service, but flattered her with fair words, and soothed his self-love by keeping himself in her remembrance. He was aware that she would never make the sacrifice for him, which would have rendered him wholly and devotedly her servant to command in all things.

Marlborough was one of the double-minded politicians of the age, who now courted a reconciliation with the sovereign, whom he had deserted and betrayed. The wisdom of the unjust steward in the parable, was the leading principle among those who, after the revolution, were ostensibly the servants of William, and secretly the correspondents of James. A great deal of the correspondence was carried on through the queen. Sometimes Mary Beatrice is signified in the Jacobite letters of the period, as Mr. Wisely and Mrs. Whitely, occasionally, by a figure, or as Artle's spouse, James bearing the cognomen of Artle, among many other aliases. Godolphin is often called "the bale of goods,"—Marlborough, "the Hamburg merchant," or Armsworth. There are a great many of these letters in the French archives.

The cares and restless intrigues which occupied the exiled court at St. Germain, were occasionally varied by visits to Louis XIV., Versailles, Marli, and Fontainebleau, but they rarely went to Paris, except to pay their devotions in the churches there. The great delight of Mary Beatrice was when she could pass a day or two with her cloistered friends at Chaillot. Towards the close of the year 1691, she found herself, after an interval of four years, once more likely to become a mother. The king appeared to derive consolation for the loss of three crowns, in the satisfaction which he felt at this prospect, and he exerted the utmost vigilance to prevent the queen from encountering the slightest fatigue or excitement, that might risk a disappointment. So anxious was he on this point, that he actually interposed the authority of a king and husband, to prevent one of the devotional journeys to Chaillot in the last week of November, on which, her majesty and the catholic ladies of her household had set their hearts. Lady Sophia Bulkeley, who was deputed to make sundry excuses to the abbess of Chaillot, for her majesty, being unable to pay her promised visit to the convent, could not refrain from giving a broad hint of the true reason, though, in consequence of its being very early days, the matter was to be kept a profound secret. "Our incomparable queen," says she, "is constrained to follow the counsels of the wise, and not to risk taking the air, lest

the pain in her teeth should return. Her majesty finds herself now nearly well; but it becomes necessary for her to take all sorts of precautions to keep so. The king judges it proper, and he must be obeyed, that she should await here the arrival of the king of France to-morrow. These causes unite to deprive the queen and us of one of the greatest pleasures. I hope she will make up for it by preparing for us another *very agreeable*, in the meantime, that we may take in good heart the pains of too long an absence."

At this interesting point her majesty, who had, we may presume, peeped over her noble attendant's shoulder, and, perceiving that her ladyship was bent on divulging as much of the important secret as her droll French would permit, interrupted her for the purpose of telling it herself, and her faithful amanuensis concludes in these words: "I finish my letter to give place to a more worthy and more perfect pen. If you turn the paper you will be consoled."

The queen, who had been suffering much from inflammatory tooth-ache, and other ills incidental to her situation, and was always subject to great depression of spirits at such times, commences her letter rather in a tone of resignation than joy. She writes on the same sheet of paper:

"I am much mortified, my beloved mother, that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you as I had purposed, but it seems that, for some time, it has been God's pleasure to send me all sorts of mortifications. It is certain that I have had several of different kinds, even since I saw you; but what is there to be said to all this, if not, 'It is the Lord; let him do what is good in his sight.'

"It is necessary that I should explain to you lady Almond's letter (another of her ladies, who had been giving hints on the subject, it should seem), for it is impossible for me to have a secret from you; and I will tell you, that besides my inflammation, which has been very violent, and though abated, is not yet gone; and besides the visit of the king, which I must receive to-morrow, there is yet another reason that prevents me from coming to you. It is, that I have some suspicions of pregnancy, but as I have not yet any certainty of it, I do not like to have it mentioned. In a few days I shall know positively, and then I will inform you, that is, if it should be verified. Alas, my dear mother, what pain to be so many months without seeing you; but in that, as in all the rest, God is the master, and must do what he will. I entreat you not to speak of this little secret, unless it be to my sister. *La Déposée*. To all the others, give the reasons of the inflammation and the visit of the king. I hope to-morrow to make my devotions in spirit with you and your holy daughters, and I believe that I shall not have less interest in your prayers and theirs, absent, than if I could be present. My poor little Angelique will be much mortified. I assure you that I am very much, also."¹

This letter is dated November 20th, 1691. Her majesty's situation was publicly declared on the 7th of January, 1692. James addressed summonses to the peeresses, the lady mayoress of London, the wives of the sheriffs, and also to Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated accoucheur, as well as to the lords, inviting them to be present at the birth of the expected infant:

"That we may not be wanting to ourselves," says he, "now it hath pleased

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., begun by lady Sophia Bulkley and edited Chaillot MSS. in the Hotel Soubise, Paris.

Almighty God, the supporter of truth, to give us hopes of further issue, our dearest consort, the queen, drawing near her time. * * * We do therefore hereby signify our royal pleasure to you, that you may use all possible means to come with what convenient haste you may, the queen looking about the middle of May next (English account). And that you may have no scruple on our side, the most Christian king has given his consent to promise you, as we hereby do, that you shall have leave to come, and, the queen's labour over, to return with safety."

Everything, at this conjunction, appeared favourable to the hopes of the exiled court. Louis XIV. was making apparently effectual preparations, to assist James in the recovery of his crown, having received confident assurances that the army directed by Marlborough, and the fleet by Russell, would declare in favour of their old master. The princess Anne, who had sought a reconciliation with her father, answered for a part of the church; the steady adhesion of such men as Sancroft, Kenn, and 600 of the clergy, to their allegiance, was, in reality, a much more satisfactory pledge of the feelings of the church of England¹ to James, than any she could give. Letters and messages, full of professions of attachment, reached him or the queen, daily, from all parts of Great Britain. James determined to make another effort to regain his realm. The spirits of the queen fluctuated at this period. On the 19th of March she excused herself from assisting at the nuptials of Louis XIV.'s natural son, the duc de Maine, with mademoiselle Charolois, on account of her situation. "She had already," she said, "taken to her chamber, according to the ancient custom of the queens of England when near a confinement."² It is probable that she had no wish to be present at this bridal, for she subsequently made various devotional visits to religious houses and churches in the neighbourhood of St. Germain's, and even in Paris. On the 30th, the king of France and the dauphin attended one of the receptions in her bed-chamber at St. Germain's, on which occa-

¹ That eminent protestant divine, Dr. Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, was a staunch advocate for the recal of king James, as long as he thought it could be done without plunging the nation into the horrors of a civil war. Like many honest members of the church of England, he was disgusted at the mass of treachery and falsehood which had been employed by the authors of a revolution, necessary as a constitutional measure, but reflecting infinite disgrace on some of the parties concerned in it. Sherlock, in his famous letter to a member of the convention, indignantly exposes the political falsehood of the existence of a treaty between Louis XIV. and James for the destruction of the protestants. "There is," says he, "one thing more I would beg of you, that the story of a French league to cut protestant throats be well examined, for this did more to drive the king out of the nation than the prince's army; and if this should prove a sham, as some who pretend to know say it is, it seems to be at least half an argument to invite the king back again." The enemies of Sherlock afterwards turned all he had said in favour of his old master, which was not little, against himself, when he took the oaths to king William; but Sherlock was not called upon to resist the powers that be. As a churchman, he submitted to the change which a majority of the nation had ordained, well knowing that he had duties to perform of a higher nature than those of a political partisan. He was a bright and a shining light in the church of England, and she required such men to comfort her and support her apostolic character, when bereaved of bishops like Kenn, and others of the deprived clergy.

² Dangeau.

sion the princess of Conde presented the newly-married duchess de Maine to her majesty. A day or two afterwards, Mary Beatrice was attacked with a dangerous illness, in consequence of having remained too long kneeling in the chapel, and it was feared she would have to be bled. The king of France came in person to see her, and inquire after her health.¹ She recovered, but remained in the greatest depression of spirits, on account of the approaching departure of the king for the coast of Normandy, in order to join the expedition that was in preparation for his projected landing in England. Before he quitted St. Germain, James invested his boy, who had not yet completed his fourth year, with the order of the garter, and, leaving his sorrowful queen surrounded by a crowd of weeping ladies, departed, April 21st, for Caen, and from thence to La Hogue.² Unfortunate in everything, he waited four weeks in vain for a favourable wind to cross to England, and in the meantime, the Dutch fleet formed a junction with Russell in the Downs, and appeared on the coast of France. Russell, who was in correspondence with his old master, advised him to prevent a collision between the fleets. He was willing to let the squadron slip by, but, for the honour of England, he must not be defied. The unseasonable bravery of the French admiral, Tourville, provoked an encounter that ended in the destruction of the French fleet. James, who was a spectator of the battle, on witnessing the admirable effect of his own naval tactics against his allies, cried out, "Ha! have they got Pepys on board?" But when he saw the British seamen, from the boats, scrambling up the lofty sides of the French vessels, he exclaimed, in a transport of national and professional enthusiasm, "My brave English! My brave English! My brave English."³ The French officers warned him to retire, as he was in considerable danger, for the guns from the burning ships began to discharge their shot in all directions; and scarcely had he withdrawn, when they raked the spot where he had been standing, and killed several of the officers.

James obstinately lingered for three weeks at La Hogue, after he had witnessed the annihilation of his hopes. Nothing could rouse him from the lethargic stupor into which he had sunk; not even the repeated letters and messages from his anxious consort, who was in hourly expectation of her accouchement, and implored him to return to her. The melancholy depression of spirits in which the poor queen awaited that event, in the lonely chateau of St. Germain, unsupported by the presence of her husband, is touchingly described by her own pen, in a letter to her friend, the abess of Chaillot:—

"June 14, 1692.

"What shall I say to you, my beloved mother, or rather, what would not you say to me, if we could be one little quarter of an hour in each other's arms? I believe, however, that time would be entirely passed in tears and sighs, and that my eyes and my sobs would tell much more than my mouth; for, in truth, what is there, after all, that can be said by friendship in the state in which I am?"

After the first impassioned outpouring of the anguish and desolation with which the catastrophe at La Hogue had overwhelmed her, she en

¹ Dangeau.

² Ibid. Life of James.

³ Dalrymple.

deavours to resign herself to the will of God. An internal conviction that they were vainly struggling against an immutable decree, is thus mournfully confessed: "Oh, but the ways of God are far from our ways, and his thoughts are different from our thoughts. We perceive this clearly in our last calamity, and by the unforeseen, and almost supernatural mischances by which God has overthrown all our designs, and has appeared to declare himself so clearly against us for our overwhelming. What then," pursues the sorrowful queen, "can we say to this, my beloved mother; or rather, is it not better that we should say nothing—but, shutting the mouth, and bowing the head, to adore and to approve, *if we can*, all that God does; for he is the master of the universe, and it is very meet and right that all should be submitted to him. It is the Lord; he has done what was good in *his eyes*."¹ She goes on to acknowledge the difficulty she feels in performing the Christian duty she has described, in the following simple, touching words:—

"This, my dearest mother, is what I wish to say and do, and to this, I believe you have yourself encouraged me by your words, as you do by your letters, which are always so precious to me. But I say it, and I do it, with so bad a grace, and so much against my will, that I have no reason to hope that it can be agreeable to God. Aid me to do it better by your prayers, and encourage me constantly by your letters, till we have the happiness of embracing each other again."²

The dissection of a letter so deeply confidential is, certainly, rather like unfolding the secrets of a confessional. Little did the royal writer imagine that the various passions that agitated her mind as she penned it, would, one day, be laid open to the whole world. The tragic emotions of the fallen queen, and the elevation of the Christian heroine, are alike forgotten in the natural apprehensions of the weak, suffering woman, when she alludes to her situation at this distressing crisis. "I suffered much, both in body and mind, some days ago," she says, "but now I am better in both. I linger on, still, in continual expectation of the hour of my accouchement. It will come when God wills it. I tremble with the dread of it; but I wish much that it were over, so that I might cease to harass myself and every one else, any longer, with this suspense."³

Mary Beatrice had exceeded her reckoning nearly a month. If she had been brought to bed at the time specified by king James in his summons to the peers and peeresses, it would have been in the midst of the distress and consternation caused by the battle of La Hogue.

How deeply hurt the poor queen felt at the unaccountable perversity of her lord, in continuing to absent himself from her at this agitating crisis, may be perceived from the tone of unwonted bitterness with which she adverts to his conduct. "When I began my letter yesterday," she says, "I was in uncertainty what the king would do, and of the time when I might have the happiness of seeing him, for he has not yet chosen to retire from La Hogue, though he has had nothing to keep him there;

¹ Inedited letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14th, 1692 Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

and the state in which I am speaks for itself, to make him come to me.¹ In the meantime," continues her majesty, with increasing pique at James's strange insensibility to the importance of the impending event, and the necessity of making such arrangements as would render the birth of their expected infant a verification of the legitimacy of their son, "he would not resolve on anything, but he will find all well done, although it has cost me much to have it so, without his orders, which my lord Melfort came to bring us this morning. It seems that for the present, the king has nothing to do but to return hither, till they can take other measures. Your great king (Louis XIV.) has received my lord Melfort very well, and has spoken to him of us, and of our affairs, in the most obliging manner in the world, and has even written to me in answer to the letter I sent to him by milord Melfort. This is a comfort to me, and the hope of having the king with me at my delivery, consoles me much, for I believe he can be here by Saturday or Sunday next. Behold, my dear mother," continues the sorrowful queen, "a little statement of what has passed, and is passing in my poor heart. You know and can comprehend it better than I do myself; I pray you to embrace all our dear sisters, and to take leave of them for me, before my lying in, not knowing what may occur. I hope, however, that we may see each other again after the Assumption, if it please God." She adds, with almost childish simplicity, "Permit the poor Angelique to kiss your hand in the place of mine, as often as she wishes."² When the mighty are put down from their seats, it is well if the unbought, unpurchasable affection of the lowly and meek, who love them, not for their greatness, but for their misfortunes, can be appreciated at its real value.

James did not return to St. Germain's till the 21st of June.³ His recklessness of the confirmation it would have afforded to the imputations on the birth of their son, if the queen had been brought to bed while he was away, together with his strange disregard to her feelings, appear indicative of an unsound state of mind. A melancholy solution could, in all probability, have been given for the unexplained mystery of that month's absence.

When sir Charles Littleton, who had faithfully adhered to James in his misfortunes, told him how much ashamed he felt, that his son was with the prince of Orange, the royal father mournfully replied, "Alas, sir Charles! wherefore ashamed? are not my daughters with him?" An impression, that he was born to fulfil an adverse destiny, in which all who attempted to show him kindness would be ruinously involved, is avowed by James in the following letter which he addressed to Louis XIV. at this gloomy epoch. A letter, certainly not written in the spirit of a politician:

"My evil star has had an influence on the arms of your majesty always victorious but when fighting for me. I entreat you, therefore, to interest yourself

¹ Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Inedited letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14-15, 1692.

³ Life of king James, from Stuart Papers.

no more for a prince so unfortunate, but permit me to withdraw, with my family, to some corner of the world where I may cease to be an interruption to your majesty's wonted course of prosperity and glory."¹

Louis did not avail himself of the generous proposal of his desponding kinsman, to retire from France, and Heaven had still some blessings in store for the fallen king. On the 28th of June, Mary Beatrice gave birth to a daughter, at the palace of St. Germain, in the presence of all the princesses and great ladies of the court of France, except the dauphiness, who was in a dying state. All the English ladies, and noble followers of the exiled court, the chancellor of France, the president of the parliament of Paris, and the archbishop of Paris, and madame Meereroon, the wife of the Danish ambassador, were witnesses of the birth of the royal infant. Madame Meereroon was considered an important witness, because opposed to the interest of king James; but she could not help owning the absurdity of the aspersions that had been cast on the birth of his son.²

The morbid state of apathy in which king James had remained ever since the battle of La Hogue, yielded to softer emotions, when he beheld the new-born princess. He welcomed her with a burst of paternal affection, and bestowed the tenderest caresses upon her. When she was dressed, he presented her to the queen, with these touching words, "See what God has given us, to be our consolation in our exile."³ He called her "his comforter," because he said, "he had now one daughter, who had never sinned against him." He had confidently anticipated another son, but he declared himself abundantly grateful to Heaven for the precious gift of this girl. She was baptized, with great pomp, in the chapel-royal of St. Germain. Louis XIV. returned from the siege of Mons, in time to act in person as her sponsor; he and his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans, held her at the font, and gave her the name of Louisa Mary. The French ladies were astonished at seeing the little princess, who was then only a month old, dressed in robes of state, and with shoes and stockings on her tiny feet. The shoes and stockings worn by the royal neophyte were begged by the nuns of Chaillot, and were carefully preserved by them among the curiosities of their convent.⁴ Eighteen days before the birth of the princess Louisa, the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice completed his fourth year. Mary Beatrice assured the nuns of Chaillot "that she never saw the king, her husband, in a passion but once, and that was with their little son, on account of his manifesting some symptoms of childish terror when he was only four years old."⁵ Her maternal anxiety tended to foster timidity in the child, which James feared might prove inimical to his future destiny.

¹ Amédée Pichot's Historical Introduction to the Life of Charles Edward Stuart.

² *Ibid.*, and Life of James.

³ MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, Archives au Royaume de France.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

4. QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen's maternal happiness—Lansdowne verses in her praise—Queen visits Chaillot—Her conversations—Her historical reminiscences—Her visit of condolence at Versailles—Traits of character—Portraits—Her faithful followers at St. Germain—Her sympathy for their distress—Anecdotes of her husband—Of her children—Her note of her son's visit at St. Cyr—Her son's governesses—Her letter from Fontainebleau—Attention to her by Louis XIV.—Her dangerous illness—Mentioned in Marlborough's letter to James II.—Attachment of Mrs. Penn to her—Death of the queen's brother—Disputes on her inheritance—Devastation of her country—Her letter of intercession—Slights from Madame de Maintenon—Death of Mary II.—Queen's parting with her husband—Letters on his absence—Her grief for executions in England—Queen sponsor to princess of Orleans—Complains of Madame de Maintenon—Queen sells her jewels, relieves Jacobites—Letters praising her to electress Sophia—Disputes at Peace of Ryswick concerning queen's dower—Queen's incautious confidence—Queen presides at nuptials of Burgundy and Adelaide of Savoy—Refuses to part with her son to William III.—Queen's letters relating domestic incidents—Her dower granted by England—Appropriated by William III. to his own use—Dangerous illness of James II.—Queen nurses him—Her letters thereupon, &c. &c.

AN interval of repose, and even of domestic comfort, succeeded the birth of *La Consolatrice*, as James II. fondly called the child of his adversity. Mary Beatrice, though deprived of the pomp and power of royalty, and a queen only in name, was assuredly much happier in her shadowy court at St. Germain than she had been as a childless mother and neglected wife, amidst the joyless splendour of Whitehall. She was now blest with two of the loveliest and most promising children in the world, and possessed of the undivided affection of a husband, who was only the dearer to her for his misfortunes. Like the faithful ivy, she appeared to cling more fondly to the tempest-scathed oak, in its leafless ruins, than when in its majestic prime.

A very eloquent and deserved tribute to the virtues and conjugal tenderness of this princess was offered to her, in the days of her exile and adversity, by the accomplished earl of Lansdowne, in a poem, entitled, "The Progress of Beauty," in which, after complimenting the reigning belles of William and Mary's court, he adverts to the banished queen with a burst of generous feeling, which ought to have been far more gratifying to Mary d'Esté than all the homage that was paid to her in the

morning flower of her charms, when surrounded by the pride and pomp of royalty :—

“Be bold, be bold, my muse, nor fear to raise
Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise;
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight!
Princess, adored and loved, if verse can give
A deathless name, thine shall for ever live.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind;
To lie but at her feet more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on sceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?”

James himself frankly acknowledged that he had never known what true happiness was, till, rendered wise by many sorrows, he had learned fully to appreciate the virtues and self-devotion of his queen. He now regarded her not only with love, but veneration; and made it the principal business of his life to atone to her, by the tenderest attentions, for the pangs his former follies had inflicted on her sensitive heart. He knew that, possessed of her, he was an object of envy to his cousin, Louis XIV., and was accustomed to say that, like Jacob, he counted his sufferings for nothing, having such a support and companion in them.¹ Blest in this perfect union, the king and queen endeavoured to resign themselves to the will of God, whose hand they both recognised in their present reverse of fortune. The first time James visited the convent of Chaillot, after the battle of La Hogue, the abbess, Frances Angelica Priolo, condoled with him on the disastrous termination of his hopes, and lamented, “that God had not granted the prayers which they had offered up for his success.” The king making no reply, she fancied he had not heard her, and began to repeat what she had said in a louder voice.

“My mother,” interposed the fallen monarch gravely, “I heard you the first time you spoke. I made you no answer, because I would not contradict you; but you compel me to tell you, that I do not think you right, for it seems to me as if you thought that what you asked of God were better than he has done. All that God does is well done, and there is not anything well done but what he does.”²

The abbess next proceeded to make a comparison between him and St. Louis, when the great designs of that prince against the Saracens were overthrown. “Alas, my mother,” replied James, “do not compare me to that great saint. It is true, I resemble him in my misfortunes, but I am nothing like him in my works. He was always holy from his youth, but I have been a great sinner. I ought to look upon the afflictions which God has sent me, not as trials, but as the just chastisement of my faults.”³ The sentiments expressed by James on this occasion, in a letter to his friend, the bishop of Autun, are those of

¹ Continuator of James's Life, from Stuart Papers.

Contemporary Life of James, and Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot. Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot. Stuart Papers.

an humble and contrite heart. "God says he is pleased to show, from time to time, by great events, that it is He that does all, to make us the more sensible that it is by Him that kings do reign, and that he is the Lord of Hosts!" "No enterprise," continues James, "was ever better concocted than the projected landing in England, and never was anything more visibly shown than that it was not permitted by God; for, unless the winds had been contrary to us, and always favourable to our enemies, the descent had been made. We ought to submit, without murmuring, to all that happens to us, since we are assured that it is God's will it should be so."¹

On the 7th of September, 1692, Mary Beatrice paid one of her annual devotional visits to the convent of Chaillot, and remained there till the 10th, the anniversary commemoration of the foundress, queen Henrietta Maria, when king James, who had in the meantime made a retreat to the more lugubrious solitude of La Trappe, joined her, and they both assisted at the services for the repose of the soul of that queen. The archbishop of Diey said the mass; and after all the offices were ended, came to pay his compliments to their majesties in the state apartment. They had a long conversation on the state of religion in Dauphiny, which greatly inclined to the doctrine of Geneva. The archbishop informed their majesties, that in the city of Diey fourteen bishops abjured catholicism at once, and all the men in that town declared themselves Huguenots in one day. Their wives remained catholics ten years, and then followed the example of their husbands. "Diey," said he, "is one of the most ancient bishoprics in France; the walls of the town were built by Julius Cæsar, who named it the city of a hundred towers, there being that number round the wall, which I understand the enemy has demolished.² The queen lamented the destruction of so great a piece of antiquity. When the archbishop took his leave, the nuns were permitted to enter the queen's presence-chamber. Their majesties were seated on a sofa, the nuns ranged themselves round the room; but the queen requesting the abbess to permit them to sit, her reverence made a sign for them to seat themselves on the ground. The king and queen conversed pleasantly with them; and in reply to a question from the abbess about Charles II.'s death, Mary Beatrice related the particulars from beginning to end, with some assistance from her husband, who occasionally took up the word. One of the community wrote the whole narrative down exactly as it was related by their majesties. This curious and most interesting historic document is still in existence in the Archives du Royaume de France, entitled, "The Recital of the Death of his late Majesty, King Charles."³

In the course of the relation, Mary Beatrice frankly told her consort, before every one, that he would have done better if he had persuaded his brother to avow his religion, instead of resorting to so many little expedients about leaving the chamber. She thought deception, she said,

¹ Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot. Stuart Papers.

² Chaillot MS., Archives au Royaume.

³ Some of the information has been embodied in the eighth volume of the *Lives of the Queens*.

"very wrong at such a time, and on such a subject." The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of several ladies of quality, who wished to have the honour of paying their homage to the king and queen. Their majesties consented to receive them, and the community of nuns retired. The queen gave a second reception after the vespers, which was attended by the Orleans family, and others of the great ladies of France.

The earnestness with which the queen apologizes to the superior of the convent of Chaillot, for her carelessness in forgetting to give her some money, which she had promised to solicit from king James for a case of distress, is amusing. Her letter is only dated—

"At St. Germain, this Saturday.¹

"I do not know, my dear mother, whether you can pardon me the great fault which I committed the other day with regard to you. I know well that I can never pardon myself, and that I have some trouble in pardoning you for not having reminded me, when I was with you, to give you that which I had brought for you, and before I was as far as Versailles, I found it in my pocket. It is certain that I felt myself blush so much on discovering it, that if it had been day instead of night, my ladies would have been astonished at the change in my countenance; and it is also certain that I am truly annoyed with myself about it. I have told the king that I had forgotten, the other day, to give you his money for the alms that you had asked, and I have begged him to take it himself to-day, and to give it to you with my letter. He undertook to do it with all his heart, without questioning me upon it, and you, my dear mother, forget, if you can, a fault of memory, but not of the heart, assuredly."

Indorsed—"To the reverend mother superior of the Visitation de Chaillot."

The death of the Bavarian dauphiness, *La Grande Dauphine*, as she is called in the memoirs of the period, took place in the spring of 1693, after a lingering illness, during which Mary Beatrice frequently paid her sympathising visits, although the dauphiness had always looked upon her as a rival in the regard of Louis XIV., and was jealous of the ceremonial marks of respect that were paid to her, on account of her empty title of queen of England. After the funeral of this princess, Mary Beatrice came to Versailles, in her black mantle of state mourning, to pay her visits of condolence to the king, who received her in his great cabinet. There were present twenty ladies, who were allowed seats. She then visited the widowed dauphin and his children, and monsieur and madame.

The exiled king and queen had succeeded in carrying away a great many of the crown jewels, as well as those which were their own personal property. Among the precious things which they secured, was a casket full of rose nobles, coined during the reign of the sovereigns of the house of Lancaster. These had become very scarce, and a superstitious value was attached to them at that time in Europe, as it was believed that the gold, from which they were struck, had been the fruits of some successful alchemist's labours in transmuting inferior metals into gold. One of these Lancastrian coins was regarded as a valuable present by the ladies of the French court, and the queen was glad to increase her in-

¹ Inedited autograph letter of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

fluence by all the little courtesies in her power.¹ The jewels were parted with, one by one, in cases of extremity, and not till long after Mary Beatrice had despoiled herself of all her personal ornaments, of which few queens had a richer store, or less need.

Mary Beatrice sometimes accompanied her husband in his journeys to La Trappe, where he formed a friendship with the Abbe de Rancé, and, till his death, kept up a constant correspondence with him. The English reader will take little interest in the fact, that the devotion of this princess greatly edified even the strictest Trappists, yet her religion, though differing, in many points, from that mode of faith which the true protestant thinks most acceptable to Him who loves to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, was a vital and sustaining principle. A contemporary, who bears record of the consoling influence of religion on the heart of king James, says of his consort: "She has the same disengagement from things below. She looks upon those which are here called goods, but as flashes of light that pass away in a moment, which have neither solidity nor truth, but deceive those who set their hearts upon them."²

Mary Beatrice was now in her thirty-fifth year, but neither time nor sorrow had as yet impaired the personal graces which had been so lavishly bestowed upon her by nature. James, earl of Perth, when writing in terms of great commendation of the charming duchess of Arenberg to his sister, the countess of Errol, says, "She is one of the most beautiful and every way accomplished ladies I ever saw, except our queen, who deserves the preference for her merit of all I have known."³

The fine original portrait of Mary Beatrice, in the collection of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh, must have been painted about this period. The elevated coiffure there represented, was then the prevailing mode at the court of France, but far less becoming to the classical outline of the Italian princess than the floating ringlets of her more familiar portraits by Lely, or the Grecian fillet and string of pearls with which her hair is arranged, by Rottier, in her medals. When duchess of York, or queen of England, it was sufficient for her to consult her own exquisite taste in such matters, but in France she was compelled to submit to the tyranny of fashion. In conformity to this, her luxuriant tresses were turned up almost straight from her brow, and combed over a cushion, above which the back hair was arranged in a full wreath of curls, and brought sloping down each side the head. A most trying style to any face, adding an unnatural height to the forehead and a great stiffness to the general outline of the figure. Her dress in the original painting is of royal blue velvet, furred with miniver, the boddice fitting tight to the shape, and clasped with a jewelled stomacher, full sleeves looped with jewels and point-lace ruffles. The portrait, which is supposed to be a Rigaud, is an exquisite work of art. It was presented by the exiled

¹ Memoirs of the Marquise de Crequi.

² Circular Letter of the Convent of Chaillot on the Life and Death of James II., King of England.

³ Letters of James, earl of Perth, edited by W. Jordan; published by the Camden Society.

queen to her faithful friend, lady Strickland, together with a portrait of the princess Louisa, as the only rewards fortune had left in her power to bestow on that lady, after thirty years of devoted service, through every vicissitude. These royal gifts are heir-looms in the possession of the direct descendant of sir Thomas and lady Strickland, at Sizsargh castle, Westmoreland.¹

Another of the French portraits of the consort of James II., is in the royal historical gallery at Versailles. A crimson curtain in the background is drawn aside, and shows the parterre of St. Germaine, in the distance,—that palace, so interesting to English travellers, as the refuge of the last monarch of the royal Stuart dynasty and his faithful queen; and subsequently an asylum for their noble but ruined followers, was plundered of its valuable paintings and furniture at the French revolution, and has, within the last few years, been converted into a military penitentiary. The chateau remains externally nearly the same as when James II. and Mary Beatrice held their melancholy courts there, but the interior has suffered a desecrating change. The great presence-chamber, where the exiled king and queen entertained the grand monarch, the dauphin, and all the princes and princesses of the Orleans, Condé, and Conti lineage, is now converted into a tailor's atelier. Fauteuils, pliants, and tabourets, are no longer objects of angry contention there. The ignoble board, where the military needle-men are seated in the equality of shame, at their penal tasks, has superseded all those graduated scales of privileged accommodation for the full-grown children of high degree, in ancient France, who wearied the vexed spirit of a queen of England with their claims and absurd pretensions.

A portion of the private suite of the king and queen's apartments remain unaltered. King James's morning room or cabinet, with its dark green and gold panneling and richly carved cornice, presents a melancholy appearance of faded splendour. It opens with glass doors, upon the stately balcony that surrounds the chateau, and commands a charming and extensive prospect. It was here that the fallen king retired to read or write; this room communicated with the queen's bed-chamber by a private stair, and, indeed, with the whole of that wing of the palace, by a number of intricate passages which lie behind it. In one of the lobbies there is a small square window, which commands a view of the royal closet, so that any one ambushed there, might look down upon his majesty and watch all his proceedings. A pleasing tradition connected with this window was related to me by a noble lady, whose great-grandmother, Mrs. Plowden, was one of the ladies in the house—

¹ Madame Caylus, or her editor, has brought a most injurious and unfounded charge against lady Strickland, whose losses of property, banishment from home and country, and fidelity unto death, sufficiently disprove it. She expired in the Benedictine convent at Rouen, some months before the death of her royal mistress. Her single-hearted and kind disposition is apparent from her will, in which she leaves some trifle of personal property to all her relatives, and apologizes touchingly for her poverty, having so little to leave. If Madame Caylus's charge of treachery were true, why was lady Strickland's family deprived of the fine manor of Thornton Briggs, inherited from Catherine Neville, being the only landed property not secured from the grasp of William III.?

hold of queen Mary Beatrice. Mrs. Plowden's infant family lived with her in the palace of St. Germain, and she sometimes found it necessary, by way of punishment, to shut up her little daughter, Mary, a pretty spoiled child of four years old, in the lobby leading from her own apartment to the queen's backstairs, but the young lady always obtained her release by climbing to the little window that looked down into the king's closet, and tapping at the glass till she had attracted his attention. Then, showing her weeping face, and, clasping her hands in an attitude of earnest entreaty, she would cry, in a sorrowful tone, "Ah sire, send for me!" James, unless deeply engaged in business of importance, always complied with the request of the tearful petitioner, for he was very fond of children; and when Mrs. Plowden next entered the royal presence with the queen, she was sure to find her small captive closeted with his majesty, sitting at his feet, or sometimes on his knee. At last, she said to the king, "I know not how it happens, but whenever my little girl is naughty, and I shut her up in the lobby, your majesty does her the honour of sending for her into your closet." James laughed heartily, and pointing to the window above, explained the mystery.

It was fortunate that James and his queen were fond of children, and indulgent to them, for their royal abode at St. Germain was full of the young families of their noble attendants, who having forsaken houses and lands for their sake, had now no other home. There were little Middletons, Hays, Dillons, Bourkes, Stricklands, Plowdens, Staffords, Sheldons, and many of the children of their protestant followers, also, who might be seen sporting together in the parterres, in excellent good fellowship, or forming a mimic court and body-guard for the little prince, whose playmates they were, and the sharers of his infantile pleasures. These juvenile Jacobites were objects of the tenderest interest to the exiled king and queen, who, when they went to promenade on the terrace, were always surrounded by them, and appeared like the parents of a very numerous progeny. The chateau, indeed, resembled an overcrowded bee-hive, only that the young swarms were fondly cherished instead of being driven forth into the world.

Other emigrants there were for whom the king and queen could do but little in proportion to their wants. The town of St. Germain and its vicinity were filled with Scotch, English, and Irish Jacobite families, who had sacrificed everything in their fruitless efforts for the restoration of king James, and were, for the most part, in a state of utter destitution. The patience with which they bore the sufferings they had incurred for his sake, pierced the heart of that unfortunate prince with the most poignant grief. Both he and Mary Beatrice imposed rigorous self-denial on themselves in order to administer to the wants of those families. "King James used to call, from time to time, into his cabinet some of these indigent persons, of all ranks, who were too modest to apply to him for aid, and distributed to them, folded up in small pieces of paper, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pistoles, more or less, according to the merit, the quality, or the exigency of each."¹

¹ Nairne's Recollections of James II., in Macpherson's Stuart Papers

The little prince and his sister, as soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, devoted all their pocket money to their relief. The princess, from a very tender age, paid for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, protestants as well as catholics, and nothing could induce her to diminish her little fund, by the purchase of toys for herself! Her natural vivacity was softened and subdued by the scenes of sorrow and distress, amidst which she was born and reared, and while yet an infant in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood. Both in person and disposition there was a great resemblance between her and the queen her mother, with this difference, that she was of a more energetic character. She had quick talents and ready wit. Her state-governess was the countess of Middleton, to whom she was greatly attached, but her love for her parents and her brother amounted almost to passion.

Mary Beatrice fully participated in the pain which it cost the unfortunate James to disband the household troops, composed of the noble-minded and devoted gentlemen who, with unavailing loyalty, had attached themselves to his ruined fortunes, and were starving in a foreign land for his sake. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priola, she feelingly alludes to this measure, which was dictated to the fallen majesty of England by the then arbiter of his destiny, Louis XIV. "Yesterday," says the consort of king James, "we went to Versailles. At present, I can inform you, that we are in good health, God be thanked! It is long since I have seen the king look so well, but his kind heart, as well as mine, has suffered much for some days from this desolating reform that awaits us, and which we have endeavoured to prepare for during the last few months; it has at length begun among our poor troops. I can assure you, with truth, that the desperate condition of these poor people, touches us far more keenly than our own calamities. At the same time I must tell you, that we are perfectly satisfied with the king (Louis XIV.), as we have good grounds to be, for he spoke to us yesterday with much kindness about it, and convinced us that if it had not been for the consideration he has for us, and the desire he has to please us, he should not have kept a fourth part of those whom he has retained, and whom he will keep well for love of us. I will enter into all the details of this when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be in a fortnight, if it please God. In the mean time, I beg you not to speak of this affair, for it is not yet public, but it soon will."

"Pray much for us, my dear mother," continues the fallen queen, "for in truth we need it much: I never cease to pray for you as for myself, to the end that God would make his grace abound in the replenishing our hearts with his sacred love, and if we should be so happy as to obtain this of him, we may be indifferent to everything else, and even satisfied with all we have lost, so that we possess him." A pious Latin aspiration from the Psalms, concludes this letter, which is merely signed with the initial "M." A few devotional sentences, in a child's text-hand, were

¹ Chaillot MS., Archives au Royaume de France.

originally enclosed, which the fond mother explains to her friend in the following postscript :—

"Here is a prayer from the hand of my son, which seems written well enough to be sent to you. I believe that my dear mother will be glad to have something in her hands which comes from those of that dear child."¹

Deeply interested of course were the sisters of Chaillot in the son of their royal patron and patroness, the exiled king and queen of England. The singular beauty and amiable disposition of this child, his docility and precocious piety, rendered him an attractive visitor to the ladies of St. Cyr, as well as those of Chaillot. "I will send my son when you wish," writes the queen to the abbess of Chaillot, at a time when that lady was on a visit to the superior of St. Cyr. "Send me word, if you think that he will annoy Madame de Maintenon, for in that case I will send him while she is on her journey. If not, I will send him one day next week."²

In the course of the desolating reform, as Mary Beatrice had emphatically termed the reduction of the military establishment of her unfortunate lord at St. Germain, a touching scene took place between king James and the remnant of the brave followers of Dundee, which is thus related by Dalrymple :—

"They consisted of 150 officers, all of honourable birth, attached to their chieftains, and each other, and glorying in their political principles. Finding themselves a load upon the late king, whose finances could scarcely suffice for the helpless who hung on him, they petitioned that prince for leave to form themselves into a company of private sentinels, asking no other favour but to be permitted to choose their own officers; James assented. They repaired to St. Germain to be reviewed by him before they were incorporated with the French army. A few days after they came, they dressed themselves in accoutrements borrowed of a French regiment, and drew up in order in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase. He asked who they were, and was surprised to find they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their ranks, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to his palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along their ranks, and wrote in his pocket-book with his own hand every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular, then removing to the front, bowed to the body with his hat off. After he had gone away, he returned, bowed to them again, and burst into a passion of tears. The regiment kneeled, bent their heads and eyes steadfast on the ground, and then rose and passed him with the usual honours of war."

The parting speech which James addressed to them concludes with these words :—

"Should it be the will of God ever to restore me to my throne, it would be impossible for me ever to forget your sufferings. There is no rank in my armies

¹ Inedited autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

to which you might not pretend. As to the prince, my son, he is of your own blood; he is already susceptible of every impression. Brought up among you, he can never forget your merit. I have taken care that you shall be provided with money, and with shoes and stockings. Fear God, love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and be assured that you will find in me always a parent, as well as a king."

One of these gallant gentlemen, captain Ogilvie, was the author of one of the first and most touching of the Scottish Jacobite songs:—

"It was a' for our rightful king,¹
We left fair Scotia's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear!
We e'er saw Irish land.

"Now a' is done that man could do,
And all is done in vain,
My love, my native land, adieu,
For I must cross the main, my dear!
For I must cross the main.

"He turned him round and right about,
Upon the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,

With, adieu for ever more, my love!
Adieu for ever more!

"The soldier fra the war returns,
The merchant fra the main;
But I ha'e parted fra' my love,
And ne'er to meet again, my dear!
And ne'er to meet again!

"When day is gane and night is come,
And all are boun' to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The livelang night, and weep, my
dear!

The livelang night, and weep!"

The conduct of this new Scotch brigade, both in Spain and Germany, excited the admiration of all the French army, and, as related by Dalrymple,² forms one of the fairest pages in the history of modern chivalry. A charming trait of the son of James II. and Mary of Modena, in connection with some of these unfortunate gentlemen,³ verified the truth of that monarch's assertion, "that the prince was already susceptible of every impression," and also, that he had been early imbued by his parents with a tender sympathy for the sufferings of their faithful friends. Fourteen of the Scotch brigade, unable to bear the hardships of the life of common soldiers, returned to St. Germain's to thank king James for having written to their commander to obtain their discharge, and permission for them to return to Scotland, or in case they chose to remain in France, promising to pension them out of his personal savings. James received them with the kindness and affection their attachment had merited. Four of the number, who were too much impaired in constitution to return home, continued at St. Germain's. One day, when listlessly strolling near the iron palisades of the palace, they saw a boy of six years old about to get into a coach emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; this child was the son of the exiled king and queen, the disinherited prince of Wales, who was going to join the promenade of the French court at Marli. He recognised the unfortunate emigrants, and instead of entering the carriage, made a sign for them to approach. They advanced respectfully, and spontaneously offered the

¹ Captain Ogilvie, of the family of Inverquarary, was the author of this pathetic lyric. He served king James at the Boyne, and was one of the brave Scottish exiles who fell at the battle of the Rhine. Only four of these followers of the banished king were Roman-catholics; the rest belonged to the reformed church episcopalian of Scotland. Many of them had been bred as divines.

² *Memoirs of Great Britain.*

³ Amédée Pichot.

mark of homage, which, according to the customs of the times, was always paid to persons of royal rank, by kneeling and kissing his hands, which they bathed with their tears. The princely boy graciously raised them, and with that touching sensibility which is often prematurely developed by early misfortunes, expressed his grateful appreciation of their loyalty. He told them "that he had often heard of their valour, and that it made him proud, and that he had wept for their misfortunes as much as he had done for those of his own parents; but he hoped a day would come that would convince them that they had not made such great sacrifices for ungrateful princes."¹

He concluded by presenting them with his little purse, containing ten or twelve pistoles, and requesting them to drink the king's health. Both words and action were evidently unprompted, and from his own free impulse. The boy had been virtuously trained; indeed, it was subsequently seriously lamented, by the Jacobites, "that the queen, his mother, had brought the prince up more for heaven than earth." Gold too highly refined, is not fit for common use, and requires a certain portion of alloy to make it bear the stamp which gives it currency.

At the untimely death of his first state-governess, the marchioness of Powis, in 1691, Mary Beatrice had expressed an earnest wish that she could have the countess of Errol, the widow of the hereditary grand-constable of Scotland, to supply the place of that lamented lady, as she considered her the fittest woman in all the world to have the charge of her son. Just at the moment when the queen's anxiety was at its height, the countess, having received an intimation of her majesty's wish for her services, made her escape from Scotland, and presented herself at St. Germain's, and received the appointment, but retained it little better than two years. In October, 1693, we find the following notice in *Dangeau*. "The queen of England has learned with much grief the death of the countess of Errol, the governess of the prince of Wales, a place which she considered it difficult to supply in France." He appears to have remained from that time entirely under the care of lady Strickland.

Almost the only local memorial remaining at St. Germain's of the interest formerly felt in that town for the son of Mary d'Esté and James II., is the sign of the ancient Jacobite hotel, "*Le Prince de Galles*," which has every appearance of being a contemporary relic of the Stuart court. It has a portrait of the chevalier St. George on either side, coarsely enamelled on metal in enduring colours, representing that unfortunate prince at two distinct periods of his boyhood, and in different costumes. On one side he is delineated as a smiling round-faced child of seven or eight years old, with flowing ringlets, and royally robed in a vest and mantle of cloth of gold. In the other he is about thirteen, tall and slender, arrayed in a cuirass and point-lace cravat—his natural ringlets carefully arranged in the form of a periwig, and tied together with a blue ribbon. In both portraits he is decorated with the order of the Garter. The late proprietor of the "*Prince de Galles*" was offered

¹ Amédée Pichot.

and refused a thousand francs for this curious old sign, and declared that he would not part with it for any price. When a miniature of this prince was shown to pope Innocent XII., the old man, though anything but a friend to James and Mary Beatrice, was so charmed with the representation of their child, that he kissed it, and said, "he would fain hope to see the restoration of that angel to his just right." The earl of Perth, by whom this little incident is recorded, says, "this picture was brought to Rome by father Mar, and that it was accounted very like the young prince, and," continues he, "I really believe it, for one sees of the king and queen both in it; he is wonderfully handsome."¹

The exiled king and queen of England were invited to the bridal fête of their young relative, mademoiselle D'Orleans, with the duke of Lorraine. On this occasion, the queen writes rather a lively letter from Fontainebleau, giving her cloistered friend at Chaillot, a little account of the manner in which her consort and herself were passing their time in the gay and magnificent court of the *grand monarque*.

"Fontainebleau, 17th October.

"According to my promise, my dear mother, I send you my news of this place, which is good, God be thanked, as far as regards health, although the life I lead here is very different from that at St. Germain. I have been already four times to the chase, and we have beautiful weather. The king (Louis XIV.), according to his wont, loads us with benefits and a thousand marks of friendship. Of this we are not the less sensible because we are accustomed to it from him. On the contrary, at every fresh proof, we are penetrated with more lively feelings of gratitude. Our departure is delayed till next Friday; that of the duchess of Lorraine has rendered us all very sad.* She was so much afflicted herself that one could not look at her without weeping. Monsieur and madame were, and still are, full of compassion at seeing it. They did not return here till yesterday evening. The young bride preserved a demeanour throughout that has charmed all the world, and me in particular, who have always loved, and now esteem her more than ever. I have seen madame de M—— twice. She has been indisposed, but at present she is better. I entered yesterday with her on the chapter of Chaillot very naturally. I told her what I had resolved with you, and many other things. She told me that she had represented to the king the state of your house. If, however, you would not be flattered, it is necessary that I should tell you that I do not believe that you will gain anything by that at present, for a reason I will tell you when I see you. I am in doubt whether I should speak to her; I have no great inclination, for, in truth, I am ashamed of her, and for myself, that I had not power to obtain anything. I do not seem to have anything to reproach myself with on this matter, seeing that I did all, and will do all I can think of, to render you a little service."²

There was a grand review in the plain of Houille, of the French and Swiss guards, at which James and his queen were present. As soon as they arrived on the ground, the king of France made queen Mary Beatrice come into his coach, in which mademoiselle and his daughter-in-

¹ Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jordan, Esq., printed by the Camden Society.

* She was the daughter of the duke of Orleans, by his second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, and the great-granddaughter of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia; therefore doubly related to James II. She proved a firm friend to his son.

² Inedited autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in Archives au Royaume de France.

law, the duchess of Maine, were already seated. Louis was ever and anon at the door of the carriage, to do the honours of the review to her, and took much trouble in explaining to her the evolutions of the troops. The prince-royal of Denmark was also at this review, and was treated with great attention. James and his queen met this prince at all the balls, hunts, and other amusements, with amity, notwithstanding his close relationship to prince George. They were both at the royal hunt, on the 20th of February, where the prince was very much astonished at the grand huntsman, the duke de Rochefoulcault, giving the baton to the king of England—a compliment only paid to the princes of the blood royal of France, but always to king James.

Neither James nor his consort were forgotten, meantime, in England, where the enormous taxes of William's war-government, together with his exclusive Dutch patronage, and other grievances, caused many to recur with regretful feelings to "the king over the water," as they significantly styled the deposed sovereign. The following enigmatical song, entitled "Three healths," was sung at convivial meetings, by the Jacobite partisans, at this period, both in country and town:

THREE HEALTHS.

A JACOBITE SONG.

- "To ane king and no king, ane *uncle* and father,
To him that's all these, yet allowed to be neither;
Come, rank round about, and hurra to our standard,
If you'll know what I mean, here's a health to our landlord¹
- "To ane queen and no queen, ane *aunt* and no mother,
Come, boys, let us cheerfully drink off another;
And now to be honest, we'll stick by our faith,
And stand by our landlord as long as we've breath.
- "To ane prince and no prince, ane son and no bastard,
Beshrew them that say it! a lie that is fostered!
God bless them all three, we'll conclude with this one,
It's a health to our landlord, his wife, and his son.
- "To our monarch's return one more we'll advance,
We've a king that's in Flanders, another in France;
Then about with the health, let him come, let him come, then
Send the one into England, and both are at home then."¹

Towards the close of the year 1693, Mary Beatrice suffered excessively from the attacks of that very painful and dangerous malady, gall-stones, and this complaint continued to harass her, from time to time, for the rest of her life. Sometimes the pain was so acute, that she could not bear the motion of a carriage. In the month of December, in that year, she begins a letter to her friend, madame Priolo, to explain the necessity of her remaining quietly at St. Germain's, instead of coming to the convent as she had intended, in these words:

¹ This is one of the oldest Jacobite songs, and is from the collection of sir Walter Scott. It was written during the life of James II., and alludes to Mary of Modena and her son. The epigrammatic turn of the last verse is admirable. The epithets, uncle and aunt, allude to the relationship of the exiled king and queen to William III.

"Man purposes and God disposes. You used to say this every day, my beloved sister, and I prove the truth of it at present, seeing I am compelled to remain here to pass this great feast, instead of going to Chaillot to celebrate it with our dear sisters, as I proposed with much pleasure to do. But I must have patience, since there is no help for it; for although I am not suffering now the great agonies I have suffered, I have still some lesser ones."¹

She then goes on to explain her symptoms, and says her physicians had forbidden her to undertake the journey to Chaillot at present.

The year 1694 commenced with a strong confederacy of the aristocracy of Great Britain to bring back "the good old farmer and his wife," as James and Mary Beatrice were, among other numerous cognomens, designated in the Jacobite correspondence of that epoch. The part acted by Marlborough in these intrigues, will be seen in the following letters from James's secret agent and himself, from which it should appear that both placed great reliance on the prudence of the queen:

LETTER FROM GENERAL SACKFIELD TO LORD MELFORT.²

"May 3, 1694.

"I have just now received the enclosed for the king. It is from lord Churchill, but no person but the queen must know from whom it comes. For the love of God, let it be kept a secret. I send it by express, judging it to be of the utmost for the service of my master (king James), and, consequently, for the service of his most Christian majesty (Louis XIV.)"

MARLBOROUGH TO JAMES II. (ENCLOSED IN THE ABOVE.)

"It is only to-day I have learned the news I now write you, which is, that the bomb ketches and *twelve* regiments encamped at Portsmouth, with two regiments of marines, all commanded by Talmash,³ are destined for burning the harbour of Brest, and destroying all the men-of-war which are there. This will be a great advantage to England, but no consideration can prevent, or ever shall prevent me, from informing you of all that I believe to be for your service. Therefore, you may make your own use of this intelligence, which you may depend upon being exactly true. But I must conjure you, for your own interest, to let no one know but the queen and the bearer of this letter. Russell sails to-morrow, with forty ships; the rest are not yet paid, but it is said that in ten days the rest of the fleet will follow. I endeavoured to learn this from admiral Russell, but he always denied it to me, though I am sure he knew this design for six weeks. This gives me a bad sign of that man's intentions. I shall be well pleased to learn that this letter comes safe into your hands."

Of a very different character from this double-minded favourite of fortune, were some of the devoted gentlemen who had adhered to James and Mary Beatrice in their adversity. The disinterested affection to both that pervades the following letter from the earl of Perth, then at Rome, to Colin, earl of Balcarres, is an honour to human nature:

"My heart has not been capable of any joy like what yours must feel now when you are to see our king and queen. I'm sure it must be such a one as, to

¹ Autograph letter of the consort of James II., Archives au Royaume de France.

² See Original Stuart Papers in Macpherson, vol. i., p. 444. The name is often spelled Sackville.

³ See Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, vol. ii., pp. 44-5. Likewise many curious confirmatory particulars, in Lloyd's Report to James II. Macpherson's *State Papers*, vol. i., p. 480. The unfortunate general Talmash (Tolemache) and his regiments were the victims of this information, and a disastrous defeat of the British forces occurred, June 8th, 1694, at Brest.

me, is inconceivable at present. I'm told, from home, that there's no defence against the *forfeiture* (forfeiture) of my family. I thank God I have never been tempted to wish it might subsist upon any other terms than to be serviceable to my dearest master: if things go well with him, I need not fear; and if not, should I beg a morsel of bread, I hope I shall never complain. Give him and his lady my duty, and kiss our young master's hand for me. I have no longing but to see them altogether, and I must confess I languish for that happiness. I'm sure, if somebody have anything, you will not want, so you may call for it until your own money arrives. Continue to love, my dearest lord, yours entirely, &c."¹

Every year, Mrs. Penn, the wife of James's former *protegé*, the founder of Pennsylvania, paid a visit to the court of St. Germain, carrying with her a collection of all the little presents which the numerous friends and well-wishers of James II. and his queen could muster. Mrs. Penn was always affectionately received by the king and queen, although she maintained the undeniable fact that the revolution was indispensable, and what she did was from the inviolable affection and gratitude she personally felt towards their majesties.² Unfortunately, James and his queen were surrounded by spies at St. Germain, and their faithful friends became known and marked persons, in consequence of their rash confidence in traitors:

"There was one Mrs. Ogilvie," writes one of William's spies at St. Germain, "sent to Scotland with the answers of some letters she had brought the late queen from that country. She is to be found at the countess of Carnwath's lodgings, in Edinburgh."³

On the 7th of September, Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit to Chaillot, and remained till the king joined her there, for the anniversary of his royal mother's death. Their majesties attended all the services performed on this occasion. They were over by noon. Then the king and queen went to visit one of the aged sisters who was sick in the infirmary. They remained with her a full quarter of an hour, and then dined together in the queen's apartment, in the presence of the community. The queen begged the abbess to tell the sisters not to keep their eyes always fixed on the ground, but to raise them; adding, "that they all seemed as serious as if they were at a funeral." While they were at dinner, their majesties talked on various subjects. James drew a lively picture of the occupations of men of the world who are governed by their passions, whether of ambition, love, pleasure, or avarice; and concluded by observing "that none of those things could give content or satisfaction, but that the peace of God alone could comfort those who were willing to bear the cross patiently for the love of Him." The conversation turning on death, the king expressed so much desire for that event, that the queen was much distressed. "Alas," said she, with tears in her eyes, "what would become of me and of your little ones, if we were deprived of you?" "God," he replied, "will take care of you

¹ Notes of Lord Lindsay's Biographical Notice of his Ancestor, Colin, Earl of Balcarres. Balcarres' Memorial, printed by the Bannatyne Club.

² Kennerley's Life of Penn, 1740. Mrs. Penn was the daughter of a cavalier of good family.

³ Carr's State Papers, edited by MacCormick.

and our children ; for what am I but a poor feeble man, incapable of doing anything without Him?" Mary Beatrice, whose heart was full, went to the table to conceal her emotion, by pretending to look for a book. The assistant sister, who tenderly loved the queen, softly approached the king, and said to him, "We humbly entreat your majesty not to speak of your death to the queen, for it always afflicts her." "I do so to prepare her for that event," replied James, "since it is a thing which, in the course of nature, must soon occur, and it is proper to accustom her to the certainty of it." James only missed a few days of completing his 61st year at the time this conversation took place, and he was prematurely old for that age. The assistant said to the queen, when they were alone, "Madame, I have taken the liberty of begging the king not to talk of death to your majesty, to make you sad." The queen smiled, and said to her, "It will not trouble me any more. He is accustomed to talk to me about it very often, and above all, I am sure that it will not accelerate his death a single moment."

The devoted love of Mary Beatrice led her to perform the part of a ministering angel to her sorrow-stricken lord ; but the perpetual penances and austerities, to which he devoted himself, must have had, at times, a depressing effect on her mind. Like his royal ancestor, James IV. of Scotland, he wore an iron chain about his waist, and inflicted many needless sufferings on his person.¹ James and Mary Beatrice were about to pay a visit to the French court at Fontainebleau, when an express arrived from Louis XIV., to give James a private intimation of the death of the queen's only brother, Francisco II., duke of Modena, who died September 6th, at Gossuolo, of the gout, and a complication of cruel maladies, in the 34th year of his age. In the evening, James broke the news to Mary Beatrice, who was much afflicted. All the amusements of the French court were suspended for some days, out of compliment to her feelings ; and she received visits and letters of condolence from all the members of the royal family and great nobles of France. In reply to a letter, written to her on this occasion, by the due de Vendôme, the grandson of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle, she says.—

"My cousin,

"The obliging expressions in the letter that you have written to me on the death of my brother, the duke of Modena, correspond fully with the opinion I have always had of the affection with which you interest yourself in all that concerns me. I wish to assure you that in the midst of my grief I am very sensible of the marks of sympathy which you give me, and that I shall be always, with much esteem, my cousin,

"Your very affectionate cousin,

"MARIE R.

"At St. Germain-en-Laye, the 27th of Oct., 1694."²

The brother of Mary Beatrice was the founder of the university of Modena. As he died childless, the consort of James II. would have succeeded to his dominions, if the order of investiture had not preferred the

¹ Chaillot MS. in Archives au Royaume de France.

² Printed in Delort's *Journeys in the Environs of Paris*.

more distant males.¹ Her uncle Rinaldo, therefore, inherited the dukedom without a question, and obtained leave to resign his cardinal's hat, that he might marry the princess Charlotte Felicité, the eldest daughter of John Frederick duke of Brunswick-Hanover, his cousin in the nineteenth degree. Mary Beatrice considered that, although she and her son were barred from the succession of the duchy, she had a claim, as the natural heir, to all the personal property of her childless brother, and she employed the earl of Perth to represent her case to the pope. Unfortunate in everything, she gained nothing by the contest, except the ill-will of her uncle, and a coolness ensued between those relatives, who were once so fondly united by the ties of natural affection. Duke Rinaldo joined the Germanic league, which, being absolutely opposed to the restoration of the male line of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, of course increased the estrangement; yet when Modena, several years afterwards, was occupied by the French army, and subjected to great misery in consequence, Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding the injurious conduct of the duke, her uncle, acted as the friend of his unfortunate subjects, by using her personal intercessions with the king of France and his ministers to obtain some amelioration for their sufferings. Louis XIV. was, however, too much exasperated against Rinaldo to interfere with the proceedings of his general, the duc de Vendôme, to whose discretion everything regarding Modena was committed by the war minister. Mary Beatrice then addressed the following earnest letter of supplication to that chief, by whom she was much esteemed:—

“My Cousin,—

“I am so persuaded of your friendship for me, and of the inclination you have to please every one when in your power, that I cannot refrain from writing a word to you in favour of the poor distressed country where I was born, and where you are at present, at the head of the king's armies.

“The governor of Modena, or those who govern for him in his absence, have sent a man here to make known to the ministers of the king the sad state in which that unfortunate city, and all the country round it, are. I have not been able to obtain so much as a hearing for him; but they reply to me, ‘that no one here can interfere in that business, and that the king ought to leave the care of

¹ Gibbon's *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*. “*L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*.” Hercules Renaud, the grandson and representative of the uncle of queen Mary Beatrice, had an only daughter who bore the same name. This Mary Beatrice d'Esté the younger, was compelled by her father to marry the archduke Ferdinand, the brother of the emperor, in 1771, and her descendant is at present duke of Modena. If it be asked why this duchy did ultimately go to heirs-female, in the persons of the younger Mary Beatrice of Esté and her Austrian descendants, who now hold it, it may be answered, that the Modenese heirs male having failed in duke Hercules Renaud, her father, the duchy reverted to, and was consolidated in the empire, so that the emperor could give it to whom he chose, and most naturally—by his influence, and from political reasons, too—to Mary Beatrice, who married his relative, and to her descendants, who now, owing to the complete failure of the Stuart-Modenese line in the person of the cardinal of York step into the shoes of the latter, and are the nearest heirs-female, or of line, of the Estés, dukes of Modena, formerly dukes of Ferrara. By the marriage, likewise, of François IV., son of Mary Beatrice the younger, with Victorie Josephine, of Sardinia, the Sardinian and Stuart oldest co-heir and representative, their descendants singularly conjoin.

it to his generals, who, with the intendants, must decide about those places. Consequently, this man has made a useless journey; and it is therefore that I address myself to you, to implore you, with all the earnestness in my power, that you would be very favourable to these poor people, without, in the slightest degree, compromising the king's interests, which are not less near to my heart than my own, and preferred by me to every other on earth. M. L'Intendant Boucha assures me, and will render the same testimony to you, of the good-will of those poor people to the French, to whom they are ready to give everything they have; but they cannot give more than they have, and this is what is demanded of them. In fine, my cousin, I resign this business into your just and benevolent hands, being persuaded that you will do your best to save this poor country, if it can be done without prejudice to the service of the king; for I repeat, that I neither ask, nor even wish it at that price. I pray you to be assured that I have for you all the esteem and friendship that you deserve of

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARIA R."¹

The pecuniary distress of the court of St. Germain's began to be very great in the year 1694. The abbé Renaudot, a person entirely in the confidence of the cabinet of the unfortunate James, writes to one of the French ministers, December 17th, that the queen of England proposed to sell all her jewels, that she might raise the sum necessary for some project, to which he alludes, connected with the affairs of her royal husband. "I believe, monseigneur," writes he, "that I ought to relate to you this circumstance, as it seems to me that no one dare speak of the utter destitution which pervades the court of St. Germain's. It is not their least embarrassment that they have no longer the means of sending to England, to those who have the wish to render them service."

Many persons, both French and English, resorted to the court of St. Germain's, to be touched by king James for the king's evil. Angry comments are made by several contemporary French writers, on his presuming to exercise that function, fancying that he attempted the healing art as one of the attributes pertaining to his empty title of king of France, and that it was a usurped function formerly inherent in their own royal saint, Louis IX. The representative of the elder line of that monarch, James undoubtedly was; but the imaginary power of curing the king's evil, by prayer and touch, was originally exercised by Edward the Confessor, as early as the ninth century, in England, and afterwards by the sovereigns, who, in consequence of their descent from Matilda Atheling, claimed the ancient royal blood.² Though James and his consort were now refugees of France, and dependent on the charity of the reigning sovereign of that realm for food and shelter, they continued to style themselves king and queen, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. James frequently received hints as to the propriety of dropping the latter title; but he would as soon have resigned that of England, which was now almost as shadowy a distinction.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, January 4th,

¹ Printed in Delort's *Journeys in the Environs of Paris*.

² The prayer for the office of healing was originally printed in the *Liturgy of the Church of England*, but in Latin. James II. gave great offence by dispensing with the assistance of his protestant divines on this occasion, in the second year of his reign.

to thank her and her sisterhood for their good wishes for the new year, 1695, and to offer those of herself, her husband, and children, in return. In the postscript of this letter, she notices the death of the duke of Luxembourg as a great loss to Louis XIV., "and, in consequence, to ourselves also," she adds. She appears a little uneasy at neither having seen madame de Maintenon since the day when she had received something which she considered a slight from her. "It is true," continues her majesty, as if willing to impute both this and the omission of an invitation to an annual Christmas fête at the court of France to accidental causes, "that the frost and ice are so hard that it is difficult to approach us here, and there is some trouble in descending from this place. I believe that this is the reason that the king has not sent for us to come to-morrow, as in other years."¹

The news of the death of James's eldest daughter, queen Mary II., reached St. Germain's January 15th, and revived the drooping hopes of the anxious exiles there. James, however, felt much grief that she had not expressed a penitential feeling for her unfilial conduct towards himself. It was expected that an immediate rupture would take place between William and Anne, on account of his retaining the crown, to which she stood in a nearer degree of relationship. But Anne was too cunning to raise disputes on the subject of legitimacy while she had a father and a brother living. Her claims, as well as those of William, rested on the will of the people, and any attempt to invalidate his title would naturally end in the annihilation of her own. She played a winning game, by submitting to a delay, which the debilitated constitution of the Dutch king assured her would be but of temporary duration; and she openly strengthened their mutual interests by a reconciliation with him, while she continued in a secret correspondence with her betrayed father.² It was, perhaps, through her artful representations that James neglected to take advantage of the favourable crisis produced by Mary's death. He was vehemently urged at that time, by his partisans, to make a descent in England, and assured, that even the support of ten thousand men would be sufficient to replace him on the throne.³ The French cabinet could not be induced to assist James at that crisis, and he was fretted by the proceedings of his daughter by Arabella Churchill, who, having been left a widow by the early death of her husband, lord Waldegrave, married lord Wilmot privately, but not soon enough to save her reputation. The queen forbade her presence, and James ordered her to retire to a convent in Paris, till after her confinement, as great scandal was caused by her appearance. Acting, however, by the advice of her mother, with whom she had always been in correspondence, she fled to England, and made her court there by revealing all she knew of the plans of the unfortunate king, her father.⁴ King James had not a more bitter enemy than his former mistress, Arabella Churchill, now the wife of colonel Godfrey. The duke of Berwick, about the same time, took the liberty of marrying one of the fair widows of St. Germain's, against the

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Life of James II.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Dangeau.

wish of his royal father and the queen, who were, with difficulty, induced to sanction the alliance. The lady was the daughter of viscount Clare, and widow of lord Leven. The displeasure against Berwick was short-lived. Mary Beatrice very soon appointed his new duchess as one of her ladies of her bed-chamber; she was much attached to her. It is mentioned by Dangeau, that the king of France gave the duke and duchess of Berwick apartments at Versailles, because he knew it would be agreeable to the queen of England.

While the partisans of the exiled royal family were in a state of feverish anxiety, awaiting some movement or important decision on the part of James, both he and Mary Beatrice appeared to exhibit a strange indifference to the chances of the game. Caryl, the secretary of state at St. Germain, in a letter to the earl of Perth, dated July 4th, 1695, after a discussion of state affairs, says, "The king and queen are both absent from St. Germain, but will return this night, having spent four or five days severally in a ramble of devotion, the king at La Trappe, and the queen at Chaillot. The prince and princess are in perfect health, and grow up to the wonder of everybody."

In the month of August, Louis XIV. gave a stag-hunt in the forest of Marly, expressly for the amusement of Mary Beatrice, whom he was anxious to divert from the ascetic habits which, like her consort, she was too much disposed to practise. In October, Louis invited her and James to spend several days with his court at Fontainebleau. The formal round of amusements in which the exiled king and queen were compelled to join with absent and sorrowful hearts, appear to have occupied, without interesting, Mary Beatrice. In a letter to her friend, madame Angélique Priolo, she says—

"These six days past have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, but without being able to find one. Yesterday evening, I thought myself sure of the opportunity of doing it before supper, but monsieur de Ponchartrain" (a person not to be neglected, certainly, as he was one of the cabinet ministers of Louis XIV.) "entered my chamber just as I would have finished my letter to our mother, and prevented me. I strive to do my duty here towards God and man, but alas! I fail greatly in both, for in this place there is so much dissipation! Yet it is certain, also, that I am never so much persuaded of the littlenesses and vanities of this world as when I am in the midst of its grandeurs and its great appearances.

"I shall complete my thirty-seventh year to-morrow. Pray to God, my dear mother, that I may not spend another without serving and loving him with all my heart."

In conclusion, she says—

"I do not know, as yet, when I shall go from hence, but I believe that it will be one day next week. I am, as usual, always too well treated by the king and every one else here."

That minute court-chronicler, Dangeau, gives these particulars of a visit paid by Mary Beatrice and her lord to the French court at Versailles, November the 9th: "The king and queen of England came here at three o'clock. The king (Louis XIV.) walked with them to his new fountains and his cascade. They were a long time with the king. When

¹ Dangeau's Memoirs.

he returned to madame Maintenon, the queen sat down to cards. Louis always delighted to make her play, but she generally quitted her cards soon after, under the excuse of going to prayers. When the supper was announced, the king took both her and the king, her husband, and placed them at his own table. The dauphin had another table. The queen was only attended by four ladies, who were the duchess of Berwick, the duchess of Tyrconnel, and the ladies Almonde and Bulkeley. When they rose from table, the king and queen of England returned to St. Germain's." Lady Tyrconnel was a great favourite of the queen; she was not altogether so trustworthy as her husband; her chief error was not in intention, but a habit of scribbling news incessantly to her treacherous sister, lady Marlborough. The exiled queen had, as she expressed herself in her letter, a friendship for Tyrconnel, and an unshaken reliance on his fidelity to king James, which he had proved, through good report and ill report, to the hour of his death.

The arrival of Mr. Powel at St. Germain's, in January, 1696, charged with urgent letters and messages from a strong party of the open adherents and secret correspondents of king James in London, entreating him to make a descent in England without delay, rekindled a fever of hope in the hearts of the exiled king and queen. The representations made to them of the unpopularity of William, the miseries caused by excessive taxation, a debased currency, and the decay of commerce and trade, induced them to believe that the people were eager to welcome their old master, not only as their legitimate sovereign, but as their deliverer from the miseries of a foreign yoke.¹ Louis XIV. entered into measures for assisting James in this new enterprise with apparent heartiness. Berwick, whose military talents and chivalric character had won for him in France the surname of the British Dunois, was to take command of the Jacobite insurgents: 12,000 men, whom they had required to assist them, were already on their march to Calais, and all things promised fair. On the 28th of February, James bade adieu to his wife and children, in the confident belief that their next meeting would be at Whitehall. James had been assured by his friends in England, that if he would adventure a descent, he would regain his crown without a contest. Unfortunately, Powel, the secret agent, who brought this earnest invitation to his old master, had not explained the intentions of the Jacobite association with sufficient perspicuity. In the first conversation he had with his majesty, in the presence of the queen, he was so eager for something to be attempted, and talked with so much ardour, that both James and Mary Beatrice imagined that the rising would take place directly it was known that the king was ready to embark. But, in reality, they expected for him to land first with the 12,000 men, which was to be the signal for a general revolt from William. The mistake was fatal to the project. Louis was willing to lead his troops and transports to assist an insurrection, but his ministers persuaded him that it would be useless to risk them on the chance of exciting one. The fleet and troops were in readiness at Calais when James arrived there, but were not permitted to

¹ Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. Life of James II. Journal.

stir from thence till certain news of a rising in England should be received.¹ The design of sir George Barclay, and a party of desperate persons attached to the Jacobite party, to precipitate matters by the wild project of a personal attack on king William in the midst of his guards, did the utmost mischief to James's cause, though he had always forbidden any attempt on the life of his rival, except in the battle-field.

Meantime, the fleet of French transports that should have conveyed James and his auxiliaries to the shores of England, were shattered by a violent storm, which wrecked many of them on their own coast.² In short, in this, as in every other enterprise, for the purpose of replacing the exiled line of Stuart on the throne of Great Britain, winds, waves, and unforeseen contingencies, appeared to be arrayed in opposition, as if an immutable decree of Heaven forbade it. James retired to Boulogne on the 23d of March, with the intention of remaining there till something decisive should take place. The state of his faithful consort's mind, meantime, will be best explained in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, to whom, as usual, she applies for sympathy and spiritual consolation in her trouble. "If you could imagine, my dear mother," she says, "to what a degree I have been overpowered with grief and business since I quitted you, your kind heart would have compassion on mine, which is more broken and discouraged than it has ever been, although for two or three days I appear to begin to recover a little more fortitude, or rather, to submit with less pain to the good pleasure of God, who does all that pleases him in heaven and earth, and whom no one can resist; but if we had the power, I do not believe that either you or I, far less my good king, would wish to do it. No, no, my dear mother, God is a master absolute and infinitely wise, and all that he does is good. Let him, then, be praised for ever, by you and by me, at all times and in all places."

After lamenting that her heart does not sufficiently accord with the language of her pen in these sentiments, and entreating her friend to pray for her, that she may become more perfect in the pious duty of resignation, she goes on to say: "The king is still at Calais, or, perhaps, now at Boulogne; as long as he remains there, he must have some hope. I will tell you more about it when I see you, which will be Saturday next, if it please God."³ Her majesty concludes with these words: "Offer many regards on my part to our dear mother, to whom I cannot write, for I have written all this morning to the king, and I can do no more; but the desire I had to write to you has made me make this effort."

This letter, though with no other date than "St. Germain's, this Tuesday," was written before Ladyday, as the queen asks her cloistered friend if she intends to communicate preparatory to that festival of their church. So early after the departure of her unfortunate lord, did Mary Beatrice begin to despond, and with reason, as to the success of the enterprise on which he had left St. Germain's. The discovery of Barclay's insane

¹ Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

² Macpherson. Dalrymple.

³ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

plot against William's life, broke the measures that James's more rational adherents had concocted for a revolt, connected with the landing of their old master, provided he were backed by the promised aid of the twelve thousand auxiliaries from France.

All the business at the court of St. Germain's was directed by Mary Beatrice at this anxious period, which involved constant correspondence and meetings between her and the French ministers.¹ Early in April, she had a long interview with Louis XIV. at Marli, in the vain endeavour of prevailing upon him to allow his troops to accompany king James to England. Louis was inflexible on this point, and she had the mortification of communicating the ill success of her negotiation to her husband. Calais was, meantime, bombarded by the English fleet under Russell, who stood so far committed by the confessions of some of the confederates in the late plot, that he was compelled to perform the duty of the post he held, without regard to the interests of his late master. James was anxious still to linger on the coast; but the French cabinet having destined the troops for service elsewhere, Louis signified his wish that his royal kinsman should return to St. Germain's.² Mary Beatrice once more sought, by her personal influence with Louis, to avert measures so entirely ruinous to their cause, but her solicitations were fruitless. James returned to St. Germain's in a desponding state of mind, with the mortifying conviction that no effectual assistance would ever be derived from the selfish policy of the French cabinet.³ The devoted love and soothing tenderness of his queen, mitigated the pain he felt at the bitter disappointment of his hopes; and he resigned himself, with uncomplaining patience, to the will of God. The most poignant distress was felt by Mary Beatrice at the executions which took place in consequence of the denunciation of their unfortunate adherents. In one of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, she says, "There have been three more men hanged in England, making eight in all, and two more are under sentence. Nothing can be sadder than the news we hear from that country, though we hear but little, and that very rarely."

It was at this time that the crown of Poland courted the acceptance of James II., but he firmly declined it. "Ambition," he said, "had no place in his heart; he considered that the covenant which bound him to his subjects was indissoluble, and that he could not accept the allegiance of another nation, without violating his duties to his own. England had rejected him, but she was still too dear to him to be resigned. He would hold himself, till death, free to return to his own realm, if his people chose to unite in recalling him."⁴ Mary Beatrice applauded his decision, though urged by Louis XIV. to persuade her lord to avail himself of so honourable a retreat from the hopeless contest for the recovery of his dominions.

The appointment of the duke of Perth to the important office of governor to the young prince, her son, then about eight years old, is thus announced by the royal mother to her friend, madame Priolo:

¹ Letters of the earl of Middleton, in Macpherson.

² Journal of James. Stuart Papers.

³ Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.

"July 23

"The king has named, this morning, milord Perth governor of my son, and we are going to put him into his hands. This is a great matter achieved for me, and I hope that God will bless the choice we have made, after having prayed for more than a year, that God would inspire us to do it well. Tell this to our dear mother from me, for I have not time to write to her. Her prayers, with yours and those of our dear sisters, have had a great part in this election, which I believe will be agreeable to God, for he is a holy man, and of distinguished merit, as well as of high rank. I am content to have my son in his hands, not knowing any one better. But I have placed him, above all and in the first place, in the hands of God, who in his mercy will have care of him, and give us grace to bring him up in his fear and in his love."¹

In the same letter, her majesty says :

"We are all in good health here. We had yesterday a visit from the king (of France), and the day before, from madame de Maintenon. We go to-morrow to St. Cloud, for the ceremonial of the baptism of mademoiselle de Chartres."

Mary Beatrice was godmother to the infant. The ceremonial, which was very splendid, took place at St. Cloud, in the presence of king James and all the foreign ambassadors, as well as the princes and princesses of the blood. After they had promenaded for some time in the apartments, the king gave his hand to the queen of England, and led her to the chapel, where they both held the little princess at the font.²

Although, in the general acceptance of the word, a great friendship might be said to subsist between Mary Beatrice and madame de Maintenon, there were times when, like most persons who have been raised by fortune immeasurably above their natural level, the widow of Scarren took the opportunity of making the consort of James II. feel how much more there is in the power of royalty than the name. The fallen queen complains, in one of her letters, of the want of sympathy exhibited by this lady on a subject which seems to have given her great pain. "You will be surprised," she says to her friend, Angelique Priolo, "and perhaps troubled, at what I am now going to tell you in regard to that which cost me so much to tell that person to whom I opened my heart thereupon, she not having thought proper so much as to open her mouth about it the other day, though I was a good half hour alone with her. I declare to you that I am astonished at it, and humiliated. However, I do not believe that I am quite humble enough to speak to her about it a second time, whatever inconvenience I may suffer. There is no order come from Rome, as yet, regarding our poor," continues the unfortunate queen; "on the contrary, the pope has been very ill, and I believe he will die before they are given; so that, yesterday, we came to the resolution to sell some jewels to pay the pensions for the month of September, and it follows that we must do the same for every month, unless that we get other assistance, and of that I see no appearance. I conjure you, my dear mother, not to afflict yourself at all this. For myself, I assure am more astonished than grieved." This observation refers to the slight the unfortunate queen had received from madame de Maintenon, to whom her application had apparently been made in behalf of the suffering adherents of king James. "And in respect to our poor,"

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

² Dangeau.

continues she, "I never shall consider that I have done my duty till I have given all I have; for it will not be till then that I can say, with truth, that nothing remains to me, and it is impossible for me to give more."

Mary Beatrice was as good as her word; by degrees, she sacrificed every ornament she had in the world for the relief of the unfortunate British emigrants. The following interesting testimony is given of her conduct by an impartial witness, madame de Brinon, in a letter to her friend Sophia, electress of Hanover. "The queen of England," says this lady, "is scarcely less than saintly; and in truth it is a happiness to see her as she is, in the midst of her misfortunes. A lady of her court told me 'that she deprived herself of everything, in order to support the poor English who had followed the king to St. Germain's.' She has been known to take out the diamond studs from her manchettes (cuffs), and send them to be sold. And she says, when she does these charitable actions, 'That it is well for her to despoil herself of such things to assist others.' Is it possible that the confederate princes cannot open their eyes to the real merit and innocence of these oppressed and calumniated *majesties*? Can they forget them when a general peace is made?' I always speak to you, dear electress," pursues the correspondent of the generous princess, on whom the British parliament had settled the succession of this realm, "with the frankness due to our friendship. I tell you my thoughts as they arise in my heart, and it seems to me that your serene highness thinks like me." Sophia of Hanover was of a very different spirit from the daughters of James II. She always had the magnanimity to acknowledge his good qualities and those of his faithful consort, and lamented their misfortunes, though she accepted with gratitude the distinction offered to her and her descendants by a free people; but she scorned to avail herself of the base weapons of falsehood or treachery, or to derive her title from any other source than the choice of protestant England. In a preceding section of the same letter, madame Brinon speaks of James II., with whom she had recently been conversing. "He suffers," she says, "not only like a saint, but with the dignity of a king. The loss of his kingdoms he believes will be well exchanged for Heaven. He reminded me often that one of the first things he did, after his arrival in France, was to go to see madame de Maubisson."¹

The exhausted state of the French finances compelled Louis XIV., who was no longer able to maintain himself against the powerful Anglo-Germanic, Spanish, and Italian league, to entertain proposals for a general peace. The deliberations of the congress which met for that purpose at Ryswick, in the year 1697, were painfully interesting to James and his queen, since the recognition of William's title of king of Great

¹ MS. Collection of George IV. Recueil de Pièces, Brit. Museum, 14, a. Madame de Brinon to the electress Sophia, Feb. 22, 1697, dated from Maubisson.

² The elder sister of the electress Sophia, who had given up all her hopes of the English succession to become a catholic abbess. She was a great artist, "and her portraits bear a high price," says Grainger, "not as princess, but as paintress."

Britain was, of course, one of the leading articles. Louis, however, insisted on the payment of the dower settled by parliament on James's queen, as an indispensable condition of the treaty. Mary Beatrice had done nothing to forfeit this provision; her conduct as wife, queen, and woman had been irreproachable. She had brought a portion of 400,000 crowns to her husband, whose private property had been seized by William. Her claims on the revenue of a queen-consort rested on the three-fold basis of national faith, national justice, and national custom. When it was objected that James was no longer the sovereign of England, the plenipotentiaries of France proposed to treat her claims in the same manner as if her royal husband were actually, as well as politically, defunct, and that she should receive the provision of a queen-dowager of Great Britain. So completely was the spirit of the laws and customs regarding the inviolability of the rights of the queens of England in her favour, that we have the precedent of Edward IV. extorting from his prisoner, Margaret of Anjou, the widow of a prince whose title he did not acknowledge, a solemn renunciation to her dower as queen of England, before he could appropriate her settlement to his own use.

No wonder, then, that the claims of Mary of Modena infinitely perplexed her gracious nephew's cabinet, who met this question in the following pettifogging mode of discussion, from the pen of one of their understrappers, sir Joseph Williamson, whose style is worthy of his era:

"And as to the *late king James's queen's jointure*, which the French *stick hard upon to be made good*, it is a point of that delicacy that we are not willing, hitherto, to entertain it as any matter of our present business. If she have by law a right, *she be to enjoy it*; ¹ if not, we are not here empowered to stipulate anything for her. And so we endeavour to *stave it off* from being received as any part of what we are here to negotiate. However, it seems to be of use, if Mr. Secretary² can do it, without noise or observation, to get an account of all that matter, how it now stands, and what settlements were made by the marriage articles, if any; what, of any kind, have been made on her, and how far, according as the law now stands, those that have been made *will take*."

These inquiries were not to be made for the purposes of justice towards the rightful owner of the said jointure, but in order that a flaw might be picked in the settlement, as this righteous Daniel subjoins:

"A private knowledge of this, if we could get it in time, might be of good help to us to *stave off the point*, which, as we think, cannot so much as be openly treated on by any of us, without inconveniences that will follow."

"MEMORIAL CONCERNING THE APPANAGE OF THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN."

"October, 1696.

"According to the most ancient laws and customs of England, which are still in force, queens have their full right and power in their own persons, their estates and revenues, independently of the kings their husbands, by virtue of

¹ So in the original. The letter is published in Coxe's *Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury*, pp. 361, 362.

² Mr. Secretary Vernon, who about this time talked, according to the letter of his patron, the Duke of Shrewsbury, of filling his pockets with stones, and jumping into the Thames, in imitation of his unfortunate predecessor in office, the son of sir William Temple.

³ Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*. Nairne's *Papers*, vol. ii., No. 40.

which they have always had officers of their revenues, who depended entirely on them, and all their acts have been valid, without the concurrence of the kings their husbands."

"As the queen of England, (Mary Beatrice of Modena,) brought a very considerable sum as her portion at her marriage, the king, her husband (on his accession to the crown) thought it was reasonable for him to make an establishment of fifty thousand pounds sterling, of annual revenue, on her, which was passed under the great seal of England, and afterwards confirmed by acts of parliament which have not been repealed to this day; insomuch, that the queen has an incontestable right to all the arrears of this revenue, which are due since she left England, as well as to those which shall be due hereafter. Her majesty only asks this simply and purely as a private debt, which is incontestably due to herself, and of which she only sets forth a state (ment), lest it should be unknown to those who have the power and the will to do her justice."

The courtesy and gentleness of the last clause of the poor queen's plea deserved to be met with more candour and justice than are perceptible in the official Williamson's despatches before quoted.

While this matter was in debate, Louis XIV. treated James and Mary Beatrice with the most scrupulous personal attention. William required that they should be deprived of their shelter at St. Germain, and, indeed, driven from France altogether; but to this Louis would not consent. He invited them to assist at the nuptials of his grandson the duke of Burgundy with Adelaide of Savoy, which were solemnized at Fontainebleau, September the 7th. The bride was nearly related to Mary Beatrice on the father's side, and her mother, being the daughter of Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, was a niece of James II., whose connexion with the royal family of France was consequently much strengthened by this alliance. The exiled king and queen were given the place of honour as the most distinguished of the guests at this marriage, and Mary Beatrice was seated between Louis XIV. and her husband, at the nuptial banquet. When supper was over, the two kings withdrew, followed by all the gentlemen, and the queen honoured the bride by assisting at her *couchée*, and presenting her *robe de nuit*. James attended, in like manner, on the bridegroom, whom he led into the bridal chamber. The queen, who had retired with her ladies while his royal highness got into bed, re-entered and bade him and the bride good night, according to the ceremonious etiquette of the court of France.¹

It was observed that madame de Maintenon only appeared twice, and then stayed scarcely half an hour; for on this occasion of high and stately ceremony, her doubtful rank was not recognised, and she was forced to sit behind the seat of the queen of England, who was the leading lady at the court of France. The queen again visited Louis XIV. at the Trianon, with all her court, as he gave a grand festival there on the 17th of September, and again was Maintenon forced to retreat into her original insignificance.²

Unfortunately, the courier who brought the news that the peace of Ryswick, whereby Louis XIV. recognised William of Orange as King of Great Britain, was signed, arrived at Fontainebleau at the same time as the exiled king and queen. Louis XIV. had, with peculiar delicacy,

¹ St. Simon, vol. ii.

² Ibid.

told his minister Torcy, that whatever expresses arrived, or however urgent the news might be, the peace was not to be mentioned if he were in company with the king or queen of England, and he would not suffer the least sign of rejoicing to take place, or the musicians of his palace to play or sing any songs, in celebration of the peace, till their majesties and their whole court had returned to St. Germain's.¹

The affectionate sympathy and kindness of Louis did much to soothe the pain his political conduct had caused to his unhappy guests. They were too just to impute that to him as a fault, which was the result of dire necessity, and they had the magnanimity to acknowledge his benefits, instead of reflecting on him for the present extinction of their hopes. "We are, in the bottom of our hearts, satisfied with your great king," writes Mary Beatrice to her friend, madame Priolo. "He was beside himself to see us arrive at Fontainebleau at the same time with the courier who brought the news of the peace, and he testifies much friendship, pity, and even sorrow for us. He had no power to act otherwise in this matter. In other things there is no alteration. Our residence at St. Germain's appears fixed, from what he has told us: I say that it appears, for in truth, after all that we see, how can we believe that anything is sure in this world?"²

"I have the promise of the king (Louis) that I shall be given my dower, and I have entreated him to be pleased to take upon himself the payments for me." In other words, for him to become the medium through which the money was to be transmitted by William and received by the consort of James. "For," pursues she, her lofty spirit rising above the exigencies of her circumstances, "I will demand nothing, nor receive aught from any other than from him, to whom I will owe entirely and solely the obligation." Louis having insisted on the article of the treaty, which secured it to her as a *sine qua non*, William signed it without the slightest intention of ever fulfilling the obligation. The consort of his uncle might have spared herself the trouble of arranging any punctilios of ceremony as to the how, when, and where she was to receive her income from William; he scrupled not to deceive the British nation, at the same time that he defrauded his aunt, by charging the annual sum of 50,000*l.* to that account, and applying it to his own purposes. Mary Beatrice, after thus unburthening her mind of the subject that was uppermost in her thoughts, experienced a sudden misgiving that she was acting with some degree of rashness, for she says, "I have been drawn on, without intending it, to enter into this matter, and not knowing what I may have said, I entreat you to burn my letter."³

Is it not sufficient comment on the imprudence of which this princess was habitually guilty, in writing long confidential letters, on the most important subjects of her own and her unfortunate consort's private affairs, and afterwards those of her son, to her spiritual friends at Chaillot, to say that her request was *not* complied with?—and this and many other speci-

¹ St. Simon, vol. ii.

² Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in Archives au Royaume de France

³ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to madame Priolo, Archives au Royaume de France.

mens of her autograph correspondence with these ladies is in existence to this day.

Her letters afford sufficient evidence that the consort of Midas was not the only queen in the world who felt an irresistible necessity to whisper her lord's secrets in a quarter where she flattered herself that they would be kept from the world. The holy sister had as little appearance of being a dangerous confidant as the marsh ditch in that memorable tale; but without accusing her of bad intentions, it is more than probable that she was no more fit to be trusted with a secret than her royal friend. She went not abroad to reveal that rash confidence it is true, but it is equally certain that the convent of Chaillot was the resort of busy and intriguing ecclesiastics. William and his ambassador, the earl of Manchester, had several priests in their pay,¹ and that such men would succeed in obtaining a sight of the exiled queen of England's correspondence with her beloved friends at Chaillot, there can be little doubt, especially when letters, which ought never to have been written, were preserved, notwithstanding the royal writer's earnest request to the contrary.

It is a fact, no less strange than true, that by one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick, William III. agreed to adopt the son of his uncle, James II. and Mary Beatrice d'Esté, as his successor to the British crown, provided James would acquiesce in that arrangement, and leave him in peaceful possession of the disputed realm for the term of his natural life.² William was at that time labouring under a complication of mortal maladies, and it was expected by those about him, that he would precede his unfortunate father-in-law to the tomb. One of his great eulogists, Dalrymple, calls his proffered adoption of his disinherited cousin, "an intended piece of generosity towards the exiled family." It is doubtful, from the thorough apathy of William's character, whether he were sufficiently under the influence of conscience, to intend the posthumous restitution of the crown to the legitimate heir as an act of tardy justice. There can be no doubt but that he would have been glad, under any pretence, to get the young prince into his own hands, by which means he would have held him as a hostage against his own father, and at the same time kept Anne and her party in check as long as he lived, leaving them to fight the matter out after his death. The proposition contained in itself an acknowledgment of the falseness of the imputations William had attempted to throw on the birth of the son of James and Mary Beatrice,³ and had they possessed the slightest portion of political

¹ Reports of the earl of Manchester.

² Journal of James II. Treaty of Ryswick.

³ It will be remembered that William had, in the year 1688, not only suborned the pens of disaffected lampooners to accuse Mary Beatrice of feigning a pregnancy, but had openly, in his manifesto, when he first landed in England, called the birth of the prince, her son, in question. One of the reasons alleged by him for his coming over with a foreign army, was to cause, as he said, inquiry to be made by parliament into the birth of a supposed prince of Wales. This inquiry he never made. "He dared not," says the duke of Berwick, "enter into the question, well knowing that no prince ever came into the world in the presence of so many witnesses. I speak," continues he, "from full knowledge of the facts, for I was present; and, notwithstanding any respect and my devotion to

wisdom, they would have entered into a correspondence with William on the subject, for the sake of exposing his duplicity to the people of England, and the little respect he paid to the act of parliament which had settled the succession on the princess Anne and her children. When, however, the project was communicated to James, Mary Beatrice, who was present, before he could speak, exclaimed with the natural impetuosity of her sex and character, "I would rather see my son, dear as he is to me, dead at my feet, than allow him to become a party to his royal father's injuries."¹ James said, "that he could bear the usurpation of the prince of Orange and the loss of his crown with Christian patience, but not that his son should be instrumental to his wrongs;" and thus the matter ended.² James has been accused of pride and obstinacy in this business, but as he has himself observed, he had no security for the personal safety of his son, and he had had too many proofs of the treachery of William's disposition to trust the prince in his keeping.

King William had gained a great point in being recognised as king of England by the king of France, but that was not enough, he was piqued at the asylum that was afforded by that monarch to the deposed king and queen at St. Germain's. They were too near England to please him. He had laboured, at the peace of Ryswick, to obtain their expulsion from France, or at least to distance them from the court. Louis was inflexible on that point. The duke of St. Albans, the son of Charles II., by Nell Gwynne, was sent to make a fresh demand, when he presented the congratulations of William on the marriage of the duke of Burgundy, but it was negatived. St. Albans was followed by William's favourite, Portland, attended by a numerous suite. At the first conference he had with the minister Torcy, he renewed his demand that James and his family should be chased from their present abode.

Torcy replied, "that his sovereign's pleasure had been very fully expressed at Ryswick, that it was his wish to maintain his present amicable understanding with king William; but that another word on the subject of St. Germain's would disturb it." Portland was treated with all sorts of distinctions by the princes of the blood, and was invited to hunt with the dauphin several times at Mendon. One day, when he had come for that purpose, word was brought to the dauphin, that it was the intention of king James to join in the chase, on which he requested Portland to defer his sport till a future occasion. Portland quitted the forest with some vexation, and returned to Paris with his suite. Portland was a great hunter, and he was surprised that he received no more attention from the duke de Rochefoucault than common civility warranted. He told him he was desirous of hunting with the king's dogs. Rochefoucault replied drily, "that although he had the honour of being the grand huntsman, he had no power to direct the hunts, as it was the

the king, I never could have lent a hand to so detestable an action as that of wishing to introduce a child to take the crown away from the rightful heirs, and after the death of the king it was not likely that I should have continued to support the interests of an impostor; neither honour nor conscience would have permitted me."—Autobiography of the duke of Berwick.

¹ Nairne's Collection of Stuart Papers.

² James's Journal.

king of England (James) of whom he took his orders. That i.e. came very often; and as he never knew till the moment where he would order the rendezvous, he must go to attend his pleasure with great reverence;" and left Portland, who was much displeased. What he had replied was out of pure regard for James, who at that time was not well enough to hunt; but he wished to show Portland, that he was not one of the time-serving nobles, whom he had been able to attach to his chariot wheels. Portland resolved to depart; and before he left Paris, hinted that the dower, which, by one of the articles of the peace of Ryswick, had been secured to Mary Beatrice, would never be paid as long as king James persisted in remaining at St. Germain's.¹ It is well known that it never was, this being one of the pretences on which it was withheld. In order to give his ambassador Bentinck more influence with the vain-glorious Louis XIV., it is said that 80,000*l.* was expended by him. Prior, the poet, was secretary to the embassy. He saw the unfortunate James in his exile a few months before his troublous career was brought to a close; and in these words he describes the royal exiles to his master, Halifax: "The court is gone to see their monarch, Louis XIV., a cock-horse at Compiègne. I follow as soon as my English nags arrive. I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud. *Vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure, as the old bully is (James II.) lean, worn, and rivelled, not unlike Neale, the projector. The queen (Mary of Modena) looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough; their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible. I have written to my lord Portland the sum of several discourses I have had with M. de Lauzun, or rather they with me, about the pension which we were to allow the queen. Do we intend, my dear master, to give her 50,000*l.* per annum, or not? If we do not, I (or rather my lord Jersey) should now be furnished with some chicaning answers when we are pressed on that point; *for it was fairly promised*—that is certain."² Prior, however brutally he expresses himself, was right as to fact, and parliament had actually granted the dower, and supposed it was paid; "but," as the duchess of Marlborough truly observes,³ "it never found its way further than the pockets of William III."

In one of her letters, without date, the poor queen says:

"I have been sick a whole month, and it is only within the last four or five days that I can call myself convalescent; even within the last two days I have had inflammation in my cheek and one side of my throat, which has incommoded me; but that is nothing in comparison to the other illness I have suffered, which has pulled me down, and rendered me so languid that I am good for nothing. In this state it has pleased God to allow me to remain all the time I have been at Fontainebleau. It is by that I have proved doubly the goodness and the patience of the king, which has exceeded everything one could imagine. I have also been overwhelmed with kindness by every one. Monsieur and Madame have surpassed themselves in the extreme friendship they have shown for me, which I can never forget while I live. Madame de Maintenon has done wonders with regard to me, but that is nothing new with her. After all, my dear

¹ Dangeau.

² Letters of Eminent Literary Men, by Sir H. Ellis, p. 265. Camden Society

³ Conduct, duchess of Marlborough. Burnet.

mother, I agree with you, and I am convinced in the bottom of my heart, and never more so than at the present moment, that all is but vanity. I dare not allow myself to go on writing to you without reserve, but I will tell you everything when I have the pleasure of conversing with you, which will be next Tuesday, I hope."¹

In another of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, Mary Beatrice says, "A very honest man died yesterday, who had been secretary of war for Ireland. The king, my husband, loved him very much, and he is a great loss to him. He died in the chateau very Christianly, and as a good catholic ought. I request a *de profundis* from all our sisters, for the repose of his soul. I send you the English news, which we have received by the usual way. You will see that the parliament makes itself entirely the ruling power there. We are all in good health, God be thanked."²

One day, the princess of Conti said to the exiled queen, "The English don't know what they would be at. One party is for a republic, another for a monarchy." To which her majesty made this acute rejoinder, "They have had a convincing proof of the fallacy of a republic, and they are now trying to establish it, under the name of a monarchy."³

Some little facts connected with the domestic history and private feelings of the royal exiles at St. Germain, are generally to be gathered from the unaffected letters of Mary Beatrice to her spiritual friend and confidante, madame Priolo; in one of these, which is merely dated "at St. Germain, this Saturday morning," she says—

"The king had a little fever eight days ago, but nothing came of it, only that it prevented him from hunting, and going to Marli. We were there the day before yesterday till an hour after midnight, to see the young and old dance. I take very little pleasure in that sort of thing, and even when it is over, I feel very much fatigued."⁴

So much for the joyless gaiety of formal court balls, which to the fallen king and queen of England, who, as a matter of state etiquette, were compelled to perform at least the part of complacent spectators in such scenes, while their hearts were oppressed with unutterable cares and sorrows, must have been worse than vanity and vexation of spirit. Her majesty, with the fond simplicity of maternal love, which makes mothers in humbler life fancy that every little incident or change that affects their offspring, must be no less interesting to their friends than to themselves, goes on to communicate the following details relating to her children:—

"My son has had two great teeth torn out within the last twelve days; they, were very fast, and he bore it with great resolution. They had caused him much pain, and prevented him from sleeping."

"My daughter's nose is still a little black from her fall; in other respects they are both well. Here is an exact account of the health of all who are dear to me."

The royal matron, whom nature, when forming her heart so entirely

¹ Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Memorials in ditto.

⁴ Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

for the instincts of maternal and conjugal love, never intended for a politician, now proceeds as a matter of minor moment, to speak of public affairs, and thus mentions the severe mortification that had recently been inflicted on their great adversary, William III., in the dismissal of his Dutch guards,—

"In regard to business, the parliament of England have not had much complaisance for M. le P. d'Orange, for they have deprived him of his army, and he has himself consented to it, and passed the bill, seeing plainly that he had no other resource."¹

Mary Beatrice passes briefly over the affair of the Dutch guards as a mere matter of personal mortification to the supplanter of her lord in the regal office, not perceiving the importance of the political crisis that had been involved in the question of whether the Dutch sovereign of England were to be permitted to overawe a free people by a foreign standing army, paid with their gold. The fates of Stuart and Nassau were then poised in a balance, which William's refusal to acquiesce in the unwelcome fiat of those who had placed the regal garland on his brow, would have turned in favour of the former. William, however, possessed a wisdom in which his luckless uncle was deficient, the wisdom of this world. He knew how to read the signs of the times; he felt the necessity of schooling his sullen temper into a reluctant submission, and kept his diadem.

The following interesting letter from Mary Beatrice to the abbess of Chaillot, though without any date of the year, appears to have been written some little time after the peace of Ryswick :—

"Fontainebleau, 25th September.

"I received your last letter, my dearest mother, just as we were starting from St. Germain, and could only read your letter in the coach, where, too, I read that from sister Angelique, which you had had copied in such fair and good writing, that it was really wonderful. The king and all my ladies were charmed with it, for I read the whole of it aloud. We put your basket of fruit into the coach, and found the contents so excellent, that we eat of them several times in the course of that day.

"Your own letter is admirable. Nothing can be more beautiful than your reflections on the cross. That cross follows me everywhere, and I have found it even here, having been ill for three or four days. My indisposition commenced with an ordinary colic, and ended in a nephrytique, occasioned, M. Fagon thinks, by the violent exercise of hunting, after having remained for a long time inactive; but, God be thanked, it is all over, and I have been twice to the chase since, without suffering any inconvenience."

The abbess of Chaillot's fine basket of fruit, which the royal party had such pleasure in discussing, during their journey to Fontainebleau, had probably more to do with her majesty's colic, than the fatigues of the chase, which she only followed in her coach, as she expressly notices in another letter. The devotion of Mary Beatrice to this unfeminine amusement, was not among the most amiable of her propensities. It was a passion with James, and almost the last pleasure in which he permitted himself to indulge.

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to sister Angelique Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume.

"We are treated here, by the king and all his court, as in other years," continues Mary Beatrice, "and having said that, I can say no more, for you know in what manner I have always described it. With the permission of the king, we have named Thursday for the day of our departure, and to-morrow we go to Melun. I shall not go to Lis; you can divine the reason.

"It is two days since I commenced this letter, and I cannot finish it to-day (the 27th). I was yesterday at Melun, and was very much pleased with our sisters there, and above all, with their mother. They are very good daughters; they were charmed with the king, my husband, whom I brought to see them.

"I am now about to write two words to our mother on the subject of the little Strickland, who is perhaps dead at this time; for Mr. Arthur has sent word to her mother that she was very ill, and it is several days since she has had any tidings of her.

"Adieu, my ever dear mother; I embrace you with all my heart at the foot of the cross. It is there where you will always find me. I will send you my news from St. Germain on Friday or Saturday next, if it pleases God, who alone knows what may happen between this and then. Alas! poor M. de Pomponne, who was so well on Tuesday last, died yesterday evening. There is nothing more to tell you at present, for in this place they talk of nothing but the chase."

Endorsed—"2d letter of the queen, during the extremity of our little sister, Strickland."¹

This young lady, in whom the queen took almost a maternal interest, was the daughter of one of her faithful servants, who had forsaken everything to follow her adverse fortunes. "*La petite Strickland*," as Mary Beatrice familiarly calls her, had, by the liveliness of her disposition, caused some anxiety to her parents and the nuns, though it appears from a subsequent letter of the queen, that she died in what was considered an odour of sanctity, having received the white veil of a probationer from the hand of her royal mistress—an honour of which all the ladies who destined themselves for a religious life in that convent were ambitious.

In the November of 1699, Mary Beatrice was alarmed, during one of her annual retreats to Chaillot, by a rumour that the king her husband was seriously indisposed. Without tarrying for the ceremonies of a formal leave-taking of the community, she hastened back on the wings of love and fear to St. Germain, and found his majesty in great need of her conjugal care and tenderness. She gives the following simple and unaffected account of his sufferings and her own distress, in a confidential letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated 28th of November:—"Although I quitted you so hastily the other day, my dear mother, I do not repent of it, for the king was too ill for me to have been absent from him. He was surprised, and very glad to see me arrive. He has had very bad nights, and suffered much for three or four days; but, God be thanked, he is getting better, and has had less fever for some days, and yesterday it was very slight. I am astonished that it was not worse, for the disease has been very bad. Felix (one of Louis XIV.'s surgeons) says that it is of the same nature with that which the king, his master, had in the neck about two years ago. It suppurated three days ago, but the boil is not yet gone."

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

Thus we see that king James's malady was not only painful, but loathsome—even the same affliction that was laid on Job, sore boils breaking out upon him. Yet his faithful consort, five-and-twenty years his junior, and still one of the most beautiful women in Europe, attended on him day and night; and unrestrained by the cold ceremonial etiquettes of royalty, performed for him all the personal duties of a nurse, with the same tenderness and self-devotion with which the patient heroine of domestic life occasionally smoothes the pillow of sickness and poverty in a cottage.

"It is only for the last two nights," continues the queen, "that I have slept apart from the king on a little pallet-bed in his chamber. I experienced some ill consequences myself, before I would consent to this separation; and you may believe, my dear mother, that I have not suffered a little in seeing the king suffer so much. I hope, however, that it will do him great good, and procure for him a long term of health. I attribute his recovery principally to the prayers at Chaillot; and I thank our dear mother and sisters with all my heart, and request a continuation of them.

"My own health is good; God has not sent all sorts of afflictions at once. He knows my weakness, and He has disposed for me accordingly. It is His signal grace that the malady of the king has come to so rapid a conclusion, and without any relapse. Thank Him, my dear mother, for me, and pray that I may be rendered sufficiently thankful for this mercy, and for all that has been done for me, *mortificat et vivificat*; but He can never be sufficiently praised by you and me.

"I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart. I recommend my son to your prayers; he will make his first communion at Christmas, if it please God."¹

The latter part of this letter is illegibly written, and in broken French, with a confusion of pronouns which renders it difficult to translate. It bears evident traces of the restless nights and anxious days which the royal writer had spent in the sick-chamber of her unfortunate consort, and the reader must remember that it was not the native language of the Modenese princess.

In another of her letters, Mary Beatrice speaks in a more cheerful strain of her husband's health: "The king, thank God, is better; he is not quite free of the gout yet, (that is but a trifle.) His other complaint is quite cured, but the doctor would not permit him to go to Marli yesterday, as he had hoped, because it was too far to go in the coach for the first time. He has been out for the first time to-day to take the air, without the least inconvenience, so that we hope he may be able to accomplish the journey to Marli." She hastily concludes her letter with these words: "Adieu, my ever dear mother; I must finish, for the king calls me to come to supper."

The king did not rally so fast as was anticipated by his faithful consort. The season of the year was against him, and he had more than one re-

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Subscribed, "*A ma sœur la déposité.*"

lapse. Mary Beatrice was herself very far from well at this time, but all thoughts of her own sufferings were, as usual, swallowed up in her anxiety for her husband. "I have been for a long time indisposed," writes she to Angelique Priolo, "but my greatest pain has been the serious illness of the king; but God be thanked, he has been without fever for the last two days, and is now convalescent, as I am also, although we have not as yet attended mass, except in the chamber, on account of the great cold which still confines us here, and deprives me of the hope of seeing you before the 22d of the month, when I hope to spend two or three days at Chaillot, if there be no change; but in this world there is not anything that we can reckon upon as sure."¹ In the same letter, she requests her friend to ask the abbess of Chaillot to forward the bills of expenses for her own chamber, and for the young Scotch novice, her *protégé*, whom she always designates as "*La petite sœur de Dumbarton*," for whose board in the convent of Chaillot she had made herself responsible. She also names the chamber of the ladies in waiting, who were accustomed to attend on her during her occasional retreats to the convent of Chaillot, some expenses having been incurred for their accommodation:—

"Adieu," she says, "my ever dear mother. *Sursum corda*. Adieu! Let us in all times and in all places, employ time for eternity. Amen."

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ill health of queen Mary Beatrice—Alarming symptoms—Letter on her son's religion—Princess Anne announces death of the duke of Gloucester—Letter of the queen thereon—Improved prospects of her children—Queen's importunity for Chaillot—Rudeness of madame Maintenon to her—Queen's conversation with Louis XIV.—Visits Fontainebleau—Letters from thence—On her son—Escape from fire—Alarming illness of James II.—Distress of the queen—Her letter from his bedside—Their pecuniary difficulties—Queen goes with the king to Bourbon baths—Her devoted attention—Seen supporting him in his walks—Letters and anecdotes of her homeward journey—Anxiety to return to her children—Arrives at St. Germain—Placability to her step-daughters—Decline of James II.—All business transacted by the queen—Hopes of her son's restoration—James II. struck with apoplexy at chapel—Falls in the queen's arms—Her devoted attendance on his death-bed—His eulogium on her virtues—Violence of her grief—Forced to withdraw—Watches unseen

¹ Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

near him—Brings her son to Louis XIV. at James II.'s death-bed—Recognition of her son by Louis as heir to James II.—Queen charged by James to write to his daughter Anne—Queen's touching parting with James II.—His death—**QUEEN'S WIDOWHOOD**—Her son proclaimed, at gates of St. Germain, James III., &c.—Queen's homage to him—She goes to Chaillot—Reception there—Obsequies of James II.—Anecdotes of the queen's sojourn at Chaillot—Assumes her widow's dress—Visit to the heart of James II.—Returns to her children at St. Germain—Receives visit of condolence from Louis XIV.—James II.'s will—Appoints queen as regent for their son—Queen's letter to princess Anne—Queen's letter on her forty-third birth-day—Conferences with lord Belhaven—Refuses to send her son to Scotland—Her cabinet at St. Germain—In debt to the convent at Chaillot—Her letter thereon—Sends it by her daughter.

THE keen, bracing air of St. Germain was certainly inimical to Mary Beatrice, a daughter of the mild, genial clime of Italy, and she suffered much from coughs and colds, which often ended in inflammations of the lungs and chest. Her children inherited the same tendency to pulmonary affections, and their constitutions were fatally weakened by the erroneous practice of frequent and copious bleedings, to which the French physicians resorted on every occasion. Habitual sorrow and excitement of spirit, generally speaking, produced habits of valetudinarianism. Mary Beatrice seldom writes to her friends at Chaillot without entering into minute details on the subject of health. That king James, prematurely old from too early exertion, broken-hearted, and practising all sorts of austerities, was an object of constant solicitude to her, is not wonderful, or that anxiety and broken rest, for which her delicate frame was ill suited, laid her in turn upon a bed of sickness; but she generally passes lightly over her own sufferings, to dwell on those of her beloved consort and their children. In one of her letters to Angelique Priolo, she says:—

"For myself, I have been more frightened than ill, for my indisposition has never been more than a bad cold, attended, for half a day, with a little fever. I am still a little *en rhume*, but it is just nothing. My alarm was caused by the very serious illness of my son, in which, for thirteen or fourteen days, the fever never left him; and scarcely did he begin to amend a little, when the fever attacked the king. I declare to you that the thought of it overwhelmed me with affliction. But, God be thanked, he had only one fit of it, and a very bad cold, of which he is not yet quit. That one fit of the fever has weakened and depressed him very much, and he has not been out, as yet, further than the children's little chapel, and for this reason I would not leave him here alone, to go to Chaillot. Since the last two days his cold has abated, and he is regaining his strength so well, that I hope to see him wholly recovered at the end of this week. My son is also very much pulled down and enfeebled, but he, likewise, has improved much during the last two days. He went, the day before yesterday, to mass, for the first time. My poor daughter had also a very severe cold and fever for two days, but it has left her for several days, and she is entirely recovered; so that, thank God, we are all out of the hospital. This morning the king and I united in an act of thanksgiving together for it, in the little chapel."

From another of her letters, which, though uncertain as to date, having only that of "St. Germain, this 11th of December," appears to be a subsequent one of the same period, her majesty says:—

"My sickness has been brief, but my convalescence very tedious. It is only since the last two days that I can say that I have been wholly free from the great debility and depression, which have been more distressing to me than the malady itself, and which rendered me insupportable to myself and every one else."¹

This symptom, which the king and the prince had also experienced, looks like influenza; but we find, from the conclusion of the letter, that the poor queen had also been suffering from a severe attack of the hereditary complaint of her family, gout in her hand, which had prevented her from holding her pen—a great privation to so determined a letter-writer as she appears to have been. She says:—

"As to M. d'Autun, alas! I have not been in a condition to write to him. It is all I can do (and you can see it, without doubt, in the characters) to write to you, to-day; to you, my dear mother, to whom I can assuredly write when I cannot to any other, for my heart conducts and gives power to my hand."²

In the same letter there is an interesting little trait of conjugal duty, indicative of the delicacy of feeling with which this amiable princess conformed her wishes to the inclinations of her husband, when she perceived that they were likely to be opposed.

"I had," says she, "a great desire to go to Chaillot before Christmas-eve, to make up for my journey at the presentation. I sounded the king upon it, but perceiving that I should not be able to obtain his permission without pain, I would not press it. We shall not, therefore, see each other at that vigil."³

It may be said that this was but a trifling sacrifice on the part of the queen; but it should also be remembered that she was in a state of personal suffering, attended with great depression of spirits, at that time, the result of a long illness, brought on by fatigue and anxiety during her attendance on her sick husband and children, and that she felt that desire of change of place and scene, which is natural to all invalids; above all, it is the little every-day occurrences of domestic life that form the great test of good-humour. A person who is accustomed to sacrifice inclination in trifles, will rarely exercise selfishness in greater matters.

"I shall not," says she, on another occasion, "have the pleasure of seeing you before the vigil of the Ascension, for the king goes very little out of my chamber, and I cannot leave him. He will not even be in a state to go to La Trappe so soon, therefore I will not quit him till the eve of that feast."

The terrible malady of which Mary Beatrice died, cancer in the breast, made its appearance, though possibly in an incipient state, during the life of her husband, king James, and notwithstanding the angelic patience with which all her sufferings, both mental and bodily, were borne, must have added a bitter drop to the overflowing cup of affliction of which

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

² Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Ibid.

she was doomed to drink. She mentions this alarming symptom to her friend, madame Priolo, in these words :

"I cannot say that I am ill, but I have always this gland in my bosom, undiminished, and three days ago I discovered another tumour in the same breast, near the first, but not so large. I know not what God will lay upon me, but in this, as in everything else, I try to resign myself, without reserve, into his hands, to the end that he may work in me, and for me, and by me, all that it may please him to do."

The sympathies of Mary Beatrice were not confined within the comparatively selfish sphere of kindred ties. She never went to the convent of Chaillot without visiting the infirmary, and endeavouring to cheer and comfort the sick. Once, when an infectious fever had broken out in the convent, and it was considered proper for her to relinquish her intention of passing a few days there, she says :

"For myself I have no apprehension, and if there were not some danger in seeing my children afterwards, I should come ; but I believe the doctor is the only judge of that, and for that reason I wish to send you one of ours, that you may consult with him about the sickness, the time of its duration, and how far the sick are from my apartment, and after that we must submit to his judgment."

The peace between England and France, however fatal in its terms to the cause of James II., was the means of renewing the suspended intercourse between him and his adherents, many of whom came to pay their homage to him and the queen, at St. Germain's, with as little regard to consequences as if it had been Whitehall. A still more numerous class, impelled by the natural propensity which has ever prevailed among the English to look at celebrated characters, flocked to every place where they thought they might get a peep at their exiled king and queen, and their children.

"Last Thursday, May 22, 1700," writes the British ambassador, the earl of Manchester, to the earl of Jersey, "was a great day here. The prince of Wales, as they call him, went in state to Notre Dame, and was received by the archbishop of Paris with the same honours as if the French king had been himself there. After mass, he was entertained by him ; and your lordship may easily imagine that all the English that are here ran to see him."¹

Mary Beatrice, writing to her friend at Chaillot on the same subject, after thanking her and the rest of the nuns for the prayers they had made for her son, during his preparation for one of the sacraments of their church, says, "That dear son, God be praised, appeared to me to make his first communion in very good dispositions. I could not restrain my tears when I witnessed it. I seem as if I had given him to God with my whole heart, and I entreat our heavenly Father only to permit him to live for his service, to honour and to love him. The child appears to be well resolved on that. He has assured me, 'that he would rather die than offend God mortally.' Let us all say, from the depths of our hearts, continue, O Lord, to work thus in him."²

¹ Cole's State Papers.

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

The queen refers, in the same letter, with great satisfaction, to the religious impression that had lately been made on one of the young ladies in the convent of Chaillot:

"We must," she says, "entreat God for its continuance. Our mother, her mistress, and yourself, will have great merit in his sight on account of it, for that child has tried your patience and your charity, in the same manner as the little Strickland exercised that of others; and we have seen with our eyes the blessing of God on them both, for which may He be for ever praised, as well as for the cure of the king, which we may now call perfect, for the abscess is healed, and the gout is gone; but it will require time and repose to harden the skin, which is still very tender and delicate; but, with His patience, all will be well soon."¹

The death of the young duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the princess Anne of Denmark, which occurred August 12, 1700, appeared to remove a formidable rival from the path of the son of Mary Beatrice. The news of that event was known at St. Germain's two or three days before it was officially announced to the English ambassador, who was first apprised of it by one of his spies in the exiled court. This seems a confirmation of the assertion of Lamberty, that the princess Anne sent an express secretly to St. Germain's, to notify the death of her son to her injured father.

"In respect to the decease of the young prince," says Mary Beatrice, in allusion to that important event, in one of her confidential letters to Angelique, "that does not as yet produce any visible change, but it must, of necessity, in the sequel, and perhaps rather sooner than they think in France. We follow our good rule of keeping a profound silence, and put our hopes in God alone. Pray to him, my dear mother, that he will be himself our strength."

"There was to have been a great hunting on the plains of St. Denis for the prince of Wales," writes the earl of Manchester, "in order that the English here might have seen him; but, after this melancholy news, it was thought more decent to put it off"—a proof of respect, at any rate, on the part of the exiled king and queen, for the memory of his innocent rival, and of their consideration for the feelings of the princess Anne. Greatly were the outward and visible signs of respect paid by the court of France to the son of James II. augmented by the death of his nephew, Gloucester. "I shall only tell you," proceeds the earl of Manchester, "that the prince of Wales is to be at Fontainebleau for the first time, and an apartment is preparing for him." September 8th, Manchester writes, "that the court of St. Germain's is actually in mourning, except the king and queen. One of the cabinet there, was of opinion that they should be so far from expecting an official notification of the duke of Gloucester's death—that king James himself ought rather to notify it to all other princes." William's ambassador goes on to report that, "Sir John Parsons, of Rygate, (one of the London aldermen,) and his son, have both been to make their court to the late king and queen; and he (Parsons) says, 'he hopes to receive them when he is lord-mayor of

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in Archives au Royaume de France.

London,' which he pretends is his right next year. The court of France goes to Fontainebleau on the 23d instant, and the late king of England, and the prince of Wales, on the 27th. There are great numbers of English," continues his excellency, "and it is observed at St. Germain, that they see every day new faces, who come to make their court there. There are a few of note who go; but I find some that come to me, and go there also."¹ Very accurate is the information of William's ambassador, as to the movements of the royal exiles of St. Germain.

The queen writes, on the 26th of September, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her that she had performed her devotions in preparation for her journey to Fontainebleau. "I renewed," says she, "my good resolutions, but, my God, how ill I keep them! Pray to Him, my dear mother, that I may begin to-day to be more faithful to him. Alas, it is fully time to be so, since I am at the close of my forty-second year!"²

"Here is a sentence," continues the queen, "which comes from the mind, the hand, and, I believe I may say, the heart of my son. Give it to father Raffron from me, and recommend us all to his prayers." Her reverence of Chaillot, in all probability, did as she was requested, for the paper written by the young prince is not with his royal mother's letter. We may suppose it was of a devotional character, for religion was the principal occupation of the exiled family:

"The king tells me," proceeds Mary Beatrice, "to inform our mother that he has sent her papers to the king, his brother, and that he has written two words with his own hand on the one for Chaillot. He recommends himself to the prayers of all the sisters, and to yours in particular."

This constant solicitation on the part of Mary Beatrice, for some temporal advantage for her friends at Chaillot, subjected her at last to a rude repulse from madame de Maintenon; for that lady, while her majesty was speaking to her on the subject, rose up abruptly and left the room,³ without troubling herself to return an answer. Mary Beatrice did not condescend to resent her ill-manners, though, in one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, she expresses herself with some indignation at her breach of courtesy. Her majesty was impolitic enough to endeavour to carry her point by a personal appeal to Louis XIV., and was unsuccessful. "I acquitted myself," she says, in one of her letters, "as far as was possible of the commission with which our dear mother had charged me, and which I undertook with pleasure, but I must confess to you, that the king replied very coldly, and would scarcely allow me to speak thereupon. I had, however, sufficient courage to tell him a good deal of what I had purposed. I obliged him to answer me once or twice, but not in the manner I could have wished. He afterwards inquired after you. I told him, you had been much distressed that his majesty could believe that the daughters of Chaillot had wished to deceive him; to which he frankly replied, 'Oh, I have never believed that;'

¹ Cole's State Papers.

² Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to madame Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

³ Ibid

and then he appeared as if he would have been glad to change the conversation; and I had not the boldness to prevent him a second time."

The poor queen showed little tact in importuning the fastidious and ease-loving prince, so perseveringly on a subject which appeared disagreeable to him. In this letter she begs her friend not to mention her having related the particulars of her conversation with Louis, as it might be taken amiss by him and madame de Maintenon.

After having importuned madame de Maintenon for several years about the Chaillot business, till she obtained at last the object of her petition, Mary Beatrice, with strange inconsistency, forgot to express her personal thanks to that powerful mover of the secret councils of Versailles, for the favour she had rendered to her protégés at her solicitation. Her majesty writes to the abbess of Chaillot, in a tone of consternation, about this omission:—

"You are already acquainted," she says, "with what I am about to tell you; for it is impossible but that M. de M—— must have expressed her surprise to you that I conversed with her an hour and a half, the other day, without so much as mentioning the favours that she had obtained for you of the king, having been so full of thankfulness on my own account, two days before. I, however, avow this to you, and entreat your forgiveness, as I have done to herself, in a letter which I have just been writing to her. It seems to me," continues her majesty, "that when we have the misfortune to commit faults, the best thing we can do is to repent of them, confess them, and endeavour, as far as we can, to repair them. Send me word," she says, in conclusion, "when you would like best that I should come and see you, and what day you would wish to see my son."

On the day of the assumption, 1700, the queen attended the services of her church in the convent of Chaillot. Her majesty was accompanied by king James and their son; she presented them both to the abbess and the nuns. In the circular letter of Chaillot for that year, the holy ladies give the following description of the disinherited heir of Great Britain. "He is one of the finest and best made princes of his age, and he has the most beautiful and happy countenance in the world; he has much wit, and is lively, bold, and most agreeable. He greatly resembles the queen, his mother, and is also like the late king Charles, his uncle."

Portraits and medals of their son were sent by the deposed king and queen this year, not only to their adherents in England, but, in many instances, to noble families opposed in principles,¹ to show them how decidedly nature had vindicated his descent, by stamping his countenance, not only with the unmistakable lineaments of a royal Stuart, but with a striking resemblance of the kindred Bourbons, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. We trace it even in the smiling, dimpled face he shows in his eighth year, as may be seen by the original portrait in the marquis of Breadalbane's collection at Holyrood. His visit to Fontainebleau gave great pleasure to the young prince, and to his fond mother also, whose maternal pride was, of course, highly gratified at the caresses that were lavished on her son, and the admiration which his beauty and graceful

¹ "Seven thousand medals of the pretended prince of Wales are to be stamped by Rottier, who is here, and sent to captain Cheney, who formerly lived at Hackney, but is now in some part of Kent."—Despatches of the earl of Manchester, August, 1700.

manner excited. "My son," she says to her friend at Chaillot, "is charmed with Fontainebleau. They would make us believe that they are delighted with him. It is true, that for the first time, he has done well enough. Your great king has surpassed himself in goodness and cordiality to us. Pray God to recompense him for it, even in this life."¹

The death of his nephew, William duke of Gloucester, who was only one year younger than the son of Mary Beatrice and James II., appeared to have placed that prince in a more favourable position than he had occupied since he had been deprived of his place in the royal succession. The decease of William III. was confidently expected to precede that of king James, who was accustomed to say, "that he would embark for England the instant the news of that event reached him, though three men should not follow him."²

Mary Beatrice was with her husband, king James, again at Fontainebleau, in October, on a visit to the French court. She writes to her friend at Chaillot, on the 13th of the month, in a more lively strain than usual. "I have never," she says, "had such good health at Fontainebleau as this year. The king, my husband, has also been perfectly well. He has been hunting almost every day, and is growing fat. We have had the most beautiful weather in the world. The king (Louis), as usual, lavished upon us a thousand marks of his goodness, and of the most cordial regard, which has given us the utmost pleasure. The whole of his royal family followed his example, and so did all his court. To God alone be the honour and glory."³ Two public events, of some importance, are next mentioned by her majesty in this letter: "At length," says she, "our good father (the pope) is dead, and the poor king of Spain also; the news arrived yesterday at Fontainebleau two hours after our departure. They had been three days expecting momentarily this event. * * I found my children, God be thanked! in perfect health on my return yesterday evening at half-past seven; they told me that you had not forgotten them during our absence. I thank our mother, all our sisters, and you, for it with all my heart."

The queen's preservation from a frightful peril, in which she was involved during her recent visit to the French court, excites all the natural enthusiasm of her character. "I experienced," she says, "when at Fontainebleau, the succour of the holy angels, whom you have invoked for me; for one evening, while I was saying my prayers, I set fire to my night cornettes, which were burned to the very cap, without singeing a single hair." These cornettes were three high, narrow stages of lace, stiffened very much, and supported on wires, placed upright from the brow, one above the other, like a helmet, with the vizor up, only composed of point or Brussels lace, and with lappets descending on either side. A lady stood small chance, indeed, of her life, if such a structure ignited on her head; therefore some allowance must be made

¹ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

² Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

³ Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

for the pious consort of James II., imputing, not only her escape, but the wonderful preservation of her jetty tresses, under those circumstances, to the friendly intervention of the guardian angels, whom the holy *mère déposée* of the convent of Chaillot had been endeavouring to interest in her favour. The fashion of the cornettes was introduced by madame de Maintenon, and was invariably adopted by ladies of all ages, though becoming to very few, from the ungraceful height it imparted to the forehead. Mary Beatrice not only wore the cornette head-tire both by day and night herself, but had her beautiful little girl, the princess Louisa, dressed in this absurd fashion when but four years old, as may be seen in a charming print in possession of Kirkpatrick Sharp, Esq., from the original picture of the royal children at play, in the parterre at St. Germain. The infantine innocence and arch expression of the smiling babe, who, hand in hand with the prince, her brother, is in eager pursuit of a butterfly, give a droll effect to the formal appendage of Brussels lace cornettes, and lappets, on the little head.

The following letter was written by the young princess, when in her eighth year, to the queen, her mother, during a temporary absence from St. Germain:—

"Madame,

"I hope that this letter will find your majesty in as good health as when I left you. I am at present quite well, but I was very tired after my journey. I am very glad to learn from my brother that you are well. I desire extremely your majesty's return, which I hope will be to-morrow evening, between seven and eight o'clock. M. Caryl begs me to inquire of you if I ought to sign my letter to the nuncio 'Louise Marie, P.' I am impatient to learn if you have had any tidings of the king.

"I am, madame,

"Your majesty's very humble and obedient daughter,

"LOUISE MARIE.¹

"St. G., this 21st of May, 1700."

Some secret intrigue appears to have been on foot at this time, for the purpose of inducing the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice to undertake the desperate enterprise of effecting a landing in some part of England, unknown to his royal parents, if any credit is to be attached to the following mysterious passage in one of the earl of Manchester's ambassadorial reports, dated December 11th:—

"I cannot tell from whence they have, at St. Germain, an apprehension that the P. (Prince of Wales) will be carried away into England, with his own consent; and upon this, they have increased his guards. Whereas formerly he had six, he has now fourteen. They think their game so very sure, that there is no occasion he should take such a step."

If such a scheme were in agitation, it is possible that it originated with some of the Scotch magnates, who were anxious to defeat the project of the union, which was then contemplated by William. The notorious Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat, made his appearance at the court of St. Germain, about this time, with offers of services, which, in consequence of the horror expressed by Mary Beatrice for his

¹ The original autograph is in French, written in a child's large-text hand, between ruled lines. It is preserved in the Chaillot Collection.

general conduct and character, were rejected, and he received an intimation that his presence was unwelcome. It would have been well for the cause of the exiled family if, after James's death, she had continued to act according to her first impression regarding this unprincipled adventurer. If any judgment may be formed from the secret correspondence of the nobility and landed gentry of Great Britain with the court of St. Germain, it should seem that nearly the whole of Ireland, and a closely-balanced moiety of the people of England, weary of the oppressive taxation of the Dutch sovereign, sighed for the restoration of a dynasty, who, whatever were its faults, did not needlessly involve the realm in expensive continental wars, to the ruin of commerce and the decay of trade. In Scotland the burden of the popular song—

"There 's nae luck about the house, there 's nae luck at a',
There 's meikle pleasure in the house, while our good man 's awa',"

is well known to have borne a significant allusion to the absence of the deposed sovereign.

The wisdom of the proverbial sarcasm, "Defend me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies," was never more completely exemplified than in the case of king James. A letter, written by his former minister, the earl of Melfort, to his brother, the duke of Perth, stating, "that there was a powerful party in Scotland ready to rise in favour of the exiled sovereign, and that it was fully the intention of that prince to re-establish the Roman-catholic religion in England," being intercepted, was communicated by king William to parliament, and, of course, did more injury to the cause of the royal Stuarts than anything that could have been devised by their foes. The king and queen were greatly annoyed, and Melfort was banished to Angers; but the mischief was irrecoverable.

In the midst of the vexation caused by this annoying business to the king and queen, James was seized with an alarming fit of that dreadful constitutional malady, sanguineous apoplexy, of which he had manifested the first symptoms at the period of the Revolution. The attack, on this occasion, appears to have been produced by agitation of mind, under the following affecting circumstances: their majesties were attending divine service in the chapel royal at St. Germain, on Friday, March 4th, 1701—the anthem for that day being from the first and second verses of the last chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider and behold our approach; our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens."

These words, so applicable to his own case, touched too powerful a chord in the mind of the fallen monarch. His enfeebled frame was unable to support the climax of agonizing associations which they recalled; a torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nose; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel in a state of insensibility. A report of his death was generally circulated.¹ The terror and distress of the poor queen may readily be imagined; but she had acquired, during long years of adversity, the needful virtue of the patient heroine of domestic life, the

¹ Somer's Tracts. Stuart Papers.

power of controlling her own feelings for the sake of ministering to the sufferings of the beloved partner of her trials. Very touching is the account given by Mary Beatrice to her friend, Angelique Priolo, in a letter, dated December 13th, of the sufferings of her unfortunate consort, and her own despondence during her anxious attendance in his sick chamber.

"I seize this moment," she says, "while the king sleeps, to write a word to you by his bed-side. I have read your letter to him, and he has charged me to return his thanks to you, holy mother, and to all the sisters, for your prayers, and for the part you take in his illness, which is not painful, but I fear dangerous; for he is extremely weak in the right hand and leg, which threatens paralysis; his other hand is not affected, God be thanked, but he trembles with apprehension, lest it should mount to his head. I suffer far more than he does, from the anticipation of greater sufferings for him; and, throwing myself at the foot of the Cross, my heart seems to tell me that this is not enough, for that it is the will of God that it should be pierced with a terrible wound." The dread that the beloved of her heart would be taken from her with a stroke, fills her soul with unutterable anguish as a woman; but, as a Christian, she submits, and only seeks to obtain the grace of resignation: "You know my weakness, my dear mother, and my little virtue, and therefore you may judge better than any other person the extreme need I have of prayers. I do not ask anything in particular; for I feel no want of my former faith in devotion, but only a public desire to be able to conform myself to the will of God. I request only the fervent prayers of my dear mother and all our sisters, and of the other monastery. I ask yours, my good mother, who suffer for me and with me, and who know well the sad state in which I find myself. I do not hope to see you during the holy week; but we will be found at the foot of that Cross, whither our crosses should be borne."¹

The apprehensions entertained by the anxious consort of James, that he was threatened with an attack of paralysis, were fully realized; and, as a last resource, he was ordered to the baths of Bourbon. "The late king," says William's ambassador, the earl of Manchester, in his official report of the 16th, "is very ill, having had a second fit of apoplexy," which was violent, and has taken away the use of his limbs on one side of him." In another despatch, dated 26th, his excellency gives the following particulars to secretary Vernon of the melancholy state of their old master, of whose sufferings he invariably writes with more than diplomatic hardness: "What I wrote concerning James was a true account, which you may judge by his intending to go to Bourbon in November next. He is far from being well, and is very much broke of late, so that some think he cannot last long. His stay at Bourbon will be of three weeks. He is to be eleven days in going, and as long coming

¹ Archives au Royaume, &c.

² The ambassador uses this word erroneously, two or three times, instead of paralysis. Several of the fits with which James was attacked, during the last six months of his life, were epileptic.

back. They intend to pump his right arm, which he has lost the use of, and he is to bathe and drink the waters."

The anguish of the poor queen was increased by the misery of pecuniary distress at this anxious period, having no funds for the journey, she was compelled to appeal to Louis XIV., for a charitable supply. "They desired," says the earl of Manchester, "but 30,000 livres of the French court for this journey, which was immediately sent them in gold. I don't know but they may advise him after that to a hotter climate, which may be convenient enough on several accounts. In short, his senses and his memory are very much decayed, and I believe a few months will carry him off." Very kind attention and much sympathy were shown to James and his queen, on this occasion, by Louis XIV. He sent Fagon, his chief physician, to attend him at Bourbon, and charged d'Urfi to go with them, to pay all the expenses of the journey, and to arrange that they were treated with the same state as if it had been himself, although they had entreated that they might be permitted to dispense with all ceremonies.¹

The waters and baths of Bourbon were, at that era, regarded as the most sovereign panacea in the world for paralytic affections and gout. King James, who was fully aware that he was hastening to the tomb, was only induced to undertake the journey by the tender importunity of his consort. They bade adieu to their children, and left St. Germain on the 5th of April, proceeding no farther than Paris the first day. Even that short distance, sixteen miles, greatly fatigued the king. They slept at the house of their old friend, the duke de Lauzun, where several persons of quality from England, who were then in Paris, came privily to inquire after king James's health, and to kiss his hand and that of his queen. So closely, however, were their proceedings watched by William's ambassador, that the intelligence, together with the initials of the names of the parties, was transmitted to the secretary of state in London.² The following day, their majesties had a meeting with Louis XIV. at the Louvre, and attended mass at Nôtre Dame. King James, says our authority, walked without much difficulty, aided by the supporting arm of his faithful queen, who was constantly at his side.³

Among the papers at the Hotel de Soubise, are letters from various ecclesiastics to the queen's friend, La Mère Priolo, tracing the progress of their journey to the baths of Bourbon, in which they made stages from one convent to another. The nature of this correspondence makes it overloaded with the details of catholic observances, which afford little satisfaction to those interested in historical research. Here and there, however, are a few biographical notices. The queen was a little overpowered by the odour of the pastilles burnt at the high mass; but she told the writer, "she was quite ashamed of this weakness, which had not thus affected her for a long time."

The tender and devoted affection of Mary Beatrice for her unfortunate consort is simply and touchingly manifested in a letter which she ad

¹ St. Simon, vol. iii., pp. 93, 94.

² Despatches of the earl of Manchester

³ Inedited letter de l'Abbé de Roguette, dated May 2, 1701. Archives au Roy aume, &c., Hotel de Soubise.

dressed, on the 20th of April, to her friend, madame Priolo, after they had accomplished their long weary journey to the baths of Bourbon. The king was better, and her heart overflows with thankfulness to God, and an unwonted strain of cheerfulness pervades her paper: "Bourbon, 20th April.—At last, my dear mother," she says, "we arrived at this place on the fourteenth day after our departure from St. Germain, without any accident. God be thanked, the king is much better! he has had a little gout, which is now gone; his hand and knee are gaining strength. He eats and sleeps well, and I hope that we shall bring him back in perfect health. If God should graft us this mercy, instead of complaining of the journey, which I have assuredly found very long and uncomfortable, I shall call it the most agreeable, and the happiest I have made in all my life. With regard to myself, too, I ought not to complain, for I am so well that I am astonished at it. Assist me, my dear mother, in rendering thanks to God for his mercy, in sustaining me in all the various states in which it has pleased him to place me, and beseech him to grant me the grace to be more faithful and grateful to him."¹

The British ambassador had accurate information, meantime, of the minutest particulars relating to the proceedings of Mary Beatrice and her suffering lord. In a despatch dated April 20th, he says: "The late king has the gout at Bourbon, so cannot drink the waters." Mary Beatrice, in her letter of the same date, mentions her visits to the nuns of Montargis, and other religious communities, being aware that such matters would prove of greater interest to her friends at Chaillot, than details of the company whom she met at the baths of Bourbon, or the business of the great world:—"I have been much pleased with our sisters of Montargis, and above all, with the good mother, with whom I appeared to be well acquainted, from the love I bear to her sister, whom she much resembles. They have also a *Deposée*, who appears to have some merit. These of Nevers gave me your dear letter. There was such a crowd when I received it, that I was not able to look over it, as I could have wished, but the little I saw pleased me much. Our poor sisters of Moulins I have not seen, because we were taken by another road, at which I was much vexed, but, if it pleased God, before I quit this place, I will go one day to see them, express. To-day they have sent their confessor to signify their chagrin at not having seen me."²

From an inedited letter of the superior, in the Archives au Royaume de France, it appears that Mary Beatrice and her consort visited that convent the day before the festival of the holy Trinity. The queen edified all the religieuses by the humility with which she followed the processions of that festival, on foot, "without *parasol*,³ squire, or trainbearer, with a taper in her hand. The angelic modesty of her countenance made her the admiration of all beholders." The king was unable to

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² *Ibid.*

³ This remark proves that this article of luxury was in use in Louis XIV.'s reign.

walk without the supporting arm of his faithful consort, but he viewed the procession from a balcony. "We have had five queens here," says the superior of Moulins, "whom I remember very well, but not one comparable to this; every one is equally charmed and edified with her." From this correspondence, it appears that the waters and baths of Bourbon freed king James's arm from the rheumatic gout, and enabled him to walk and speak with less difficulty, instances of amendment which prove how deeply he had been afflicted. The personal attentions of the queen to her suffering husband are mentioned with admiration by the writers of the numerous packets of letters from which we have gleaned this intelligence. Such instances of humanity and affectionate duty can be appreciated by every one; those who would turn away with disgust from the processions and trifling observances with which these letters are loaded, can appreciate the fond wife and devoted nurse.

The effect of the waters of Bourbon was so beneficial to king James, that, contrary to all expectation, he was able to commence his journey to St. Germain on the 4th of June. The queen, on her return from the baths of Bourbon, visited the convent of nuns in the town called La Charité, on the Loire. She could not help, as she told her ladies afterwards, observing the extreme poverty of the nuns. They told her "that this was occasioned by robbers, who often came and pillaged them of all that they possessed; but of late they had kept a rifle always loaded, in order to fire if the bandits came," which, indeed, the queen added, "that she had noticed, and had remarked to herself, that it was strange to see such a weapon in a cell of nuns." It does not appear whether the poor ladies ever fired the rifle; perhaps it was merely hung up in terrorem.¹ The queen writes from Montargis the following cheering account of king James's health:—"We are now within three days' journey of Paris, in good health, thank God! The king gains strength every day, and they assure us that, after a few days of rest, he will find himself much better than he has yet done. He has a very good appearance: he eats well, and sleeps very well; he walks much better, and has begun to write. It is a great change for the better. I am persuaded that the prayers of Chaillot, and of almost all our holy institutions, have contributed more to it than the waters. God be praised for it, for ever." The queen, in her postscript, adds: "I must not forget to tell you that it will be impossible to stop at Chaillot at all, for the Tuesday, the last day of our journey, we have arranged to go straight by d'Essone to St. Germain, having, as you may believe, some impatience to embrace my dear children."²

During her anxious attendance on her sick consort at Bourbon, Mary Beatrice, from time to time, sent messengers to St. Germain, to inquire after the health and welfare of her children, who remained there under the care of the duke of Perth and the countess of Middleton. Very constant and dutiful had the prince and his little sister been in their correspondence with their royal parents, at this period of unwonted separation

¹ Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² Ibid.

A packet of their simple little letters to the queen is still preserved, among more important documents of the exiled Stuarts, in the Archives au Royaume de France, in Paris, containing interesting evidence of the strong ties of natural affection by which the hearts of this unfortunate family were entwined together. Mary Beatrice and James arrived at St. Germain's in time for the celebration of the birthday fêtes of their son and daughter. The prince completed his thirteenth year on the 10th of June, and the princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month. Visits of congratulation were paid by the king of France, and all the members of the royal family, to the king and queen, on their return from Bourbon. Though Louis XIV. had been compelled to recognise William III. as king of Great Britain, he continued to treat the deposed king and queen with the same punctilious attention to all the ceremonials of state, as if they had retained their regality. When the young duke of Anjou, his grandson, was declared king of Spain, he sent his first equerry to announce the fact to them, and he treated the new monarch precisely with the same honours as he did king James, taking care to avoid the slightest misunderstanding, by never allowing them to meet in his presence, as he considered each entitled to the honour of a fauteuil on his right hand; which it was impossible both could have at the same time. The young king of Spain visited James and his queen at St. Germain's, and they returned his visits at Versailles.

The improvement in the health of her beloved consort, during their late visit at Bourbon, which had filled the heart of Mary Beatrice with false hopes of his ultimate recovery, was but of temporary duration. The British ambassador, who kept, through his spies at St. Germain's, a close watch on the symptoms of his deposed sovereign, gives the following account of his state in a despatch dated June 15:—"King James is so decayed in his senses that he takes care of nothing, all things going direct to the queen. They were both yesterday at Versailles to wait on the king, but they did not come till after five, so that I was gone."¹ The decay of king James's senses, of which his former liegeman speaks, was a failure of his physical powers, which had, as before noticed, been brought too early into action. Edward the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, Henry IV., and Henry VII., men of far greater natural talents than James II., all died in a pitiable state of mental atrophy, prematurely worn out, the victims of their precocious exertions. In addition to this cause, James had been heavily visited, in the last fourteen years of his life, with a burden of sorrow such as few princes have been doomed to bear. Calumniated, betrayed, and driven from his throne, into exile and poverty, by his loved and fondly-cherished daughters, the heart of the modern Lear of British history had, of course, been wrung with pangs no less bitter than those which that great master of the human heart, Shakespeare, has portrayed, goading the outraged king and father to madness; but James bore his wrongs with the patience of a Christian, and instead of raving or "foul, unnatural hags," and invoking the vengeance of Heaven on one and both of them, like the hero of the tragedy, he be-

¹ Cole's State Papers.

sought daily of God to pardon them. He was encouraged in his placable feelings by his consort, for Mary Beatrice, deeply as she had been injured by her step-daughters and their husbands, never spoke an angry word of either, but was accustomed to check her ladies if they began to inveigh against them. "As we cannot speak of them with praise," she would say, "we will not make them a subject of discourse, since it only creates irritation, and gives rise to feelings that cannot be pleasing to God. Let us rather look closely to ourselves, and endeavour to avoid those faults which we see in others."¹

Although a few fond superstitions, the result of education and association with her conventual friends, now and then peep out in the letters of Mary Beatrice, the fervency and depth of her piety and love of God, her patience and resignation under all her trials and afflictions, and her charitable forbearance from reviling those who had so cruelly injured and calumniated her, prove her to have been a sincere Christian. In one of her letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, she says that she supplicates the God of all consolation to fill her heart with his holy love, and then to do what He would with her; "for I believe," continues she, "that a heart full of divine love is at peace and content in every kind of state, and cannot be otherwise than well. This is the only thing I would pray you to ask for me, my dear mother. It is the sole thing needful, without which one cannot be happy, either in this world or in the other; and with which, all that the world calls misfortunes and disgrace cannot render one miserable. I believe this as firmly as if I had experienced it myself, although, in truth, I have never felt an approach to it; for instead of doing all for love, I do all perforce. God knows it, and you may comprehend it well; and therefore I am sure, my dear mother, that you will pity me and pray for me."

King James's sands of life were now ebbing fast. The earl of Manchester, in a despatch dated July 13th, says, "The late king was taken with another fit of apoplexy, and it was thought he would not have lived half an hour. His eyes were fixed, and I hear yesterday he was ill again. He is so ill decayed, that, by every post, you may expect to hear of his death." The skill of Fagon, who remained in constant attendance, and the tender care of his conjugal nurse, assisted the naturally strong constitution of James to make a second rally. He crept out once more, on fine sunny days, in the parterre, supported by the arm of his royal helpmate, accompanied by their children, and attended by the faithful adherents who formed their little court. Sometimes his majesty felt strong enough to extend his walk as far as the terrace of St. Germain's, which, with its forest background and rich prospect over the valley of the Seine, bore a tantalizing resemblance to the unforgotten scenery of Richmond hill and the Thames, with the heights of Windsor in the distance. The eyes of Mary Beatrice were at times perhaps suffused with unbidden tears at the remembrances they recalled; but the thoughts, the hopes, the desires of the dying king, her husband, were fixed on

¹ MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

brighter realms. He who had learned to thank God for having deprived him of three crowns, that He might lead him through the chastening paths of sorrow to a heavenly inheritance, regarded the kingdoms of this world and their glories, with the eye of one who stands on the narrow verge between time and eternity.

The terrace of St. Germain's was a public promenade, and many of the English who visited France, after the peace of Ryswick, incurred the risk of being treated as Jacobites, on their return home, by resorting thither. Some, doubtless, sought that prohibited spot to gratify a sort of lingering affection for James and his queen, which they dared not acknowledge even to themselves; but the greater number came for the indulgence of their idle curiosity to see the exiled court. Few even of the latter class, however, except the hireling spies of the Dutch cabinet, who were always loitering in the crowd, could behold without feelings allied to sympathy, the wasted form of him who had been their king, bowed earthward with sorrow rather than with years, his feeble steps supported by his pale, anxious consort, their once beautiful queen; her eyes bent with fond solicitude on his face, or turned with appealing glances from him to any of their former subjects whom she recognised, and then with mute eloquence directing their attention to her son. It was not every one who could resist her silent pleading; and it is noticed by lord Manchester, that the hopes of the Jacobites of St. Germain's of the restoration of the royal family, were never more sanguine than at that period, when everything in the shape of business was transacted by the queen.

The tender solicitude of Mary Beatrice for her children, led her to bestow much of her personal attention on them when they were ill. On one occasion, when they were both confined to their chambers with severe colds, she describes herself as "going from one to the other all day long."¹ The early deaths of her three elder children rendered her naturally apprehensive lest these beloved ones should also be snatched away; yet her maternal hopes were so confidently fixed on her son, that one day, when he was so seriously ill that apprehensions were entertained for his life, she said, "God, who has given him to me, will, I hope, preserve him to me. I doubt not that he will rule, one day, on the throne of his fathers. God can never permit the legitimate line of princes to fail." It was the personal influence of the woman, a queen now only in name, that gave vitality to the Stuart cause, at a time when every passing day brought king James nearer to the verge of the tomb. It was her impassioned pleading, that, enlisting the dauphin and his generous son, the duke of Burgundy, and madame de Maintenon on her side, obtained from Louis XIV. the solemn promise of recognising her son's claim to the style and title of king of England, when his father should be no more.²

King James continued to linger through the summer, and was occasionally strong enough to mount his horse. Mary Beatrice began to

¹ Inedited Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.
² Earl of Manchester's Despatches, in Cole.

flatter herself with hopes of his recovery; and weary as he was of the turmoil of the world, there were yet strong ties to bind him to an existence that was endeared by the affection of a partner who, crushed as he was with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity, continued, after a union of nearly eight-and-twenty years, to love him with the same impassioned fondness as in the first years of their marriage. It was hard to part with her and their children, the lovely, promising, and dutiful children of his old age, whom nature had apparently so well qualified to adorn that station of which his rash and ill-advised proceedings had been the means of depriving them. A political crisis of great importance appeared to be at hand. The days of his rival, William III., were numbered as well as his own; both were labouring under incurable maladies; the race of life, even then, was closely matched between them; and if James ever desired a lengthened existence, it was that, for the sake of his son, he might survive William, fancying—fond delusion—that his daughter Anne would not dare to contest the throne with him. The clear-sighted diplomatist who represented William at the court of France, feeling the importance of a close attention to the chances in a game that was arriving at so nice a point, kept too keen a watch on the waning light of his old master's lamp of life to be deceived by its occasional flashes. In his despatch of the 31st of August, 1701, he says, "The late king hopes still to go to Fontainebleau, but I know this court will prevent it, because he might very likely die there, which would be inconvenient."¹

The event alluded to in these humane terms, appears to have been hastened by a recurrence of the same incident which caused king James's first severe stroke of apoplexy in the preceding spring. On Friday, September 2d, while he was at mass in the chapel-royal, the choir unfortunately sung the fatal anthem again, "Lord, remember what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach," &c. The same agonizing chord was touched as on the former occasion, with a similar effect. He sank into the arms of the queen, in a swoon, and was carried from the chapel into his chamber in a state of insensibility. After a time, suspended animation was restored; but the fit returned upon him with greater violence. "A most afflicting sight," says the continuator of his memoirs, "for his most disconsolate queen, into whose arms he fell the second time."²

Mary Beatrice had acquired sufficient firmness in the path of duty to be able to control her own agonies on this occasion, for the sake of the beloved object of her solicitude. She had inherited from her mother the qualifications of a skilful nurse, and her queenly rank had never elevated her above the practical duties of the conjugal character. She could not deceive herself as to the mournful truth which the looks of all around her proclaimed; and her own sad heart assured her that the dreaded moment of separation between them was at hand. Contrary, however, to all expectation, nature made another rally; her husband recovered

¹ Earl of Manchester's Despatches, in Cole.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers, edited by Stanier Clark, Historiographer to George IV.

from his long death-like swoon, and, all the following day, appeared better; but he, looking death steadily in the face, sent for his confessor on the Sunday morning, and had just finished his general confession, when he was seized with another fit, which lasted so long, that every one believed him to be dead. His teeth being forced open, a frightful hæmorrhage of blood took place—a recurrence for the third time, only in a more aggravated form, of the symptoms of sanguineous apoplexy with which he was threatened when with the army at Salisbury, and which so effectually fought the battles of his foes against him, by precluding him from the possibility of either bodily or mental exertion.

The distress and terror of the queen nearly overpowered her on this occasion, but she struggled with the weakness of her sex, and refused to leave her suffering husband in his extremity. James himself was calm and composed, and as soon as the hæmorrhage could be stopped, expressed a wish to receive the last rites of his church; but said he would see his children first, and sent for his son. The young prince, when he entered the chamber and saw the pale, deathlike countenance of his father, and the bed all covered with blood, gave way to a passionate burst of grief, in which every one else joined except the dying king, who appeared perfectly serene. When the prince approached the bed, he extended his arms to embrace him, and addressed his last admonition to him in these impressive words, which, notwithstanding the weakness and exhaustion of sinking nature, were uttered with a fervour and a solemnity that astonished every one:¹

“I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being God Almighty’s will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, nor no liberty like his service. If his holy Providence shall think fit to seat you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues. Consider them as your children; you are the child of vows and prayers, behave yourself accordingly. Honour your mother, that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may reap the blessings of concord and unity.”²

Those who were about the king, apprehending that the excitement of continuing to speak long and earnestly on subjects of so agitating a nature, would be too much for his exhausted frame, suggested that the prince had better now withdraw; at which his majesty was troubled, and said, “Do not take my son away from me till I have given him my blessing at least.”

The little princess Louisa was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive, in her turn, all that Heaven had left it in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow on his children, by

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Somer’s Tracts, vol. xi., p. 342.

Mary Beatrice—his paternal benediction and advice. It was perhaps a harder trial for James to part with this daughter than with his son; she was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *La Consolatrice* when he first looked upon her, and she had, even when in her nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how deeply she was touched by the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended only too well the calamity that impended over her. "Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her, "adieu; serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been no less than myself overclouded with calumnies; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."¹

This noble tribute of the dying consort of Mary Beatrice to her moral worth, doubly affecting from the circumstances under which it was spoken, is the more interesting, because the prediction it contained is fulfilled by the discovery and publication of documents verifying the integrity of her life and actions, and exposing the baseness of the motives which animated the hireling scribblers of a party to calumniate her.

The observation of human life, as well as the research of those writers who, taking nothing on trust, are at the trouble of first searching out and then investigating evidences, will generally prove that railing accusations are rather indicative of the baseness of the persons who make them, than of want of worth in those against whom they are brought.

James did not confine his death-bed advice to his children; he exhorted his servants and friends to forsake sin, and lead holy and Christian lives, and tried to persuade his principal minister of state, the earl of Middleton, to embrace the doctrines of the church of Rome. After he had received the last sacraments of that church from the curé of St. Germain, he told him that he wished to be buried privately in his parish church, with no other monumental inscription than these words, "Here lies James, king of Great Britain." He declared himself in perfect charity with all the world; and, lest his declaration that he forgave all his enemies from the bottom of his heart should be considered too general, he named his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, his daughter.

All this while, the poor queen, who had never quitted him for a moment, being unable to support herself, had sunk down upon the ground by his bedside, in much greater anguish than he, and with almost as little signs of life. James was sensibly touched to see her in such excessive grief, and seemed to suffer more on that account than any other. He tried all he could to comfort her, and to persuade her to resign herself to the will of God in this as in all her other trials, but none had ap-

¹ Somer's Tracts, vol. ii., p. 342.

peared to Mary Beatrice so hard as this, and she remained inconsolable till, a visible improvement taking place in the king's symptoms, she began to flatter herself that his case was not desperate.¹ James passed a better night, and the next day Louis XIV. came to visit him; he would not suffer his coach to drive into the court, lest the noise should disturb his dying kinsman, but alighted at the iron gates the same as others. James received him with the same ease and composure as though nothing extraordinary were the matter. Louis had a long private conference with Mary Beatrice, for whom he testified the greatest sympathy and consideration. On the following Sunday, his majesty of France paid a second visit, and the whole of that day the chamber of king James was thronged with a succession of visitors of distinction, who came to harass him and the queen with complimentary marks of attention on this occasion. No wonder that he sank in a state of exhaustion on the following day, that his fever returned and all hopes of his recovering vanished.²

When this last fatal change appeared, the queen, who was as usual by his bedside, gave way to an irrepressible burst of anguish. This distressed the king, who said to her, "Do not afflict yourself—I am going, I hope to be happy." "I doubt it not," she replied; "it is not for your condition I lament, but for my own," and then her grief overpowering her, she appeared ready to faint away, which he perceiving, entreated of her to retire, and bade those who were near him lead her to her chamber.³ The sight of her grief was the only thing that shook the firmness with which he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. As soon as the queen had withdrawn, James requested that the prayers for a departing soul should be read to him and for him, in which he joined with unaffected devotion. Meantime, Mary Beatrice having recovered herself a little, was only prevented, by the injunctions of her spiritual director, and the consciousness that worn out as she was by grief and watching, she would be unable to command her feelings, from returning to her wonted station by the pillow of her dying lord. But, though she was not permitted to be present visibly, she came softly round by the backstairs, and knelt, unseen, in a closet behind the alcove of the bed, where she could hear every word and every sigh that was uttered by that dear object of her love, which for upwards of seven and twenty years had been the absorbing principle of her existence. In that unsuspected retreat, Mary Beatrice remained for several hours, listening with breathless anxiety to every sound and every motion in the alcove. If she heard the king cough, or groan, her heart was pierced at the thought of his sufferings, and that she was no longer permitted to support and soothe him; and if all were silent, she dreaded that he had ceased to breathe. James sunk into a sort of lethargy, giving, for several days, little consciousness of life, except when prayers were read to him, when, by the expression of his countenance, and the motion of his lips, it was plain that he prayed also.⁴

¹ Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Circular Letter of the convent of Chaillot on the death of Mary Beatrice of Modena, late queen of England.

Meantime, the momentous question of what should be done with regard to acknowledging the claims of the youthful son of James II. and Mary Beatrice, to the title of king of Great Britain, after the decease of the deposed monarch, was warmly debated in the cabinet council of Louis XIV. All but seven were opposed to a step in direct violation to the treaty of Ryswick, and which must have the effect of involving France in a war for which she was ill prepared. Louis XIV., who had committed himself by the hopes he had given to Mary Beatrice, listened in perturbed silence to the objections of his council, in which his reason acquiesced, but the dauphin, being the last to speak, gave a strong proof of the friendship, which, in his quiet way, he cherished for the parents of the disinherited heir of England, for rising in some warmth, he said, "it would be unworthy of the crown of France to abandon a prince of their own blood, especially one who was so near and dear to them as the son of king James, that he was, for his part, resolved to hazard not only his life, but all that was dear to him for his restoration." Then the king of France said, "I am of monseigneur's opinion," and so said the duke of Burgundy and all the princes of the blood.

The following interesting particulars connected with this determination of Louis XIV., were narrated by Mary Beatrice, herself, and must be related in her own words.¹ "It was," said she, "a miraculous interposition, in which, with a heart penetrated with a grateful sense of his goodness to us, I recognised the hand of the Most High, who was pleased to raise up for us a protector in his own good time, by disposing the heart of the greatest of kings to take compassion on the widow and orphans of a king, whom it had pleased God to cover with afflictions here below. We can never cease to acknowledge the obligations that we owe to the king; for not only has he done all that he could for us, but he did it in a manner so heroic and touching, that even our enemies cannot help admiring him for it. He came twice to see my good king during his illness, and said and did everything with which generous feeling could inspire a noble heart, for the illustrious sufferer. He could not refrain from shedding tears, more than once, on seeing the danger of his friend. He spared neither care nor pains to procure every solace, and every assistance that was considered likely to arrest the progress of the malady. At last, on the Tuesday after the king had received the viaticum for the second time, and they had no longer any hopes of him, this kind protector did me the honour of writing with his own hand a note to me, to let me know that he was coming to St. Germain, to tell me something that would console me. He then came to me in my chamber, where he declared to me, with a thousand marks of friendship, the most consolatory that could be, under the circumstances—that after due reflection he had determined to recognise the prince of Wales, my son, for the heir of the three kingdoms of Great Britain, whensoever it should please God to remove the king, and that he would then render the same honours to him, as he had done to the

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his queen. Chaillot MS., Archives du Royaume de France.

king his father.¹ I had previously implored this great monarch, in the presence of the king my husband, to continue the honour of his protection to my children and me, and entreated him to be to us in the place of a father. I made him all the acknowledgments in my power, and he told me that 'I could impart these tidings to the king my husband when and how I thought best.' I entreated him to be the bearer of them himself."¹

Louis, being desirous of doing everything that was likely to alleviate her affliction, proceeded with her to king James's chamber. Life was so far spent with that prince, that he was not aware of the entrance of his august visitor, and when Louis inquired after his health, he made no answer, for he neither saw nor heard him.² When one of his attendants roused him from the drowsy stupor in which he lay, to tell him that the king of France was there, he unclosed his eyes with a painful effort, and said, "Where is he?" "Sir," replied Louis, "I am here, and am come to see how you do." "I am going," said James, quietly, "to pay that debt which must be paid by all kings, as well as by their meanest subjects. I give your majesty my dying thanks for all your kindnesses to me and my afflicted family, and do not doubt of their continuance, having always found you good and generous."³ He also expressed his grateful sense of the attention he had been shown during his sickness. Louis replied, "that was a small matter indeed, but he had something to acquaint him with of more importance," on which the attendants of both kings began to retire; "Let nobody withdraw," exclaimed Louis; then turning again to James, he said, "I am come, Sir, to acquaint you that whenever it shall please God to call your majesty out of this world, I will take your family under my protection, and will recognise your son the prince of Wales, as the heir of your three realms." At these words, all present, both English and French, threw themselves at the feet of the powerful monarch who was at that time the sole reliance of the destitute and sorrowful court of St. Germain.⁴ It was, perhaps, the proudest, as well as the happiest moment of Louis XIV.'s life, that he had dared to act in compliance with the dictates of his own heart, rather than with the advice of his more politic council. The scene was so moving, that Louis himself could not refrain from mingling his tears with those which were shed by those around him. James feebly extended his arms to embrace his royal friend, and strove to speak, but the confused noise prevented his voice from being heard, beyond these words, "I thank God I die with a perfect resignation, and forgive all the world, particularly the emperor and the prince of Orange." He might have added, the empress Eleanor Magdalen of Newburgh, whose personal pique at the preference which his matrimonial ambassador the earl of Peterborough had shown for the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena, eight-and-twenty years before, although the means of elevating her to 'the greatest throne in Europe, was one of the unsuspected causes of the

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his queen. Chaillot MS., Archives au Royaume de France.

² Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

³ Somers's Tracts. Stuart Papers. St. Simon.

⁴ *Ibid.*

ill offices James, and afterwards his widow and son, experienced from that quarter.

James begged, as a last favour, "that no funeral pomp might be used at his obsequies." Louis replied, "that this was the only favour that he could not grant." The dying king begged, "that he would rather employ any money that he felt disposed to expend for that purpose, for the relief of his destitute followers." These he pathetically recommended to his compassionate care, with no less earnestness than he had done Mary Beatrice and her children. Having relieved his mind by making these requests, he begged his majesty "not to remain any longer in so melancholy a place."¹

The queen having, meantime, sent for the prince her son, brought him herself through the little bed-chamber into that of his dying father, that he might return his thanks to his royal protector. The young prince threw himself at Louis' feet, and, embracing his knees, expressed his grateful sense of his majesty's goodness. Louis raised, and tenderly embracing him, promised to act the part of a parent to him. "As this scene excited too much emotion in the sick," says the queen, "we passed all three into my chamber, where the king of France talked to the young prince my son. I wish much I could recollect the words, for never was any exhortation more instructive, more impressive, or fuller of wisdom and kindness."²

The earl of Manchester, in his private report of these visits of Louis XIV. to the sorrowful court of St. Germain, and his promises to the queen and her dying husband, in behalf of their son, mentions the resignation of king James, and then speaking of the prince his son, says,—"I can tell you, that the moment king James dies, the other will take the title of king of England, and will be crowned as such by those of St. Germain. The French king is now at Marly, and at his return he goes to Fontainebleau, so it may easily be contrived not to see the P. (prince) till his return. The queen will be in a convent at Chaillot, till the king be buried, and the P. (prince) at the duke of Lauzun's at Paris, and after that they will return to St. Germain; I doubt not but the French will call him *Roi d'Angleterre*. September 14. It was expected that king James would have died last night, but he was alive this morning, though they expected he will expire every moment, being dead almost up to his stomach, and he is sensible of no pain."³

James retained, however, full possession of his mental faculties, and when his son entered his chamber, which was not often permitted, because it was considered to occasion too much emotion in his weak state, he stretched out his arms to embrace him, and said, "I have not seen you since his most Christian majesty was here, and promised to own you when I should be dead; I have sent my lord Middleton to Marly to thank him for it." The same day, the duke and duchess of Burgundy came to take their last leave of him, when he spoke with composure to

¹ Duke of Berwick's Memoirs.

² Recital of the death of James II. Chaillot MS

³ Despatches of the earl of Manchester.

both, and begged that the duchess would not approach the bed, fearing it might have an injurious effect on her health.¹

"We have been," writes the earl of Manchester, September 16th, 'ever since Tuesday, expecting to hear of the death of the late king. His greatest distemper is now a lethargy, and he is often thought dead, though with cordials they keep him up. The king of France was that day to see him, and there declared publicly, that he would own the P. (prince) for king of England, and ordered the captains of the guards to pay him the same honours that they did to the late king James."

The duke of Berwick, who was an attendant on the death-bed of his royal father, James II., says that he remained in a lethargic state, except when roused by stimulants; his sight was weakened, but sense and consciousness remained with him unimpaired to his last sigh. "Never," continues Berwick,² "was there seen more patience, more tranquillity, and even joy, than in the feelings with which he contemplated the approach of death, and spoke of it. He took leave of the queen with extraordinary firmness; and the tears of this afflicted princess did not shake him, although he loved her tenderly. He told her to restrain her tears. "Reflect," said he to her, "that I am going to be happy, and for ever."³ Mary Beatrice told him, that the nuns of Chaillot were desirous that he should bequeath his heart to their community, to be placed in the same tribune with that of their royal foundress, queen Henrietta, his mother, and her own, when it might please God to shorten the term of their separation, by calling her hence." James thanked her for reminding him of it.

He gave Mary Beatrice some directions about their son, and requested her to write to the princess Anne, his daughter, when he should be no more, to assure her of his forgiveness, and to charge her, on his blessing, to endeavour to atone to her brother for the injuries she had done him. Soon after, his hands began to shake with a convulsive motion, and the pangs of death came visibly upon him. His confessor and the bishop of Autun told the queen, "that she must withdraw, as they were about to offer up the services of their church for a departing soul, and that the sight of her agony would disturb the holy serenity, which God had shed upon the heart of the king." She consented, as a matter of conscience, to tear herself away; but when she kissed his hands, for the last time, her sobs and sighs roused the king from the lethargic stupor, in which exhausted nature had sunk, and troubled him. "Why is this?" said he tenderly to her. "Are you not flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone—are you not a part of myself? How is it, then, that one part of me should feel so differently from the other? I in joy, and you in despair. My joy is in the hope I feel, that God in his mercy will forgive me my sins, and receive me into his beatitude, and you are afflicted at it. I have long sighed for this happy moment, and you know it well; cease, then, to lament for me. I will pray for you—Farewell."³

This touching adieu took place four-and-twenty hours before James

¹ Life of James II. Stuart Papers.

² Memoirs of the duke of Berwick.

³ Recital of the death of James II., by his widow. Chaillot MS.

breathed his last. They forbade the queen to enter the chamber again, though he asked for her every time he awoke. Mary Beatrice being informed of this, implored so passionately, the evening before his death, to be permitted to see him once more, promising not to allow anything to escape her that should have the effect of agitating him, that she was permitted to approach his bed. She struggled to feign a composure that she was far from feeling; but James, although his eyes were now waxed dim, and his ear dull, perceived the anguish of her soul; and when she asked him, if he suffered, replied, "I suffer, but it is only because I see how much you suffer. I should be well content if you were less afflicted, or could take some share in my happiness."¹ She asked him, to request of God for her the grace of love and perfect resignation to his will. They compelled her to withdraw; and she passed the awful interval in fasting, watching, and prayer, alone in her chamber. When all was over, her confessor, father Ruga, came to seek her, no one else venturing to announce to her the fact, that her husband had breathed his last. Even he shrank from the task of telling her so in direct words; but, requesting her to unite with him in offering up some prayers for the king, he commenced with, "*Subvenite Sancte Dei.*"

"Oh, my God, is it then done?" exclaimed the queen, throwing herself upon the ground, in an agony of grief, for she knew, too well, that this was part of the office appointed by their church for a soul departed; and pouring out a torrent of tears, she remained long unable to utter a word.²

Father Ruga exhorted her to resign herself to the will of God, and, in token of her submission to his decrees, to say "*Fiat Voluntas Tua.*:" Thy will be done. Mary Beatrice made an effort to obey her spiritual director; but, at first, she could only give utterance to the word "*Fiat.*" The blow, though it had so long impended over her, was hard to bear; for, in spite of the evidences of her own senses to the contrary, she had continued to cherish a lingering hope that the separation might yet be delayed, and she scarcely knew how to realize the fact that it was irrevocable. "As there never was a more perfect and more Christian union than that which subsisted between this king and queen, which, for many years, had been their mutual consolation," says a contemporary, who was well acquainted with them both, "so there never was a more bitter sorrow than was felt by her, although her resignation was entire and perfect."³

King James departed this life at three o'clock in the afternoon; he died with a smile on his countenance.⁴ The bitterness of death had long been passed, and he had requested that his chamber-door might be left without being guarded, so that all who wished to take a last look of him might freely enter. His apartments were crowded both with English and French, of all degrees, and his curtains were always open. "Th

¹ Recital of the death of James II., by his widow. Chaillot MS.

² Chaillot MS. Records of the death of James II.

³ Narrative of the death of king James, written by an eye-witness for the nuns of Chaillot.

⁴ Ibid.

moment after he had breathed his last," says the duke of Berwick, "we all went to the prince of Wales, and saluted him as king. He was, the same hour, proclaimed at the gates of the chateau of St. Germain by the title of James III., king of England, Scotland, Ireland and France." The earl of Manchester affirms that there was no other "ceremony than that the queen waited on him, and treated him as king. What was done in the town," continues his excellency, "was done in a tumultuous manner. Some say there was a herald, an Irishman. Lord Middleton, &c., did not appear, because they could not tell how the title of France would be taken here, had they done it in form. Lord Middleton brought the seals to him, which he gave him again. Others did the like. I am told that, before the French king made this declaration, he held a council at Marly, where it took up some time to debate whether he should own him or no; or, if he did, whether it ought not to be deferred for some time. The secret of all this matter is that, in short, there was a person who governs here who had, some time since, promised the queen that it should be done.¹ So that, whatever passed in council was only for form's sake."

When the royal widow came, in compliance with the ceremonial which their respective positions prescribed, to offer the homage of a subject to her boy, she said to him, "Sir, I acknowledge you for my king; but I hope you will not forget that you are my son;" and then, wholly overpowered by grief, she was carried in a chair from the apartment, and so conveyed to her coach, which was ready to take her to the convent at Chaillot, where she desired to pass the first days of her widowhood in the deepest retirement, declaring that she would not receive the visits or the compliments of any person whatsoever.²

Mary Beatrice left St. Germain about an hour after her husband's death, attended by four ladies only, and arrived at Chaillot a quarter before six. The conventual church of Chaillot having, in the mean time, been hung with black by the nuns, and everything done requisite to testify their respect for the departed king and the royal widow of England, their afflicted friend and patroness, as soon as the tolling of the bells announced her approach, the abbess and all the community went in procession to receive her at the convent gate. The widowed queen descended from her coach in silence, with her hood drawn over her face, followed by her four noble attendants, and apparently overwhelmed with the violence of her grief. The nuns gathered round her in silence; no one offered to speak comfort to her, well knowing how tender had been the union that had subsisted between her and her deceased lord. The abbess kissed the hem of her robe, some of the sisters knelt and embraced her knees, and others kissed her hand; but no one uttered a single word, leaving their tears to express how much they felt for her affliction. The tragedy of real life, unlike that of the stage, is generally a veiled feeling. "The queen," says our authority,³ "walked directly

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

Stuart and Chaillot MSS. Autobiography of the duke of Berwick.

MS. Narrative of the visit of the widow of James II. to Chaillot, by one of the nuns. Archives au Royaume de France.

into the choir, without a sigh, a cry, or a word, like one who has lost every faculty but the power of motion. She remained in this mournful silence, this stupefaction of grief, till one of our sisters"—it was the beloved Françoise Angelique Priolo—"approached, and kissing her hand, said to her in a tone of tender admonition, in the words of the royal Psalmist, 'My soul, will you not be subject to God?' '*Fiat voluntas tua*,' replied the sorrowful queen, in a voice stifled with sighs. Then advancing toward the choir, she said in a firmer tone, 'Help me, my sisters, to thank my God for his mercies to that blessed spirit, who is, I believe, rejoicing in his beatitude. Yes, I feel certain of it in the depth of my grief.' The abbess told her she was happy in having been the wife of such a holy prince. 'Yes,' answered the queen, 'we have now a great saint in Heaven.' She was then conducted into the choir, and all the sisters followed her. She prostrated herself before the altar, and remained long in prayer." Having eaten nothing since the night before, she was so weak, that the nuns apprehending she would faint, begged her to be carried to her chamber in a chair; but, out of humility, she chose to walk, after practising many little fond observances, which appear to have been edifying to the nuns, though the reader might be wearied, and perhaps offended, by the detail. The abbess and two or three of the nuns attended the poor queen to her chamber, and entreated her to suffer herself to be undressed and go to bed; but she insisted on listening to more prayers, and complained bitterly that the solace of tears was denied her. She could not weep now—she who had wept so much during the prolonged agony of her husband's illness.¹

"She sighed, often," says the nun, who has preserved the record of this mournful visit of the widow of James II., to the convent of Chaillot, "her sighs were so heavy and frequent, that they pierced all our hearts with a share of those pangs that were rending her own. She was seized with fits of dying faintness, from the feebleness and exhaustion of her frame, but she listened with great devotion to the abbess, who knelt at her feet and read to her appropriate passages from the holy Scriptures, for her consolation. Then she begged the community to offer up prayers for the soul of her husband, for "oh," said she, "a soul ought to be very pure that has to appear in the presence of God, and we, alas, sometimes fancy that persons are in heaven when they are suffering the pains of purgatory," and at this thought the sealed-up fountain of her grief was opened, and she shed floods of tears; much she wept, and much she prayed, but was at last prevailed on to take a little nourishment, and go to bed, while the nuns returned to the choir and sang the vespers for the dead.² Then the prayers for the dead were repeated in her chamber, in which she joined, repeating the verses of every psalm, for she knew them

¹ Narrative of the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot, after the death of James II., by a nun of Chaillot. Archives au Royaume.

² The author of this biography does not consider herself in any way responsible for the sentiments and theology of either James II. or his queen. She is herself a member of the church of England, and relates things as she finds them; that being the duty of a biographer, notwithstanding differences of opinion on many important points.

all by heart. She begged that a prayer for the conversion of England might be added for her sake, observing, "that for the last twelve years she had been at St. Germain's, she had never omitted that petition at her private evening devotions." This little trait will be regarded as an instance of bigotry by many persons, but, although Mary Beatrice, educated as she was in the strictest tenets of the church of Rome, placed an undue importance on some things, which are not regarded by members of the reformed church as scriptural, her prayers were intended as acts of charity and Christian piety, and therefore ought not to be condemned.

At seven in the evening, the queen sent for her almoner, and after she and her ladies had united in their domestic worship for the evening, she begged that the writer of this record, who was her particular friend, and another of the sisters of Chaillot, should remain with her, for she saw that her ladies in waiting and her *femme de chambre* were worn out with fatigue and watching, and made them all go to bed. The nuns read to her from the book of Wisdom, and the description of the new Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, the occupation of the blessed in that holy city, and several other passages from holy writ, that were considered applicable to the time and circumstances.¹ The queen listened, sometimes with sighs, and sometimes with elevation of the soul to God, and submission to his decrees; but her affliction was inconceivable, and would scarcely permit her to taste a few moments of repose. During the whole of the Saturday, she continued to pray and weep, and, from time to time, related the particulars of the illness of the late king her husband, and his patience. "Never," said her majesty, "did the illustrious sufferer give utterance to a word of complaint, nor make a gesture of impatience, although his pains were sharp, and lasted more than fifteen days. He accepted his sufferings as the punishment of his sins. He took all the remedies that were prescribed, however disagreeable they might be, observing, 'that he was willing to live as long as it pleased God's providence to appoint, although he desired, with ardour, to die, that he might be united to Jesus Christ, without the fear of offending him any more.' 'So entirely was my good king detached from earthly things,'" continued the royal widow, "that notwithstanding the tenderness I have always had for him, and the love he bore to me, and the grief that I must ever feel for his loss during the rest of my days, I assure you that if I could recal his precious life by a single word, I would not pronounce it, for I believe it would be displeasing to God."

After the royal widow had departed from St. Germain's to Chaillot, about six o'clock in the evening, the public were permitted to view the body of king James in the same chamber where he died. The clergy and monks prayed and chaunted the dirge all night. Altars were erected in the chamber of death, where masses were said, next morning, until noon. When the body was opened for embalming, the heart and the brain were found in a very decayed state. James had desired, on his death-bed, to be simply interred in the church of St. Germain's, opposite to the chateau; but when his will was opened, it was found that he had

¹ Chaillot MS., Archives au Royaume de France.

therein directed his body to be buried with his ancestors in Westminster Abbey. Therefore the queen resolved that his obsequies only should be solemnized in France, and that his body should remain unburied till the restoration of his son, which she fondly hoped would take place; and that, like the bones of Joseph in Holy Writ, the corpse of her royal husband would accompany his children, when they returned to the land of their ancestors. The body was destined to await this expected event in the church of the Benedictines, Fauxbourg de St. Jacques, Paris, whither it was conveyed on the Saturday after his demise, about seven in the evening, in a mourning carriage, followed by two coaches in which were the officers of the king's household, his chaplains, and the prior and curate of St. Germain. His guard carried torches of white wax around the cortège. The obsequies being duly performed in the convent church of the Benedictines, the body was left under the hearse, covered with the pall, in one of the chapels. So it remained during the long years that saw the hopes of the Stuart family wither, one after the other, till all were gone; still the bones of James II. remained unburied, awaiting sepulture.

But, to return to Mary Beatrice, whom we left in her sorrowful retreat at Chaillot, endeavouring to solace her grief by prayers and devotional exercises, which are termed by the sister of that community by whom her proceedings have been recorded, "acts of faith and acts of resignation."¹ "On the evening of Saturday, September 17th, the second day of her widowhood, her majesty," continues this sympathizing recluse, who had watched beside her on the preceding night, "did me the honour of commanding me to take some repose, while sister Catharine Angelique took my place near her. At the second hour after midnight, I returned to the queen. As soon as she saw me, she cried out, 'Ha, my sister, what have I suffered while you were away! It is scarcely possible to describe my feelings. I fell asleep for a few moments, but what a sleep it was! It seemed to me as if they were tearing out my heart and rending my bowels, and that I felt the most horrible pains.' I made her majesty take some nourishment, and read to her the soliloquies in the Manual of St. Augustin, and she slept again for a few moments. Then my sister, Catharine Angelique, told me that, during my absence, her majesty had done nothing but sigh, lament, and groan, and toss from one side of the bed to the other, and bemoan herself as if in the greatest pain. We, who had seen the queen so resigned in the midst of her affliction, were surprised at this extreme agitation; but," continues the simple nun, "our surprise ceased when they told us privately that the body of the late king had been opened and embalmed at the precise time that the queen was thus disquieted in her sleep. The same night, they had conveyed his bowels to the English Benedictines, and his heart to us, without any pomp or noise, as secretly as possible, for fear the queen should hear of it, and be distressed. Our mother had received particular orders on that subject from

¹ MS. Recital of the death of James II., and the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot.

our king (Louis XIV.), prohibiting her from either tolling her bells or chanting at the reception of King James's heart, within the convent of the visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, lest it should agitate the royal widow."

"The young king of England, too, had expressly recommended us, by milord Perth, to take every possible precaution to prevent the queen, his mother, from having the slightest idea of the time of its arrival; but the sympathy of the queen defeated all our precautions. The late king had good reason to say to his august spouse 'that she was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone;' for when death had rendered his body insensible of the wound, the queen had felt all the pain in her own living frame; and this was the more to be remarked, since she knew nothing of what was then doing."

The good sister of Chaillot, being of a marvellous temperament, has made a miracle of a coincidence very easy to be accounted for by natural causes. The poor queen had scarcely closed her eyes in sleep for upwards of a fortnight, during which time she was in a state of the most distressing excitement; while the occasional deceptive amendments in the king's symptoms, by kindling the "hope that keeps alive despair," had added the tortures of suspense to her other sufferings, and kept her nerves on a perpetual stretch. Every one knows the distressing sensations that attend the first perturbed slumbers into which exhausted nature sinks, after either nurse or patient has passed many nights of continuous vigils.

Early on the Sunday morning, the queen asked many questions, which the nuns considered a confirmation of the presentiment she had had of the arrival of the heart of her departed lord. She said she knew that it was near her; and, at last, they acknowledged that it was already enshrined in their tribune, near that of the queen, his mother. She spoke much and eloquently, that day, of James. She said "that he had felt his humiliation, and, above all, the injustice he had experienced, very keenly; but that his love of God had changed all his calamities into blessings; she compared him to St. Stephen, who saw the heavens opened while they were stoning him."

While the queen was at Chaillot, they read to her some passages from the life of the reverend mother, Anne Marie d'Epéron, the superior of the great Carmelite convent at Paris, who had recently departed this life, with a great reputation for sanctity. Her majesty had been well acquainted with this *religieuse*, whom both the late king and herself had been accustomed to visit, and held in great esteem. Mary Beatrice appeared much interested in the records of her departed friend, who, before she took the habit, had refused the hand of the king of Poland, and preferred a life of religious retirement to being a queen. "Ah," exclaimed the royal widow, "she was right; no one can doubt the wisdom of the choice, when we are at liberty to make it." Her majesty told the community, that she had herself passionately desired to take the veil, and that it was only in compliance with her mother's commands that she had consented to marry her late lord. "If it were not for the sake of

her children," she said, "she would now wish to finish her days at Chaillot." Other duties awaited her.

The king of France had commanded the exempt of the guard of honour, by whom her majesty was escorted to Chaillot, and who remained on duty during her stay, not to admit any person whatsoever to intrude upon her grief during her retirement there, not even the princesses of the blood, though Adelaide, duchess of Burgundy, stood to her and king James in the near relation of great-niece. This order was so strictly obeyed, that even the cardinal Noailles was refused admittance, though the queen had a great wish to see him. When his eminence was informed of this, he returned, and they had a long conference. On the third day after her arrival, being Monday, Mary Beatrice assumed the habit of a widow; "and while they were thus arraying her," continues our good nun, "her majesty, observing that I was trying to look through her eyes into her soul, to see what effect this dismal dress had on her mind, assured me, "that those lugubrious trappings gave her no pain, because they were in unison with her own feelings, and that it would have been very distressing to herself to have dressed otherwise, or, indeed, ever to change that dress. For the rest of my life," said her majesty, "I shall never wear anything but black. I have long ago renounced all vanities, and worn nothing, in the way of dress, but what was absolutely necessary, and God knows that I have not put on decorations, except in cases where I was compelled to do so, or in my early youth."¹

When the melancholy toilet of Mary Beatrice was fully completed, and she was dressed, for the first time, in widow's weeds, she seated herself in a fauteuil, and all the ladies in the convent were permitted to enter, to offer her their homage and condolences. But every one was in tears, and not a word was spoken; for the queen sat silent and motionless as a statue, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently too much absorbed in her own unspeakable grief to be conscious of anything. "I had the boldness," says our simple nun, "to place the crucifix where her majesty's regards were absently directed, and soon all her attention was centred on that model of patience in suffering. After a quarter of an hour, I approached to give her an account of a commission, with which she had charged me. She asked what hour it was? I told her, that it was half-past four o'clock, and her carriages were come; that the community were waiting in the gallery, and a chair and porters were in attendance to convey her to her coach." She rose and said, "I have a visit to make before I go;" then bursting into a passion of tears, she cried, "I will go and pay my duty to the heart of my good king. It is here—I feel that it is, and nothing shall stop me from going to it. It is a relic that I have given you, and I must be allowed to venerate it."²

The more enlightened tastes of the present age, incline us to condemn as childish and superstitious, this fond weakness of an impassioned lover, in thus clinging to a portion of the earthly tabernacle of the beloved, after his spirit had returned to God who gave it; but it was a

¹ Chaillot MS. Archives au Royaume de France.

² Ibid.

characteristic trait, both of the times, the religion, and the enthusiastic temperament, of the countrywoman of Petrarch, of Ariosto, and Tasso. Every one in the church of St. Marie de Chaillot, at any rate, sympathized with her, and felt the tragic excitement of the scene, when the disconsolate widow of James II. in her sable weeds, covered with her large black veil, and preceded by the nuns singing the *De Profundis*, approached the tribune where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined in a gold and vermeil vase. She bowed her head, clasped her hands together, knelt, and kissed the urn across the black crape that covered it, and after a silent prayer, rose, and having asperged it with the holy water, without a tear or sigh, turned about in silence to retire, apparently with great firmness, but before she had made four steps from the spot, she fell into a fainting fit, which caused us," continues the recording nun, "some fears for her life. When, at last, she recovered, she was, by the order of her confessor, placed in a chair, and so carried to her coach. It was impossible for her to stay longer at Chaillot, because the young prince and princess, her children, had need of her presence at Germaines."

"We have seen all this with our own eyes," observes the nun, in conclusion, "and the queen herself confirms what we have said here, as our mother and all the community judged it proper that an exact and faithful narrative of the whole should be made, to the end that it might be kept as a perpetual memorial in our archives, and for those who may come after us."

Mary Beatrice returned to her desolate palace, at St. Germaines, on Monday, September 19th, in the evening, where the prince and princess rejoined her from Paris, and a tender re-union took place between the sorrowful family and their faithful adherents. The next day, Louis XIV. came in state, to pay his visits of condolence to the royal mother and son. The widowed queen received him in her darkened chamber hung with black, lying on her bed of mourning, according to the custom of the French queens. Louis said everything he could to mitigate her affliction, and comforted her with the assurances of his protection to her and her son. William's ambassador, who kept a jealous eye on all the proceedings of the French sovereign, with regard to the widow of James II. and her son, gives the following notices in his reports to his own court, which supply some authentic information touching this important epoch. On the 24th of September, he says: "I did not go to Versailles, yesterday. I was satisfied that the whole discourse would be of their new Roi d'Angleterre, and of the king's going to make him the first visit at St. Germaines, which he did that day. He stayed but little with him, giving him the title of Majesty. He was with the queen a considerable time. The rest of the court made their compliments the same day."

"September 23. The French king made the P. (prince) the first visit. Next day, the P. (prince) returned the visit at Versailles. All the ceremonies passed to the entire satisfaction of those at St. Germaines, and in the same manner, as it was observed, with the late king."

"September 24. I can perceive from M. de Torcy, that the French

king was brought to do this, at the solicitation of the queen at St. Germain. It is certain, that M. de Torcy, as well as the rest of the ministers, was against it, and only the dauphin and Madame de Maintenon, whom the queen had prevailed with, carried this point, which I am satisfied they may have reason to repent of."

"September 26th. The will of the late king James is opened, but not yet published, but I hear it is to be printed. What I have learned of it is, that the queen is made regent; the French king is desired to take care of the education of the P. (prince); that in case he be restored, the queen is to be repaid all that she has laid out of her own; that all other debts which they have contracted, since they left England, and what can be made out, shall be paid—that the new king shall not take any revenge against his father's enemies, nor his own. That he shall not use any forces in matters of religion, or in relation to the estates of any persons whatsoever. He recommends to him all those that have followed him. I am told, that lord Perth is declared a duke, and Caryl a lord."¹

The information touching the will of king James, was true, as far as regards the power given to Mary Beatrice; but this document was dated as far back as November 17th, 1688, having been made by him after the landing of the prince of Orange, when he was on the eve of leaving London to join the army at Salisbury. By that document, he bequeaths his soul to God, in the confident assurance of eternal salvation, through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, without a word of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint. "Our body," he says, "we commit to the earth; and it is our will that the same be privately interred in our royal chapel, called Henry VII.'s chapel."

After mentioning the settlements which he had made—first, as duke of York, out of his personal property, and afterwards when king, as a provision for his entirely beloved consort, queen Mary—he constitutes his dear son, prince James, his sole heir, both of his three kingdoms and his personal property, with the exception of certain jewels, plate, household furniture, equipages, and horses, which are left to the royal widow.

"And we will and appoint that our said dearest consort," continues his majesty, "have the sole governance, tuition, and guardianship of our said dear son, till he shall have fully completed the fourteenth year of his age."

It is a curious fact, that James, after thus constituting Mary Beatrice as the guardian of their son and executrix of his last will and testament, appoints a council to assist her in this high and responsible charge, composed of the persons in whom he, at that date, reposed the most especial trust and confidence; and at the head of this list stood uncanceled the name of his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark! The duke of Newcastle, the earl of Nottingham, the duke of Queensbury, Cromwell's son-in-law, viscount Fauconberg, and lord Godolphin, are there, united with the names of some of the most devoted of James's friends, who,

¹ Cole's State Papers.

with their families, followed him into exile: the true-hearted earl of Lindsay, the marquis of Powis, the earls of Perth and Middleton, and Sir Thomas Strickland, besides several of those who played a doubtful part in the struggle, and others, both friend and foe, who had gone to their great account, before the weary spirit of the last of the Stuart kings was released from its earthly troubles.

In virtue of this will, the only one ever made by James II., Mary Beatrice was recognised by the court and council of her deceased lord, at St. Germain's, as the acting guardian of the prince their son, and took upon herself the title of queen regent of Great Britain; she was treated by Louis XIV., and his ministers, with the same state and ceremony as if she had been invested with this office in the only legal way, by the Parliament of this realm.

The first care of the widowed queen was to obey the death-bed injunctions of her deceased consort, by writing to his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, to communicate his last paternal message and admonition. It was a painful duty to Mary Beatrice, perhaps the most painful to her high spirit and sensitive feelings, that had ever been imposed upon her, to smother her indignant sense of the filial crimes that had been committed by Anne, against her fond confiding king and father, the slanders she had assisted in disseminating against herself, and, above all, the base aspersions that princess had endeavoured to cast on the birth of the prince her brother, for the purpose of supplanting him in the succession to the throne of the Britannic empire. Mary Beatrice had too little of the politician, too much of the sensitive feelings of the female heart in her character to make deceitful professions of affection to the unnatural daughter of her heart-broken husband. Her letter is temperate, but cold and dignified; and though she does not condescend to the language of reproachful accusation, it clearly implies the fact, that she regarded Anne in the light of a criminal, who, without effective repentance, and the fruits of penitence, sincere efforts to repair her offences against her earthly parent, must stand condemned in the sight of her heavenly Father.

LETTER OF MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.

"I think myself indispensably obliged to defer no longer the acquainting you with a message, which the best of men, as well as the best of fathers, has left with me for you. Some few days before his death, he bid me find means to let you know that he forgave you from the bottom of his heart, and prayed God to do so too; that he gave you his last blessing, and prayed to God to convert your heart, and confirm you in the resolution of repairing to his son, the wrongs done to himself; to which I shall only add, that I join my prayers to his, herein, with all my heart, and that I shall make it my business to inspire into the young man who is left to my care, the sentiments of his father, for better no man can have.¹

"Sept. 27, 1701."

If Mary Beatrice expected any good effects to be produced by the stern sincerity of such a letter, she knew little of the human heart, to which nothing is so displeasing as the prayers of another for its amendment.

¹ From the copy in Stanier Clarke's Life of James II., printed from the Stann MSS. in George IV.'s possession.

A few days after the date of this letter, Mary Beatrice completed her forty-third year. The anniversary of her birth had always been kept as a fête by the exiled court at St. Germain, but this year, in consequence of the melancholy bereavement she had so recently sustained, it was observed by her in a different manner. She gives the following account of herself in her first letter to the superior of Chaillot, on her return to St. Germain; it is dated October 6th, just three weeks after the death of king James :¹

"My health," she says, "is good beyond what I ever could have hoped in the state in which I find myself, for I avow frankly that my heart and my soul are sad, even unto death, and that every passing day, instead of diminishing, appears to augment my grief. I feel more and more the privation and the separation from him who was dearer to me than my own life, and who alone rendered that life sweet and supportable. I miss him, every day, more and more, in a thousand ways. In my first grief, I felt something like a calm beneath, but now, although, perhaps, it does not appear so much outwardly, I feel a deeper sorrow within me.

"Yesterday, the day of my birth, I made a day of retreat, (spiritual retirement for self-recollection and religious exercises,) but with so much pain and weariness, and tedium, that, so far from finding it a solace, I was oppressed and crushed down with it, as I am also with the weight of business; so much so, that, in truth, my condition is worthy of compassion. I hope the God of mercy will have pity on me, and come to my help; but here I feel it not, nor is it permitted me to find comfort either on earth or Heaven."

The royal widow then goes on to express her ardent wish of making another visit to Chaillot, to keep the festival of All Saints with her cloistered friends there, and her fears that, overwhelmed with business and anxiety as she was at this period, it would not be permitted to her to follow the bent of her own inclination. "Never," she says, in conclusion, "never had any one so great a want of prayers as I have. I entreat of God to hear those which you make to Him for me, and that He will deign to pity and take care of me."

Mary Beatrice was now a widow without a dower, a regent without a realm, and a mother whose claims to that maternity which had deprived herself and her husband of a throne, were treated by a strong party of her former subjects with derision. Although the subsequent birth of the princess Louisa had sufficiently verified that of her son, rendering, withal, the absurdity manifest of the widowed queen upholding the claims of an alien to her blood to the prejudice of her own daughter, who might otherwise expect to be recalled to England as the next in the royal succession to the princess Anne of Denmark, there were, indeed, those—Burnet, for instance—who talked of a second imposition in the person of the young Louisa; but the striking likeness between the royal brother and sister sufficiently indicated that their po-

¹ Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, widow of James II., king of England, in Archives au Royaume de France.

rentage was the same. Mary Beatrice gives the following brief account of their health and her own, together with a touching allusion to her departed husband, in her letter to the abess of Chaillot, at the commencement of a sorrowful new year, dated,

"St. Germain, Jan. 4th, 1702.

"My health is good, and that of the king, my son, and my daughter, perfect, God be thanked! I have bad nights myself, but that does not prevent me from going on, as usual, every day. I have great want of courage and of consolation. God can grant me these when it pleases him. I hope that your prayers will obtain them for me, joined with those of that blessed spirit whose separation from mine is the cause of all my pain."¹

The first step taken by Mary Beatrice, in the capacity of guardian to the prince, her son, was to publish a manifesto in his name, setting forth his claims to the crown of Great Britain as the natural heir of the deceased king, his father. This manifesto produced no visible effects in favour of the young prince in England. In Scotland, the party that was secretly opposed to William's government, and openly to his favourite project of the union of the two realms, perceived how powerful an instrument might be made of the youthful representative of the royal Stuarts, if they could succeed in bringing him forward as a personal actor in the political arena. The duke of Hamilton and the confederate lords having organized their plans for a general rising, sent the earl of Belhaven on a secret mission to St. Germain, to communicate their design to the queen-mother, and to endeavour to prevail on her to intrust them with her son. From a very curious contemporary document in the lately discovered portfolio in the Bibliothèque du Roi,² it appears that, in November, 1701, the earl of Belhaven came to Paris, on this errand, where he remained three months. He had several conferences with the earl of Middleton, to whom he was introduced by his brother-in-law, captain John Livingston. Lord Belhaven was naturally regarded, at first, with feelings of distrust by the exiled queen and her cabinet, having been one of the most subtle of all the instruments employed by William in bringing about the revolution of 1688. He succeeded, however, in removing the unpleasant impression created by his former political conduct, by professing the most determined hostility against the Dutch sovereign, who, instead of paying the debt of gratitude with the rewards and honours to which he conceived that his extraordinary services entitled him, had neglected and slighted him, and performed none of his pledges with regard to Scotland.

"I remember," says our authority,³ "that my lord (Belhaven) said,

¹ In Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² MS. in the St. Germain Collection. This record is endorsed, "Papers of my lord Belhaven." It is enclosed in the following brief note, addressed to the earl of Seafield:—

"My lord,

"The paper that I send you is the same of which I spoke to you yesterday

"I am, my lord, &c.,

"C. HENRI."

³ St. Germain MS. on Lord Belhaven's Secret Mission, in the Bibliothèque du Roi

‘that he had sent letters to the duke of Hamilton, and that he acted by his instructions, the duke having become the head of those who were faithful to the interests of their country; that he had himself been hated and ill treated by king William, and that he had now an aversion to the cause of a prince who had so greatly deceived the nation; that the yoke which bound Scotland to England—for he could not call it a union—had been the ruin of his country; that he, for one, was for setting up the claims of the prince of Wales in so decided a manner, as to compel the reigning king to acknowledge him, and that would keep him in check, and make him pay more attention to the interests of the ancient realm of his ancestors.’”

On the 2d of February, 1702, his lordship had a private audience of the queen, in her palace of St. Germain's, to whom he repeated all he had said to the earl of Middleton of the favourable intentions of his party, in behalf of her son. He told her, “that if the prince could be induced to embrace the protestant religion, it would be easy to obtain his recal, even by the parliament, as the recognised successor of king William.” He represented to her how desirable this would be; “for,” said he, “England is so superior in force to Scotland, both by sea and land, that unless he had a strong party in England, he would not, as king of Scotland, be able to conquer England. The prince of Wales,” continued he, “has not only a strong party in England, but a bond of alliance in France to support him in his claims.”¹ Mary Beatrice was inexorable on the subject of religion. Even when lord Belhaven went on to assure her, “that if her son would declare himself a protestant, the duke of Hamilton and his party would proclaim him king of Scotland, without waiting either for the death of William or the consent of the English parliament,” her majesty, with uncompromising sincerity replied “that she would never be the means of persuading her son to barter his hopes of Heaven for a crown. Neither could she believe that any reliance could be placed by others on the promises of a prince who was willing to make such a sacrifice to his worldly interests.” Lord Belhaven, after expressing his extreme regret at her stiffness on this important point, next proposed to her majesty, on the part of the duke of Hamilton and the confederate Scottish lords, “that if the prince would not change his religion, he would at least make a compact not to suffer more than a limited number of Romish priests in his kingdom, and that he would make no attempt to alter the established religion in either realm.” This the queen freely promised for the prince her son; and then his lordship engaged, in the name of his party, that they would do all in their power to oppose the English parliament in the Act of Settlement regarding the Hanoverian succession.²

It is interesting to be able to unveil some of the secret feelings that had agitated the heart of the royal mother in anticipation of this important interview. In a letter to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, dated February 1st, she says—

“I am ashamed to tell you, that for several days past I have slept

¹ St. Germain's MS., Bibliothèque du Roi.

² *ibid*

less, and wept more, than I have done for some time. I find myself utterly overwhelmed, without power to find consolation either in heaven or earth. I hope always that my dear sainted king will by his intercessions obtain help for me of God. I expect it perhaps too eagerly, for my need of it is very great."¹

She goes on to speak of the publication of some of king James's letters, and of the funeral oration that had been made for him in the pope's chapel at Rome, where her kinsman, cardinal Barberini, chanted the mass, and the pope himself sang the *Libera*. "My health," continues she, "thanks to God, is wonderfully good; and I beg of him to give me grace to employ all his gifts for his sole service." In conclusion, she says—and this has clearly reference to the propositions about to be made to her by the confederate Scotch lords, through lord Belhaven—

"I request some particular prayers, to obtain the enlightenment and blessing of God on the business which we have at present on the tapis; and when it is put home to me, is likely to augment my troubles. This is to yourself alone."²

Lord Belhaven had several interviews with the queen, to whom he continued unavailingly to urge the desirableness of the prince conforming to the prevailing religion of the realm over which she flattered herself he might one day reign. The queen declared that her son, young as he was, would rather die than give up his religion; but that neither he nor the late king, his father, or herself, entertained any designs to the prejudice of the church of England; all they desired was toleration for those of their own way of thinking, which, she said, with some emotion, she considered "was only reasonable."³

Finally, lord Belhaven communicated the earnest desire of the duke of Hamilton and his party, "that she should send the prince to Scotland, in which case they were willing to raise his standard, and rally their followers. At present, his name was all that was known of him; but if he were once seen among them, he would be recognised as the representative of their ancient sovereigns, and the people would be ready to fight in his cause."⁴

Unfortunately, the maternal weakness of Mary Beatrice was of too absorbing a nature to allow her to entertain this proposition. Perhaps she doubted the principles of lord Belhaven, whom she had little reason to esteem.⁵

¹ Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

² Ibid.

³ MS. Bibliothèque du Roi.

⁴ State Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

⁵ John, earl of Belhaven, whose family name was Hamilton, played a more remarkable, though, perhaps, less conspicuous part, in bringing about the revolution of 1688, than any other man. In order to perform the office of a spy and secret agent for the prince of Orange more safely and effectually, the tradition of his family affirms that, immediately on the death of Charles II., he left his family mansion, attended by only one servant, in whose fidelity he could confide, and when he reached England, he sent this person back, with directions to circulate a report that his lordship and his horse had suddenly disappeared, while crossing Solway Moss, and that it was to be feared he had been engulfed in a quicksand. The earl, who had made every arrangement for his deep-laid plot, meantime disguising himself as a gardener, hired a cottage and a market garden at Richmond, where he affected the cultivation of rare exotics, especially tulips.

It has been conjectured, that she apprehended that the duke of Hamilton meant to revive the never-forgotten claims of his own ancestors on the Scottish crown; nothing could induce her to put her son into the hands of the confederate lords. "He was a minor," she said, "and as his guardian, she stood responsible to the late king, his father, and also to the people of England, who would, she doubted not, one day recal him to the throne of his forefathers; but, in the interim, she would not consent to his incurring so great a peril on her own responsibility." She had been persuaded that it was the intention of the party that had placed the prince of Orange on the throne, to assassinate her boy at the time she fled with him from England, thirteen years before; and this idea returned so forcibly to her mind on the present occasion, that she could not conceal her uneasiness when the proposition was made to her; and thus an opportunity that seemed to promise much, was lost, for she preferred the personal safety of her son to the advancement of his interests.

Mary Beatrice gave much of her confidence at this period to lord Caryl, who had been her secretary when duchess of York, had followed her into exile, and sacrificed all his property in England for the sake of his principles. She had induced king James to advance him to the post of secretary of state, being well persuaded of his fidelity. He was a person of a very elegant mind, and had been the friend and earliest patron of Pope. It was to the suggestions of Caryl that Pope was indebted for the idea of the unique and graceful poem of "the Rape of the Lock." He was also the friend and assistant of Dryden. His talents as a statesman were not equal to the difficulties of his position at the court of St. Germain, where he was crossed by the intrigues and jealousies of weak, violent, and wrong-headed rivals. The queen esteemed and trusted him, and that was sufficient to entail upon him the envy and ill-will of the rest of the cabinet, who charged all the miscarriages of the Jacobite cause to his influence. It is strange, that among persons who had sacrificed everything for their principles, so much disunion should exist, especially in a court without an exchequer, where all service was performed *con amore*.

Lord Middleton professed to be a protestant, but in his hours of relaxation declared that he believed in no religion. His fidelity to James II. was greatly doubted; that king, on his death-bed, entreated him to heed his ways and to be converted. After the death of his royal master, he fell into disgrace with the queen; he regained her confidence in the following manner:—he had been ill some time, or affected to be so; one morning, in great agitation, he demanded audience of the queen at

hyacinths, and other Dutch plants. As a collector of these, he made frequent voyages to Holland, and was, for upwards of three years, the unsuspected medium of communication between William and his confederates in England. After the revolution was accomplished, the long-lost earl of Belhaven reappeared on the scene; but after some years he changed his politics, and became a Jacobite: finding, however, that he could not induce the mother of the disinherited prince to enter into his projects, he returned to his original party, became a promoter of the union, and zealously supported the whig interest to the end of his life.

St. Germain's, and when she granted it, he told her, "that by a miracle his health was perfectly restored; for he had seen a vision of his lost master, king James, in the night, who told him he would get well, but that he owed his health to his prayers, and that he must become a catholic." Middleton concluded this scene by declaring his conversion.¹ This was attacking the poor widow of James on the weak point of her character; she burst into tears of joy, and received Middleton into her confidence; he abjured the protestant faith, took the catholic sacraments immediately, and soon after ruled all at St. Germain's.

The news of this conversion was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her friend Angelique Priolo, in terms which, though they may elicit a smile from persons of a calmer and more reflective turn of mind, were perfectly consistent with the enthusiastic temperament of her own:

"I defer not a moment, my dear mother, to send you the good news of the conversion of milord Middleton, which I have known for several days, but it was not in my power, till yesterday, to declare that to you which has given me such great pleasure; the only one, in truth, of which I have been sensible, since the death of our sainted king, to whose intercession I cannot but attribute this miracle—the greatest, in my opinion, that we have seen in our day. Entreat our mother (the abbess of Chaillot) and all our sisters, from me, to assist me in returning thanks to God, and in praying to him for a continuance of his grace and his mercies, which are admirable and infinite. I will tell you the particulars of this when we meet; but at present you must be content with learning that he left us at seven o'clock yesterday morning, to go to Paris, and to put himself into the hands of the superior of the English seminary there (who is a holy man) for some weeks. I am about to send this news to madame de Maintenon, but I hope to see her to-morrow, or the day after, at St. Cyr. Let us confess that God is good, my dear mother, and that he is true; that his mercies are above all, and through all his works, and that he ought to be blessed for ever. Amen."²

At the time of king James's death, Mary Beatrice was in arrears to the convent of Chaillot a large sum, for the annual rent of the apartments that were retained for her use, and that of her ladies and their attendants. The money that she would fain have appropriated to the liquidation of this debt by instalments, was constantly wrung from her by the craving misery of the starving families of the devoted friends who had given up everything for the sake of their old master, king James; and she knew that their necessities were more imperative than the claims of the compassionate nuns, who were willing to wait her convenience. Occasionally she had it in her power to gratify them with gifts from the poor remnants of her former splendour, for the decoration of their church. Their gratitude on one of these occasions, when they addressed a letter of thanks to her, signed by the superior and all the sisterhood, appeared to her sensitive delicacy so much more than was her due, that she addressed the following affectionate letter of reproof to her beloved friend Angeliquo Priolo on this subject. It is, like too many of hers, without date.

¹ St. Simon, vol. vi., 124, and following.

² Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MS.

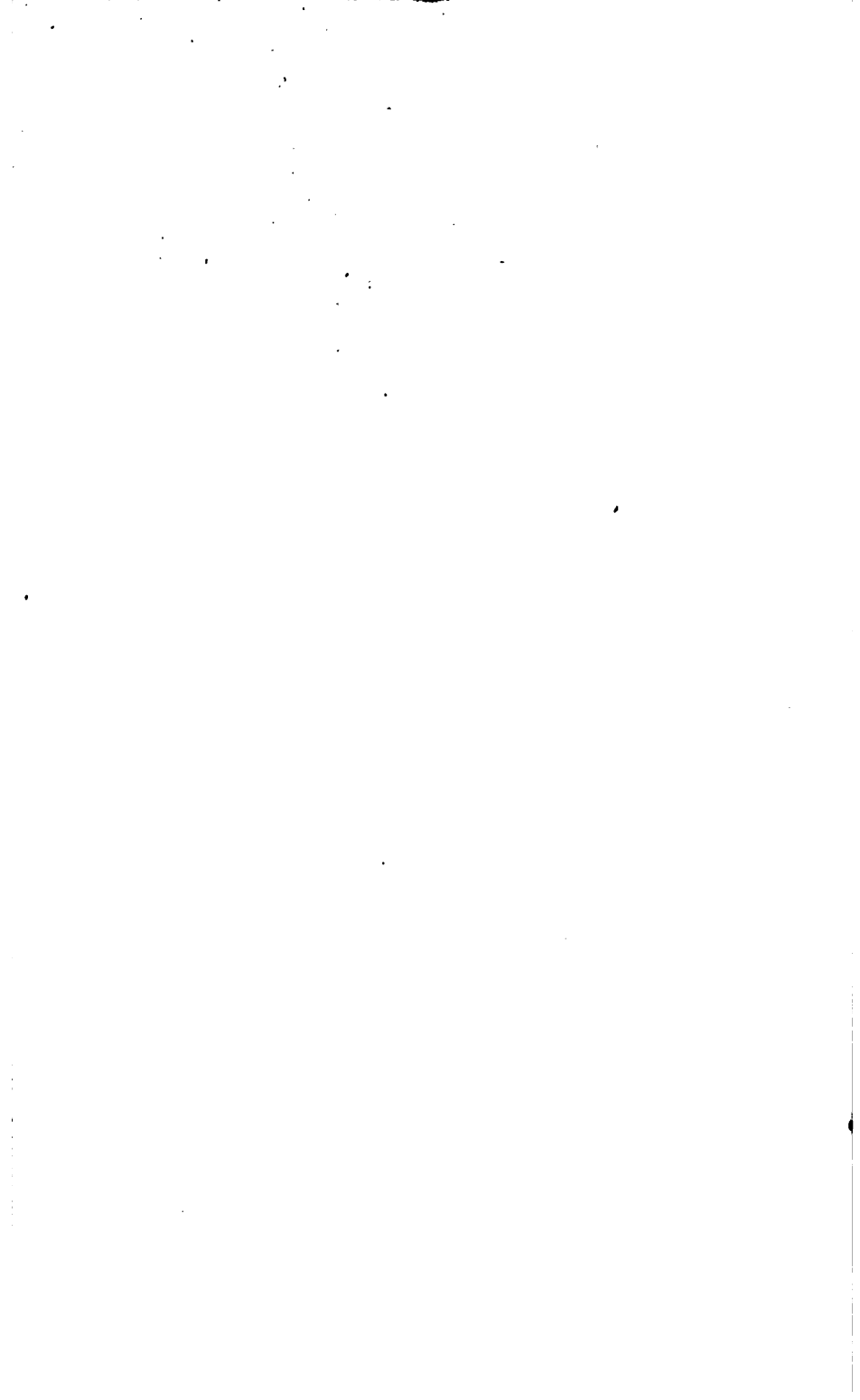
"Is it possible, my dear mother, that all your good sense, and the friendship you bear me, should not have led you to prevent all the thanks from our mother, and the rest of the community, for so trifling a thing, and have spared me this shame. I expected that of you; instead of which, you have seriously put your name among the others, to augment my confusion. You know my heart, my dear mother, and the desire I have to do much for you and others, to whom I owe much, and the pain I feel at doing so little. In truth, my poverty is never more keenly felt by me than when I think of Chaillot; and if I ever become rich, assuredly you would all be the first to feel it."

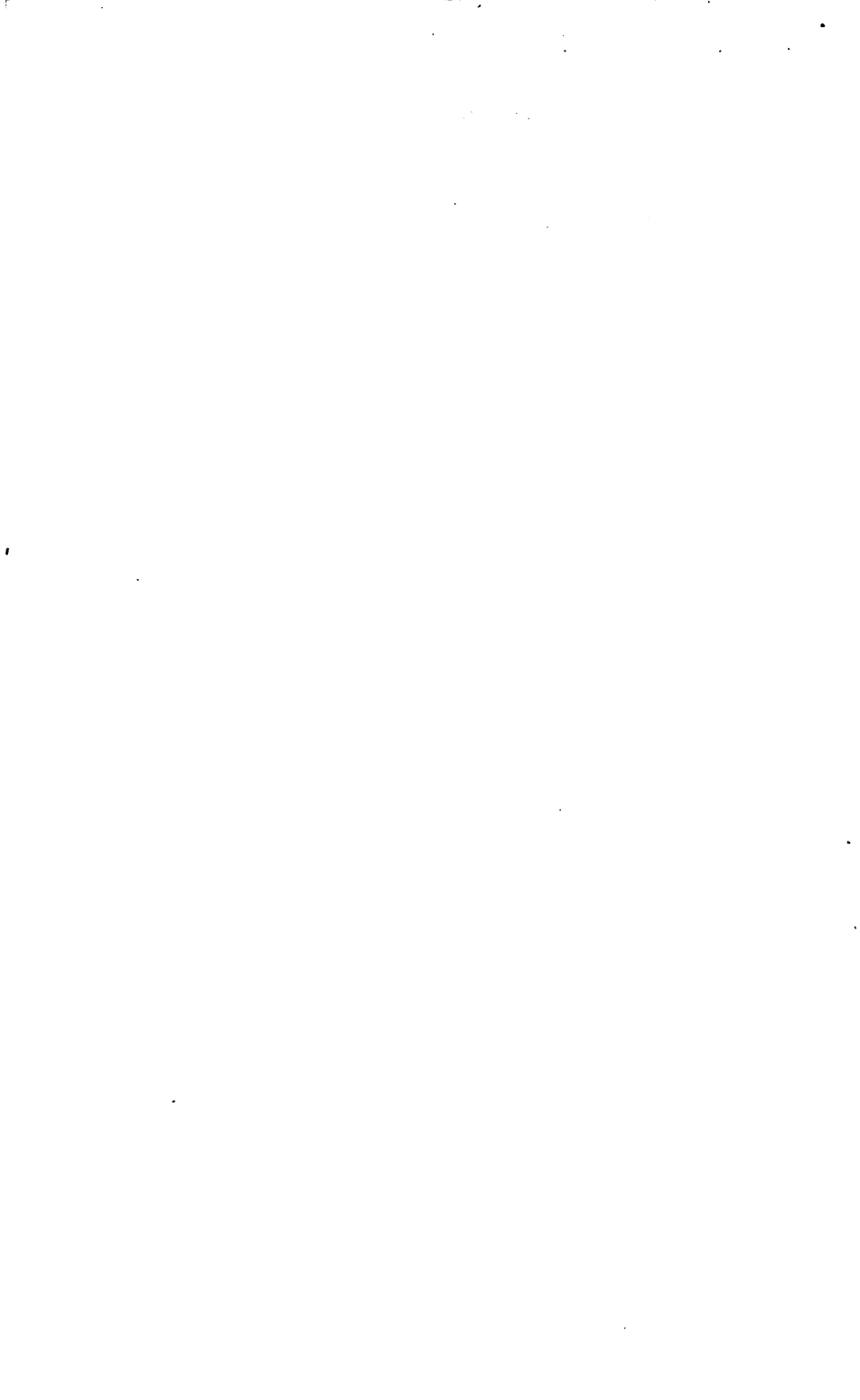
Her majesty laments that it will be a month before she can see her friend again :

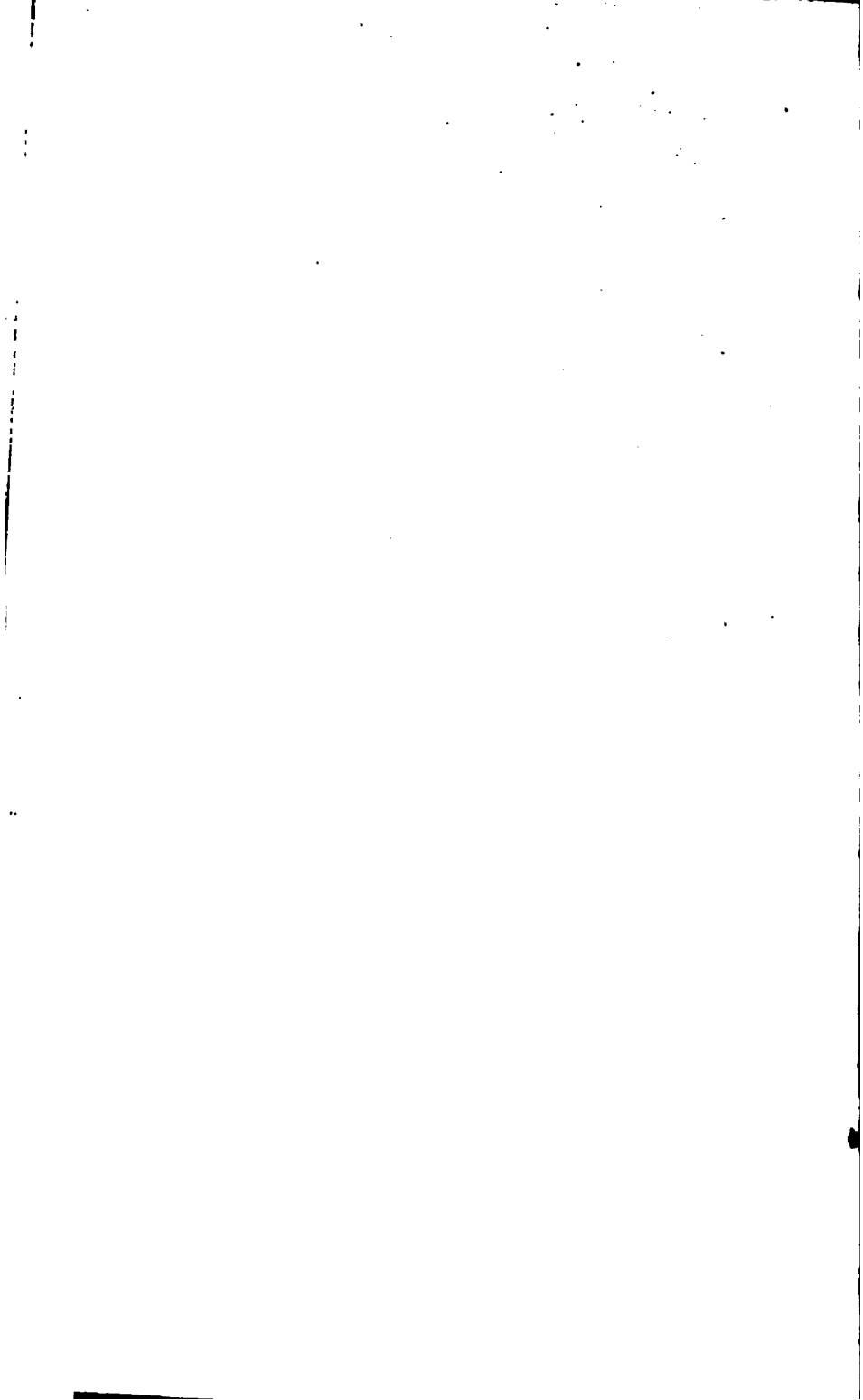
"In the meantime," she says, "I send my children to you. It is my daughter who will give you this letter; say something to her for her good, and give her some instruction. Ah! how happy I should esteem myself if I could put her into the hands of a person who had all the good qualities! Beg of God to inspire me with what I ought to do for the benefit of this dear daughter."¹

¹ Archives au Royaume de France.

END OF VOL. IX

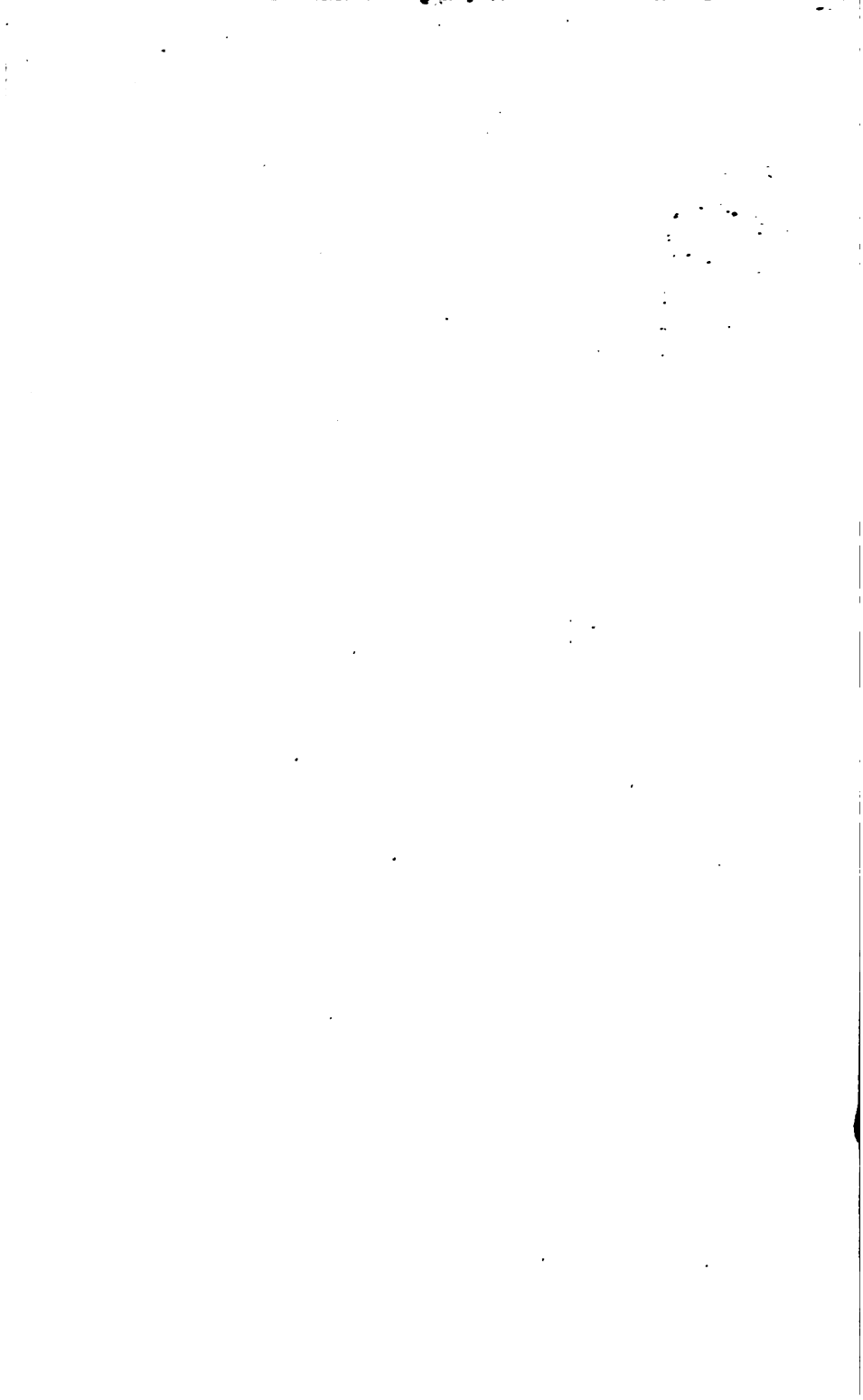














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